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EDINBURGH:

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DRAMAS, BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

We had composed, with infinite pleasure and no pain, a New-Year's-Day Address to our beloved friends, and were glancing over it in type, with eyes unstartled by the most extraordinary errata, when a bulky parcel, directed by the well-known hand of our much respected Mr Rees himself, was deposited by a young gentleman in black on the Board of Green Cloth, with a *thud* that made the ink sparkle from the mouth of the Dolphin. Our first sheet is always the last to go to press; and our manuscript had so nicely tided the measure, that, like the Thames, or any other first-rate river, the article was, "without o'erflowing, full," and we need not say so translucent, that we could have seen the silver gravel shimmering in the depth, had it not been for the reflected imagery of heaven. With a sure presentiment of the delightful, we seized our ivory paper-folder, sharp as a case knife, and cut asunder the cords that confined the treasure. Strong sunshine was at the moment streaming through the old painted glass, that usually lets in a dim religious light upon us, sitting like a saint in his sanctum, and fell upon three volumes of dramas by Joanna Baillie! We shoved the sheet aside, almost with scorn, and lifting one of them from the illumination, we pressed it to our heart, and then fell to such

perusal of its face, that our eye-beams, after dancing a while, became concentrated in a focus that seemed as if it would burn a hole in the boards. Erelong that passionate fit subsided; and well pleased to know that age had not deadened our enthusiasm, in sobered mood and solemn, we set ourselves, with all our soul, to enjoy, after the lapse of so many years, a continuation of the series of Plays on the Passions. All the sense, and all the nonsense that had been so well and so ill spoken and written about the theory of the illustrious poetess, we knew had long sunk in the waters of oblivion; here was the completion of a plan which only the noblest genius could have conceived; and on laying down Volume First, which we read through, from beginning to end, at one reclamation, we felt that Scott was justified in linking her name with that of Shakspeare.

Nay, do not start with supercilious brow; for Shakspeare was but a man—though of men the most wonderful—and what woman's name would you, in poetry place above that of Joanna Baillie? What the Mighty Minstrel has said of her, let no inferior spirit gainsay; and be assured that his judgment, rightly understood, is the Truth, and has been confirmed by all the Poets. She has "worshipped at the Temple's inner shrine;" and her revela-

tions are those of a Priestess, whose services and ministrations have been accepted and consecrated by the spirit of nature. Dark and dreadful revelations they often are; for they are of the mysteries of the human heart, which is the dwelling-place of sin, or by sin often haunted at noon-day, when there are no visionary spectres. Bright and beautiful they often are, too; for the human heart has its angel visitants, and then it is like the heavenly region, and its pictured delight divine.

Do you wonder how one mind can have such vivid consciousness of the feelings of another, while their characters are cast in such different moulds? It is, indeed, wonderful—for the power is that of sympathy and genius. The dramatic poet, whose heart breathes love to all living things, and whose overflowing tenderness diffuses itself over the beauty even of unliving nature, may yet paint with his creative hand the steely heart of him who sits on a throne of blood—the lust of crime in a mind polluted with wickedness—the remorse of acts which could never pass in thought through his imagination as his own. For, in the act of imagination, he can suppress in his mind its own peculiar feelings—its good and gracious affections—call up from their hidden places those elements of his nature, of which the seeds were sown in him as in all—give them unnatural magnitude and power—conceive the disorder of passions, the perpetration of crimes, the tortures of remorse, or the scorn of that human weakness, from which his own gentle bosom and blameless life are pure and free. He can bring himself, in short, into an imaginary and momentary sympathy with the wicked, just as his mind falls of itself into a natural and true sympathy with those whose character is concordant with his own; and watching the emotions and workings of his mind in the spontaneous and in the forced sympathy, he knows and understands from himself what passes in the minds of others. What is done in the highest degree by the highest genius, is done by all of ourselves in lesser degree, and unconsciously, at every moment in our intercourse with one another. To this kind of

sympathy, so essential to our knowledge of the human mind, and without which there can be neither poetry nor philosophy, are necessary a largeness of heart, which willingly yields itself to conceive the feelings and states of others, whose character of feeling is unlike to its own, and the freedom from any inordinate overpowering passion, which quenches in the mind the feelings of nature it has already known, and places it in habitual enmity to the natural affections and happiness of other men. To paint bad passions is not to praise them: they alone can paint them well who hate, fear, or pity them; and therefore Baillie has done so far better than Byron.

But we must not suffer ourselves to be carried away into dissertation, the sin which most easily besets us in common with all philosophical old gentlemen: for we desire now to show Specimens of true Dramatic Poetry, and we know that by doing so we shall delight our friends a thousand times more than by our very happiest criticism. This article is the first of a Series; and we love always to present simple Specimens till we have “paved our way” with gems, and then turning round and looking back, we exultative on the radiant road we have travelled together, till love and admiration are rekindled by the retrospect, and even burn in our bosoms with a brighter flame. So let us single out one Drama, and by some pot at extracts show what is the spirit of the whole, and its prevailing character; and let it be “Henriquez—a Tragedy”—a tale of Jealousy, Revenge, and Remorse.

Don Henriquez is the victorious general of the King of Castile, Alonzo, surnamed the Noble; and Leonora, “the daughter of a humble house,” is his wife. During the absence of her lord, her sister Menicia has been residing in their castle, and been wooed by Don Juen, the dearest friend of Henriquez, while her heart was devoted to Antonio, a young gentleman of less exalted birth. The frequent visits of Juen have excited suspicions in the mind of Diego, the steward, of Leonora’s virtue, and he drops a letter, charging her with guilt, in the way of Henriquez, on his return from the wars.

The poison instantly begins to work. The first symptoms of the disease are skillfully exhibited, and so is the agony of conviction, on his finding in a casket, which was his earliest gift to Leonora, Juan's picture, and an impassioned love-

letter, both sent for Mencia, but believed by him, in his infatuation, to have been given to his faithless wife. Having assured himself that his eyes have seen aright, he exclaims -

" Things have been done, that, to the honest mind,
Did seem as adverse and impossible,
As if the very centre cove of heaven
Should kiss the nether deep.

And this man was my friend !

To whom my soul, shut from all men beside,
Was free and artless as an infant's love,
Telling its guileless faults in simple trust.
Oh! the coiled snake ! It presses on me here !
As it would stop the centre throat of life,
And sonnets, too, made in her matchless beauty,
Named Celia, as his cruel shepherdess,
Ay ! she was matchless, and it seems was cruel,
Till his infernal arts subdued her virtue.
I'll read no more. What said he in the letter ?
(Reads again). " The heaven will return with the key,
And I'll come by the path at nightfall."
Night falls on some who never see ! — "

Mean while Leonora, all unconscious of any evil, is preparing a proud and gorgeous pageant on account of her lord's return, and in the following scene between her and her

sister Mencia, their respective characters are manifested by a few touches, which, under the circumstances, are very pathetic.

SCENE III.

Enter LEONORA and MENCIA, followed by DIEGO, speaking as they enter

Diego. It shall be done ; I understand you, Madam ;
Those lofty plumes must grace the seat of honour,
The chair of Don Henriquez

Leo. Yes ; and the chair of Don Henriquez's wife
See that they both be graced.

Diego. Never but once
(Lady, forgive the freedom of my words),
Never but once before was chair of state
Beneath this roof so crested years gone by,
When Don Henriquez's father, from the king,
Held in these parts, then threatened with commotions,
A regent's power. And then his noble lady,
Although the blood of kings ran in her veins,
Did at due distance humbly take her place
On a low stool, unmarked by any honour.

Leo. Ay, good Diego, such neck humble dames
Have lived, as we are told, in former days.
Do as I have desired thee.

Diego (aside, murmuring as he goes out). Lofty dame !
Making so proud a stir, like some perthedgling,
Chirping and flutt'ring in an eagle's nest.

Men. Sister, you aggravate the mark'd dislike
That old domestic bears you. He more gentle.

Leo. O he dislikes me not ; it is his humour.
Dislike me ! Have I not to him and his
Been even profuse in gifts ? The foolish thought !

Men. Ay ; but the meekness of his former lady
She, too, who had a king's blood in her veins,
Dwells in his heart, and beggars all thy gifts

[Exit

Leo. Thou'rt fanciful.

Men. Nay, nay! and why so fond
Of splendid pomp? Compared to what thou wert,
Thy marriage with Henriquez made thee great;
This doth not make thee greater; wo the day!
Nor happier neither.

Leo. Wo the day! Poor dove!
That would beneath the cottage eaves for ever
Sit moping in the shade with household birds,
Nor spread thy silver plumage to the sun.

Men. The sun hath scorched my wings, which were not made
For such high soaring.

He who would raise me to his nobler rank
Will soon perceive that I but grace it poorly.

Leo. Away with such benumbing diffidence!
Let buoyant fancy first bear up thy merit,
And fortune and the world's applause will soon
Support the freight. When first I saw Henriquez,
Though but the daughter of a humble house,
I felt the simple band of meadow flowers
That bound my hair give to my glowing temples
The pressure of a princely coronet.
I felt me worthy of his love, nor doubted
That I should win his heart, and wear it too.

Men. Thou dost, indeed, reign in his heart triumphant;
Long may thy influence last.

Leo. And fear not but it will. These pageantries
Give to the even bliss of wedded love
A varied vivifying power, which else
Might die of very sloth. And for myself,
My love for him, returning from the wars,
Blazon'd with honour, as he now returns,
Is sylvan, happier, and, methinks, more ardent,
Than when we first were married. Be assured
All things will favour thee, if thou hast spirit
To think it so shall be. Thou shak'st thy head,
It is not reason, but thy humble wishes,
Thy low ignoble passion that deceives thee,
And conjures up those fears. Weak, wav'ring girl!
Art thou not bound?

Men. Weakness in yielding to your will, indeed,
Has fetter'd me with bands my heart disowns.

Leo. Fy! say not so. Hush! let not that sad face
O'ercloud the joy my generous lord will feel
When he discovers what we have conceal'd,
With playful art, to make his joy the keener.
Hush! here comes Blas again.

Enter BLAS.

How is my Lord?

Will he not see me now?

Blas. He will not yet.
I have been watching near his chamber door,
And when I gently knock'd, as you desired,
He answered me with an impatient voice,
Saying his head was drowsy, and lack'd rest.

Leo. I'll go myself.

Blas. Nay, Madam, do not yet.
I guess that some cross humour has disturb'd him;
Sleep will compose it.

Leo. Humour, dost thou say!
He ne'er was cross with me.

[*Exeunt.*

Henriquez has been told of the Festival, but leaves the castle ; and soon shrinks back again to his chamber, with his sword red with blood—*having murdered Juen*. While he is arraying himself fitly to join the show, Leonora, Mencía, Don Carlos a noble soldier attached to Henriquez, and company, are seen met in the Grand Hall of the castle, which is lighted up magnificently ; and at that hour unexpectedly comes the King himself, and is conducted from the gate by Leonora, while the music plays a grand martial air.

King (to Leonora). Fair hostess, I am come in homely trim
For such a gay assembly.

Leo. Your poor servants
Are greatly honoured by this condescension ;

A glad surprise, so far beyond our hopes.

King. Ay, and beyond mine own, fair dame ; but hiding

From wrecks of mountain torrents, or neglect,

The straight road to Zamora was impassable,

I took the wider compass, and proceeding
Through these domains by favour of the night,

Your castle from its woods looked temptingly,

And beckoned me afar to turn aside.

The light from every lattice gaily steamed,

Lamps star'd each dusky corridor, and torches

Did from the courts beneath cast up the glare

Of glowing flame upon the buttressed walls

And battlements, whilst the high towers aloft

Show'd their jagged pinnacles in icy coldne

Clothed with the moon's pale beam.

It pleas'd my fancy ;

And here I am, a hasty visiter,

Who must Zamora reach by early day ;

Where many a lofty lord, and learned clerk,

And all the rogues and robbers of the district

Await my coming."

Henriquez having cleansed himself from the blood of his dearest friend whom he had murdered, and shut down the lid of his heart for a while above all its horrid thoughts, joins the Festival, "richly dressed," and does homage to the King. The King, before all the gallant company, acknowledges the services of his general, and Leonora's heart swells with love and pride.

Leo. I am rejoiced to see you so recovered.

[*To Henriquez.*

Hen. I thank you, Lady ; let your guests receive
Your present courtesies.—Where are the minstrels ?
Let them strike up a dance ; we are too still.

Leo. Doubt not we shall be gay ; but we expect
Some merry masquers here to join our revels ;
They should have come ere now.

Hen. Wait ye for such ? Are they not come already ?

Leo. How so, my Lord ?

Hen. The world is full of them :

Who knows the honest unclothed worth of those
That by your side may stand, drink from your cup,
Or in your bosom lie ? We are all masquers.

King. Your wine has cheered you to a glibing humour,
You are severe, my Lord, on 'his poor world.

Hen. If I have said amiss, e'en let it pass :

A foolish rev'ller may at random speak :

Who heeds his idle words ?—Music, strike up.

The King retires with Henriquez to the bottom of the stage, and the guests prepare to dance, when a servant rushes in, and cries

A murder'd body near the castle lies,
But newly slain ; and they who found it swear
(For well they know his form and countenance),
It is Don Juen's body.

Leonora sinks on the floor, intently gazed at by Henriquez, who then says he will go to look at the body; but obeys the command of the King to spare himself such dismal sight,—and as

“The banquet to a funeral wake is turned.”

the assemblage breaks up, and all is horror.

Henriquez has shut himself up in his chamber; and Leonora, attributing such seclusion partly to grief for the miserable death of Juen, and partly to want of affection for herself, implores Carlos to make her peace with her afflicted and offended husband.

Car. Nay, charming Leonora, urge him not. He will admit thee when he is disposed For soothing sympathy; to press it sooner Were useless—were unwise.

Leon. Yet go to him; he will, perhaps, to thee. So long his fellow-soldier and his friend, Unharm then his sad heart.

Car. You are in this deceived. His fellow-soldier I long have been. In the same fields we’ve fought, Slept in one tent, or on the rugged heath, Wrapt in our soldier’s cloaks, have, side by side, Stretch’d out our weary length like savage beasts, In the same cheerless lair; and many a time, When the deep twilight of an evening camp Has by my foolish minstrelsy been cheer’d, He has bent o’er me, pleased with the old strain, That pleased him when a boy; therefore I may, As common phrase permits, be called his friend. But there existed one, and only one, To whom his mind, with all its nice reserve Above the sympathies of common men, He freely could unfold; and having lost him Can I intrude upon his private thoughts Like one who would supply a vacant place? His heart, I know it well, would from such holdness Revolt, even with disgust.

Leon. Yet Juen’s death did seem to move him less Than such dear friendship might have warranted.

Car. It was his custom to restrain his looks When strongly moved, or shun all observation.

Leon. And I am now become that humble thing,— A wife shut out from equal confidence!

Balthazer, Juen’s secretary, arrives at the castle, with papers, and requests to see its lord. These papers are the last will of Juen de Torva, in which he bequeaths “to my beloved, my early, my only friend, Don Henriquez D’Altavera, the whole of my lands, my castles, my dependencies, my treasures, to be possessed by him and his heirs for ever; and for as much as I have more confidence in the wisdom and generous

propriety of his judgment than my own, I leave those whose names (also by mine own hand) are herein written, to be provided for, as he, thinking and acting for me when I shall no longer be able to think and act for myself, shall deem right. These, with the last love and blessing of my heart, I bequeath to him; desiring that my poor earthly remains may be laid in the same spot where he himself shall be interred.”

“*Hen.* You mentioned other deeds.

Bal. Yes, good my lord; intrusted to my keeping, Here is besides a marriage contract made Between himself and the fair Menina.”

Even from these extracts it will be felt how powerfully the distressful interest is sustained, and how natu-

rally; and though we confess that we are far from being skilled in the mystery of stage-effect, we cannot

help thinking that such scenes would be mistaken in believing that what follows in representation. And are we to agitate any audience?

Hen. (starting from his chair with violent gesture). What did'st thou say?

The sister of my wife?

Say it again. I know not what thou said'st.

Balt. It is, my Lord, a marriage-contract made
Between him-self and Donna Menca,
The sister of your wife; to whom by stealth,
The Lady being somewhat disinclined,
He has of late made frequent visits; hoping
Last night, with her consent, to have surprised you.
When as a man who he should join the guest,
By asking from your love a brother's blessing.

[*Henriquez falls back into his chair, uttering a deep groan.*

Isabella (rushing to him in great alarm). Alas! so strong an agony is here,
The hand of death is on him.

Carlos. 'Tis but the pitch and crisis of his grief
Be not alarm'd; he will recover presently.

[*Diego, coming forward, speaks aside to Isabella.*

Diego. Bid all withdraw, and be with him alone
When he recovers.

Isa. (aside).

How when he recovers

Alone with him! I know not what thou mean'st.

Diego (speaking, to her aloud). My Lord has from his youth been thus
affected,

When press'd by grief, I've seen him so before.

And when the fit goes off, I've known him also

Utter wild ravings. Solitude and stillness

Are necessary. Pardon me this boldness.

Isa. Thou'st seen him thus before?

Diego. It is a natural infirmity.

Let all retire and leave him.

Isa. (motioning all to retire but Carlos). Don Carlos will remain. [To *Diego*.

Diego. None but yourself, I do beseech you, Madam,
And I will watch by you till he recovers.

[*Exeunt all but Diego, Isabella, and Henriquez, who, while she hangs over him, greets us before.*

Isa. That groan again! My dear—my dear Henriquez!

Alas! that look! thine agony is great.

That motion too! (*He rises*). Why dost thou stare around

We are alone; surely thou wilt not leave me.

Where wouldst thou be?

Isa.

'Tis the blackest guilt of hell;

The deepest den of misery and pain;

Woe bound to woe—the cursed with the cursed!

Isa. What horrible words, if they have any meaning!

If they have none most pitious!—

Henriquez! O, my Lord!—My noble husband!

I thought not thou would'st e'er have look'd on me

As thou hast done, with such an eye of sternness.

Alas! and had'st thou no living dear on earth

But him whom thou hast lost?

Hen. I had, I had! thy love was true and virtuous.

And so it is: thy hand upon my breast. (*Pressing her hand, which she has laid upon his breast.*)

I feel it—O how dear! (*Is about to kiss it, but casts it from him.*)

It must not be!

Would thou wert false! Would grinding contumely

Had bowed me to the earth—worn from my mind

The very sense and nature of a man!

Faithful to me! Go, loose thee from my side;

Thy faithfulness is agony ineffable.

It makes me more accursed. Cling not to me;

To taste the slightest feeling of thy love

Were base—were monstrous now.—Follow me not !
The ecstasy of misery spins all pity.

[*Ead.*

Diego. And do not follow him ; O do not, Madam !
This fearful fit will soon exhaust its strength,
And leave his reason free.

Leo. God grant it may ! It is a fearful fit.
But thou thyself look'st strangely, and thy visage
Seems haggard with a passing consciousness——
Thou dost not think——

Diego. No, no ! what should I think ?
Retire to your apartment ; I mean time
Will watch my Lord, that none may cross his way
Till he be safely lodged within his chamber

[*Exeunt.*

The heart of Leonora has been quieted in respect to her husband's love, but is invaded by other still more distracting apprehensions—by suspicions she dare not think of, but cannot banish ; she is alarmed to hear that Balthazar, Juen's secretary, has suddenly departed for Zamora, perhaps to seek an audience of the King. Mean while, Antonio, Menucia's lover, whom she had been prevailed on by her more ambitious sister to

give up, has been seized when lurking in a wood near the castle, and is charged with the murder of his successful rival. In his confusion he utters some words that seem to involve a confession of his guilt—it is a relief to Leonora's misery to believe him guilty—and he is thrown into the dungeon. But before we look at him there, we again behold Henriquez and his remorse.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Burging Vault of the Castle, with Monuments of the Dead, and near the front of the Stage, a new-carved Grave, seen by the light of a lamp placed on a neighbouring Tomb, the Stage being otherwise dark. A solemn Requiem for the Dead is heard at a distance, sounding from above. As it draws to a close, HENRIQUEZ appears at the farther end of the Vault with a light in his hand, which he holds out from him, as if in search of some object, and, seeing the grave, casts the light from his hand, and rushes towards it.

Hen. (after gazing some time on the grave). And here thou liest with all thy noble parts,

Thy lofty, liberal soul, and goodly form,
And heart of love so thorough and so true !
This is thy rest, the meed and recompense
Thy generous worth hath from thy friend received !
Thy friend ! O savage heart and cruel hand !
Fell, hateful, faithless, cowardly, and base !
Of every baleful thing, by Heaven cast off,
Most cursed and miserable !—
O that ere this the dust had cover'd me
Like a crush'd snake, whose sting is yet unshleath'd !
Would in the bloody trench some sabred Moor
Had lanced this hold of life—this latent seat
Of cruelty ! or rather that some dart,
Shot e'ring in our days of boyish sport,
Had pierced its core ! Then by my early grave
He had shed over me a brother's tears ;
He had sat there and wept and mourn'd for me,
When from all human thoughts but his alone,
All thoughts of me had been extinguish'd. Juen !
My Juen, dear, dear friend ! Juen de Torva !
Thy name is on my lips, as it was wont ;
Thine image in my heart like stirring life ;
Thy form upon my fancy like that form
Which bless'd my happy days. How he would look,
When with his outspread arms, as he return'd
After some absence !—Oh, it tortures me !
Let no image cross my mind but this !
No, no ! not this !—Sable, sepulchral gloom !

Embody to my sight some terrible thing,
 And I will brave it (*pausing and looking round*).
 It doth ! it doth ! there's form and motion in it.
 Advance, thou awful shade, whate'er thou art.
 Those threat'ning gestures say thou art not Juen. (*Rubbing his eyes*).
 It was but fancy.—No ; the soul to Him
 Who is the Soul of souls ascended hath,
 Dust to its dust return'd. There is nought here
 But silent rest, that can be roused no more.
 Beneath this mould, some few spans deep, he lies.
 So near me, though conceal'd !—Cursed as I am,
 The cords of love, even through this earth have power,
 Like a strong charm, to draw me to him still.

(*Casting himself upon the grave*).

Burst, guilty heart ! rend every nerve of life,
 And be resolved to senseless clay like this,
 So to enlap his dearer clay for ever.

Enter CARLOS

(*Carlos, looking round him*). He is not here : nought see I through the
 gloom,

Save the cold marble of those tombs, which, touch'd
 With the wan light of yon sepulchral lamp,
 Show their recall'd ends to the uncertain sight,
 I've shrouded bodies rising from the earth. (*Going towards the grave*).
 Ha ! something stirring on the new-raised earth !
 It is Henriquez, wrapped in frantic sorrow. (*Advancing to him*).
 Henriquez ! hear'st thou not, noble Henriquez ?
 Nay, nay ! rise from the earth—such frantic grief
 Doth not become a man, and least of all,
 A man whose firm endurance of misfortune
 Has hitherto so graced his noble worth.
 Givest thou no answer but these heavy groans ?
 Thou canst not from the tomb recall the dead,
 But rouse thy spirit to revenge his death.

Hen. (raising his head). What said'st thou ?

Carlos.

Quit this dismal bed of death,

And rouse thee to revenge thy murder'd friend.

Hen. He is revenged ; Heaven deals with guilt so monstrous.
 The hand of man is nothing.

Carlos. Ay, but the hand of man shall add its mite.

(*Taking hold of his hand to rouse him*).

Up from the earth ! I've found the murderer,

Hen. (springing up fiercely, and seizing him by the throat). Lay'st thou thy
 hand on me ! What is or is not,

The God of Heaven doth know, and he alone.

Darest thou with mortal breath bestow that name

To the dishonour of a noble house,

On one of ancient princely lineage born ?

Carlos. Let go thy frenzied grasp ! Should brave Castilians

Thus grapple hand to hand, like angry boys ?

Fit time and place shall justify my words,

If they indeed offend.—Our watch hath seized

In hiding near the castle, most suspiciously,

A youth who hath to Mencía's love pretended,

Whose hand we cannot doubt hath done the deed ;

But if he be of such high lineage born,

'Tis more than he hath claim'd or we will credit.

Why drop your arms thus listless by your side ?

Your eyes upon the ground ? Will you not go

And see the prisoner, and hear him question'd ?

Hen. Ay, ay, this is required—I'll go with thee ;
 I comprehend thee now.

Carlos.

And yet thou movest not.

Does any sudden pain arrest thy steps ?

Hen. I am benumb'd and faint.—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene First of Act Fourth is a prison in the castle. Antonio is sitting there, and as he hears footsteps, expects another visit, from persons

seeking to torment him into confession. It is Mencía, who, believing him guilty, comes at once to renounce and to deliver him.

I dread

Even but to look upon thee, wretched man!

Take this disguise; it will ensure escape.

Ant. Thou dreadst to look upon me, yet thou comest

To save my life—to save a murderer's life?

Men. I said not so in pity of thy state,
That bloody deed I know hath been the act
Of frenzied passion: in some foreign land
Live and repent: heaven grant thee grace for this!
Let not man's hand, the brand of public shame,
Be on thy wretched head.

Her behaviour towards him while yet she believes him guilty—her gradual release from that intolerable belief—her bliss on its being utterly done away—and her love welling up from its depths, but a moment before frozen by despair and horror—are all most beautifully painted—nor can any thing be more affecting—but we can quote only the close.

"*Ant.* O blessed words! my dear, my generous love!

My heart throbs at the thought, but can not thank thee.

And thou wilt follow me and share my fortune,

Or good or ill!

Ah! what of good can with a skulking outlaw

In his far wand'rings, or his secret haunts,

E'er be? O no! thou shalt not follow me.

Men. Good may be found for faithful, virtuous love,

In every spot; and for the wand'ring outlaw,

The very sweetest nooks o' the earth are his.

And be his passing home the goat-herd's shed,

The woodman's branchy hut, or fisher's cove,

Whose pebbly threshold by the rippling tide

Is softly washed, he may contented live,
Ay, thankfully, 'till like the fowls of heaven

With daily food sent by a Father's hand.

Antonio (pressing both her hands to his heart, and then kissing them).

Thanks, gentle, virtuous Mencía; but alas!

Far different is the hapless outlaw's home

From what thy gentle fancy fashioneth.
With lawless men he must protection find.

Some dark cavern where the light of day

Hath never peer'd—where the pitch'd brand, instead,

Sheds its red glare on the wild revelry

Of fierce banditti; or the pirate's bark,
Where stalks the salvaged ruffian o'er the deck,

Watching his distant prey—some home-bound ship,

With all its stores and freight of precious souls,

Who ne'er shall greet their native shores again,

Must be his guilty home.

Men. Alas, alas!

Ant. Thou shalt not follow me, nor will I fly.

Sever'd from thee I will not live, sweet love,

Nor shalt thou be the mate of one disgraced,

And by the good disown'd. Here I'll remain,

And Heaven will work for me a fair deliverance.

Men. No, no! the present means for thy escape

Are sent to thee by Heaven. Be not so stubborn!

With or without me fly, even as thou wilt,

But do not linger here.

(Looking to the door on hearing it move).

The door—O misery! we are surprised.

It is Henriquez; Heaven have pity on us!"

Henriquez motions off Mencía to leave the dungeon, and she obeys; and he then offers Antonio opportunity and means of escape. The colloquy is managed with much skill; and the guilty, in spite of all his art, betrays himself to the suspicion of the innocent, unsuspecting though his nature be—

ANTONIO (*after following him with his eye as he ascends the stair at the bottom of the stage*).

But that it were so horrid and unnatural,
A thing at strife with all consistent thoughts,
I could believe——No! 'tis impossible.

Henriquez had sent a Friar to Antonio, and now he has sent for the same Friar for himself—and remorse is about to become repentance.

SCENE III.

A Chapel. HENRIQUEZ discovered on his knees by the Confessional, the FRIAR bending over him, and muttering words in a low voice.

Friar (aloud). Rise, son, in humble but assured faith
Repentance, and these penances endured,
Will gain from heavenly grace full absolution
Of this most guilty deed—of all thy sins.
Rise, and be comforted. (*Raising him, and leading him forward*). Be comforted!

The worst of sinners league not with despair,
But by their own untoward disbelief,
The greatest sin of all Thou smit'st thy breast,
And shak'st thy drooping head thou must not doubt.
All sin is finite, mercy infinite;
Why shouldst thou doubt that God will pardon thee?

Hen. I doubt it not. God's mercy pardons all
Who truly do repent; and O how truly,
How deeply, how intensely I repent!
But in my breast there is a goading sense,
An inward agony, a power repelling
In dire abhorrence every better thought.
The bliss of heaven for me! incongruous hope!
My soul, my fancy, yea my very will
Is link'd to misery; and happiness
Comes to my thoughts like gleams of painful day
To owls and bats, and things obscure and hateful,
Fitted by nature for their dismal dens.
O that I were like such! in the rest rock
Of some dank mine coil'd up, dull and unconscious
Of the loud hammer's sound, whose coming stroke
Should crush me from existence!

Friar. Alas, alas, my son! have better thought.

Hen. Let them arise in better hearts, for mine
A nest of stinged scorpions hath become,
And only fit for such. Each recollection,
Each waking fancy, like a barbed fang,
Pierces its core with unilling agony,
Which yields to a succeeding, sharper sting,
And that again to others keener still.
So kind, so dear, such manly, true affection!
Friendship so pure! such noble confidence!
Love that surmounted all things! When, in passion,
I did an outrage on his fiery blood,
What would have hush'd on any other head
The instant stroke of death—he only waited——

Friar. Give o'er, my son; thou art too vehement.

Hen. He waited till my senseless rage was spent,
Then smiled—O such an upbraiding smile!
Open'd his arms, and clasp'd me to his heart.
That smile, those open'd arms, I see them now—
I see them constantly; where'er I turn,
They front me like a vision of delight
Changed to a gorgon terror.
But no restraining love did plead for him:

As though he had some faithless rav'ller been,
 All base suggestions were received against him,
 Were cherish'd, brooded on, by dint of thought
 Work'd to a semblance of consistent truth,
 Which, but for this—Base, black ingratitude!
 Passing all crimes, detested, monstrous!

(*Beating his forehead violently as he stalks rapidly away*).

This base, believing heart, this villain's hand!

Filar. My son, this is wild ecstasy of passion,
 Which leads not to that humble true repentance
 Our holy Church enjoins.

Hen. (*returning*). Or had I met him as an open foe,
 With accusation of defiance fairly
 Proceeding vengeance; but unheard, i' th' dark!
 Tremble, ye venerable roofs, ye towers
 Of my brave fathers, men without reproach!
 Fall on my cursed head, and grind to dust
 What bears the honour'd semblance of their son,
 Although unmeet to bear the human form.

Filar. Nay, nay! I pray forbear! this violent grief
 For thy soul's weal is most unprofitable.
 Betake thyself betimes to prayer and penance.
 The sufferings of the body will relieve
 The sull'ring of the mind.

Hen. The sufferings of the body! They are powerless.

(*Showing his hand*).

See here, short while, in agony of thought,
 Pacing the armory where hangs the mail
 Which Juen wore, when in Tolosa's field
 We fought the turban'd Moslems side by side; y
 It was his gift, which I did beg of him,
 In the proud joy I felt at his high deeds.
 How swell'd my heart! A braver knight in arms
 Fought not that day. Bold heart and potent hand,
 And lofty mien, and eyes that flash'd with valour.
 Where run my words? I have forgot their drift.

Filar. Something which happened in the armory

Hen. Ay, in the armory, as I have said,
 I struck my hand, in vehemence of action,
 On a spik'd shield, not knew till afterwards,
 When the wild fit was past, and oozing blood
 Loaded my clammy touch, that in my flesh
 The broken iron was sheath'd.

No; what can corporal pain or penance do?
 That which inflicts the mortal wound, which renus
 The hold of pride, wrenching the bent of nature;
 'Tis that alone hath power. Yet from the effort
 Nature starts back; my mind, stunn'd at the thought,
 Loses the use of thought.

Filar. I do not understand you; good, my Lord.

Hen. It matters not; you will, perhaps, hereafter.

Filar. You are at present feeble and exhausted,
 And lack repose; retire a while, my son.
 Hark! on the walls without, do you not hear
 The watcher's call to note the rising morn?

Hen. The morn! And what have I to do with morn?
 The redd'ning sky, the smoking camp, the stir
 Of tented sleepers rousing to the call,
 The snorting steed, in harness newly dight,
 Did please my fancy once. Ay; and the sweetness
 Of my still native woods, when, through the mist,
 They showed at early dawn their stately oaks,
 Whose dark'ning forms did gradually appear
 Like slow approaching friends, known doubtfully.

Thou pleas'd me once in better days ; but now
 My very soul within me is abhorrent
 Of very pleasant thing ; and that which cheers
 The stirring soldier or the waking hind,
 That which the traveller blesses, and the child
 Grets with a shout of joy, as from the door
 Of his pent cot he issues to the air,
 Does but increase my misery.—
 I loathe the light of heaven : let the night,
 The hideous unblessed night, close o'er me now,
 And close for ever !

Friar. Cease, cease ! and cherish not such dark despair,
 Retire to your apartment, and in prayer
 Beseech Almighty Goodness to have pity
 On a perturbed soul.

Hen. Pray thou for me ; I will pray when I can.

Friar. Hark ! steps along the corridor ; they come
 To say an early mass for the repose
 Of the interr'd : they must not find you here.

Hen. And to the dead they give repose ! What mass,
 What prayers, what chanted hymns can to the living
 Give respite from this agony of soul ?
 Alas, alas ! there is no cure for this.

[*Exeunt.*]

Balthazer, "our keen and fiery secretary," has returned from Zamora, commissioned by the King to make search for Juen's murderer, and, when found, to bring him there forthwith for instant execution.

Bal. Ay, every cot and castle in the realm
 At my command must open gate and hold,
 Chamber and bower ; even the sepulchral vault,
 Whose sable scutcheon'd door hath not for years
 Upon its hinges jurr'd, must be unlocked,
 And show its secrets to the searching light.
 But as I learn you have secured the murderer,
 I am content ; here ends my brief commission.
 I pray you lead me to the prison-house—
 I burn to see the wretch.

And from the prison-house comes
 Antonio in chains—while Henriquez
 is about to mount "Black Sultan,"
 who stands saddled at the gate—

"champing his bit,
 And casting from his mouth the flaky
 foam,"

that he may see the prisoner safely
 delivered into the hands of justice.
 Carlos urges them to lose no time,
 as Henriquez is intent to gain a royal
 audience before the sitting of to-
 morrow's court. Henriquez has for-
 bid Leonora to accompany him, but
 he sends to him his scarf, gloves,

and signet, which he had forgotten,
 and Diego gives them to his master
 at the gate.

Act Fifth opens in the court at Za-
 mora—a grand hall of audience, no-
 bles, prelates, officers, &c. dis-
 covered in waiting ; and after several pe-
 titions have been presented to the
 King, and received in very kindly
 manner, it is announced to his Ma-
 jesty that Don Henriquez waits with-
 out, and humbly begs for an audience
 before sitting of the court, and that
 he is attended with a goodly train,
 guarding a prisoner. The King mar-
 vels—and

Enter HENRIQUEZ, followed by CARLOS and ANTONIO, going up to the KING, who rises to meet him.

King. Thou too, my valiant friend, a suitor here ?

Hen. A humble supplicant.

King. Who needs not sue.

Say freely what thou'wouldst, and it is granted.

Hen. But what I beg, an earnest boon, must be
 Confirm'd to me with all solemnity,
 Before I utter it.

King.

A strange request !

But that thy services have been to me
Beyond all recompense, and that I know
Thy country's welfare and thy sovereign's honour
Are dear to thee, as thou full well hast proved,
I should with some persuasion give my word.
But be it so; I say thy suit is granted.

Hen. Nay, swear it on this sword.

King. Where doth this tend? Dost't thou my royal word?

Hen. When honour'd lately by your princely presence,
You gave to me this ring with words of favour;
And said if I should e'er, by fortune press'd,
Return the same to you, whatever grace
I then might ask, should be conceded to me. (*Giving the ring.*)
Receive your royal token: my request
Is that you swear upon my sword to grant
This boon which I shall beg.

[*Holds out his sword to the King, who lays his hand on it*

King. This sword, this honour'd blade, I know it well,

Which thou in battle from the princely Moor

So valiantly did'st win: why should I shrink

From any oath that shall be sworn on this?

I swear, by the firm honour of a soldier,

To grant thy boon, whatever it may be.

Declare it then, *Hermione*. (*I pause.*)

Thou art pale

And silent too: I wait upon thy word.

Hen. My breath forsook me. 'Tis a passing weakness

I have power now.—There is a criminal,

Whose guilt before your Highness in due form

Shall shortly be attested; and my boon

Is, that your Highness will not pardon him,

However strongly you may be inclin'd

To royal clemency, —however strongly

Entreated so to do.

King. This much amazes me. Ever till now,

Thou'st been inclin'd to mercy, not to blood.

Hen. Yea; but this criminal, with selfish cruelty,

With black ingratitude, with base disloyalty

To all that sacred is in virtuous ties,

Knitting man's heart to man — What shall I say?

I have no room to breathe. (*Tearing open his doublet with violence.*)

He had a friend,

Ingenuous, faithful, generous, and noble:

Ev'n but to look on him had been full warrant

Against th' accusing tongue of man or angel

To all the world beside,—and yet he slew him.

A friend whose fostering love had been the stay,

The guide, the solace of his wayward youth,—

Love steady, tried, unvaried,—yet he slew him.

A friend, who in his best devoted thoughts,

His happiness on earth, his bliss in heaven,

Intwined his image, and could not devise

Of separate good,—and yet he basely slew him;

Rush'd on him like a ruffian in the dark,

And thrust him forth from life, from light, from nature,

Unwitting, unprepared for th' awful change

Death brings to all. This act so foul, so damned,

This he hath done: therefore upon his head

Let fall the law's unmitigated justice.

King. And wherefore doubt'st thou that from such a man

I will withhold all grace? Were he my brother

I would not pardon him. Produce your criminal.

[*Those who have ARISTO in custody lead him forward.*

Hen. (*motioning with his hand to forbid them.*) Undo his shackles: he is innocent.

King. What meaneth this? Produce your criminal.

Hen. (kneeling). My royal master, he is at your feet.

(A cry of astonishment is heard through the hall, the KING, staggered back from the spot, is supported by an Attendant, while CARLOS and ANTONIO, now free from his fetters, run to HENRIQUEZ, who continues kneeling, and bend over him in deep concern.)

King (recovering). A fearful shock! Mine ears are ringing still.

Rise, Don Henriquez d' Altavero, rise. *(Turning away his head)*

Raise him: O do not let me see him thus!

(Motions the crowd to withdraw, who go off, leaving the KING, HENRIQUEZ, CARLOS, and ANTONIO, only on the stage.)

King (fiercely). Carlos, on thee my anger rests, who thus stood'st by and suffer'd me to be deceived.

Car. Condemn me not, my Liege; I was myself, Convinced this youth had done the deed, deceived. This on a soldier's honour I never.

King. Alas, Henriquez! thou hast practised on me With cruel guile. I would right gladly totter The latest town thy sword e'er won for me, And be again at liberty to pardon Whatever thou hast done. A deed, most surely, By thy high nature all too rudely charged. Thou in the frenzy of some headlong passion Hast acted as a madman, who still wreaks His direst wrath on those he loves the most.

Hen. No, no! it was an act of brooding thought, Of slow latent, of dark consideration.

Our early love, with all his fair endowments And noble qualities, before my mind Did clearly pass; pass and return again, And strongly plead for him, and were rejected.

King. Go to! thou hast a wild imagination, Which has o'erreach'd thy judgment.—Set me free. The public weal requires thy service: on this Adverse to this do not, and should not, bend.

Hen. There are within your kingdom many chiefs Who may do better service to the state, Though not with better will than I have done;

(Laying his sword at the KING's feet)

Here do I part with ensigns, arms, and war, Nor soldier's brand, nor baton of command, This hand accursed shall ever grasp again. Your Highness, by the honour of a prince, Stands bound to me in this, and you are bound.

King. Ay, if it needs must be, determined spirit. Yet, think again; be it a while deferred, This dismal trial, for a month—a year.

Hen. Not for a day.

King. Thou art too boldly stubborn. By what authority dost thou oppose it, If 'tis my pleasure it should be deferred?

Hen. The law's authority emboldens me. I am Don Juan's heir, and do by right Demand the speedy trial of his murderer. Nor think the law's delay would aught avail. How many secret ways there may be found To rid a wretch of life, who loathes to live. My soul demands this sacrifice—pains for it, As that which can alone restore to it The grace of Heaven, and the respect of men.

Car. Noble Henriquez, thy too stubborn virtue—

Hen. Nay, Carlos, hold thy peace. Be not my foe He were my greatest enemy who should Impede this consummation. When 'tis past, Then let the favour of my princely master,

Of loving camp-mates, and all virtuous men,
Return to me again. A noble treasure
That will redeem my memory from shame.

King (embracing him). Living or dead, brave man, thou must be honour'd.
I will no more contend with thy desires.

Some preparation for this solemn ceremony
Thou wilt require; Don Carlos will conduct thee
Where thou may rest and find all needful aid.

[*Exit.*]

Hen. Come, friends, till I am summon'd to my trial;
The time is short, and we must husband it. (*Going and stopping again*)
I shun not now thy friendly aid, good Carlos;
My heart is lighten'd of its heavy load,
And I can take a good man by the hand,
And feel we are akin.

Car. To all that is most great and admirable
Thou art akin. I have no words to speak
The thoughts I have of thee, thou noble man!

Hen. (to Antonio). And thou too, gentle youth; give me thy hand.
Thy noble confidence did point to me
The true and honour'd path. For, hadst thou fled,
I might have shrunk aside, and been on earth
A sullen secret thing of wretchedness,
Cursing the light of heaven. Gentle youth,
I've felt the kindly pressure of thy hand,
And all thy gen'rous sympathy: forgive me,
That I did hold thy mind so long in doubt.

Anto. O nothing did I doubt that thou did'st know
My innocence, and would protect it. yet,
This noble, terrible act I ne'er divined.
Would I had fled my prison at thy bidding,
And lived a vagabond upon the earth,
Ere this! ad been! What was my name or worth?
But thou——

Hen. Cease, cease! repent it not, sweet youth;
For all the friends on earth would not have done me
Such true and worthy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

The form of a trial has been gone through, and Henriquez condemned to the block. Leonora, knowing his doom, is in one of the royal apartments with the Friar, when the King enters, and she falls in supplication at his feet. But she soon is made to know that her husband is inexorable and self-doomed, and will not accept of pardon. This scene abounds with noble sentiments, and cannot be read without a feeling of elevation.

The hour of execution is near at hand—and its approach is felt to be

near in the words of Balthazar, who enters with a dark lantern before the gate of the prison. We then see Henriquez in his last living sleep, from which he is with difficulty awoken by the gaoler. All that follows is as good as may be—Leonora is brought in—her words are very few—a bell tolls—and giving a loud, a death-shriek—she falls into the arms of Mencia and Antonio. There is a procession towards the scaffold—and the curtain drops.

THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN.

No. II.

The grand victim of the night was Coligni. The Duke of Guise hated him as an enemy, feared him as a rival, and was resolved to have his blood as a man whose religious habits showed the general impurity of his own. Still, with all those strong stimulants to the passions of an arrogant and sanguinary spirit, it gives a dreadful idea of the furies of a persecuting time, to see the first subject of a country like France, the chief leader of her armies, a prince by birth, and standing in the first rank of eminent men in Europe, not merely countenance the assassination of a brave nobleman resting unsuspectingly on the pledged faith of the King, but actually covet to be the assassin. On the fatal night, the Duke of Guise sat up waiting for the tolling of the bell, and the signal had no sooner been thus given, than he rushed into the street with his brother, the Duc D'Aumale, the Duc D'Angoulême, and a crowd of men of rank, all prepared for murder. The house where the Admiral lodged was instantly beset, and, by an act of that consummate perfidy which makes the whole transaction infamously renowned, the man employed to break open the door was Cosseino, the officer of the guard. The whole number now poured into the house. The Swiss attendants on the stairs were the first stabbed, and in the *milce* two men, Besme, a Lorrainer, and Pistrucci, an Italian, both of the Duke of Guise's retainers, sprang upstairs, and attempted to force the doors of the suite of chambers where Coligni lay. The noise awakened him, and he called to one of his attendants to know its cause—the household were already out of their beds, and, from the clash of arms below, and the outcries of the soldiers coming from the street, they knew that their fate was at hand. The man's singular, but expressive answer, was, "My lord, God calls us to himself." The Admiral then rose, threw on his nightgown, and bade Merlin, his secretary, read prayers to them. But

his terror rendering him scarcely able to articulate, the Admiral, calmly turning to the attendants, said, "Save yourselves, my friends. All is over with me. I have been long prepared for death." When they had all left the room but one, he knelt down and committed his soul to God. The doors were successively burst open, and Besme sprang into the room. Seeing but an old man on his knees, he thought that he had been disappointed of his prey, and hastily asked, "Where is Coligni?" "I am he," was the heroic answer. "Young man, if you are a soldier, as you seem to be, you ought to respect my grey hairs. But do what you will, you can shorten my life only by a few days." The ruffian instantly drove the sword through his heart. The soldiers now filled the room, and the corpse was hacked by every man's sword or dagger. Besme then went to the window, and cried out to Guise and D'Angoulême, who were standing in the street, that the murder was done. "Very well," was the chief murderer's answer. "But M. D'Angoulême here will not believe it unless he sees him at his feet." The proof was soon furnished. The corpse was thrown out of the window to the feet of M. D'Angoulême, and, by the force of the concussion, the blood started out on the clothes and faces of the party. But Guise was still unsatisfied, and, to obtain full conviction, he took out his handkerchief and cleared the blood from its countenance. The features of his old noble antagonist were there, and, as the last triumph of an ungenerous and cruel heart, he ordered him to be decapitated. The body was left to the indignities of the rabble, and they acted up to their full measure. After mangling and mutilating the senseless flesh till they were exhausted, they fastened ropes to it, and then dragged it through the streets for several days; they then threw it into the Seine. But they now wanted an object for their horrible sport, and, after some

time, they drew it out again, hung it by the heels to the gibbet of Montfaucon, put a fire under it, and roasted it! As if to leave no rank of France unstained, not merely by the general sweeping crime of the massacre, but even by its lowest abominations, the King, hearing that the body of the man was roasting whom but a few days before he had courted and flattered, nay, called the ornament of his court and kingdom, his father! came with a showy *cortège* of his nobles to enjoy the spectacle. He was worthy to enjoy it. On some of the *cortège* turning away, offended by the smell, Charles laughed at their squeamishness, and said, as Virtellius had said before him, "You see, gentlemen, I do not turn away. The smell of a dead enemy is always good." The miserable remains were afterwards taken down by the humanity of Marshal de Montmorency during the night; but as he was afraid of a renewal of those barbarities if he brought them to the chapel of Chantilly, he had them hidden for a while until they could be interred at Montauban. Long subsequently they were removed to the place of the Coligni family, and publicly buried at Chatillon sur Loire. The head, on being cut off in the street, was sent to the Queen Mother. With what emotions must not that arch fiend have gazed on her hideous trophy! It was then transmitted to the next fitting place for such a triumph—Rome.

When the morning came, the streets exhibited a frightful spectacle. Vast numbers had been killed in every quarter—many thrown out of windows and dashed to pieces on the pavement, many stabbed in the upper parts of the houses, and hung bleeding from the casements. The assassins were still employed in flinging the bodies into the streets, the *port-cochères* and passages of the great houses were heaped in many instances with corpses, and the streets filled with the rabble shouting and dragging the bodies to throw them into the river. Yet a scene almost still more appalling was to be witnessed under the immediate eye of royalty. Many of the Protestants, and those among the chief, had

been massacred in the square, and neighbourhood of the Louvre, to which they had crowded on the first alarm, to gather round the Admiral. Most of these gentlemen had been but a few days before sharers in the entertainments on the marriage, and were well known to the court. On this morning the King, the court, and, most inconceivable of all, the ladies of the household and women of rank, who had so lately before danced and banqueted with those unfortunate nobles and chevaliers, came down into the square of the Louvre, and walked among the corpses, recognising them, and laughing and jesting at every face they recognised. Some of the infants offered to the helpless dead by those women, directed of their nature by the spirit of bigotry, deity description.

The massacre continued in full violence for two days, and was renewed at intervals during the week. A royal proclamation to stop the bloodshed had been issued on the Tuesday, but as no attempt was made to enforce it, the slaughters went on, principally now of individuals who had taken refuge. Seven or eight hundred who had run to the public jails for shelter, were brought out and put to death, and all attempts made by any of the royal party to save Protestants were reprobated at Court as treason. The language of the Louvre, on its being mentioned that the Duke of Guise and Tavannes, whether through policy or contempt, had suffered some to hide in their hotels, was, "that to spare the heretics was betraying God and the King; that if they were the smaller number, revenge would give them the more strength; that though Coligni was dead, Navarre and Conde were both alive. That the war must be pushed to the uttermost; Rochelle and Montauban must be attacked; the fugitives from Paris, Languedoc, and the other provinces must be looked for there; that Protestantism must not be suffered to raise its head through any unweariness in the arm of the Faith." The massacre was regarded as only the primary step in a war of extermination.

(One of the most distinguished of

the Huguenot leaders in subsequent years, the Marshal la Force, who was a child at the time of the massacre, gives a most minute and affecting narrative of the series of accidents by which he was saved from the common fate. La Force's father, with his two sons, lived in the Faubourg St Germain, where many of the Reformed resided. It happened that a man who had sold him some horses a week before, saw the attack on Coligni's house, and the murder of the Admiral. As he justly regarded this horrible act to be the beginning of a general destruction, he thought of La Force and his family. But how to warn them was the difficulty. There was no bridge at that time connecting the Louvre with the Faubourg, and the boats had been all seized already to carry over the troops who were to attack the Protestants in the St Germain. There was but one possibility of accomplishing the object, and it was to swim across at the moment. The man gallantly plunged in, though it was utter darkness, and awoke the elder La Force. He sprang out of bed, and in his first agitation, thought only of how he might save himself. But soon remembering his children, he returned to carry them with him. The delay was fatal. He had scarcely reached the chamber where they slept, than the soldiers were at the door. One at their head entered the room, seized La Force's arms, and with dreadful imprecations, told him that the time was come for him and his to die. In this extremity, La Force tried the power of gold. He offered two thousand crowns for their lives. The man pondered a while, but finally took it, on the promise of its being paid within two days. The soldiers then pillaged the house, and despoiling him and his children to put their handkerchiefs in their hats in the resemblance of a cross, and strip their right arms up to the elbows, which were understood signs of the troops, sent them across the river. As they passed the Seine, they saw it actually loaded with corpses. They landed in front of the Louvre, and there saw several of the Huguenots put to death. Their captor still led them on to his house in the Rue de Petits Champs. There he made them take an oath, that they would not leave the house

until they had paid the two thousand crowns; left them in charge of two Swiss soldiers, and went out to do his duty, and kill Huguenots! While they remained in this state of melancholy anxiety, one of the Swiss, touched with compassion, proposed to La Force that he should make an effort to escape. But the spirit of the chevalier would not submit to do what he deemed an act of dishonour; he sent for the money, which was supplied by a relative, and was on the point of paying it, when he was told that the Duke D'Anjou desired to see him. The name was a dreaded one to the Protestants, and La Force justly looked upon the message as equivalent to death. The messenger's too was an ill-omened name. The Count de Coccais, a man of persecution, who rendered himself memorable by murdering Protestants in cold blood. The father and his children, bareheaded and unclanked, went down stairs as to their execution. As they passed along, the father prayed the Count that his children's lives might be spared; but the younger, the future Marshal, then but thirteen years old, continued with indignant courage, crying out against the crimes of their assassins, calling them murderers, and telling them "that they would be punished for that night's crimes by God." But their doom was sealed. They were then led to the end of the street, which was filled with assassins. There they were stopped; and the butchery began. The elder brother was stabbed by several swords at once, and fell on the ground at his father's feet, crying out, "Oh father; oh God! I am dead!" In a moment after, the unfortunate father was killed, and flung on the body of his son. In the confusion, the second boy was thrown down, crying out that he was killed. He lay so unmoving between his father and brother, that he was supposed to be actually dead, though he had received no wound; and the soldiers, whose time was too little for the work which they had to do, left him thus covered with parental blood. In an agony of terror, he lay for a considerable time; several of the rabble then came to strip the bodies. Among the rest, one began to draw the stocking off the boy's leg. But suddenly struck with a feeling of compassion at the sight of this most

cruel, most gratuitous bloodshed, he stopped in his progress, and said, "What a pity! Alas! this was but a child, what can he have done." The boy, hearing human sounds at last, gently raised up his face, and looking at the man, whispered "I am not dead." The man answered, "Lie still, child; have patience." By an extraordinary effort of self-command, the child lay on the spot, motionless, and apparently dead, till dusk, when the man came to look for him again. He brought a worn-out cloak, which he threw over young La Force, and saying, "Get up; they are here no longer," led him away. As he took him along, he was met by a troop of the assassins, who demanded what he was about. The man dexterously answered, that the boy was his nephew, whom he was taking away to punish for having drunk till he was intoxicated. At last they reached his house; he was a billiard marker. He there asked thirty crowns for his services, which were promised, and after some concealment, La Force was dressed as a beggar, and taken to the residence of his relation, Marshal Biron, Grand Master of the Artillery. After remaining for some period hid in the Marshal's household, he found that the Court had discovered his existence, and were in pursuit of him. He then assumed the dress of a page, and was fortunately enabled to escape beyond the walls of that accursed and perfidious capital.

The havoc had not been confined to Paris. The Huguenots were assailed at the same moment in the chief provincial capitals. Orleans, Toulouse, and Rouen, though so distant from each other, felt the blow at once. At Lyons four thousand persons were killed in one day. A countless number of the smaller towns and villages were scenes of the similar execution of the royal mandates. But several of the provincial governors refused, with a due sense of honour and humanity, to stain themselves with innocent blood; some under the pretext that the orders of the Council were not sufficiently definite, some that they could not believe them to be the King's orders. Others, however, more nobly refused, in terms which have given down their names to pos-

terity with the honour due to the brave and the wise. "Sire," was the answer of Montmerin, the governor of Auvergne, to the King,— "I have received an order, under your Majesty's seal, to put to death all the Protestants in the province. I respect your Majesty too much to suppose that these letters are not forgery; and if, which God forbid, the order has really come from your Majesty, I respect you too much to obey it." The Viscount d'Orthey, Governor of Bayonne, returned an answer, which for its poignancy has long been proverbial. "Sire, I have communicated your Majesty's commands to the faithful inhabitants and the garrison. I have found among them good citizens and brave soldiers, but *not one executioner!*" It is but justice to remember that in this general fury of persecution, at least one ecclesiastic made himself conspicuous by his resistance to the tyrant. When the commander of the troops in the district of Lisieux, brought the order for the massacre to the Bishop, Jacques Hemmyer, that honest-hearted man, with a singular superiority to his age, declared, that it was impossible to be complicit with; "that he did not see in the gospel that the shepherd ought to suffer the blood of his flock to be shed; that the Protestants, though wanderers, were still his flock, and not beyond the hope of being brought back; and that his only answer was, that the order should never be executed as long as he lived." The officer then demanded, for his own defence, that the refusal should be given in writing. It was so given, and transmitted to the Court, by whom the order was not renewed. In more private life some instances of magnanimity illustrate the chivalic spirit of the period. In consequence of a quarrel, M. Vezins, a man of violent character, had publicly declared his intention of killing M. Resnier, a Huguenot gentleman. During the massacre, Vezins hurried with two soldiers to the house where his enemy lodged, and entered his chamber with his sword drawn. "Follow me," said he to the Huguenot, who in the extraordinary absence of all attempt at self-defence, which marked the last hours

of all his party, though long accustomed to the hazards of the field, followed him, thinking that he was going to his death. To his surprise he found a horse ready for him at the door, on which he mounted, and they rode to the house of Vezins at Guericy. There his strange guide turned, and addressed him, "You are now out of danger. I might have taken advantage of the time, and revenged myself. But between brave men the danger ought to be equal; I have therefore saved you. When you please, you will find me ready to finish our quarrel like gentlemen." Resnier was all gratitude, and begged that thenceforth they might be friends. "What!" said Vezins, "will the Huguenots be base enough not to resent the treachery of the Court?" "Whatever they may do," was the natural answer, "I should be ungrateful were I to resent it to you." The whole conversation reminds one of some of the romantic silliness of Spain. "Sir," was the stern reply of his deliverer, "I love courage in a friend, I love it also in an enemy. I leave you at liberty to love or hate me as you please, and I have brought you to this place, merely to put it in your power to make the choice." He then struck the spur into his horse, and galloped away.*

The numbers who fell in the massacre were very great. But, from the extent over which it spread, the obscurity of some of the places where it was perpetrated, the general confusion of the time, and the wish of the Court to hide the full measure of its guilt from the eyes of Europe, no exact calculation has ever been attainable. But De Thou, a historian of the highest character, and living at the time, fixes it at 30,000, probably alluding chiefly to those who fell in Paris, and the principal cities. Others, enumerating the deaths in the villages and open country, calculate it at 70,000, or even 100,000.†

Large as the last number is, it may not be too large, when we remember that the attack on the Reformed was spread over almost the whole of the vast country of France, excepting in some parts of Burgundy and Brittany, where the Reformed were few, and Languedoc and Gascony, where they were too powerful to be attacked with impunity. It is further to be remembered, that the attack in every instance was one of surprise, and that too in so singular a degree that the assailants scarcely met with any resistance whatever,—there being in Paris, when the chieftains and tried warriors of the Protestants were assembled, but one man, Guerchy, who died fighting; and Taverny, a lawyer, who, with his valet alone, defended his house for some hours. The execution was also principally in the hands of the populace, who, inflamed with bigotry and eager for pillage, when once they had begun and found that they might enjoy robbery without resistance, knew not where to stop, especially when they had the King's sanction conjoined with that of the priesthood, and thus were exhibiting their loyalty and religion while they were indulging their love of riot and rapine. But it was then that the spirit of popery displayed itself in its unequivocal evil. The tidings had no sooner reached Rome than all was rejoicing in the Vatican. The Cardinal of Lorraine, brother of the Guises, gave a large present to the messenger who brought such triumphant news. The Cardinal Alexandria had already betrayed the fact, that he had *expected* news of a great victory over the heretics, and exclaimed, when it arrived, that the King of France "had kept his word."‡ But the conduct of the Pope was still more declaratory. He went in grand procession to St Peter's, performed high mass with all the pomp of his Court, and ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung and

* De Thou, liv. 52.

† De Thou, liv. 53.—Perefixe, p. 30. De Thou and Perefixe were both Roman Catholics—the latter Archbishop of Paris. Sully, a man of the most unimpeachable authority, and who was afterwards prime minister to Henry IV., states it at not less than 70,000. In Paris alone 6000 were killed. *Seven hundred* men of rank and public name among the Huguenots were acknowledged to have perished.

‡ Lacrosette, *Histoire des Guerres de Religion*, v. 2.

the cannon to be fired, to celebrate the "glorious event." To perpetuate this victory of Rome a medal was ordered to be struck, with the head of Gregory XIII. on one side, and on the other the Exterminating Angel destroying the Protestants, with the inscription, "*Huguenotorum Strages, 1572.*"

But though Popery rejoices at this most dreadful combination of perfidy and slaughter, human nature exclaimed against it from every quarter of Europe. The blood already cried out of the ground; and after the first exultation had cooled, Charles shrunk from being thus the object of this universal horror. From that time forth, all the arts of that spirit which is as much distinguished by being "the father of lies" as of cruelty, were exercised to blind the common sense of Europe. The massacre was successively described as a mere retaliation for Huguenot offences, as an overthrow of a plot in which the Huguenots had planned a Romish massacre, and were anticipated only by royal vigilance, as a matter long rendered necessary by the hazards of the Government, and as a matter of the moment, arising simply from popular effervescence. It is obvious that those defences destroy each other, and that they are all equally unsound. No answer is, or can be given, to the acknowledged facts, that the Huguenot nobles and gentlemen were especially invited to Paris; that they were treated there with the most studied and novel courtesy; that after the Admiral had been fired at, the King paid him the most marked attentions, purposely to prevent his feeling any alarm, and leaving Paris; that on the night of the butchery the Huguenots were found totally unprepared, and were killed without the slightest attempt at union or resistance. While, on the other hand, the holding of the council to decide on the fate of their leaders was notorious. The preparations for the event were made with perfect security, and the event perfectly accom-

plished in consequence. The orders despatched to the various governments of the provinces would, if all other evidence were lost, be unanswerable. No fear of a tumult in Paris could have suggested those orders, which were more likely to have roused that tumult than extinguished it. No sudden tumult could have given rise to the deliberate commands for execution extending through the kingdom. The exultation of Rome, worthy of the genius of persecution, and the profane and startling grossness of making the sudden murder of so many thousands of women and children, is an answer which comprehends the full force of the accusation. Those who could thus have rejoiced would have commanded the crime, and those who would have commanded, could have found sanction only in that darkened and deadly superstition which makes all artifice an allowable instrument for the service of the Church, declares that all oaths against the interest of the Romish Church are invalid, and proclaims the doctrine that death is the natural punishment of the unbeliever in the power and purity of Rome.*

All Europe was instantly thrown into a state of agitation as the intelligence spread. The general feeling was open horror and wrath, but the Pope and the King of Spain formed exceptions. The former, as we have seen, rejoiced in the flow of Protestant gore, let the cause be what it might, and displayed his rejoicing in a jubilee! The latter declared that he felt but one ground of discontent—that the lives of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé had not been sacrificed with the rest. He immediately sent the despatch to the Admiral of Castile, as a matter of congratulation; and the Admiral read it to a party whom he had at supper, as a matter of amusement. But all, even in the shadow of the Spanish court, were not equally divested of the common sentiments of human nature. The Duke del Infantado, who was at the supper,

* The defence of this unspeakable transaction has been taken up again, in our day, by Lingard; but the exposure of his authorities has been complete, and the only value of his feeble and abortive effort is, to show that the heart of the Papist in every age is the same, let his disguise be what it may.

poignantly asked, "Were Coligni and his friends Christians?" On being answered that they were, "How is it, then," said the Duke, "that being Frenchmen and Christians, they should be butchered like brutes?"—"Gently, Duke," replied the Admiral, "do you not know that war in France is peace in Spain?"

In our own country, the indignation, as might be conceived from the national abhorrence of treachery and cruelty, was unbounded. The people cried loudly for a war. However, it was one of the principles of Elizabeth's matchless policy to avoid war on mere subjects of passion. Feeling herself by no means entitled to punish the French court for its acts of domestic guilt; and fully knowing the hazards of hostilities with France and Spain while she had a powerful Popish faction in the midst of her realm, she reserved her strength, suppressed all murmur, allowed even the negotiation for her marriage with the Duke of Alençon to follow its course for the time, and received Lamotte Fénelon, the French ambassador, who attended the court, to give a statement of the massacre according to the views of his master. She even received him with great form, but with an expressive and touching circumstance, which told her whole feeling better than words—she and her court received him *in deep mourning*.

In the interval of terror and weakness which followed this prostration of the Huguenot strength, all was silent; but a struggle was preparing which was to crush the dynasty on the throne, and punish the people by the heaviest scourge of civil war. The fatal evidence that no oath can bind the Papist while he has an object in view by their violation, and while his priesthood stand ready to give him hourly absolution, alike for perjury and murder, rendered the Protestants utterly contemptuous of all further promises of the Papist court. They declared that their only resource lay in arms, and thus, at length awake to the perfidy which formed so prominent a share of French politics, they combined with the gallantry of brave men the force of desperation. Such was the first reward of the massacre. From that period, France was doubly perplex-

ed by conspiracy, doubly harassed with popular tumults, and tentfold more disemboweled by the havoc of armies. D'Aubigné's talents and intrepidity were now to be brought into action on a larger scale. The King of Navarre felt himself a prisoner at the Louvre, and felt, at the same time, that by this fettered life he was losing all the uses and honours of his rank as chief of the Protestants of France. Some advances from the Duke of Alençon, the King's brother, a profligate, giddy, and yet ambitious prince, who was discontented with the court, seemed to give him the opportunity of that manly exertion for which he longed; and a plan was soon laid with Marshals Montmorency and de Cosse to escape from Paris, and put themselves at the head of the Huguenots and malecontent Papists, and begin hostilities. The conception was bold, but it was unlucky. The plan was betrayed, the two marshals were sent to the Bastille, and the two princes to the Castle of Vincennes. In this emergency, the King of Navarre, more bent than ever upon throwing off his thralldom, desired to attach to his service some of the most promising of his young countrymen. D'Aubigné's name was a passport to the favour of one who honoured intelligence and bravery, and he was immediately taken into his service. But, as it was necessary to avoid attracting the vigilant eye of the Queen Mother, he was known only as standard-bearer to M. de Fervaques. He was now at Court, where a false step might be ruin, but his heart was irrepressible. One day, accidentally being met by the Queen-Mother in one of the corridors of the palace, she burst out into invective against his father, and said that he would be as bad a subject and a man. The young soldier, heedless of the agonies in which those died who resisted the Queen-Mother, responded, with a firm tone, "God grant I may!" But he was soon sensible of his imprudence, when he saw Catherine looking eagerly about for the guards, of whom none happened to be near, to seize so audacious a speaker. He fled her presence without a moment's delay, and finally obtained pardon for his sincerity, only through

Fervaques protesting his standard-bearer's loyalty.

D'Aubigné escaped the St Bartholomew by the merest accident. He had been in Paris to obtain permission to lead some soldiers whom he had raised into the Low Countries. A few days before the massacre he was compelled, by the insolence of an officer, to fight him; he had wounded the officer, as he thought, mortally, and unwilling to wait the chances of the law in a time when all was party, immediately left the capital behind. This was but three days before the explosion. On his way he made a remark which has been so often realized, that courage is much a thing of circumstance. The news of the massacre had reached him on the road, and filled the minds of himself and his soldiers with the deepest depression. While they were thinking only of the miseries of their friends and countrymen, a loud voice was heard at a distance. With one impulse they all took to flight at the mere sound, and ran until they were forced to stop for want of breath. They then looked at each other with astonishment, and no slight shame at their panic; for though they were eighty armed men, they had fled without seeing any one in pursuit. Upon which their captain observes,—“We agreed that God does not *give* sense or courage, he only *lends* it.” But they speedily retrieved their character; for it was but the next day, that with forty of these men he rushed upon a force of six hundred, returning flushed with blood and plunder from the slaughters at Paris, broke and utterly routed them, with the loss of a large proportion of their number.

If further confirmation of the royal plot against the Protestants were necessary, it would be found in the measures which were arranged for taking advantage of the confusion into which they must naturally be thrown by the outbreak of the massacre, and the loss of their principal nobles and officers. Attempts had been instantly made upon three of their strongholds. One, La Charité, a town especially granted by the last peace, was surprised and taken. But Montauban and Rochelle defeated the treachery. The latter

was the great fortress of the west, and when force had failed, Charles tried negotiation. But the Rochellers were firm, and indignantly refused to trust to the honour of a prince, who could at any moment acquit himself, and be acquitted by his church, of the foulest perjury. As a last experiment, he prevailed on La Noue, a distinguished soldier among the Protestants, to bear his proposals, and commence the negotiation. His name obtained him entrance, but his reception was characteristic of the men and the time. On his being introduced into the presence of the commissioners appointed to meet him, they professed to have lost their knowledge of his person. “We expected,” was their expressive remark, “to have met La Noue, but we do not see him here. It is true, there may be some resemblance of feature; but that is to no purpose, when the characters are so totally unlike.” The Huguenot warrior, doubtless taunted with this grave rebuke, adverted to his services in their cause, and, throwing back his cloak, showed them that he had lost an arm fighting for Protestantism; and asked, “if he deserved to be forgotten?” They answered, with still more touching rebuke—“That they perfectly recollected a ‘galant soldier of his name, their very excellent friend, who, by many displays of valour and wisdom, had defended the Protestant cause, and done himself eminent honour. But he had one quality which decided them on the present occasion; he was a man of the strictest integrity, and could not have been induced by any temptation to come and deceive his old friends and fellow Christians. Therefore he could not be the person who now brought the royal proposals; a man, however like in countenance, utterly different in mind.” This was found irresistible. The heart was attacked, and the negotiator gave way. La Noue abandoned the service of the perfidious King, was received into the city, and became once more one of the most brilliant chieftains of the cause. A royal army was marched against Rochelle. But it was baffled and beaten, until the new bait for ambition offered to the Court, in the election of the Duke of Anjou to the

throne of Poland, produced a peace, and the siege was raised.

D'Aubigné was now called on for a service which required all his address and all his intrepidity. The war, though withdrawn from the walls of Rochelle, continued to waste blood through France; and the Marshal de Mutignon was sent with a strong force to make himself master of the fortified town of Domfront, held by the Count de Montgomeri. This was more a private pique than a public quarrel. The Queen-Mother had sworn the death of the Count, who had been the accidental instrument of killing her husband. The singular circumstance by which Henry II. perished, is among the memorabilia of that most diversified and stirring of all histories, the history of the French throne. On the proposed marriage of Henry's daughter with the King of Spain, a series of fêtes had been given, the last of which was a tournament in the Faubourg St Antoine. On this day, the 29th of June, 1559, the four champions were the King, the Prince of Ferrara, the Duke of Guise, and the Duke of Nemours. The King was, of course, the victor. But, excited by his successes, towards the close of the day, he called on Montgomeri to break a lance with him. The Count's prowess was probably the ground of this summons, for he was captain of the famous Scottish Guard. He declined the dangerous honour as long as he could. The Queen was also importunate with Henry to be content with the glories which he had acquired. But the King was obstinate, and the champions were let loose on each other. In the charge, the Count's lance was shattered, and a splinter pierced the King's left eye, his vizor having been displaced by the shock. He was mortally wounded. He fell from his horse in agony, and died eleven days after, in his forty-first year. It was but fourteen days before the tournament, which thus put an end to his life, that this rash, profligate, and cruel sovereign, had presided at a council, where the *extirpation* of Protestantism from France, and the burning of the "Heretics," had been debated, and solemnly confirmed by the throne. But a higher will inter-

posed. The murderer fell before his victims!

The siege of Domfront was pressed so closely, that there could be no doubt of its speedily falling. The King of Navarre, who foresaw Montgomeri's fate on its capture, and was anxious to save the Count, commissioned D'Aubigné to render this essential service, by joining the besiegers, and thus obtaining an opportunity to approach the walls, and withdraw Montgomeri. He felt some scruples at thus, even in appearance, fighting against the Huguenots, but they were overruled by the King of Navarre's orders, and the importance of the purpose; and he distinguished himself so much by his activity, that Fer-vagues, who held a command in the royal army, and was in the design, was enabled unsuspectingly to give him the command of some companies posted immediately near one of the gates. Under cover of night, he thus obtained the opportunity of meeting Montgomeri in person, and offered him the means of escape through the midst of the besieging force, telling him further, that his retreating would save the town, as the only object of the siege was, to deliver him into the revengeful hands of the Queen-Mother. But Montgomeri's time was come: he remained inaccessible to all argument; contended that he would be able to stand his ground, by the aid of some German troops, who never arrived; and finished, by offering to give D'Aubigné service within the walls. His obstinacy had the result which his brave and zealous adviser predicted. The town was soon taken. Montgomeri was eagerly seized, as the great prize, sent to Paris, and there given over to the tender mercies of the sanguinary government of Catherine. He was first tortured, and then beheaded.

The total incompatibility of a genuine feeling of religion with a state of war was strongly exhibited in the habits of the time. Huguenot, once a name of purity, self-control, and religious separation from the violence and profligacy of the national manners, had begun, by the simple force of circumstances, to degenerate into the name of a mere party. The Huguenot soldier, by degrees,

learned the common life of camps; and if he plundered less openly than the Roman Catholic, yet plundered. The Huguenot gentleman, in whose hand the Bible had once been the sole guide, gradually learned the vices of his rank, and was a duellist, a gamester, and a lover of that reputation which is to be earned by superior adroitness in the art of destroying life. Such are the inevitable results in all public trials of religion, which have recourse to the sword. They degrade the character of the contest between truth and falsehood; they stain the persecuted with all the vices of the persecutor; and when both alike have thus learned to deal in bloodshed, alienate Heaven from the cause. In the intervals of actual hostility, the leaders of the opposite sides associated in all the tempting eccentricities of the most licentious court in Europe. The Duke of Guise, covered from head to foot with the gore of the St Bartholomew, became the most intimate companion of the King of Navarre. They gave balls and masquerades in conjunction; dined constantly at the same table; by a still more extraordinary display of association, frequently slept in the same bed; and by an emulation in those grosser habits which have been, in every age, the boast and disgrace of the French court, they were at once companions and rivals in the favours of those showy and profligate women whose rank and attractions have served only to give their names down to scorn. In this compliance with the fashion of the hour, D'Aubigné became a celebrated duellist, and the most dexterous among the inventors of the amusements of the giddy court. Still his earlier recollections sometimes returned forcibly. In one of the engagements with the Huguenots, while he was still reluctantly attached to the royal army, he had taken a gentleman prisoner, who offered him a ransom and his horse. D'Aubigné, though his own horse was wounded, generously refused both, and gave the Huguenot his liberty, feelingly exclaiming, in the words of the Psalmist, "Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar." An-

other striking instance of those recollections occurred in the person of one whose restless gaieties, daring spirit in the field, and brilliant ambition, might seem to have long extinguished his earlier impressions—Henry of Navarre himself. He had soon been conscious that his retention at court was but a more stately imprisonment; and one night, as D'Aubigné, now his equerry, and D'Armagnac, his first valet de chambre, were watching him as he lay ill of an ague, hearing him sigh deeply, and repeat some words in a low tone, they listened, and, to their surprise, heard him repeat a part of the 88th Psalm, deploring the want of friends on whom he could rely.

On this D'Armagnac observed to D'Aubigné, that there could be no more favourable time to remind him of regaining his freedom. The latter drew back the curtain, and addressed the King in language of forcible and eloquent remonstrance. "Is it true, sire," said he, "that the grace of God still dwells in your heart? You are now pouring forth sighs to Heaven on account of the distance kept by your faithful friends. They are at the same moment lamenting your absence; but"—and he proceeded in a strain which argues the boldness that a common cause and a high spirit gave this able man—"you have only tears in your eyes, while *they* have weapons in their hands—they fight the enemies whom you *scare*—they stir the fears of those whom you court—they fear only God, while you fear a woman. The Duke D'Alençon commands those men who defended you in your cradle, and who cannot fight with pleasure under a man whose religion is opposite to their own." He then touched on a string that vibrated to every Protestant heart. "Those who perpetrated the murder of the St Bartholomew remember it well, and cannot believe that those who suffered it will ever forget it. As for myself and my companion here, we were thinking of making our escape to-morrow, when your sighs interrupted us. When *we* are gone, the persons who attend you will not refuse to employ poison or poniard at the command of your enemies."

This strong representation, aided

by other evidences of the hollowness of the Court, determined Henry to make his escape, and the day was fixed for the attempt. The whole succeeding process gives a striking example of the keen anxieties which often beset the most envied rank of mankind, and not less of the coolness and courage of Henry's gallant friend. It was agreed that the first notice of his escape should be signalized by those enterprises which told the Huguenot nobility that a soldier was come into the field. His three confidential officers, Laverdin, Roquelaire, and D'Aubigné, were each to storm and seize a royal garrison—Mons, Chartres, and Cherbourg. They then took an oath to persevere, to be faithful to the end, and to hold the man who shrank or betrayed them as a mortal enemy. But the first object was Henry's freedom. He had been allowed to hunt in the neighbourhood of the palace; but to be allowed to extend his limit as far as the forest of St Germain was the point now necessary. This was dexterously accomplished. He had been promised the lieutenancy of the kingdom, which he soon discovered was a promise not to be performed. But on the very next morning, after having settled the plan of his escape, he went to the Duke of Guise. The hour was early. He found the duke still in bed; and with that strange familiarity which belonged to a state of manners so different from our own, got into the bed, and there talked with all the apparent exultation of a young French coxcomb on all that he would do when he was Lieutenant of France. Even the wily duke was completely deceived by the gay vanity of the vivacious prince; and highly amusing himself with the thought of his delusion, and his surprise when he should find that all was a dream, he went to tell the whole scene to the King, and join in the laugh against Henry. The request to be suffered to hunt as far as St Germain was easily conceded, as hoodwinking him still more by this evidence of royal favour. It happened that nothing could have been more timely than the request; for the Council were already deliberating on restricting him within

still narrower bounds than before. But the Duke of Guise's opinion was an answer to all suspicion with him. Henry was simply an idle, gay, and easily duped youth, thinking only of his pleasures, and, from mere vanity, incapable of becoming dangerous to France. The hunting was readily permitted, with only the slight precaution, under the guise of honour, that St Martin, master of the royal wardrobe, and De Spolange, lieutenant of the Guards, should ride with him on these excursions. Henry was rejoiced at the permission as a royal favour, and wisely took with him but one of his personal attendants, D'Aimagnac. Thus all suspicion, on the part of the most suspicious court on earth, was lulled, and the way was open to punish the perfidious, by the severest stroke that perfidy can feel—the consciousness, that in the very act of dupery, it has been thrown into scorn. Still every step was one of the most extreme delicacy. On the evening of that very day, D'Aubigné, happening to come to the King of France's evening circle, saw, to his utter astonishment and alarm, the Sieur Fervaques holding a long and close conversation with the monarch. Fervaques was a character of singular compounds—probably such a one as is to be rarely found beyond France; a bold soldier in the field, yet willing to stoop to any arts of getting rid of his enemy out of it—ready to rebel, but equally ready to make his peace—always devising some plot against authority, yet totally unable to restrain himself from talking of it whenever he could find a listener, though that listener were the most unfit on earth to be his confidant. But D'Aubigné was of another calibre: he had more of the Englishman than the Frenchman in his mould, and on this occasion acted with a mixture of promptitude and steadiness admirably suited to the character. From the manner of Fervaques, he was perfectly convinced that he was betraying Henry; it having been Fervaques himself, who, in his wrath at being refused the government of Normandy, had prepared the details of the escape. D'Aubigné, conscious that if the King's eye fell on him at that time,

he would be arrested, and all be lost, retired at the instant. But with all his knowledge of the hazard of his vicinity, he determined to have a reckoning with the traitor, and ascertain how far his treason had gone. He remained walking at some distance from the palace till two in the morning, when at last he saw Fervaques coming out. He rushed upon him, and grasping his arm, exclaimed, "Wretch! what have you been doing?" Fervaques, thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the attack, stammered out some explanation; but D'Aubigné fiercely persevered until the full acknowledgment was made, that he had been induced to divulge their plan by his returning sense of old obligation to the King,—but concluding with the words, as if touched by that regard for Henry, which made his treachery so inexplicable, "Go, save your master!" No time was now to be lost. D'Aubigné hurried to the King of Navarre's stables, where his horses had been kept, in truth, training in a covered course, for the first emergency. He ordered the equerries instantly to ride out of Paris, and make the best of their way to Senlis. While they were getting ready, they saw the *Prévôt des Marchands* pass by, sent by the King to order that no one should be suffered to leave the city that night. But the equerries mounted with all haste, reached the gate before the *prévôt*, and were soon beyond the walls. The King of Navarre, who had gone out to hunt at the first dawn, was returning when they reached Senlis, and asked in astonishment the cause. D'Aubigné soon acquainted him with his proceedings. "The King," said he, "knows every thing. Death and shame are in the road to Paris. Every other place offers you life and glory. Sedan or Alençon will give you the best refuge. It is time to withdraw from the hands of your jailers, and throw yourselves into those of your true friends." Henry answered with the lively laconism, "Fewer reasons would be enough." But on this trying occasion he showed a humanity which did him even more honour than his gallant promptitude. His attendants, in the brute impulse of passion and

fear, proposed to kill the two gentlemen appointed to keep him in view. He firmly refused to suffer this atrocity, and prepared to get rid of them in a gentler manner. Calling St Martin to his side, he told him, that a gentleman just arrived from Paris had brought him intelligence that reports were spread of his intention to join the Duke of Alençon, and that, in consequence, he desired M. St Martin to go to the King, and enquire whether it was the royal pleasure that he should return to Paris, to disprove the charge, or continue where he was, and hunt as usual. St Martin galloped off to fulfil his mission. But his brother commissioner was still to be disposed of. This was effected with the dexterity of a valet in a Spanish interlude. Henry, instead of returning to his usual quarters, seemed suddenly struck with the idea of passing the night at Senlis. To get rid of the *ennui* of the evening in a little French town, and amuse his household, he ordered a play by a set of strollers, to whom one of his equerries had been already sent, and with M. De Spolange and his suite went to enjoy the comedy. In the midst of this gay performance, Henry turned to De Spolange, observed that he had made a mistake in not sending St Martin to Beauvais Nangin, where the King was, instead of Paris, and expressed his anxiety that he should ride off, and make the explanation, without a moment's delay. De Spolange, suspecting nothing from a man amusing himself with the drolleries of a little provincial stage, ordered his horse, and rode to meet his Majesty. Henry, thus freed, had now to act for himself. Selecting a few of his hunting party to follow him, he left the comedy behind, mounted his horse, and rode all night through the forest, suffering severely from the cold and the rudeness of the road. But the party pushed on unpursued, yet meeting some of those chances which belong to adventurers in that curiously diversified period. The courage of an old woman had nearly proved fatal to Henry. As he forced his horse with some difficulty through her hedge, the heroine armed herself with a hatchet, and conceiving

him and his troop to be thieves, aimed a desperate blow at his back. D'Aubigné fortunately saw it in time to ward off the weapon, or the fates of France might have been changed. Their next adventure was of a more dramatic description. As they were approaching a village at dawn, of which they knew nothing, and in which they might consequently dread discovery and seizure, they saw a gentleman riding fast towards them, who stated his purpose to be an entreaty that they should not fix their quarters in the village, which was his property, and which he naturally dreaded to see the scene either of plunder or a skirmish with some of the roving troops of the time. They willingly granted his request of not stopping in the village, as haste was indispensable; but to prevent his giving information in case of their pursuit, stipulated that he should go along with them as far as Chateaufort. The stranger had all the native spirit of communication, and caught with the gaiety of Henry's wit, and mistaking him for an inferior person to Roquelaure, who was more handsomely dressed, rode by his side, telling him stories of all kinds. Among the rest, he thought fit to enlighten the party with tales of Parisian scandal, all which were received with great laughter. Encouraged by this reception, the unconscious Frenchman touched upon the current stories of the Court, until he came to the Queen of Navarre. The conduct of that Princess had been altogether undisguised, and France was full of the most unblushing narratives of her Parisian life. As the name was mentioned, all the party looked grave; but the Frenchman was irrestrainable. Delighted with his own talent, he went on through the whole round of his recollections of this showy queen, and with such extravagance, that the general gravity gave way, Henry himself being the first to laugh at the ridiculous nature of the scene. And thus, with roars of laughter, and each one adding to the supreme happiness of the storyteller, they arrived at the gates of Chateaufort. "Open the gates, in the name of the King of Navarre!" was the cry of the horsemen that

rode forward to the walls. The unfortunate wit looked round, and to his dismay found whom he had been enlightening in the mysteries of his household. Expecting nothing short of instant vengeance from Henry, he fled for shelter to D'Aubigné, who pledged himself for his safety, but upon the condition that he should return to his village by the route prescribed to him; and to prevent his giving information, sent him by a circuit which prolonged his journey to three days.

On the King of Navarre's reaching Alençon, he reaped the first fruit of his enterprise in the arrival of 250 Huguenot cavaliers, all ready to take service. But there was one arrival which excited universal surprise: this was no other than Fervagues! Treachery was the breath and life of the court; within two hours after he had made his discovery to the monarch, he heard the celebrated Cillon calling to him from the street. He rose, went to the window, and there received sufficient evidence of what a traitor gains by dealing with traitors. "You had scarcely left the room," said Cillon, "before the King said to those immediately round him, among whom I was, 'See that traitor going out. It was he who first put the desire of escaping into my brother-in-law's head, and a thousand other evil thoughts besides. And now he comes to tell me of it, only that he may betray us both alike. I shall have the fellow hanged, for he is not worthy of being beheaded.' Now," added Cillon, "you must look to yourself. For my part, I must not let myself be seen here; but I hope you will not ruin me for this proof of my wishing you safe and well." Fervagues took this midnight advice, got on his horse without delay, and, with the most signal effrontery, came post haste to offer his services to Henry. He had still to defend himself against the strong charges of D'Aubigné; but this he managed with tolerable skill, saying that Madame Carnavalet had first revealed the whole design to the King; and that, to add to her own credibility, she had insisted on his confirming her story. He pleaded the lady's influence as an argument which no

Frenchman could think of resisting. "And besides," he observed, "all the mischief was already done, and he could only repeat what was already in the royal possession." Henry acknowledged the force of an argument which his life too scandalously exemplified, and received the renegade into his service.

In 1576, the King of Navarre abused Popery, which he had adopted evidently for purposes of dissimulation, immediately after the King's denunciation to the Prince of Condé of mass, death, or the Bastile! So lightly had the leading Huguenots begun to wear their religion. But a crisis was at hand, which was to inflict the lash still more heavily on France, and to lay bare the secrets of many a hypocritical heart. The pacification, by which the Queen-mother, now virtual sovereign, had attempted in 1577 to lull the fears of the Huguenots, had, like all the pacification of this most artful of women, who prided herself on her skill in negotiation, failed of its object on both sides. It had not enfeebled the strength of the Huguenots, by alluring them into reliance on the government; and it had not confirmed the allegiance of the Roman Catholics to the crown. On the contrary, the Protestants felt new grounds of complaint in the evasive performance of the treaty; and the Roman Catholics, indignant at the royal endurance of Protestants within the realm, resolved on taking their extirpation into their own hands, and proclaiming an unmitigable war. Thus originated the memorable League; in the first instance simply an association of private persons, making an engagement among themselves to defend the state and the Romish religion against all assailants. But this result of bigotry was speedily turned to political objects. The Duke of Guise, bold, ambitious, bigoted, and persecuting, was the emblem, and the universal favourite of the party. Projects were formed to place him on the throne, to which it was asserted, that as the descendant of Charlemagne, he had a right superior to that of the descendants of Hugo Capet, whose title was at best founded on successful usurpation. The League spread rapidly; villages,

towns, cities, joined in this covenant of extermination. All the leading names of the Romists were soon found in its registers, until at last the King, in the full consciousness that he was signing a conspiracy against his own throne, as much as a decree of homicide against his own subjects, took the pen into a trembling hand, and wrote his degradation.

But the Protestants were now fully awake. Henry called on D'Aubigné for a new exertion of his qualities, and sent him on a mission to the Huguenots in the whole west and north of France. The undertaking was hazardous in the midst of so universal a preparation for war. But it was effected; and the chiefs began to assemble their followers. His next object was to have an interview with the Duke of Anjou and Marshal de Cossé. Here he ran hourly danger of being arrested and slain. But he persevered; and by the help of a disguise, contrived to meet the Marshal. The old soldier strongly dissuaded him from attempting the Duke; saying, that he was so unpurposed and feeble, that "if the King sent him an order for his own beheading, he would not dare to refuse his signature." He had described the Duke well, but the brave emissary was determined to leave nothing untried, and went to a masked ball given at the court. His escape here was narrow. While he was waiting for an opportunity of addressing the Duke, one of the Queen's maids of honour, who knew him under his mask, came up and pointed to two officers, who were ordered to seize his person, his intention of coming to the masquerade having by some accident been discovered. She desired him to leave the palace as fast as possible. But a precipitate flight now would only have the effect of betraying him. He preserved his presence of mind, and talked guily with the lady, until in moving through the apartment, they got behind the King and Queen. He saw that now was the only chance of escape. He left his fair companion, and gliding through the Queen's closet, made his way to the court-yard, where the attendants of the masquers were. He there exchanged clothes with his footman, and after loitering for a

while among the attendants as one of themselves, found his way into the royal stables, where, while engaged probably in contriving to obtain a horse of his majesty's for his night's expedition, he met a mental who had been left in charge of a boat on the river. Entering into conversation, he induced the unsuspecting clown to ferry him across, and was thus placed in unhopèd-for safety.

But neither the hazards of this most perilous journey, nor his own mental resources, were yet exhausted. As he had nearly reached Henry's quarters, he accidentally crossed the route of a large body of Romanist soldiery going to surprise a garrison commanded by M. St Gelais, a brave and intimate friend of his own. He resolved to postpone every thing to saving St Gelais. But how to give him warning was the difficulty. He took the bold chance of throwing himself in their way, and suffering himself to be taken prisoner. As a Huguenot, he might have been shot or hanged at the moment, but his good fortune prevailed, and he was ordered to march with the troops. With this order he gladly complied; marched all day, and at night made his escape through the vanguard to the garrison. All were instantly on the alert, and when the assailant arrived, St Gelais gave them a desperate reception, and defeated them, D'Aubigné fighting among the foremost, and contributing nobly to the defence of his fellow Protestants.

The war rapidly began to assume a more decided form. In March 1577, the League was authoritatively published, whereby all who signed it were pledged "to suffer no religion but the Romish to exist within the bouders of France." The armies on both sides now mustered, but their equality of force prevented general movements. The enterprises of the partisan troops on both sides were more active than ever. The town of Marmonde, well garrisoned and strong, seemed to D'Aubigné and La Noué worth a conquest. But here their known gallantry felt the common caprice of military fortune. The garrison was found to be three times the number of the besiegers, and the attempt failed after some daring efforts. D'Aubigné signalized himself in this unlucky affair not

more by his bravery than by its romantic spirit. On his advance, at the head of his men, to storm the rampart, perceiving that he was the only one who wore brassets, a piece of armour to protect the arms, he took them off, and flung them away, that he might have no advantage over his comrades. And afterwards, in the heat of the *mêlée*, while he was actually engaged sword in hand with one of the enemy, seeing that a bracelet of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his left arm, had taken fire from the discharge of a musket-shot which had touched him, he threw his sword into his left hand, that he might save the bracelet with his right, and thus left his life at the mercy of his enemy; he, however, escaped, and added this laurel to his chivalry.

His talents were now to be tried in another direction. A striking peculiarity of this great civil war was the constant mixture of negotiation with arms. While acts of desperate violence were constantly committed, an underground and not less difficult struggle of minds was carried on in the attempts to detach eminent persons from either side. The Marshal D'Amville, who carried with him the influence of the house of Montmorency, was now the object of the royal party. He had long adhered to Henry, but his being a Roman Catholic gave strong hopes of his desertion. The King of Navarre selected D'Aubigné for the delicate task of sounding him. The negotiator was still but twenty-seven years old; but he was already an old counsellor, and Henry made his choice in full knowledge of his abilities. The whole negotiation was one of the most dangerous and dexterous even of French intrigue, and might serve as a model of address and promptitude. D'Aubigné set out, bearing, as his ostensible commission, some orders relative to a meeting of the Protestant deputies with the marshal; but with the more important orders to obtain from him a pledge under his hand of his fidelity to the Huguenots, to induce him to put his army in march for Auvergne, and to send the King of Navarre some contribution to his narrow finances for the war. On D'Aubigné's arrival at Thoulouse,

his first object was to avoid being taken before Cornusson, the Royalist governor. This he effected by adopting the jargon of an Italian courier belonging to the Queen-Mother's establishment. Thus passing undiscovered into the city, he happened to alight at an inn, where he found an old gentleman of the marshal's suite, who enquired the news from the court, and with the garrullity of old age talked a great deal in return. The adroit envoy immediately formed his plan to extract all the old counsellor's knowledge, and after amusing him with stories of the court, made a confident of him; saying, in a tone of peculiar seriousness, "that, from what he had just heard, he was afraid his journey was made in vain." The old man asked the reason. "To say the truth," was the reply, "I have been commissioned by the Queen-Mother to treat with the marshal on some rather important matters; but from what I hear, he is on the point of a new arrangement with the heretics. In these circumstances, of course, nothing is left for me but to return without another word." The old gentleman, now doubly gratified with a diplomatic secret, and anxious that a royal negotiation should meet no impediment, which he could take out of its way, begged of D'Aubigné to avoid this precipitate movement, and assured him that he was totally mistaken in his notions of the marshal's inclination for the Protestant side. But his hearer was not to be easily convinced, and they continued to argue, until he had roused the giddy counsellor, in the ardour of controversy, to disclose all he knew, and give a succession of irresistible proofs of the marshal's actual adherence to the royal party. On their separating for the night, D'Aubigné immediately sent a letter in cipher to Henry, acquainting him with the intended defection, and that D'Amville waited only to be enabled to signalize his treachery by giving up some of the Protestant fortresses, and thus render himself more important to his new allies. He then left the city, to find out the Marshal himself, and obtain final proof of his perfidy.

Next morning the counsellor hastened to the governor's levee to

boast of what he had done in retarding the Queen's envoy the night before. But the governor had seen nothing of the envoy, and shrewdly suspecting that his old friend, who was now in high perplexity at his non-appearance, had been egregiously duped, put himself at the head of a troop of horse, galloped after D'Aubigné, and came upon him unexpectedly in one of the little towns on the road. The Duke de Joyeuse, governor of the province, was then at Corcasene, and there the prisoner was carried. On the way he gave the only specimen of his imprudence, but an imprudence which his daring spirit would have been at all times ready to commit. The troops beginning to insult the name of Henry and the Protestants, he called out that all and any of them who used such language were villains and liars, which so inflamed those rough fellows that he narrowly escaped with his life. When he was at last brought into the presence of the Duke de Joyeuse he found that it was Cornusson's intention to try him. The result would probably have been his death. But D'Aubigné, instantly darting forward out of the grasp of his guards, held out a letter to the duke, who advanced to receive it. De Joyeuse, well acquainted with his name, now desired that the enquiry should take place before himself, and an opportunity of defence being thus given, he dexterously and wittily answered the charges. As to his having passed through Thoulouse, without being discovered by Cornusson, he keenly said that the fault was the governor's, not his. That he was a Huguenot, and that it was no affair of his to teach Roman Catholic soldiers and officers their duty. This forbade all reply. On the talkative old gentleman's stories, he readily admitted that he had listened to a great deal which the counsellor very idly spoke, and had also learned that the Marshal D'Amville had not yet made up his mind as to his future proceedings. But if the old gentleman chose to talk of such matters, still it was no crime in any one else to let him have his gratification. This, too, was without answer. As to the insults offered to the troops, he loftily appealed to the national sense of honour, whether a friend

and soldier of Henry of Navarre should suffer opprobrious language to be used to a prince and soldiers who had fought so gallantly, and finished by saying, that, the moment he had delivered his despatches to the Marshal D'Amville, he was prepared to return, put himself into the hands of the King's lieutenant, and maintain his words with his sword. The defence was triumphant. Joyeuse treated him with the honour of a captain, and even gave him an escort to D'Amville.

When he arrived at the Marshal's quarters at Pezenas, difficulties thickened upon him. He found the Marshal Bellegarde already there, negotiating for the Court; the Huguenot deputies, sincere but uninformed men, ready to confuse every thing, and the Sieur Segur, Henry's ostensible agent, ready to believe every thing. His first act in this emergency was to examine the ground for himself. But this must require time, and his expedient to obtain it was as happy as any in the whole course of his diplomacy. Where every man round him was a spy, any attempt at soliciting formal permission to remain in the town would have nullified all his objects. He proceeded otherwise. Drawing up for himself a new letter of instructions, of the most trifling nature, he desired Segur to mention his name to the Marshal as a person of utter insignificance at Henry's Court. The presentation of his letter was still more effectual, and D'Amville, convinced of the truth of Segur's description, thought him entirely beneath his consideration. Thus he was suffered to remain in close watch of all his conduct, without being an object of any man's attention, and he took care to aid the idea, by joining eagerly in all the sports common to the young nobles surrounding the Marshal. But his nights were otherwise employed. He held conferences with the Huguenot deputies, and sent off constant despatches, to warn the Huguenot garrisons, which he, day by day, ascertained to be the intended objects of attack. Yet those were not all his difficulties. He at length found the deputies as intractable as they were ill informed, and was in perpetual danger of see-

ing his best efforts traversed by their childish fears, or equally childish presumption. He further learned, that his information was doubted at the Huguenot headquarters, and that Segur's despatches to Henry were constantly full of confidence in the Marshal. Still he was not exhausted. He had only to try another resource. The employment of the sex in diplomacy has always been common in France, but his instrument on the present occasion, though one of the sex, must be acknowledged to have been of an unusual order. He had been casually introduced to a woman of fortune, of great talents, and highly respected by both sides, but strongly attached to the Huguenot cause. This was the celebrated Madame D'Usez, no part of whose celebrity could arise from her youth or beauty, for she was a hundred years old. But she had singularly retained her mental powers, and her natural ardour of heart. This extraordinary person undertook to discover the actual state of the royal negotiation, which she accomplished by engaging Marshal Bellegarde in an argument on the hazards of relying on the King's engagements; until she provoked him to the singular imprudence of actually showing her the royal instructions for his treaty with D'Amville. The old lady fixed them in her memory, while she read them; and, immediately on Bellegarde taking his leave, repeated them, the greater part word for word, to D'Aubigné, who carefully wrote them down, and reserved the document for his further operations. The occasion speedily arrived. Ascertaining that Bellegarde was confined to his chamber by indisposition, he paid him a visit; and after some cursory remarks, turning to him, gravely requested of him to give his honour that he would not disclose the author of the important intelligence which he was about to communicate. The Marshal gave his word. "Now, then," said D'Aubigné, "I have to tell you that your secret instructions are already divulged, and also that they are in my possession." He then pressed the astonished Marshal with the disgrace which he would bring on himself by involving D'Amville, his protector and early patron, in detection.

"Besides," added he, "the King never keeps an engagement; and, in consequence, you will have the dishonour of not merely degrading your friend by an act for which all France will cry out against you, but of making both him and yourself dupes to a faithless Court." The Marshal argued generally for a while against the idea of faithlessness on the King's side; but on his being asked, in the language of the instructions, whether the King would ever displace De Joyeuse, the Duke of Anjou, and others named in them, to make room for D'Amville's friends, the Marshal, urged to the utmost, pledged himself to the performance of each and all the conditions. D'Aubigné had now gained one point. But he still had two to carry; one was the direct communication of those promises to Henry, which alone would furnish irrefragable evidence; and the other was to retard the negotiation with D'Amville. The first he partially obtained by throwing out a hint, that Henry's poverty, and the general anxiety of his situation, might render him not unlikely to join in the treaty with the Marshal D'Amville, if the terms were fairly laid before him; and the next he fully obtained, through their unwillingness to obstruct so important a chance as that of bringing over the leader of the Huguenots, by any immediate hostilities. Thus the royalist arms were paralyzed, and an enterprise on foot countermanded. From Bellegarde he went to D'Amville himself; and on telling him that he was acquainted with the whole progress of the negotiation, the Marshal, finding deceit hopeless, promptly proposed that Henry should be applied to join him. While he thus harangued himself into the snare, D'Aubigné broke off the conference, and proposed in turn that they should settle every thing at an interview next day. During the night he sent Segur to acquaint the Huguenot deputies with his evidence, which they immediately sent off to their towns and leaders. It can be scarcely necessary to add, that the Marshal saw no more of the envoy, he having set off immediately with his intelligence to Henry, and leaving the marshals to reflect on their

having been completely outwitted by scarcely more than a boy.

This was an essential service; but in France all has been intrigue in every age, and D'Aubigné's successes only rendered him more obnoxious to jealousy, and still more strongly to the hatred of the very powerful party of Roman Catholics, who, under the name of Malecontents, had ranged themselves on the Huguenot side. Henry, unwisely afraid of losing the assistance of his important branch of his force, was compelled to dissemble, and thus exhibit coldness to some of his chief Protestant champions. D'Aubigné's open nature disdained to comprehend this subtlety, which was at all times too prominent in Henry's character, partly from his fondness for intrigue, and partly from his real negligence of religion; and this brave man at length withdrew altogether from a court where his merits were undervalued. But he was determined not to be idle, and went with some of his friends, offended like himself, to join the garrison of the fortress of Castel-jaloux, under Vachonniere, to whom he acted as second governor.

His activity was not formed to remain within walls, and he had scarcely entered the fortress, when he distinguished his presence by one of those acts of desperate, though frequently useless enterprise, which made the wars of the League so vivid, yet so wasteful of gallant blood. An expedition of eighty men was concerted for reconnoitering the neighbouring fortress of Mermande, and fighting whatever they might meet in their way. But unluckily the intention had either transpired, or been anticipated; for the Baron de Mauzevin, commandant of the town, had already gathered reinforcements from the neighbouring garrisons, to such an amount, that he was enabled to place 750 musketeers in ambush on the road. D'Aubigné advanced with a party in front of fifteen horse, and as many foot, commanded by Captain Dominge. But on his reaching the banks of the Garonne, he was awakened to the hazards of his position, by seeing a large body of troops on the opposite bank, preparing to embark, and fall on his little expedition. But he was a tried

soldier, and bidding Dominge make his men lie down so as to be unseen, he waited until a considerable number had crossed the river, then rushed on them while still in the confusion of landing, and killed no less than sixty, with the loss of only one on his side. Still it was evident that to proceed was dangerous, and Vachonniere proposed an immediate retreat. Yet D'Aubigné, feeling a strong curiosity to know the cause of so large an assemblage, and seeing some detachments of them crossing higher up the river, wished to reconnoitre them once more, and for that purpose moved his troop to attack them again in the haste of their landing. This was an unfortunate movement. The soldiers, animated with their success, and eager to crush their enemy at once, hurried on until the march became a run, and in this disorder they found themselves in front of their opponents, who received them steadily. They were greatly outnumbered, and began rapidly to fall into confusion. At this moment they were charged by a strong body of horse which had formed unperceived behind the town, with the governor at their head. All order was now lost, and the fight was continued only through the inveterate fury of the soldiers. Vachonniere was mortally wounded in the mêlée, and

flung under the feet of D'Aubigné's charger. D'Aubigné sprang on the ground, and endeavoured to place his brave comrade across his saddle; but, streaming with blood and faint, he was knocked down, and fell with three dying men over him. All were now thinking only of flight, when Dominge, looking back, saw D'Aubigné, by an extraordinary exertion of strength, throw off the bodies, and, rising to his feet, desperately defend himself against a circle of the enemy. Moved at the sight, he induced three of his officers to turn with him, who, rushing on the circle, broke through it, and rescued D'Aubigné, after he had wounded three of his assailants so severely, that one died of his wounds. He now succeeded in setting D'Aubigné on horseback, and in bearing him, though frequently obliged to fight their pursuers, who continued to press them, until they reached a small rear-guard which had preserved its order, and made face for the time. The soldiers again raged to renew the attack, and revenge their defeat; but they must have been undone but for the fortunate retreat of the enemy, who fell back towards their town, Mauzerin having been wounded in this singularly sharp encounter. D'Aubigné's troop had left nearly half their number on the field.

BARNABY PALMS; THE MAN WHO "FELT HIS WAY."

CHAPTER I.

THAT philosopher was an ass, who, trembling at the peril inherited with his eyes, resolved to avoid all mischief by pulling them out. We know, that in this narrow, gloomy passage, called the world, eyes are, so to speak, edged tools—hunting the wearer. We know that, deceived by them, we often shake and wonder at a stalking giant, when, in truth, the Polyphemus is only a swaggering mountebank on wooden stilts,—and doff our caps to a glittering glory, which, stript of its outside, is more loathsome than an ape. On the other hand, how many, with a wise tyranny, use their eyes as the meanest vassals, never suffering them to play truant in the sum-

mer clouds—to hang on summer flowers—to lose their time with unprofitable exhalations, or to try to spell the mystery of the stars! No; prudently disciplined, the ocular servants help their masters to dress and to undress—to save them from posts and pillars when abroad—to eat their meat—and to take especial care that no shilling be a counterfeit. Alas! though the best philosophers lack such wisdom, Barnaby Palms was endowed with it to fulness. Locke has said, that two men looking at a rainbow, do not, indeed, see the same rainbow. (Two men, looking at one guinea, are, we conceive, quite in another position.) Now, Barnaby never

thought of trusting his eyes but with the lowest duties, instinctively keeping them from all delicate embarrassments. In the petty, menial wants of life, Barnaby might employ his eyes; in the momentous concerns of this world, he winked, and securely—felt his way.

At the green age of eighteen, Barnaby possessed the ripe fruit of two score. But the truth is, Barnaby had never been a child. In the nurse's arms, he was a very manikin, showing an extraordinary precocity in his choice of the ripest apple and the biggest cake. Left as a legacy to an only uncle, the boy flourished after his "own sweet will," unchecked and unassisted save by the scantily-paid attentions of a well-meaning pedagogue, vegetating in a hamlet some six miles from the Kentish coast. Poor Joshua! he might have learned of his scholar—might have sucked worldly wisdom even from the suckling. We repeat it: at eighteen Barnaby was a match for grey hairs.

Barnaby had a deep respect for his uncle; in fact, so deep, it all but sank to fear. Thus our hero spared no pains to feel his way to the heart of his relation, who, be it understood, enjoyed the reputation of a wealthy man,—albeit, old inhabitants of the town would sometimes marvel how his wealth had been acquired. Palms, senior, dwelt in a huge dilapidated mansion within gunshot of the sea; his household consisting of an old man and his daughter, a pretty, gay-hearted lass of eighteen. Old Palms was seated in his oak parlour, steadily employed upon a breakfast, of which beef and Kentish ale, with an incidental drop of white brandy, formed the principal part. Before him sat Barnaby in trim travelling attire. He looked and spoke the creature of humility. Could he have made the transfer, he would have given his soul to his uncle as readily as he advanced the mustard. The truth is, Barnaby was about to enter the world: he had drawn on his boots for the great pilgrimage of life. In a few hours and he must feel his way through the crowd of London, being destined to the warehouse of Messrs Nokes and Styles, mercers, City. Hence the reader may imagine that Barnaby was subdued by

the approaching event—that he felt some odd twitchings at the heart, as he stared at the old wainscot, with its every worm-hole familiar to him—that a something rose to his throat, as he looked out upon the sea, tumbling and roaring in concert with a January gale—at that sea which had sung his early lullabies—that his heart, like the ocean-shell, still responded to the sound. It is reasonable to believe—though we cannot substantiate the fact—that some such emotions rose in the bosom of the pilgrim. Of this, however, we are certain: Barnaby looked with the eyes of a devotee towards a small leathern bag, lying on the table at the right hand of his uncle; and Barnaby continued to gaze at the string securing the neck, until, distracted by the appearance of Patience Mills, who—the more serious portion of the breakfast consumed—entered with a dozen eggs.

Now, Patience had a face as round, and cheeks as red, as any pippin,—eyes blue as heaven,—and a mouth, as a certain young man on the coast avowed, sweet as a honeycomb. Nevertheless, had Patience been some smoke-dried hag, Barnaby had not visited her with looks less charitable. Patience replied to the glance by a giggle, solacing herself, when out of hearing, by muttering "glad he's going." Barnaby looked at his uncle's fingers, and then at the bag. Heedless of the hint, old Palms took an egg.

"Come, eat, Barney; eat. Y'd have a cold ride to London: the north wind's edged like a scythe. What! not take eggs?"

"Doat on 'em, uncle," cried Barnaby, aroused, like Shylock, from "a dream of money-bags." The fact is, Barnaby had that day determined to like every thing: on that occasion he wished to leave a vivid impression of his meekness and humility. "Quite a weazel at eggs, uncle," continued Barnaby, and he began to chip the shell. Now, it so happened that Barnaby had fallen upon an egg which, on being opened, emitted conclusive evidence of its antiquity. Old Palms, instantly perceiving the work of time, roared to Barnaby to cast the abomination out of the window. Barnaby, however, determined to give an example of his economy—of his indifference to

petty annoyance—sat like a statue, still holding the egg between his thumb and finger—his uncle applying the same instruments to his own nose.

"Out with it, Barney!" Barney smiled a remonstrance, and handled his spoon. "Zounds!" cried old Palms, almost grinning through his disgust at what he deemed the ignorance or simplicity of his nephew—"Zounds! nephew—why—ha, ha!—you'll never eat it?"

Barnaby, mistaking the humour of his uncle, nodded knowingly.

"You will? I tell you 'tis a musty egg—a bad egg—pah! the egg stinks!"

Barnaby looked as though he believed he had won his uncle's heart for ever, and then complacently made answer, "I don't care for eggs *over fresh*."

Now, we boldly declare the egg of Barnaby to be a grander subject for the moralist and the romance-writer than either the egg of Columbus the famous rook's egg of the Eastern Princess, the golden egg of Esop, or the egg of Mother Goose. Reader, pause a moment, and reflect on the prosperity of whole hordes of people, whose success in life is solely attributable to their participating in the taste of Barnaby. Look at his lordship, sparkling with honours, and padded with bank paper! know ye to what he owes all this? Oh, doubtless to his high statesmanlike qualities—his profound knowledge—his indefatigable industry. Not so, not so; the simple story is, he was wont to confidentially breakfast with the Minister, and on such occasions showed that he "cared not for his eggs *over fresh*." But shall we stay at courts and courtiers? No; from a palace to a workshop there is a more ductile eater—some omnivorous, obsequious Barney at breakfast, who has made, or looks to make, a figure in the world by not caring for his eggs "over fresh." Many are the ways in which the tale may be told. There is Tom Spangle, a handsome, healthy, six-foot animal of two-and thirty. He had not a shilling; now, he rides blood, and writes cheques. Do you know the secret of the change? Very well; he married the ancient, yellow widow of an army-contractor. Ay,

even so: he cared not for his eggs "over fresh."

The avowed taste of Barnaby was not lost upon his uncle. The old man looked through the youth with a thinking eye—an eye that seemed to read his moral anatomy, and then uttered a long "hem!" at the same time stretching his hand to the money-bag. Invisible fingers were playing on the heart-strings of Barnaby, whilst, from the corner of his eye, he watched his uncle slowly untie the strip of knotted leather which "compressed the god within." The bag was opened; its glorious contents blazed on the table; and as they rang upon the oak, Barnaby instinctively rose to his feet, standing respectfully uncovered in "the presence."

"Barney," said old Palms, and reverently laid his hand upon the gold, "Barney, my child, you see the little hoard I've set apart for you." The life-blood of Barnaby tingled in his very eyes, and his ears rang with music. "You see the few savings and scrapings I have made for the child of my brother. For I feared that you, an innocent, unprotected, unassisted lad, would need the aid which money can alone afford. Barney, I trembled for the softness of your heart—the simplicity of your nature." Here Barney felt almost in peril of tears. "Yes, Barney, these were my weak anxieties, my foolish fears." Saying which, the old man began to return the guineas to the bag. During the operation, not a word was spoken. Barney, scarcely venturing to breathe, stood with his head bent on his breast, and one eye on the table, silent and subdued. The tinkling of the gold—the voice of Barney's fortune, was alone audible; and, as note followed note, the young expectant became possessed as though he listened to angelic trumpets. The bag being filled, Palms proceeded to tie its mouth, talking as he leisurely tied. "Barney, I find my fears were the fears of ignorance. You need not such a sum as this; you are already rich in strength—in wisdom."

"I, uncle?" cried Barnaby, sensitively shrinking from the compliment, and at the same time—struck by the manner of Palms—breaking into a profuse sweat. "I strong? I wise? Oh, uncle!"

"Come, Barney, why so modest? I say, strength and wisdom, as the world goes, are yours. Here we've a hundred guineas in this little bag; what then? to a lad of your wit they're of little worth. You'll never miss 'em. Now, here," and Palms slid the coin along the table, "here are five guineas."

"Five! uncle!"

"Five. The reward of your skill—of the skill you have shown this morning."

"Five guineas? skill? uncle!"

"Never doubt it, Barney; take up the money, and never mistrust that head of thine; for well I know, that the fellow who, in this working

world, cares not for his eggs '*over-fresh*,' will, in the end, flourish as well though he begin with five guineas, as with five thousand."

The tone and manner of old Palms forbade any reply on the part of his nephew, who, nevertheless, received the endowment with a sulkiness worthy of the great cynic. Indeed, had Barnaby pocketed five snow-balls, he could not have looked more blank and frozen; could not have mounted the borrowed horse, ready saddled to convey him to London, with more reluctant leg, with grimmer countenance. No wonder; Barnaby thought he had securely felt his way: now Barnaby had lost ninety-five guineas.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is a golden volume yet to be written on the first struggles of forlorn genius in London—magnificent, miserable, ennobling, degrading London. If *all* who have suffered would confess their sufferings—would show themselves in the stark, shivering squalor in which they first walked her streets—would paint the wounds which first bled in her garrets—what a book might be placed in the hands of pride!—what stern, wholesome rebukes for the selfish sons of fortune!—what sustaining sweetness for the faint of spirit! It is true, the letters might be of blood—the tales, of agony and horror—of noble natures looking serenely, with the hungry fox gnawing their bowels—of disappointment sinking to despair—of misery, dreaming of, and wooing death; and then how many petty shifts to mask a haggard face with smiles—how many self-denials—how many artifices to hide a nakedness from laughing scorn! Nor would the tome be all of wretchedness. No: beautiful emanations of the human heart—the kindest ministrings of human affections would sweeten and exalt many a sad history. How often should we find the lowly comforting the high—the ignorant giving lessons to the accomplished—the poor of earth aiding and sustaining the richly-dowered!

Barnaby was in London; but not—our heart bounds as we declare it—not to add to the number of splendid vagabonds, now thrust from her thresholds to sleep in the market-

place, and now dining off plate cheek by jowl with my lord. Barney was speedily warm, as in wool, in the house of Messrs Nokes and Styles; and with the combined wisdom and delicacy of a spider, began to feel his way to the foibles of his employers. Nokes was a man of brass—Styles a string of willow. Assured of this, Barnaby immediately felt the propriety of bowing to the one, and bending the other.

"Look at that lazy brute,—he doesn't draw a single pound," remarked the observing Nokes, as one evening, standing at his warehouse door, he contemplated the progress of a passing waggon.

"Not half-a-pound, sir," chimed in Barnaby; "and yet, I doubt not, he eats his share of corn and hay. But this it is to be, as one may say, in partnership with those who *will* pull."

"Right, Barnaby;" and the countenance of Nokes darkened, as he watched the easy-going quadruped.

"They who *will* work, *may* work. Will Mr Styles be here to-day?"

It is our hope that the query of Barnaby was unconsciously coupled with his profound views of the distribution of labour—that he had innocently let fall a spark on the train of Nokes's smothered feelings. If, on the contrary, the conflagration were premeditated, the moral incendiary must have glowed at the flattering proof of his success; for Nokes was all but suffocated. The blood rushed to his face—retreated—rushed on—came back—present-

ing unto Barney as fine an exhibition of "humours and spirits" as that recorded by the learned Peireskins, who at the cost of some words, set forth the useful lesson he acquired through "an augmenting-glass or microscope,"—showing how a certain plebeian animal "setting himself to wrestle with a flea, was so incensed that his blood ran down from head to foot, and from foot to head again!" Wise Peireskins! true philosopher! who from the bickerings of small despised animals extracteth better wisdom, learneth surer self-government, than the unthinking million carry from a dog-fight, yea, from a bull-bait! (Reader, when thou shalt behold a Nokes bursting with envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, think of the learned lord of Peiresk and his little monitor—ponder, and let thy soul be instructed.)

"Lack-a-day! I'd quite forgot; 'tis Epsom races," continued Barney, in self-reproval of his unnecessary question, the face of Nokes again suddenly resembling a chemist's bottle by candlelight. "Epsom races!" repeated the speaker, in a tone that left nothing further to be advanced upon the subject. And Nokes evidently judged the words to be conclusive; for feeling—like a patriot at a public dinner—more than he could express, with a wisdom rarely exhibited on such occasions, he spoke not at all. He merely jerked out his watch; and, at a glance, calculated that in two hours at most he should be looked for to join his friends at whist.

Mr Styles, in addition to his love of horse flesh, had a passion for the rural and picturesque. He kept a country house, under whose hospitable roof Barney was wont at times to eat a Sabbath meal, having previously attended his inviter to the parish church. It was a sight to melt the thoughtless youth of Bride-well to behold Barney during service. There he was, pinned to the side of his employer; now seeking out the lessons of the day—now, with open mouth and staring eyeballs (an expression of features not disgraceful to any tombstone), out-slugging a numerous Sunday-school, shrilly piping in the gallery. It is true, the clerk would cast a look of bitterness; but then, it was avowed

that Barnaby never opened his mouth, that the poor man did not feel shaken on his throne.

"A most comfortable sermon, Barney?" remarked Styles, with a certain air of interrogation. "Most comfortable?"

"I'm a wicked creature, if I wouldn't have given a guinea for Mr Nokes to hear it. Did you observe, sir, how that gentleman with the scarlet face and powdered head was moved? Pray, sir, who is he?"

"Humph! He's new'y retired among us, Barney; I—I forget his name; but they tell me he has in his time been a great player."

"No doubt, sir; no doubt. Every word of the preacher seemed to enter him like a bodkin! A great player! poor wretch! Surely, sir, he can't have made all his money by playing?"

"Every penny, Barney."

"He keeps a coach!" cried Barney, in a modulated tone of polite amazement.

"A house," added Styles "that did belong to the member of the county—a town mansion—and a shooting-box."

"And all won by playing? Mercy upon us! The devil offers great temptations!" moralized Barney.

"Say what we will of him, Barney," responded Styles, with exemplary liberality towards a fallen foe; "say what we will of him, I am afraid the devil is no fool."

"And—and"—asked Barney, with a face somewhat uncorded from its first rigidity—"what may the gentleman have most played?"

"I can't exactly tell, but I believe principally low parts; such as footmen, clowns, and country boys!"

"Parts! I mean games? Chicken-hazard—short-whist—roulette—rouge-et-noir—or"—and Barney for some seconds continued the inventory, with a knowledge of the subject, quite extraordinary as unexpected.

"Games! Understand me, Barney; I tell you the man was an actor, a stage player."

Barney could not subdue a look of disappointment: in a moment, however, he returned to the subject. "Actor or not, I am sure he must have played. La, sir, did you see him when the doctor thundered at gaming?" Truth to say, Styles was

one of those profound sleepers who can sometimes snore at Jove's best bolts—"Ha! as I said, I'd sell a guinea cheap, so that Mr Nokes had heard it."

Styles looked meaningly at Barney—drank off a glass of port—clasped his fingers—glanced a moment at his left shoe—and then, as a magpie turns his head, lifted his cheek enquiringly towards Nokes's well-wisher. "Gaming, sir, isn't it a sort of murder?" Styles nodded: "wives and babes are killed by it. Isn't it a kind of arson—such capital houses are destroyed by it?" Styles nodded twice. "Isn't it the worst of robberies,—for the most innocent, most painstaking, most upright of partners may be made beggars by it?" Styles responded to the last query by a long succession of nods. "Then, sir, and saving your presence, I must say again,—I must say"—and here Barney emptied his glass, as seeking courage for the avowal—"I would have given five guineas had Mr Nokes been with us at church this day."

"What do you mean, Barney?" asked Styles, with the look and tone with which folks usually address a ghost. "What do you mean?"

"Why, sir, this I mean"—and Barney drew his chair in confidential proximity to his master—"this I mean; I must say it—I can't help it—but, sir, I don't like whist clubs." And an emphatic blow upon the table made the glasses leap at the aversion of the speaker.

"No more do I," replied Styles; and in the reply proved himself the master of a most difficult science—the art of saying very much in very little. Now, whether the wine was more than usually subtle, or whether the detection of Barney had suddenly softened his employer,—certain it is, that Styles rapidly became an altered man. He who was usually silent and timid, became loud and self-asserting; inveighing, in good round terms, against the arrogance and impudence of Nokes, and upbraiding himself for his pusillanimous deference to his dissipated partner.

"I have been a fool long enough, Barney," insinuated the modest Styles; an assertion which his no less diffident hearer ventured not to deny. "Yes, yes; I have too long

given the reins out of my own hands; have been a nobody in the firm." Barney shrugged his shoulders, and leered acquiescence. "A nobody!—worse than nobody!—a blockhead—a nincompoop—an ass!" Barney, with great moral courage, bowed to the justice of every epithet. "But," exclaimed Styles for the twentieth time, rising at the accomplished number, "I'll be so no longer—I'll"—

We have not the slightest doubt that a most beautiful peroration was, at this moment, destroyed—barked down, by a yelping little spaniel, unhappily for oratory, lying with extended fore-paws beneath the chair of Styles; the whole weight of the speaker coming suddenly upon the left leg of Kitty, she howled and barked with a persevering vigour truly feminine; her agony and helplessness were not lost upon a sister; for Madge, a terrier bitch, sprang from an opposite corner, and, in an instant, almost joined her teeth in the neck of the wounded. Kitty howled in a more intense treble; Madge growled vengeance in deep bass; whilst Styles and Barney, having vainly tried to separate the disputants, for a moment stood and looked in each other's face,—the concert of female voices still continuing. "Did you ever see such a tyrannical fury?" asked Styles, with a hopeless look, pointing at the ravenous Madge. —The appeal was too much for the sensibility of Barney, who—the exclamation struck from him by a yet higher shriek on the part of Kitty—roared out,—*"Damn that Nokes!"* at the same time aiming an ineffectual kick at the newly-christened. Styles smiled benevolently at the oath. Barney, moved by the sufferings of Kitty, and a blow upon his own shin against the chair, dragged forth the combatants; Styles tugged at the spaniel, whilst Barney, with the wisdom of the cock-pit, placed the tail of the terrier between his teeth. At this picturesque moment, and most unluckily for Madge, the servant bawled in at the door—

"Mr Nokes!"

Down, with terrible force, came the grinders of Barney, the terrier quitted the hold, and, tearing out of the room, ran yelling close by Nokes, some time her unsuspecting namesake.

"That room—that room, Barney!" cried Styles, and confusedly opened the door of a closet, within which, silently as a spectre, Barney felt his way. Styles, with the suffering spaniel under his arm, seated himself in his chair; the bitch, with female delicacy, squeaking little, but shaking her crushed fore paw reproachfully in the face of the destroyer. Nokes entered; his countenance was lined and mysterious as lawyer-written parchment; there was mischief in it, though obscured by certain confusion; much malice and no little cowardice. He coughed, but, strange enough, no subject seemed to present itself. Luckily, he glanced at the streaming eyes and quivering paw of Kitty. "So—humph!—a dog-fight?"

"It's very odd," replied Styles, with the leered air of an F.R.S., "it's very odd—but though Kitty and Madge have been together these five years, they can't agree. It's very odd."

"When people can't agree," returned Nokes, and he looked a Columbus as he propounded the moral discovery, "they had better part. Mr Styles, for these three months I have been confirmed in this opinion."

"Longer—surely, longer. 'Tis two years since Mrs Nokes had a separate maintenance."

Nokes, touched by the indelicate allusion to his domestic infelicity, in silence passed his five fingers across his brow, and said, with very cold dignity, "Mr Styles, fortunately there are partnerships which may be dissolved."

"Fortunately," acquiesced Styles, stroking the head of Kitty.

"You wonder, Mr Styles, why your dogs can't agree. Perhaps I can explain; it may be, that one is sporting out of doors all day, whilst the other is left at home to bark and keep house."

"What do you mean, Mr Nokes?" asked Styles; and with forced tranquillity, he placed the bitch upon the hearth-rug. Had an oracle put an interrogative, it could not have been more searching—more impressive.

"I mean, sir, that I have a partner in view, whose habits of business, Mr Styles—"

"Glad to hear it," interrupted

Styles, "as I have some time contemplated a dissolution, we can the sooner get rid of one another."

"No house can stand against the chance of such bets," cried Nokes. "Hundreds vanishing after hundreds."

"Bets! hundreds! No, Mr Nokes, let us keep to the serious truth; guinea points, sir,—guinea points don't become a tradesman."

"Guinea points!—guinea—but, as we are happily of the same mind to separate, we won't talk nonsense."

"'Tisn't necessary," acceded Styles; "therefore as we understand each other, may I not ask the name of your new partner?"

"Oh, certainly; a most industrious, pains-taking young man."

"Glad to hear it," said Styles again. "I think—indeed, I am sure, I have for myself just such a partner in my eye."

"I wish you all success," cried Nokes; "May I know who he is?"

"To be sure; a most business-like, prudent person. But, first, the name of your partner?"

"He doesn't yet know his good luck. But"—and Nokes looked with the eye of a fox over a farm-paling—"Can't you guess?"

"Hav'n't a notion. Yes—I think—"

"To be sure," cried Nokes.—"Barnaby; though I hav'n't told him,—Barnaby."

Styles hardly repressed a smile at the credulity of Nokes; then, with a serious air, observed, "My good friend, don't count upon him. Allowing that I myself—though he is quite ignorant of the fact—were not determined upon offering him a partner's share, I am sure he would not—and, forgive me, my friend—he could not join with you."

"Not!" exclaimed Nokes, and his eyes glittered like brass buttons—"And why not?"

"The lad is scrupulous; he can't abide cards," said Styles.

"You mean bets squandered upon fillies," replied Nokes, sarcastically.

"Pshaw! between ourselves, the young man has talked to me with tears in his eyes about your nightly whist; guinea points, Nokes—guinea points!"

Nokes leapt to his feet—and ex-

tending his arms—projecting his breast—and throwing back his head, cried aloud to the vacant ceiling, "Twopenny! As I have a soul to be saved—twopenny!"

Styles, subdued by the fervour of his partner, in a modulated tone proceeded, "I do assure you, Barnaby has always sworn to a guinea."

"A household crocodile!" cried Nokes. "Ah, friend Styles, had you lost as little by the last favourite?"

"As little? How much, now—how much?" asked Styles, with a bridling air.

"Wasn't it five hundred?"

"A hat—a single hat to Jerry White—he wore it this very day at church—five hundred! Upon my conscience, and may I die a sinner, but 'twas a hat."

"Barnaby protested 'twas five hundred pounds."

"The hypocrite, he shall this moment speak to our faces."

"I wish he could; but though he told me you had asked him here to-day, he vowed he couldn't spend the Sabbath with a blackleg and a horse-racer."

"A blackleg!" screamed Styles, and the exclamation was answered by a shriek in a yet higher note from the cupboard. Nokes at once recognised the voice of Barney, and ran to open the door, when Styles, preventing him, turned the key, put it in his pocket, and hurried his partner into an adjoining room, Barney still raving—as his masters conceived—to be heard in explanation. After a lapse of some ten minutes, employed by Nokes and Styles, in mutual assurances of renewed faith and friendship, the key of the cupboard, with a check for ten pounds, was placed in the hands

of Betty, armed with final orders touching the prisoner. The door was speedily unlocked; and Barney, his hands crimsoned as the Thane of Cawdor's,—blood on his face, and horror in his voice, rushed out, sank in a chair, and in a tone of mingled fear and veneration, exclaimed—"The devil!" A common household occurrence will explain away the seeming mystery. The blessing of Increase was upon all things owned by Styles; even his cats escaped not the general good. It so happened that seven kittens, scarce one day old, with their satisfied mother, were the unknown tenants of the cupboard previous to the occupancy of Barney,—who, agitated by the colloquy of the partners, and having no thought—taking no pity of the blind, had walked upon the embryo hopes of future Whittingtons. Two of the kittens being killed, the maternal instincts of the parent were aroused,—and when Nokes and Styles left their assistant, as they believed, yelling with compunction, he was suffering in various parts of his naked body, the teeth and claws of an all but maddened cat. It was with some difficulty that Betty explained to the confused young gentleman, the final decree of his late employers. They had sent him his salary for the current quarter, and Betty would lose no time in opening the door: a hope was expressed, that he would not show himself at the warehouse. Barney took his hat, and crawled from the house. The night was pitch-black, and the rain beginning to fall,—he was soaked to the skin ere he had felt his way to his comfortless bed in London.

CHAPTER III.

"Sir, you talk of coincidences,"—thus one day spake to us a vallant captain of the local militia—"I will tell you, sir, a most remarkable coincidence: it is this, sir:—the very day on which Napoleon escaped from Elba, I marched with my regiment to Wormwood Scrubs!" We are about to match the coincidence of the gallant Middlesex warrior.—Thus be it known, that the very night in which Barnaby Rums was swept from the firm of Nokes and

Styles, the soul of Peter Blond, mercer and hosier, Bishopsgate-Without, was summoned to what is popularly called, a last account. From a subsequent calculation made by the widow, it was evident that Peter had vacated his house of clay the very instant Barnaby left the roof of Styles: yes, as Betty turned the key, Peter expired. Who, when they have heard our tale, shall say that Fortune doth not sometimes look above her bandage, to take a peep at vagrant

merit? Who shall call her a mere romping hoyden, playing at blind-man's buff, catching the ill-favoured and the worthless, and hugging them in her arms, whilst the fair and virtuous stand untouched in obscure corners? Or, granted, that the goddess doth sometimes approach them, shall it be said, that it is only to show them her beautiful hands, and then to pass on? The truth is, we slander Fortune: because the wise and bountiful creature will not let us at all times and in all places have our wicked will of her,—like unprincipled rakes, we take a poor revenge by calling her naughty names. We are rejoiced to say it—Barnaby was not of these evil speakers. However, to proceed with his obligations to what the unthinking vulgar would call good luck.

The second day after his dismissal, Barnaby, his clear spirit obscured by thoughts of future dinners, walked—we should rather say, was led by his good genius—up Bishopsgate-Without. Melancholy grew upon him as he went: balked in his best intentions by the ignorance and hasty prejudice of his employers—disappointed in his hopes of partnership—it might be, misrepresented to his fellow-creatures—the whole earth grew dim and blank. At that moment, so great was his disgust of the worldly wealth which he could not obtain, that in all his previous life, he never felt so serious—so religious. Whilst in this dark, solemn mood, an undertaker's porter walked with the elastic step of death before him, and presented to Barney's meditating eyes, a coffin of satisfactory respectability. Here was an accident—or, as our friend the captain would have said, a coincidence! Were we not writing a veritable biography—were we hammering out a romance (hammering is a wrong term; considering the facility and the material with which such things are made, we should rather say glass-blowing), we would assure the reader, that Barney, struck by the omen, instantly forswore the world, lived his future life in an empty vault, and worked as sexton: but we write a stern, true thing, as the coming sequel will certify. Thus, as the eye of Barney fell upon the coffin-plate, his face brightened,—nay, became radiant as the visage

of a saint in a cathedral window. Doubtless, urges the reader, Barney felt a spiritual ecstasy.—a "rapt," as the mother Maria Terresa calls it? We do not speculate—we speak to facts. Barney, having devoured the inscription, brightened up, smote his right leg with much vehemence, and with huge strides walked onwards. The brief notice—that last short history of the noisiest of us—"Peter Blond, aged 61," told Barney that Mrs Blond was left a solitary widow, without a child, but with a capital connexion. Shame upon ye, Barney! And out upon the vile and sordid matters blighting this beautiful, this liberal world,—that we should ever look for self-promotion to the coffin-plates of our neighbours! In few words—the deceased interred—Barney became the widow Blond's first man of business.

For three years did Barney, with exemplary skill, direct the affairs of the late Peter Blond. For three years did he proceed, cautiously feeling his way, as he believed, to the respect of the trade, and, as he hoped, to the affections of his mistress; who, he it known, had some five-and-twenty years the advantage of her deceased lord, being all that time his junior. The house flourished—the widow had long since cast away an unbecoming mourning—Barney grew sleek as a beaver—and all things promised—no, one doubt, one fear would haunt our hero. With a curious superstition, Barney felt all about him insecure, until the church had laid its hands upon it. Besides—and why are we thus tardy in our justice—Barney had his principles. As he became prosperous, he felt a growing respect for character; nor was it altogether self that rendered him thus sensitive; he had the feelings of a man, and saw the situation of the widow. Let the following dialogue be his testimony.

"For the world, Mrs Blond, depend upon it, the world grows wicked and wicked." So saying, Barney moved closer to the widow, whose good-natured face seemed little shadowed by the misanthropy of her managing man. The place was the back-parlour—the time the hour of supper. The meal despatched, moral reflections—of which the above is not an unfavourable sample

—flowed like a stream from the lips of Barney, evidently deeply impressed with the worthlessness of all living flesh. "It's enough, ma'am, to make a young man go into a wood, and turn hermit."

"What's the matter, Mr Palms?" asked the still unanswered widow, for the sixth time.

"'Tis a hard thing to say; but I really do believe that all mankind are villains." (Whenever a gentleman says thus much, he assured, considerate reader, that he contemplates an instant offer of himself as a choice exception.)

"What—all! Mr Palms?"

"Nearly all, ma'am," responded Barney, showing his teeth. "Human creatures! snakes upon two legs, Mrs Blond."

"Why—what—what has happened?" asked the widow, her face looking all the prettier for the earnestness of its expression.

"I am sure, ma'am, if this house had been roofed with silver, and floored with gold, I could not have been more contented with it. Since the death of your husband, no one has been so happy as I."

"Mr Palms!"

"I—I won't say no one, ma'am; but it's hard to leave when one might be so very, very comfortable."

"Oh, I perceive, Mr Palms," tranquilly remarked the widow—"you have in view a better situation?"

"Better!" echoed Barney, in a hopeless tone, at the same time venturing a leer of soft reproach—"better!"

"Then what compels you to leave me?"

"You do," and Barney was almost strangled with tenderness.

"Oh! Mr Palms!"

"For myself, ma'am, I care little what the world says. I—I hope I am an old file that defies the tooth of slanderous serpents. But, ma'am, I can't feel myself a man, and stand by to hear you wronged. What is gold to a good name!"

"Pray explain, Mr Palms. In a word, sir, what?"

"The neighbours, ma'am—the neighbours," replied Barney, in deep expressive notes.

"And what of the neighbours?" briskly interrogated Mrs Blond.

Barney, with exquisite delicacy craving a reply, proceeded—"I have

made up all the books; the accounts are balanced to a farthing. Since your affairs have been in my hands, Mrs Blond, I hope I may say they have not suffered."

"There never was a better look-keeper, Mr Palms. But, sir, you spoke of the neighbours—what do they say—what dare they say?"

"Well, ma'am," and Barney hid a violence to his feelings as he spoke, "the woman to the right tells every body—the Lord forgive her—that we—that is, you and I, ma'am, are truly and lawfully married!"

"Married!" cried Mrs Blond, in a voice that spoke a full knowledge of the awful responsibility—"Married!"

"That's not the worst."—Mrs Blond looked doubtfully—"That's not the worst: for the woman to the left, with all her teeth and nails, denies it. She says"—

Little Mrs Blond breathed hard with suppressed disgust at the malevolence of the world. "And what does she say?"

"She swears we certainly are not married; but swears as strongly, that—that—we—ought—to—be."

Mrs Blond sat silent and flushing. Barney, with profitable insensibility, mistaking the blushes of offended beauty for the tumultuous confusion of a surprised heart, dropt upon his knees, and seized the hand of the widow. At that instant—and as though by conspiracy—out went the candle!—at the same point of time, to complete the confusion of the widow, Bobby, the boy, coming to the door, bawled through the darkness—"Is Mr Palms gone home, ma'am?"

"—may I lock up?" Barney scrambled to his feet—and the widow unconsciously called for a light. A light was instantly supplied by the staring boy, who was directed by his mistress to attend Barney to the door. Palms followed Bobby a few paces, then stopping short, returned to the widow. "As I said, dear Mrs Blond—as I said, ma'am, what is gold to a good name?" Mrs Blond said nothing. Barney, taking silence for his best friend, in plain direct terms urged his suit. It was apparent that late incidents had had their due effect on the prudence of the widow. For at his vigorous solicitation, she promised to meet Barney at the church. That the ceremony

might attract no attention on the part of gossiping neighbours, Mrs. Blond stipulated that it should take place at a certain little village on the Sussex coast. All this negotiation was the fruit of scarcely five minutes, Bobby standing with his finger on the street-door latch. Barney walked "like man new made" to the spot where the boy, with a candle twixt his fingers, in fine *chiaroscuro*, awaited him. Now Barney, looking down upon the urchin, saw his eyes twinkling with meaning, and his mouth drawn up like a rabbit's into a smothered titter. On this, anticipating somewhat his dominorial rights, Barney boxed the boy's ears, calling him "adarned sneering little scoundrel." He then studded into the street, and like a lover gazed upon the moonlight. The clear beam fell upon the house, and as Barney gazed at the golden letters "Blond," he might be dreaming—but he saw them fade and disappear, and in their place beam forth, in burning brightness—"Palms."

But a few days and Barney was wandering—musing on weddings—on the Sussex shore. It had been arranged by the widow and himself, that they should separately leave town, and meet at the church door on the appointed morning. Barney had engaged the best apartments at the best inn, and in eight-and-forty hours he might call the widow, with all her funded wealth, her stock, and outstanding debts, his own. His feelings seriously directed by the coming event, he attended the parish church with the best intentions. But where shall weak man hide where temptation is not? Placed immediately opposite to the destroying eyes of woman, do not our resolutions, though built of granite, melt like wax? Thus it was with Barney, he was stared into weakness, falsehood—but let us not pursue the theme: a syren voice whispere*d* in his ear—"to night—ateleven—the churchyard"—and then the blooming tempter vanished.

It there be a dreary "aching void" in the time of man, it is the four-and-twenty hours preceding marriage, though culprits may differ—haaging. Now Barney, though brimful of love, was in a strange town, with nothing to do but to count the minutes. Thus, if at eleven o'clock

he walked to the churchyard, it was not to lose his innocence, but his time. As for bed, could he sleep on the eve of the glad to-morrow? To the churchyard then he sauntered—the night was dark—the wind cold—he listened for the "voice of the chamber," and heard the owl hoot from the bellry. Thinking he was tricked, he felt a touch of compunction for the widow: blushing for his weakness, he turned to seek his inn, when he felt his hand grasped, and a low soft "hush" fell upon his ear. Ere he could reply to the admonition, his legs were off the ground—a bandage over his eyes and mouth—and his arms pinioned. Could Barney have been an impartial judge, he himself would have eulogized the celerity of the operation. In a thought he felt himself rocking in a cradle: the plashing of oars convinced him of his error: he was on "the wide and open sea."

To be sold for a slave was the least Barney looked for; perhaps to become the property of the Grand Turk—to be promoted—(promoted!)—to a keeper of the scagliolo! Barney thought of the widow, and grew cold from head to sole. Barney was blindfolded; yet did he plainly see a gang of butchers with mustaches long as ordinary pig-tails. The boat was speedily alongside a very suspicious looking craft. Barney was happily spared the sight of her—the captive was lifted aboard, and unceremoniously, as a bale of coarse merchandise, flung into a corner called a berth. This act seemed to be a preconceived signal with wind and wave; for almost on the instant, a stiff gale sprang from the north-west—the sea rose in mountains, and the vessel, light as a cork, danced upon their crests. In this uproar, what was to be expected of the stomach of Barney, any thing but amphibious! It was evident that his keepers had formed a right opinion of its weakness, for with a latent feeling of humanity—let us praise where praise is due—they had taken the bandage from Barney's mouth.

The storm roared itself, like a wilful child, to rest, and the morning dawned upon the wave, bright and gorgeous. It was the wedding morning of Barnaby Rums—and lying coiled like a distempered dog in his

nook, he told the hours struck from the church, where, in brief time, a disappointed bride would weep for him. Barnaby sighed; the time wore on—he groaned: another hour, he called aloud; another and another, and he raved and stormed and begged to be put ashore. Coarse and violent as his persecutors had shown themselves, they still were men; and knowing that the situation of Barney was—as the newspapers, when the fact was known, would propound—more easily felt than described,—they opened the door of his prison, and suffered him to feel his way upon deck. Barney saw no slave-ship—but the "*Jemima*," smuggling-cutter of Hythe.

"Shore! shore!" exclaimed Barney, and he looked with devouring eyes towards the beach.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the dogged reply of an old tarpauling, "all in good time, your honour."

"Mayhap the gentleman never see'd blushing," conjectured a second. "It so, we'll give him passage free."

"My good fellows," cried Barney, whose extreme agitation rendered him insensible to the cold irony of his captors, "my good fellows, I forgive the joke.—I—ha! ha!—'twas a capital hoax—but don't push it too far. I must go ashore!"

One of the crew approached him, and with a confidential air, asked—"Can you swim?"

"No—no—no!" cried Barney, scarcely repressing his tears.

"What a pity—for we can't spare you a boat. Up with the anchor, lads."

"Gentlemen—I tell you I am looked for—I am expected—I—I am going to be married!"

"Oh!" cried three or four, as though at once won by the necessities of Barney, "he's going to be married, lads—let's give him a wedding-suit."

Ere Barney could enquire into the liberal proposition, a bucket of tar was placed at his feet. "Now, sir," asked one of the sailors, with forced politeness, at the same time poisoning in his hand a brush full of the unsavoury liquid—"Now, sir, which will you have on first, your waistcoat, or your breeches!" Barney opened his mouth, no doubt to proclaim his preference, when the

brush, maliciously directed, stooped the communication. Then straightway, Barney grinning horribly the while, was he daubed from head to heels. The clock struck as the operation was finished.

"Ugh! oh! murder! let me go ashore—let me fly!"—gasped the now water-proof Barney.

"Jack, the gentleman wants to fly; where's his wings?"

With a noble sacrifice to the desires of the visitor, the only feather-bed aboard was brought upon deck, instantly unipped, and its contents carefully distributed about the person of Barney. As he picked the feathers from his eyes and mouth, and blew out his big cheeks, he looked a monstrous mixture of the ape and penguin. "There—I declare," exclaimed one of his valets, "talk of a wedding!—why you're drest for Neptune's daughter." The boat was then brought alongside, Barnaby very gladly took a seat in it, and four of the crew prepared to pull him ashore. "I wonder," said one of the men, "what's become of that fellow—Barnaby Rums I think they called him—who, when he was turned from the firm of Nokes and Styles, informed about that little matter of French lace? I wonder what's become of him!" Here Barnaby might have been communicative; he said nothing, but shook his feathers. Having reached the shore, the men insisted upon carrying Barney into the churchyard—to the very spot where he was to have met the false fair, from certain after circumstances shrewdly suspected to be the lawful wife of one of the smugglers.

In a thought the conspirators were vanished, and Barney was alone among the tomos. Hearing the sound of voices, and confused by the ludicrous spectacle he presented, he ran blindly forward, was tripped up by some osiers, and rolled headlong into a grave, dug, as it would seem, on purpose, that very morning. As he lay stunned and confounded, the bells rung out a merry peal, striking into Barney a sense of his situation. He rose upon his feet, and with his hands grasping the edge of the grave he lifted his head half-way above the surface, and saw—proceeding from the church—a blushing, new-made bride, in the person of the late Mrs

Blond,—and in her happy husband, the silkman from the opposite shop. Mrs Blond had long reflected on his secret offers, but the wisdom of Barney—his fine delicate sense of feeling his way—had fixed her for

ever. The silkman walked on, a bridegroom: Barney stood where he was, a bachelor: his rival was bound for life: Barney was only tarred and feathered!

CHAPTER IV.

IN the foregoing Chapters we have confined ourselves to two great disappointments of our hero, who, however, as he felt his way through life, had manifold small successes. It is true that Fortune, when she promised most, had shown herself most fickle; yet had she rewarded Barney with a thousand gifts. Thus, ere he had completed his three-and-fortieth year, Barney had "land and beeves." His marvellous sense of touch, like that of Midas, had turned some of the dirtiest matters into gold. (Indeed, when we daily witness the kind of alchemy exercised by some folks, we think little of the wonders of the long-eared king.) It is confessed, he had groped in dark corners for his wealth—but then, how much higher his merit—how much greater the discovery? It is only the vulgar mind that thinks to win its fortune along the broad highway of life, in clearest day; the nobler genius, hugging itself in its supremacy, searches pits and holes—with this sustaining creed—that though the prize acquired be not really of halt the worth to that picked up in open light, it has to the finder a double value, because obtained in secrecy and gloom.

"A broken heart, Mr Palms! you don't believe in any such nonsense?"

In truth, Barney was not so weak; since he felt himself a reasoning creature he had ever doubted that much talked of phenomenon; moreover, a recent visit to the museum at Surgeon's Hall had confirmed him in his unbelief; he had seen, to the best of his memory, no such preparation. Hence, he had used the words "a broken heart," as, we trust, a pardonable figure of speech. "To be sure not, Mr Fitch; to be sure not. All I meant to say was, that if Louisa"—

"You are a steady, sober man, Mr Palms—what is more, you have an

excellent business. Louisa wants a husband—you want a wife—I consent to the match—you don't object to it—then what more need be said about the matter?"

The speaker who was thus smoothing Barney's walk to the church, was, in the course of events, soon destined to go thither himself; certain it is, he looked affianced to the undertaker. "A broken heart! ha! ha!" and the old white-haired gentleman crowed like a cock at the extravagance.

Barney smiled an instant approval of the old man's merriment, and then, looking becomingly grave, observed, "And—and your fortune, Mr Fitch?"

"Every penny yours—every penny, when—when I die," and Mr Fitch straitened his back, and shook his head and winked his eye, as though he had spoken of the Greek Kalends, or the coming millennium. Death himself—though about to strike—must have been tickled at the gay self-assurance of brave fourscore.

"And the day,—the happy day, Mr Fitch?"

"Humph! the day? say Thursday, Barney—yes, Thursday. We'll keep the wedding at—at my friend Clay's house—the Fox and Goose at Stepney."

Now Barney, since his affair with the widow Blond, was become less confident of his sorcery over the gentle sex; and had thus, with the wisdom which haunted him through life, felt his way to the affections of Louisa, through the medium of her grandfather. Sure we are that Barney, in all he had said or looked at his bride, had never transgressed the bounds of the coldest drawn civility: the iciest nun had not complained of the warmth of Barney. Louisa having no relative, no friend in the world, save her grandaunt, was—naturally enough, in the opinion of the

venerable man—wholly and unreservedly at his disposal. Having reared her from childhood, he looked upon her as so much live timber, to be carved into any image, after the fancy of the planter. She might—indeed we must say she did—venture some remonstrance; but surely four-score better knew what was fitter for eighteen, than witless eighteen itself. In a word, Louisa Fitch was to marry Barnaby Rums; the bride had received her orders from her rich grandfather—and Thursday was the day appointed.

At length Barney approached the haven of his hopes. He had felt his way to more than easy competence; he had now within a hair's breadth of his fingers a rich, a youthful, and not an unbandsome bride; though, in the main affairs of life, Barney shut his eyes to what is vulgarly called, and paid for, in some sort of coin—beauty. Blind to outward bloom—he acknowledged virtue by the touch; and Louisa—on the death of her reverend grandsire—was to have ten thousand pounds. In the ears of Barney, the guineas were already ringing on the old man's tombstone!

Thursday came. We will not dwell upon the emotions of the bride; such trifling—the more as it was unconsidered by our hero—accords not with the gravity of our theme—with the deep lesson that we hope to teach. Old Mr Fitch and some half-dozen friends were present, all quiet and smiles; Barney was in his best; and Louisa was duly shrouded in white. The ceremony was concluded—despite the ominous spectres that even at the altar haunted the bridegroom. It might be the embarrassing novelty of his situation that deceived his senses, for, looking upward, he saw the wings of carved cherubim plumed with real features—and snuffing the air, he thought he scented the marine odour of tar. No matter; Barney was married; placing the marble hand of his bride under his arm, he quitted the church.

Up to this moment, old Mr Fitch was gay and chirruping; whilst his benevolent tyranny was in course of execution, he was in the highest spirits. The knot, however, was no sooner tied, than—possibly from ex-

cess of joy—the old man turned ghastly pale. He was led from the church; but, ere he could gain the carriage at the gate, was compelled to rest himself; he sat upon a grave—and Barney approaching, looked at him, with an eye of anticipation.

With some assistance, Mr Fitch was placed in the coach; the party proceeded to the inn, and—the grandfather quickly rallying—there were high hopes of festive dinner. Vain are all earthly promises! Just as the first course was laid, the old man relapsed—was carried to bed—and, in three hours, was ready for the mattock and the spade. It was supposed that the extreme coldness of the church had quickened his end. We pass much we and lamentation, to conclude our story.

Barney was the possessor of ten thousand pounds. Had he weakly consulted the wishes of Louisa, they had doubtless passed to another bridegroom: he had—he thanked his wisdom—felt his way through the grandfather!

It struck twelve as Barney sought his bridal couch. He had already one leg in bed, when a bright thought arrested him. Taking a candle, he withdrew from the chamber, to seek the room of the dead man. In good time, Barney had recollected the silly vanity of old Fitch, who was wont to carry in his pockets a thousand or two in bank-paper. This might be stolen; he, as heir, should instantly seize the property. As he became fully confirmed in this idea, a current of wind extinguished the candle. For a long time, Barney continued silently to feel his way; but the Fox-and-Goose was an old—old house—with corridor and passages, and winding staircases, and—a shriek was heard, and no more!

A coroner's inquest, that sat next day at the Fox-and-Goose, on the body of a gentleman found at the bottom of the stairs, returned a verdict of "Accidental death." This was of course in default of full evidence, otherwise the verdict would have run—"Died of too much feeling his way." Poor Barney! he had smiled—nay, in his heart had chuckled—when he saw old Fitch seated on a grave! And now, had Barney "felt his way!"

FOREIGN POLICY—FOREIGN COMMERCE—AND THE PRUSSO-GERMANIC CUSTOM-HOUSE LEAGUE.

WHILST our domestic affairs, legislative and administrative, have been, during the last five years, rapidly careering towards revolution and anarchy, and the great landmarks of the Constitution are menaced with utter subversion, the course of our foreign policy has been operating not less surely, although more silently, changes in our external relations so vast, so varied, so organic, as even now to be sapping the foundations of the prosperity, whilst prospectively they threaten the safety of the empire. A system which had stood the test of time—which had braved, with scarcely more than the passive resistance of rock to wave, political storms, and the more serpentine perils of political intrigue—under which the nation waxed great and wealthy, respected or feared abroad, united and happy at home—a system which had achieved these peaceful and not inglorious conquests, has been, by hands presumptuous as unskilled, so ruthlessly cast down, that, but for the grandeur of its ruins, still to be tracked on the face of the European world, the perfect unity of its parts, and the simplicity of its design, might rather have become a question of doubtful history, than fact distinct and tangible, of the passing hour. That system had in truth received, as it survived, the rude shock of Navarin, when Britain was, for the first time, seen the obsequious tool of a crafty rival—where British warriors first learned the blush of shame for treacherous onslaught upon an ally unsuspecting and almost unresisting. Hardly was the breach repaired, when artists, unstudied in the elements of their profession, superseded the master minds who had accomplished the task; order gave place to most admired confusion, and conservation to destructiveness. One system mercilessly demolished was not replaced by another; the substitution of a worse even had been a gradation preferable to a wilderness of doubt, where nothing was certain but uncertainty; but a government

of impulse was established—conceit and arrogance seized the reins—the courses of state were driven south when they should have been in the east, or harnessed to the triumphal car of France in Belgium, when with bristling mane they might have confronted the Muscovite eagle before Constantinople. The principle of one day was, from that of the morrow, wide as the poles asunder, but both equally and impartially fatal to ancient friendship and alliance. Non-intervention delivered the Ottoman, bound hand and foot, into the iron gripe of Russia. Intervention blockaded the coasts of Holland, and transferred Belgium to France—intervention has converted Portugal, whether Miguelite or Pedroite, from an obsequious friend into an insidious foe, as if blundering diplomacy had wielded a two edged sword—intervention is now desolating the fair fields of Spain, where neutrality might have restored peace, and would have insured national attachment. The poisoned tunic of the Centaur was not a more fatal gift to the Grecian warrior, than our amity to old and confiding neighbours; nor did the mantle of power and inspiration descend upon the awaiting prophet with more absolute inheritance, than we with lavish prodigality have invested rivals or foemen with our heirloom rights to influence and dominion. Our progress in the art of sinking stands without parallel; but five brief summers since, England had not in the whole of Europe one foe—now she cannot count one friend. Our game has been that of infants; whilst we have been pursuing pawns, France has seized castles—Russia has enveloping kings—Prussia has given us check-mate. When we did bluster, our seconds were carefully picked from an adverse quarter; in the Dutch campaign Prussia was our bottle-holder, and Louis Philippe looked over our cards for Portugal. We are now waging a dubious battle with the hero of the three days in Madrid, after he has nonsuited us

in Lisbon; and since nearly all Germany has been hermetically sealed against our influence, we have despatched a fresh secretary of legation to Berlin!!! Our diplomacy is, indeed, in face of all these momentous events, *sui generis* unique, from the elegant imbecility of Downing street, to the fret-work in St Petersburg. In the *rue faubourg St Honoré*, we have *ceste pour passer le temps*, and *ecart pour les affaires*. The Escorial is graced by a young and widowed queen, said to be lovely, and reputed to be amorous; to mate her we are represented by *un buen mozo, un caballero perfecto*—an accomplished gentleman, in sooth, but ill suited to cope with the Frenchman, almost the most finished, as he is the most experienced diplomatist of the age. To Brussels we have lately forwarded the hopeful of Bond Street and Mary-le-bone, as secretary of legation, whose first despatch must by this time have communicated, as the interesting fruits of his labours, the important announcement, that Belgian *beau* drink *bière*, and the *belles* turn out their toes. In Pera we have an off-shot of the Greys, whom, if we square his voyages across the straits by that from Naples to Constantinople, it will take a *trimestre* of preparation to reach the Seraglio, and enquire the movements of Butenief—who, meanwhile, has made the tour of Grand Cairo, the Acropolis, and St Petersburg. To console us for the tortoise step of one branch of the family, we have, however, another more mercurial grafting from the same noble stem, on the banks of the Neva. As a specific for bile and jaundice, Lord Durham was recommended to the Black Sea, while his lady and suite, under the convoy of another Grey, traversed the Baltic to await him at the embassy, and make his house warm. Two of England's glorious men-of-war have been decorously occupied in forwarding one ambassador, whilst not one could be found or spared to block the Dardanelles against Egyptian and Muscovite. But my

Lord of Lambton will be welcome to the Czar, and none more so; reviews and feasting and court galas there will be as before, and Lord Durham will return in two-ships of war as he went—as wise, and none the wiser. Poland he may dare to whisper of—not to Nicholas, but to his own secretary and relative; he may bombast of her wrongs in his despatches to Palmerston, but in his correspondence with Nesselrode as much and no more will he venture than on his last excursion—*nil*. We shall pay the costs, as on the last occasion of these travels, for the benefit of his health and temper, without enquiry or repining. The poor will be stented by poor-law to two ounces of meat, or twopence per day, and the hard savings squandered by thousands upon my lord for a bootless errand, duly to fulfil which neither by nature nor by talent is he gifted. But it matters not, for the privateer has its letters of marque, and the man is a patriot. Mean while, the corner stone and crowning capital of this motley order—these eccentric proportions—of Whig diplomacy presides over his Downing-Street bureau with infinite polish, if little snavity of manners; indites a confidential *officio* as he would a billet-doux; subscribes his autograph to a treaty in *gants de Paris* of the newest mode; and guards, with practised hand, from inky contact the exquisitely perfumed kid. The graceful Atlas balances the globe on his head with the same wobble as his *chapeau de bras*; he adjusts his position with as much light-heartedness as he would trim a curl. Of the geographical divisions and territorial demarcations of the world, if little he knows, less he cares; it is a science for clericals, and not fitting to disarrange the mind of his “nobility.” True, the Straits of Dover for him have no secrets—the Thames he may have seen too—at Westminster. What boots superfluous knowledge of Black Sea and Dardanelles, or on which side the Tagus stands Lisbon? * Russia

* We could instance some geographical curiosities, unique of their kind—the produce of the noble secretary's cabinet or conversation. But we leave it to those ways, the *attachés* of the foreign legations in the metropolis—more especially to the *agregados* of the Spanish embassy.

may usurp provinces, and confiscate Asiatic kingdoms for her own sole profit, with impunity. The map will serve Pozzo di Borgo better than a protocol; the secretary will shrink from the bewilderment of latitudes and longitudes. That a Prusso-Germanic customs league exists, none, doubtless, than he is better evidenced of. But, further, of its developments and boundaries, we query comprehension more vast than its origin on the banks of the Spree. How, indeed, should a statesman of taste and fashion have interests and feelings in common with Manchester cotton-weavers, Leeds clothiers, and Birmingham artisans—how, indeed? Commercial fatalities invariably, now-a-days, succeed to our political victories; and it is hard to decide which—the shame of the political triumph over antagonists so powerless, or the commercial loss and insult gratefully retorted upon us by the paupers we have forced into power—is the most signal. Miguel we dethroned to make way for Pedro—a monarch without subjects—who had ingloriously abdicated one crown, by compact with rebellious vassals, on the sole condition of free egress for himself, his money, and jewels. His ministers had long fared at free cost and quarters sumptuously here, in Britain, at the charge of a hospitable people. Their first act of requital was—the abolition of the differential duties, some fifteen per cent, in favour of our fabrics over those of all other less rightfully entitled nations. This was the act—not of Miguel, our foe, but—of Pedro, our friend. As with Portugal, so are we about to be rewarded in Belgium. Four millions of Belgians were incompetent—not to annihilate, but—to defend their hearths against two millions of sluggish Hollanders. We manned our fleets; our reluctant tars blockaded the Maese and the Scheldt; the Citadel of Antwerp was bombarded, and reduced to ashes; the indomitable Dutchman compelled to succumb. Our remuneration—the Belgian Chambers are discussing, and will pass, a law, imposing *prohibitory duties on foreign cotton manufactures*. The minister of the interior allowed that it was necessary to mo-

dify the tariff, in order to prevent the importation of foreign cottons. Such is the report of the *Times* journal. This law can, of course, be levelled only against this country, since scarcely from any other do cotton fabrics enter the Netherlands. The special question of damage, the infliction of which is thus contemplated, will be treated hereafter in its more appropriate position.

Such is free trade and reciprocity, as invariably construed against us, all on one side; such the kindly feeling of our Belgian allies, through whom we have not realized even yet the economical *bonus* of the annual fifty thousand so temptingly held out for our consolation. On Holland we heaped insult and oppression in all their most aggravated forms;—nationally, arrogance sharpened the sting of injustice—the vulgar arrogance of might superior;—personally, insult and contumely were superadded towards the representative of a nation's wrongs and a nation's dignity. Blood is upon our hands, Dutch blood, and a lengthened series of injuries unmerited stored up in heavy account against us. The vengeance that is slow is not least sure; political reckonings are controlled by no statute of limitations. The commencing blow is struck afar off: in Java cottons of British origin are now visited with a penal duty of twenty-five per cent, which before were subject to no more than a friendly fiscal acknowledgment of six. Our merchants remonstrate to a minister that cannot help, as they nobly did against the piracy and blockade of 1853, when he could have helped, but turned a deaf ear. The case is hard, when the sins of the Government must be answered by the nation; but the retribution is no less just and legal—legal, we repeat; for is it not in the bond? Is it not in the strict letter of treaties? We are now waging a doubtful war in Spain—that is, for Spain Christina—blockading the coast against Don Carlos—arraying our paid officers, and risking the lives of our British subjects, against him and one-half of the federate monarchy. Should, through our aid, Christina prevail, who will guaran-

tee us from a repetition of the commercial gratitude of Donna Maria? If Don Carlos, who shall assure to our traffic the same friendly consideration of Miguel? We have had the art—a monopoly indisputable—of hugging as our best friends the bitterest foes, and of aggravating our once fast allies into enemies no less rancorous. To combat a world in arms is magnificent chivalry. We have undergone the ordeal with Napoleon, and, despite of Whigs and Whig prophecies, triumphantly. Shall we dare another fight with leaders so craven? But we have France for our stay—France who, in five years of alliance, has buried the strife and hatred of centuries. So we hope. But where is the proof? For her we have sacrificed a heratomb of old friends and profitable connexions—we have lowered our tariffs to welcome her wines and her silks, her *passementeries* and *bonneteries*—by which our imports have grown to millions, whilst exports may be measured by thousands. In return, she has remitted some fractional parts of prohibitory duties on iron, cables, coals, and cotton yarns, the differential consideration of which may, in the course of half-a-century, cover the charges of the Bowring job commission. In the mean time, by way of drawback upon this trivial exhibition of courtesy, France undermines our interest in Portugal; and, in Spain, has so taken her position, that whichever party wins, she will not lose. And, lastly, we arrive at the Prusso-Germanic customs league, the crowning point of the conspiracy against our commercial interests, which demands a more special and separate examination. The retrospective glance we have indulged in has cleared the way; it has developed the progress of a silent, a universal coalition against our material prosperity and political greatness, in which the chief agents must be sought—not abroad, but—at home. There is a shallow cunning, which overreaches itself; and whilst a British Ministry has been imagining pitfalls for petty bugbears of its own creation, the British nation is entangled—is in peril of being engulfed—in the vortex produced by

the conflicting and contradictory schemes of its own leaders. From the lessons of the past, let us take counsel for the future.

There is no cause for despair; whatever there may be for wholesome fear and iron-hearted energy. We have encountered—we have vanquished—a Continental system. But let no blind confidence mislead us. The Napoleonic was but the flash of unreflecting, irresistible impulse—of headlong passion; that of Prussia has all the coolness of calculation, of combination, and long preparation about it. It was not launched forth into the world in a paroxysm of fury; but, at its full maturity, after years of patient toil—even then only insinuated, suggested, and quietly deposited with its neighbours for deliberation. The system of Bonaparte failed through the vice inherent in its origin; it was compulsory, and therefore arrayed the feelings of all Europe extra French against it; it conciliated no interests—proposed no compensation—exact ed every sacrifice. The States which yielded to it from overwhelming necessity, connived at its infraction; it converted every merchant into a contrabandist—it elevated the smuggler to the rank of a fair dealer. More than all; financial embarrassments compelled the great parent to lay suicidal hands on his own offspring. His army he could recruit by conscription—subsist by forced contributions—but how from the same source could he gratify the inordinate cravings of generals and marshals, who could say to him in the words of the Ariagonese oath—We who are each of us your equals, and who made you our emperor—on condition! The subject parts of Europe were, therefore, parcelled out into commanderies, and awarded to his chieftains to govern and to plunder in recompense for past, and as a retainer for future loyalty. The tacit understanding was that the marshal for his own profit might dispense with the decrees, Berlin, Milan, and all; and so he did dispense with them for consideration good and precise—by them most extensively for himself. When publishing the most frightful orders to deter lesser offenders, so as to

stifle contraband competition in the market, and secure a higher premium for himself—the prince of smugglers. Such, for example, was the tactic of Marshal Davoust in Hamburgh. We write in the presence of many yet living to gainsay us. The Bartons, the Fialays, the Philippses, the Gotts, the Simeons, the Rothschilds, of London, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, are still, or their representatives, there to disclaim us if we be in error. There was little difficulty in supplying Germany with colonial produce, or cottons, or woollens, to any extent, provided the *metaliques* accompanied the bill of lading to the satisfaction of the general commandant, or his intermediary agent. Prices in England, whether high or low, had absolutely no relation, in the way of cause or effect, to the failure of the continental system. The spinning-jenny, superseded after so completely by the mule—Arkwright's water or throstle frame—Watt's steam engines—all were working their wonders years before Napoleon was heard of, and one a quarter of a century at least before his system was dreamed about. Moreover, during the existence of that system mechanical improvement was absolutely stationary. So much we have thought it useful to say, as a corrective to the crude speculations of some among our contemporaries. The continental system, magnified as the *grande peur* of Napoleon, was no more than the law of brute force—the vulgar caprice of power intoxicated, irrational, irreflexive; and the cord, wherever stretched to the utmost point of tension, snapped asunder; it would have felled its maker with a terrible counteraction of moral energy, without the auxiliary horrors of a Moscow winter, had not the impetus of the wheel been oftentimes stayed, and the machine thrown out of gearing by the hand that framed it.

Let us not delude ourselves—the system of Prussia reposes not on foundations so hollow and crumbling. It rests on the empire of opinion—it is based on moral power, a tower of strength more durable than the ephemeral action of ball and steel; it has conciliated local antipathies—it is entwined in national

prejudices—it assumes to combine all interests—it has appealed to all sympathies—it has rallied round its standard all the generous sentiments, the ardent feelings, the patriotism undying, the devotion enthusiastic of—FATHERLAND.—Yet neither in its origin nor for long after was it invested with any such charmed spell; when first laid before the separate states of the German Federation it was viewed with suspicion by most—it was met with opposition by all. The revolutionary policy of England converted that into a political necessity which previously had been regarded as at best an insidious expedient of commercial monopoly, or hazardous fiscal regulation. The Sovereigns, great and small, of Germany saw England, who in her better days had been the guardian angel of order, now marching onward in the very vanguard of war and revolution. The fate of William of Holland, of Miguel, of Carlos, was in part, or in whole, before their eyes; Belgium virtually annexed to France—a French army in Ancona—French paganism, scattering its firebrands every where. The contagion had reached their own doors; incipient rebellion was murmuring in the absolute—demagogical insolence or patriotic fervour lording it in the constitutional states. The customary subsidies were asked to be refused—civil lists were in jeopardy—control over receipt and expenditure demanded. They who had shunned now sought the countenance of Prussia; they hastened to take refuge under her system, by which a revenue was secured independent of popular clamour and the denial of nursery chambers. Austria was too isolated, and Russia too far away for help in the hour of tribulation. But although the princes were early gained, the people were not so easily scared out of their ancient predilections—Germany, constitutional above all, still sympathized with England. Without their approval the league was still but a skeleton, whilst the counter league was growing into proportion and taking a position. Again the infatuation of our councils outran with co operative zeal the efforts of our rivals. The number

of our foes was still too few whilst a friend still remained. Insinuations were not wanting by agents duly qualified—*spargere voces ambiguas*—rumours ran rife—pamphlets showered from the press—drugged with the Napoleonic slander resuscitated, that England instigated, by intrigue and with money, to war and confusion abroad, from jealousy mean and selfish of the commercial progress of her neighbours. In proof they pointed to Belgium convulsed to her centre—to Italy, then in commotion—to Switzerland, enacting the first chapter of civil warfare—to Portugal, where brother was warring, under our especial auspices, against brother—to Spain, in the throes of forthcoming distractions—countries most of them eminent for their advancement in the industrial arts. We ourselves know that the calumny more than passes current in Belgium as in Catalonia; let those who doubt enquire from a Liège ironmaster, a Ghent cotton spinner, an Antwerp shipowner, or a Barcelona *fabricante*. The Germans are pre eminently a kindly and an honest race, but the oft-repeated lie, when shored up too by evidence circumstantial, and apparently incontrovertible, will do some part of its office. However belied might, as it did, still linger, from the remembered good faith of our national character, the bombardment of Antwerp's fortress, and the blockade of the coast of Holland, dispelled all unbelief. The fire and flame vomited on the doomed citadel from the *Monste Mortre*, served in German convictions to enlighten the darkness—to illumine the page of truth. Who shall paint that feeling, concentrated, profound, of grief and indignation which thrilled through the blood, noble or ignoble, of all Germany, as the fires of Antwerp reddened the horizon—as the brave defenders of the citadel cried for succour, and none came to help? Far and near it spread swifter than the cannon's missile—more threatening, though less moulting, than its roar. From that ill-fated hour the cause of England was lost with the people; they beheld in her only the sanguinary oppressor of the Dutch—their friends, their brethren

—of one lineage, land, and language. They turned them to the Prussian monarch for vengeance, but truly augured that that vengeance lay elsewhere than in the battle field. Merchants, manufacturers, and proprietors—rich and poor, without distinction of class—all who had store to lose, or homes to be held sacred from the hands of the spoiler and the horrors of revolution, then and thenceforward rallied, with one heart and one soul, around the commercial league and covenant—it was signed, and sealed, and ratified, and welcomed as the bond of common safety—the pledge of prosperity unrivalled—the crowning glory of—Fatherland. Thus was Holland sacrificed by Prussia for effect, and Antwerp's citadel abandoned to fire and sword, that the current of national antipathies might be diverted towards Britain—as Moscow blazed, more intensely to arouse the wrath of an injured people. But the one was magnanimous self-immolation—glorious even in its horrors; the other, the cool calculation of profit and loss—a present affair of sale and return—embracing, however, with aim more laudable or lofty, the prospective means of greater political security or political aggrandisement.

We have traced the causes, and have now to deal with the substantial fact, that the banner of Prussia—politically as commercially—waves over two-thirds, or, excluding the Austrian portion, about eight-ninths of the German population. More has been achieved for her, within five years, by insatuated ignorance and arrogance unexampled on our side, than, unaided, she herself could have accomplished in half a century. With us was public opinion; we began by slighting—then despised—and finished by braving it. She, on the reverse, watched it warily—waited for it patiently—turned it in her own favour skilfully. Recollection must—and, as he reads these pages, will—flash over the mind of the noble chief of the Foreign Office, on the conduct of the Prussian envoy during the Belgian disputation. The Janus-faced Baron rowed one way and looked the other—one hour concocting protocols with the confer-

ence—the next, insidiously playing upon the irritable, self-sufficient, and nothing-doubting temperament of the secretary—until he had nailed him to the monstrous aggression of Antwerp by the promise of non-interference, and then—he left his lordship to his laurels. Werther, at Paris, played into the hands of his brother envoy in London like an adept. He paraded the Prussian bayonets, bright, flashing, innumerable, before the terrified eyes of the citizen king; his voice was all of war, till he of the Palais Royal shook as in the midnight flight from his palace and the *emutes*. The game was kept alive until England was committed, and the reluctance of Lord Grey to blood subdued—until Van Zuylen's last, solemn, personal appeal to the premier had failed—until Whig steam was up, and the blood of the Temples at boiling heat, and then—Louis Philippe had instant license to let slip his dogs of war, and treat his Liberals with a mock Napoleonade. Well might Fabricius exclaim against the unworthy juggle, and Verstolk van Soelen with the noble, the affecting eloquence of truth and patriotism, denounce to the States General the treachery or timidity of friends. To be at one and the same time in leading strings with Talleyrand and cozened by Bulow, could surely be the fate of but one man. The tardy discovery and rage, seeking an escape-valve, may account for, but cannot justify, the insult to the Dutch envoy of Holland. But let these pass as matters betwixt him and ourselves; if Lord Palmerston cannot overreach wily foes, no one better succeeds in deceiving confiding friends. The Prussian policy he has played to admiration. Touching in the east, south, and west, the great powers of Russia, Austria, and France; without volume, or breadth, or limits, to any extent intangible Prussia lay at the mercy, more or less, of its powerful neighbours. It was, notwithstanding, the vanguard of central Europe against France, as the suit and service tenure exacted at Vienna for increase of territory; but its ancient feuds and usurpations have acted, and must act, with mutual repulsiveness at Vienna and Berlin; Russia, most

distant, has been feared least, and therefore relied on most. But all external dependence is precarious; nay more, it is full of peril; it is the confession of weakness—the summons for an aggressor. The league rescues her from the dilemma of the lamb on the same stream with the wolf; it rounds her domain—doubles her population—renders her formidable for defence, although, perchance, for offence it may rather clip her wings and clog her motions. This is a feature—the sole redeeming feature—of the league; hitherto unmarked by the public, it has not, however, escaped the statesman—him of Vienna least of all. Austria, divested of many of her sectional holds in Germany, will even be more free to enforce the unrestricted navigation of the Danube—to attend upon Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia for the customs, confederacy may be as a dead weight to neutralize Prussian demonstrations in favour of the autocrat. France will be chary of wanton insult to a league strong and populous as herself, where *divide et impera* is no longer equally practicable as with the old Germanic federation, yet still powerful as a preventive check on Russian ascendancy. But, all deductions made, Prussia remains aggrandized, politically, at the expense of all; commercially, first and foremost, at the cost of England, who, as usual, defrays the charges of the entertainment. From Muscovite trammels we may be sure that Prussia will, so far as she prudently may, unshackle herself; that Russia had cognizance of, or has had share in, the origin or combination of the union, we utterly disbelieve, and there is not a letter of evidence to sustain the assertion. That system must have been distasteful to the one, as increasing the independence and advancing the power of the other. But popular feeling in Germany was arrayed in its support. With its usual masterly policy, the cabinet of St Petersburg seized upon it as a happy incident, to be turned to account in the annoyance of France, Austria—England above all.

The embryo league, silently and secretly prepared as it was—confidentially communicated to the Ger-

man states as it had been—arrived to the knowledge of our government only in the commencement of 1828. But not from Berlin, or Munich, or Frankfort did it come. From Paris, the focus of diplomatic intrigue, if rightly we remember, the first news of its existence was communicated by Lord Stuart de Rothesay, then our acute and indefatigable representative there, and the able opponent of Russian influence and Pozzo di Borgo. That distinguished diplomatist appears to be one of the few—the very few—of his class, whether in times past or present, duly to appreciate the surpassing value of the commercial relations of his country; in the occasion his sagacious mind would naturally associate with them all the vast political bearings of the subject. The ministry of that day was Conservative—of national interest as of national honour—they did not use, in fits of petulance, or impatience, to cut the Gordian knot asunder with the sword, in order to solve a doubtful question. The sun that dawned upon the existence of the league in Downing Street, set, we might almost say, upon a counter league. British ascendancy was still in its palmy state, still equal to grapple with the manoeuvres of Berlin, and the insidious tactics of St Petersburg. Alliances of blood, more dear and ancient still, of friendship—the kinship of feeling, and habit, and origin, were still remembered. The Principality of Hesse Cassel, as may be seen by the map, lay upon—almost intercepted—the line of communication between West and Eastern Prussia. Its accession was an object, to accomplish which persuasion, craft and menace, were perseveringly lavished in vain; the refusal was absolute and unhesitating. With Hesse Darmstadt, Baron von Moss, the creator and presiding genius of the system, was more fortunate. He found means to “prevail,” (as the unwitting author of a pamphlet, to which we shall shortly and more formally allude, acquaints us) upon an inheritor (Grand Duke to place his territory under the charge and surveillance of foreign douaniers, by which Prussia was enabled partially to dispense

with one line of her custom-houses. The iniquitous conditions of the bargain and sale treaty of the 8th of May, 1828, have not hitherto been given to the world, and perhaps it is no business of ours to publish them; the task more especially corresponds to those who shared the spoil, and so we cheerfully leave it to the French general, to his coadjutor the Count, and the ladies of the chaste and incorruptible court circle, among whom his influence and achievements are sufficiently notorious—to tell the tale of Frederick William's disinterestedness, and how far the rigid fugality of the financier relaxed in his kindly concern for the welfare of Darmstadt and of Germany. The intelligence of this event created no inconsiderable sensation at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and aroused the alarm of the Federation. Bavaria and Wurtemberg forthwith united their custom-houses; in September, 1828, the Hanover counter league was formed; Saxony, Hanover, Hesse Cassel, with the remaining states of Germany, eighteen in number, sealed their alliance at Cassel, and by the act proclaimed the Berlin system to be anti-national and non Germanic.

Such was the state of affairs at the revolution of 1830—such the legacy of Central Europe bequeathed to the cares of Earl Grey and the tender mercies of Lord Palmerston by the Earl of Aberdeen and the Duke of Wellington. We beseech our readers to pause upon the retrospect; we implore the FATHER of his people—should he vouchsafe to honour these pages, indited by the humblest but not the least grateful of the subjects who engross his paternal solicitude—we implore him to “look on this picture, and on that”—which it is our duty now to exhibit. We know that the royal mind has not been, is not yet, without misgivings—that the King of England designs to ponder, and deeply ponder, on all that threatens her commercial and manufacturing greatness, however little manufactures and commerce are deemed worthy the consideration of his ministers—we learn, moreover, that he has been recently pleased to repeat his anxieties, to those whom it concerns, on this Prusso-Germanic

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BILL TILSHED

Discipline Journal for JFLT as described in

question; his people will learn now also like ourselves with gratitude, but without surprise, this fresh proof of the superintending cares of their sovereign. The intimation was, no doubt, received by his servants with alarm—for their places; Downing Street became all bustle—the clerks of the Foreign Office working double tides in the concoction of rival memoirs. The Memoir will, however, *scarcely do its errand*—the royal ear will not so readily be abused into the belief that the *League is not disadvantageous to England, inasmuch as the Prussians themselves already find their own trade decreasing in consequence of their own system.* It makes at the best but a bastard syllogism, which it would tax logic of a higher order even than that of Weimar to legitimize; yet, not to damp the ardour of an aspiring tyro, let us add, the blame of faulty workmanship rests, not with the barely fledged artist, but upon the suppliant quality of the materials he had to lick into shape. The royal disquietude will not be lessened by the Memoir—it may be quickened perchance by the expositions our duty enjoins, but—great is truth, and he who knows the worst, is for the worst already more than half way prepared.

At the latter end of 1830, the two great opposing principles or unions stood in face of each other thus:

PRUSSIAN LEAGUE.

Prussia,	13,250,000
Hesse Darmstadt, . .	770,000

Inhabitants, 14,020,000

HANOVERIAN COUNTER LEAGUE.

Bavaria,	4,300,000
Wurtemberg,	1,700,000
Saxony Royal,	1,600,000
Saxony Ducal,	700,000
Baden,	1,300,000
Nassau,	37,000
Hesse Cassel,	700,000
Frankfort,	55,000
Hanover,	1,700,000
Mecklenburg,	560,000
Oldenburg,	270,000
Brunswick,	270,000
Other small States, .	600,000

14,130,000

Without including Holstein and Lunenburg, . . . 200,000
The Hanseatic towns, . . 260,000
which had, we believe, neither entered into nor formed any counter combination, although most hostile to the Prussian system.

So far we had lost no more than Hesse Darmstadt with its 770,000 souls so dearly purchased; for Prussia is, in fact, out of the question, as her system had, since 1818, made her connexion of as little value to us heretofore, as it can be hereafter; the account should therefore stand thus:

Opponents,	770,000
Confederates, including Holstein and the Hanse towns,	14,590,000

After careered it most triumphantly in revolution for four years—from 1831 to 1835 inclusive—the King's servants have, in addition to Belgium made over to France, and Holland converted from an ally into a foe—to Portugal wrested from our influence and Spain disgusted—to present the following trophies to his Majesty, as a new year's gift for 1836—

THE PRUSSIAN LEAGUE IN 1835.

Prussia,	13,250,000
Bavaria,	4,300,000
Wurtemberg,	1,700,000
Saxony Royal,	1,600,000
Saxony Ducal,	700,000
Baden,	1,300,000
Nassau,	375,000
Hesse Cassel,	700,000
Hesse Darmstadt, . .	770,000
Frankfort-on-the-Maine,	55,000
Other small States, . .	600,000

Souls, 25,350,000

THE HANOVERIAN COUNTER LEAGUE, 1835,

EXISTS NO MORE, but in this the page of history. And yet we mistake, it has left a "wreck behind." We are reminded by a ministerial contemporary that "Hanover and Brunswick (Oldenburg, we hear, is likely also to accede) have entered into a commercial compact conditionally, that each state be at liberty to join the Prussian League in 1841,

or previously." There is therefore the shadow of a shade of a

HANOVERIAN COUNTER-LEAGUE—

Hanover,	1,700,000
Brunswick,	260,000

Souls, . . . 1,960,000 *

or about one-thirtieth of the Prussian League.

Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, and Holstein have not joined the Prussian Union, but their accession, we are told, is "of little consequence to it." They must, in a short time, be drawn into the vortex, and another million of our ancient customs will thus be lost to us. The Hanse Cities—Hamburg and Bremen especially—meanwhile are to be tolerated by Prussia as warehouses for storing the manufactures of the Union for exportation—until! "May" (devoutly ejaculates a Prussian pamphleteer) "we have a GERMAN" (query, Prussian) "SEAPORT on the NORTH SEA to add to the League the next time we make a map!!"

The prospect, how cheering! The picture, how warmly tinted with the ripening sunbeams of growing prosperity! The topics, how splendid for the royal opening speech to the faithful Lords and Commons, towards the compost of which our humble labours will arrive so opportunely to contribute!

All these non-Prussianized States were our fast and firm allies—the uncompromising enemies of Prussian ascendancy and Prussian monopoly—but five short years ago. Nothing short of miracles could have accomplished a metamorphosis so complete, so sudden, so unlooked for—and they were miracles of folly, of ignorance, of besottedness suicidal—of our own performance. The kings and princes were all with us, but one, to a man, and not more unanimously than the representative chambers, where constitution forms existed with the whole body of the people. The French convulsion arrived, and was followed by the Belgian; but although a sympathetic ground-swell agitated the Germanic federation, yet, confident in the breakwater bulwark of British po-

licy, which had never failed its members, they held to their anchorage, secure to ride out the storm. They distrusted aid—they repudiated proffered protection—from Berlin. But when British statesmen were seen patronising revolution at home, and outstripping the democrats of Paris in its propagandism abroad, the wisest as the most inconsiderate—the most powerful as the pettiest—found themselves at sea without pilot, if not without compass. As the British people were goaded by their rulers into revolutionary frenzy, and in Parliament the appeal of external alliance was drowned in the fury of party—of Whig party—the contagion spread abroad. Absolute princes saw their subjects in open or quasi rebellion; in Constitutional States the national delegates bearding the sovereign, or deposing him, or denying supplies for the exigencies of the state, as here the same had been threatened. Confusion was at its height when England was seen in the vanguard of Belgian insurgents, and a French army waging murderous warfare against Holland—Holland, part, parcel, ally, akin of Germany. Then with artful unobtrusiveness did Prussia interpose her mighty armies betwixt the cowering principalities and the deluge of combined British and French anarchical movements: she saved them—princes, both great and small, she saved them, and they felt it—from the fate of Holland and of Miguel. She earned the title of benefactor—well she knew how most profitably to use its rights. Her projected custom-house league guaranteed to every member its customs' revenue, at the price of independence, and the control of Prussian officers; the boon, before rejected with scorn, was accepted with eagerness now, by sovereigns whose expenditure was sought to be curtailed, and whose incomes were stayed by the rude hands of legislative assemblies—not the less eagerly so by absolute princes whose subjects were refusing payment of any impost whatever. A revenue was secured to all, unshackled by popular control. For the people of Prussia raised

the cry of—Fatherland!—and pointed to England and France combined in unholy league against its prosperity. To the legislative bodies she spoke of material interests and fiscal economies. To a state to be entrapped with a show of words enveloping the substance of slavery, they turned a deaf ear—they hesitated—they were overwhelmed into submission with the unreflecting acclamations of Fatherland, and the menacing cries of deluded multitudes. Thus, of people and Sovereigns, Prussia became the tutelary deity and the arbiter; she who had been feared as an usurper, was now revered as a Saviour—diverting the torrent of political excitement which threatened to wash away the fabric of her own and all German society, into a deepened channel of commercial jealousies, which the gallant vessel of state might navigate—not only without peril, but, cheered on by favouring trade-winds, into the haven of political renown; the while insidiously counselling the rash steersmen of the British bark to trim her sails and shape her course for the fogs of the Scheldt and the storms of the Bay of Biscay—where now she is seen buffeting with adverse winds and waves, and floundering under bare poles.

A struggle, indeed, a faint, intellectual struggle there was. The Courts of Bavaria and Wurtemberg long balanced; the Councils of Austria had not lost their weight, although the timid remonstrances of England were disregarded. In December, 1833, the die was cast, and the Prussian League joined—mark! we had triumphed at Antwerp, and were then lords of the ascendant in Portugal. Hesse Cassel, distracted with intestine broils, had already acceded to the union, maugre the opposition of its House of Assembly. The junction of Nassau, from its position in the very centre of Germany, and with such an extent of command of the Rhine and the Maine, became an object of great anxiety, but has only been accomplished since the death of Marschall, the able and far-seeing minister of that small state, who perseveringly refused all overtures. The present Administration departed from his policy. The bargain has, however, been driven hard, and the revenue,

such as derived hitherto from the customs branch, has been guaranteed to the duchy, as, in any case, the minimum of division of the joint stock to be paid over as her share by the Court of Berlin. That Court had, moreover, acquired claims upon the gratitude of the Duke, by the zealous espousal of his interests, as an Agnat of the House of Orange, in the Luxemburg question. The negotiations are completed and the treaties signed; on the very day—the first day of this new year—even as the public are perusing this announcement, the custom-house barriers, not of Nassau only, but of Baden and Frankfort, are being razed to their foundations, amid the flourish of trumpets and the deafening cheers of—Fatherland. Hanover—*so lange es unter Britischer herrschaft bleibt*—so long as she remains under British domination, cannot be expected to join; as we are gravely told by the same Prussian scribe, who, as we have seen, hopes that Prussia "may have a seaport on the North Sea, the next time he makes a map," to add to it. The hints combined are sufficiently significant; for Hanover and British connexion interpose provokingly enough between the frontiers of Hesse and Prussia and the free cities of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck.

Thus has Great Britain lost—been juggled out of—fifteen millions of approved good neighbours and beneficial—mutually beneficial—customers. They have parted from us too, not as friends who have journeyed together long, regretting when the hour of inevitable separation arrived, but as bitter rivals, in whose breasts rankles the sense of injury; who have been taught to believe, that under the mask of good-will, we have used and abused them in the vilest spirit of an all-grasping monopoly,—that we have gloated over their industrial progress with eyes bleared with envy and hearts resolved to blast. We can forgive and pity the delusion, for resentment cannot efface the kindly recollections of old associations. Perhaps the time may not be distant when they themselves shall awaken to a sentiment of the injustice of their accusations. Happily, one great good has been achieved—from misfortune they have learn-

ed one lesson—from the prickly thorn they have plucked one flower—safety. From their flourishing realms and smiling fields they have chased far off the unholy and devouring principles of disunion and disorganization; demagogues will no longer annoy—the orgies of Hambach no more be repeated. We, who bear the cost, can still hail, with all gladness, the bloodless triumph. Anarchy was in the land; England was seen every where else displaying her banners at its head; Germany was assiduously tutored into the conviction that she patronised confusion only to wreak a jealous rival's vengeance on the trophies of her industry. From that hour the troubled waters of civil strife subsided into peace—a common (supposed) foe, on whom to discharge the pent-up storms of national fury was found—one universal cry arose in the father-land—*Vertrauen, Everglut*—Union, Confidence.

Nothing can better print the selfish and sinister pretence of Prussian free-trade philosophy, which opens its doors to all, and forbids entrance to none, than the case of Switzerland. The gates of the Germanic Union are closed against her, a near neighbour, and almost an integral portion of the Federation, on two pretexts: the first, that her wares would interfere with those of Saxony; the second, that she is no consumer of German products; she is a seller, but not a purchaser. The one apology is too flimsy to impose upon any one. Surely it is rather Prussia that dreads the competition of Swiss cottons and silks with those of her Rhenane subjects, so excellently and economically facilitated in all seasons by the Rhine navigation, than that Saxony should be so sensitive about a rivalry she has been periodically accustomed to encounter at the Leipsic and Frankfurt fairs heretofore. The last excuse would be equally valid as against other members of the Union. What return commerce, for example, can Berlin offer to Munich? The cause, the real cause, is, that Switzerland is too free, too republican; Prussia dreads too close contact with a turbulent democracy, which she cannot hope to put down so easily as the legislative outbreaks

of Hesse and Baden. The accession of Holland or Belgium, or both, is a question of greater magnitude and more direct interest to her. It would consolidate her system, which, as yet, has no natural base to rest upon; it would round her empire. For this she was forecasting, as Bulow earwigged the simple secretary of the Foreign Office; for this she viewed with silent complacency the separation of the Netherlands. Belgium has a heavy stake in the solution of this point; she enjoys already a large proportion of the transit trade from this and from other countries to Western Germany, and, with the conclusion of her proposed railway from Antwerp to Cologne, she might perhaps monopolize the whole. She would, moreover, become the great outlet for the fabrics of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia and of other parts of the Union to North and South America—to Cuba, the Indian Archipelago, and China, with all their vast returns. But all this could be the tardy result of time only; Belgium has neither commercial, marine, nor transmarine possessions. It may be doubted also whether Prussia views without dread the formidable concurrence of her cottons, her woollens, her silks, her iron, and her coal, with those of her own western provinces. Elberfeldt may not rejoice in the embraces of Ghent, nor Aix-la-Chapelle fraternize without reluctance with Liege. The discussion, however, and the supposition have not been without their effect at the Tuileries. France, we learn, has *hastened to propose at Brussels a custom-house league*, founded on the same principles as that of Prussia. We are not prepared to say how the offer has been received, or what may be the special hitch in the affair; but French *douaniers*, lording it in the port, would hardly look more frightful than French bombardiers raining fire upon the citadel of Antwerp; it is but cause and effect after all. The same eloquence which vindicated the policy of the one to a regenerated but un-English House of Commons, is there still to father his own offspring, and justify the other, if need be, to the entire contentment of O'Connell, or any of his Tail.

Holland, whose manufactures are

too few to excite alarm, which possesses a considerable trading marine, and well-trained seamen, as well as flourishing colonies, will therefore, as combining the elements more in unison with her wants, obtain the preference, and employ all the arts of Prussia to engage her acquiescence, and effect her junction with the Custom-house League. The price, however, is fixed; her colonial possessions are to be thrown open to the Federation, and all restrictions abolished. Some measures have been proposed in the present session of the States-General, touching agriculture, which lead to the suspicion that Holland is paving the way for her initiation. Into speculations upon this event, and upon the new aspect which Europe may hereafter progressively assume, the length to which we have already gone, and the important branches of our subject yet to be treated, forbid us to enter; they are of themselves a theme, and no unimportant one. Nor shall we, as hitherto we have not, unnecessarily overlay a question, in itself sufficiently momentous, with the entanglements of Eastern policy, and Russian projects. We are anxious to present as succinct and detailed a review as in our power of the practical and prospective bearings of a league so immediately and rudely threatening our best—our material interests; the more so, as the task has not yet, to our knowledge, been attempted with the detail it deserves and demands. The debt of gratitude which *Maga* has contracted towards the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial public is surpassingly large. She can only repay it by the circulation (ample, perhaps, beyond comparison) of truths which it concerns them and all to know. Would that the ability were commensurate with the means, or these with the desire!

The praise of the commercial system of Prussia has, for many years past, been the cuckoo note of writers of pamphlets, reviews, and journals,

home and continental, innumerable. The disinterestedness of much of which, and the costliness, may only be estimated approximatively by their results, more or less immediate, in the not over gratuitous accession of Hesse Darmstadt, and the not inexpensive combination of the Prusso Germanic League. But for the too unreflecting and unqualified eulogies of Mr Huskisson, which gave it the stamp of a great authority, that system, with its authors and abettors, bought and unbought, would have been left to be tested by the lessons of experience alone, instead of being decided upon at once by its fair speech propositions. That able statesman, as is often the case with too enthusiastic men, enamoured of principles apparently so congenial with his own, in his examination of their practical application, forgot to penetrate beneath the surface, but accepted all in pure good faith. We may extend our charity towards Prussia, as we have before done, without caring about the returns, but they who blindly put their trust in her with faith and hope, will find, as we have done, that they are leaning on a rotten reed. Among other productions of the trumpet-tongued school, inspired from Berlin, two are now lying on our table, which more especially invite attention; the one is a "Vindication * of the Commercial Policy of Prussia," by a gentleman holding a very efficient and confidential situation near the person of his Prussian Majesty, and from whom the document came some time since, almost direct into our hands, but whose name we do not feel ourselves at liberty to mention; it is a short but ably written article, and not wanting in a due portion of sarcasm and bitterness towards England. The other is a pamphlet from the press of Ludwig Kohnen of Cologne, "On the rise and progress of the Commercial System of Prussia, and the Union of the German States," professing, moreover, like the former, to institute a comparison between the Prussian and British Tariffs,† by C. C. Becher,

* This Vindication has been published, we believe, but little read.

† The acrimonious tone which Mr C. C. Becher has, on various occasions during and since the formation of the Rhenish West India Company, adopted towards Eng-

late Sub-Director of the Rhenish West India Company. This gentleman commences his comparative statement with denunciations of our navigation laws almost, but not quite so unqualified as those of that profound statesman, Mr Poulett Thomson himself, who has sealed their fate, so far as he is concerned, by declaring that they "have been from the first prejudicial to British commerce." It is not worth the space to expose Mr Becher's misconceptions; he has studied those laws to little purpose, or he is wilfully guilty of the *suppressio veri*, to represent them to his countrymen as in his pamphlet he does. In like manner, to clear our way and narrow the controversial arena, we shall dismiss with a brief notice various objects of our tariff, lugged in by both writers for no other purpose but effect, since regarding some Prussia can have no grievance to allege, and others are taken out of the category of comparative taxation, unless our excise dues and our drawbacks be also allowed to enter into the account, as they must be, in order to an impartial understanding of the subject. With what reason can she allege, in justification of her own impositions against this, our, in her judgment, onerous exactions upon the produce of other states or of our own colonies? With what right does she assume to stand forth the champion of the four quarters of the world, and to plead our fiscal rigours against others as a plea apologetic for her own towards us? Is she really, then, the avenger of nations, and the sheriff-depute to execute justice? When she exhibits her powers of attorney we shall believe that the United States, and France, and Russia, powerless to resent their own wrongs, have invested her with the Quixotic mission of retaliating exclusive tariffs. The mode and the extent to which we rate tobacco, thrown and figured silks, sail-cloth, or dressed hemp, madder, oil, &c. &c., can surely be no concern of hers, who of those articles for exportation is a non-

producer? Moreover, she must sympathize with the West, and remonstrate for the East Indies, on the excessive duties, and discriminating duties, to which they are respectively subjected in their coffee and sugars. We are pleased to pay the penalties of these duties, and we do pay it as the consumers; but as the premium for tolerating her interference, we are quite ready to take our *café sucre* tax free, if she will undertake, as with Nassau, to guarantee the board of customs. We choose, moreover, to mulct ourselves on soap, starch, glass, paper, hops, refined sugar, &c., with various heavy excise payments, levied for the sake of revenue alone, and therefore entering into the consideration of the cost of those articles on the composition of a tariff of customs for the admission of the same products or manufactures from other countries. When exported, however, a drawback, equivalent or nearly so to the excise, is allowed; deduct the revenue from the protection duty, and the real customhouse tax remains. Upon no other sound basis can a comparison be instituted between the Prussian and the British commercial systems. We might retaliate the argument by showing how France prohibits our cottons, and woollens, and loads our coal and iron with unjustifiable discriminative charges; how Russia shuts out all our fabrics; how the United States surcharges cotton and woollen cloths, and hardware, and pottery, with fiscal visitations, varying from twenty to seventy or eighty per cent upon real values, whilst we admit her raw cottons customs free to the annual amount alone of nearly *six millions of pounds sterling*; Russian hemp and tallow at nominal, and French silks at, by comparison, moderate duties; but we are not so arrogant or so unjust as to make Prussia answerable for their mistaken policy; we are the first to admit that these are points having no bearing on the question betwixt England and Prussia. Let us, therefore, hear no more of a spe-

land, obliges us to remind him that there are reasons why, above all men, the principal of the former house of Aldebert and Co. and the former Consul of Oldenburg, would feel any thing but gratitude and affection for Manchester and London, or express any sentiment but reverence and regard for England.

cies of deduction not having even the semblance of plausibility about it.

But there are pleas upon which issue may be joined; manufactures or productions common to both, or indigenous to one, and objects of consumption in the other country. This is fair, neutral, and debateable ground, and here we may try the cause. There are difficulties in the way, because the Prussian tariff pretends to proceed upon an *ad valorem* fixation, but is in practice reduced to a poundage, upon some ill explained arbitrary reduction of pounds sterling values into pounds or hundred weights of taxable material. Ours is the manly tariff, in its main features, of real *ad valorem* duty, and the revenue officer plays the merchant fair, by taking possession of his goods, and paying him for them with a bonus of ten per cent thereupon, should there be fair grounds for suspicion that the invoice is understated for the purpose of evading the tax. We recommend this upright method to Prussia, as better suited to benefit her poorer population, than the poundage plan, which seems solely devised to accommodate the rich and noble classes at their expense. Our tariff may contain, as our foreign friend first named (whom in future we shall distinguish as the Memorialist, from his Memoir) states, more than a thousand different stipulations, whilst that of Prussia has but two hundred; the superior extent and variety of our traffic

will account for much, although we are free to say there are still too many. But conceding this, we are not left in the dark, as too often in that of Prussia, and exposed to rates adjudged upon prices long forgotten in the market. We have no prohibitions of import; the word *free* not unfrequently occurs in our table of duties; in the vocabulary of that of Prussia never, excepting on ox blood, manure, or any article or substance under the weight of two ounces. Nominally, indeed, the exportation of certain machines, or parts of machines, is forbidden—really, there is reason to believe the law is acted on as if a dead letter; * the two or three other absolute or qualified prohibitions outwards are too trivial to mention, and appear to be prejudicial only to ourselves, and, at all events, cannot be so to Prussia.

To establish the fair points of contact between rival systems, we shall take the standard products of Prussia on the one hand, to contrast with those of England on the other, as they exchange, or are suited to exchange, with each other. The cases selected are the strongholds of the former, and her eternal theme of declamation—corn and timber; and on our side, salt, cottons, and woollens. Now it must be borne in mind, that with the aid of our colonies we grow, or can grow, corn and timber sufficient for our own consumption. Assuming, with Mr

The price of corn here at	42s.
The duty on foreign importation will be	44s. 8d.
Deduct the discriminating protection which it may be presumed our colonies are justly entitled to,	5s.
Real duty on Prussian corn,	39s. 8d.

or, in round numbers, about ninety-five per cent. We admit the tax to be enormous; but there are those modifying circumstances attendant upon its operation, that as the price of corn rises the tax diminishes in-

versely, until at seventy-three shillings it is nearly nominal, or little more than one and a half per cent.

So we deal with corn; let us examine how Prussia retaliates with our salt, of which she imports con-

* We do hope some independent Member of Parliament may be found in the next Session to move for an "account of all the machinery exported—of the number of licenses granted by the Board of Trade—of the parties, or names of the parties, to whom, and the dates at which the licenses and each separate license has been so granted—for the last eight years; say, from the 1st January, 1824, to the 1st January, 1830, inclusive. It will afford some curious matter for reflection on this law and its evasion.

siderable quantities. Both countries alike produce salt; here the importation is free; there it is a royal monopoly. The import into Prussia is, in truth, duty free, and open to all comers; but they are bound to re-export it, or sell it to the government, not at a fair valuation or a market rate, but at a price fixed by the government itself. True, that price is usually established and published once and for the whole year, as a guide to all, by the directors of the administration, but they do not bind themselves to purchase, except at their own convenience, as Liverpool merchants can tell, whose ships with ventures of salt have always, or nearly so, bulk unbroken, returned to hand, with the trivial inconveniences of averages, wear and tear, and wages to discharge. The directors somehow purchase salt only when imported in Prussian vessels, and these are, by that and other causes, enabled to undersail the British with lumber, because of the certainty of a return cargo. Do we blame Prussia? Far from it. She favours her own subjects in salt as we do ours in corn. All the distinction lies in this that with her, salt is a total prohibition, relaxed periodically by, as we may call it, an Order in Council; with us, corn is a *quasi* prohibition, modified by prices, and abolished when a failure occurs in our usually ample home and colonial production; with this

European oak is, without duty, per load, . . .	L. 6	5	0	
The duty, L. 2, 15s, or say, . . .				15 per cent.
But inasmuch as we lay a tax of 10s. per load on our own Canada timber, the duty is but . . .	2	5	0	
Or about . . .				37 per cent.
On Memel fir it is, however, heavier, say, price per load, . . .	3	0	0	
Duty L. 2, 5s, or . . .				75 per cent.

After all, this is much more than the duty *really* paid by Prussia. In graduating a tax upon foreign commodities, care should be taken here, and generally is, as well as in other countries, to collate for taxation the respective costs of production of articles common to each. Freight enters largely into the value of tim-

ber. According to the evidence of J. D. Powles, Esq. before the TRADE AND NAVIGATION Committee of 1833—a merchant, whose intelligence, accuracy, and respectability, has not, and will not, we think, be impugned—the relative question of freights stands thus:—

We must now examine another special hobby of political economists here and free traders in Prussia—the timber duties. According to the <i>Prices Current</i> , the mean price of—			
John Diston Powles, Esq.—			
Freight of Timber from Memel, 1833, per load, . . .	L. 0	18	0
Ditto ditto Quebec, . . .	1	17	0
Difference against Quebec . . .	L. 0	19	0

In common fairness, therefore, towards Canada, and barely to equalize cost, we must from the duty of

	L.2	5	0
Deduct difference of freight.	0	19	0

Leaving actual duty 1 6 0

Which on Prussian oak makes the real tax about

21 per cent.

And on Prussian fir, makes the real tax about

43 ditto.

We quote from the speech of George Frederick Young, Esq. in the House of Commons, on June 5, 1834.* We say nothing here of the differential charges of felling and floating the timber to the coast, as between Canada and Prussia, although those must be considerable; for, in the former country, labour is as high—perhaps higher—than here; whilst we do know that the Prussian boor (see Jacob's Reports) is happy to slave for two shillings and sixpence the week. Nor shall we enter into the subject of the fair extra protection to be allowed to colonies which are bound to take our manufactured products almost tax free.

The following are the rates actually levied in the Prusso-Germanic confederation, on cottons, woollens, &c. They are copied from a letter in the *Leeds Mercury*, dated Frankfurt, December 27, 1833. Although so far back, there need be no question that the same rates are now the

law in 1836, as surely as they were in 1823,† when, as Baron Maltzahn advised the late Mr Canning, in 1826, the averages were computed; the poundage system of Prussia is as the law of the Medes and Persians, and altereth not. It will be seen how they tally with a pretended ten per cent *ad valorem* charge.

COTTON MANUFACTURES.

Calicoes	} and all Cotton Piece Goods, 1s. 6d. per lb. duty.
Velvets	
Velveteens	
Velveret	

To prevent the possibility of cavil, it should be stated that the Leeds paper adds, these rates are "extracted from a printed copy of the tariff in Germany, furnished by a mercantile house in Leeds, and which will lie at our office for some days for the inspection of merchants and manufacturers." Let us see how the tax works in detail. Calicoes, weighing 4 lb. each, are selling in

* This speech has been printed by the Shipowner's Society, and no speech ever better deserved it—it ought to have been in letters of gold. But why, in truth's name, did they not print and publish beside it—in juxtaposition—the reply of the Right Hon. Poulett Thomson? How finely would the facts and figures, plain, easy, and comprehensible so that a child might expound the simple sterling English of the one, contrast with the threadbare, economical trash, the tawdry would-be fine diction (for neither facts nor figures were stated or appealed to) of the other—after months of preparation, too? We trust yet that the Shipowner's Society may be induced to reprint, with the addition suggested—in a cheaper form, for the present pamphlet is too high priced for general circulation; a sixpenny or threepenny edition would be the thing. They say Mr Young is a Radical; if that speech be Radicalism, we care not how soon the radical dealer in such sound English stuff is at the head of the Board of Trade.

† We find, on a more careful reading of the Prussian Memoirs, that we have committed an unintentional error, rather in favour of than against Prussia. It would appear that the poundage was raised so lately as 1831—that is, after Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, and some other small states had acceded to the union. The words of the author are—"The increase of the duties in 1831 is only illusory, and to be looked upon as an equivalent for the payment in gold coin, which, if not paid in kind, must be calculated in silver." We do not profess clearly to comprehend the exact bearing of this, and as the Memoir was transmitted to us in English, which the writer understands very well—but writes somewhat in the involved style of his own language, we have had no opportunity of comparing it with the corresponding German phraseology. We presume that some difference of relative currency values was pretended, under cover of which to advance the duties.

Manchester at about six shillings the piece; it may be somewhat more or less, but greater precision is not necessary, say,

Piece of calico 4 lb. . . 6s.

Duty at 1s. 6d. per lb. . . 6s.

or 100 per cent, Prussian tariff.

This mode of calculation may be objected to as too summary; we are aware of that, although we only profess to give gross and approximate results. Add ten per cent, therefore, to the price of the calico for agency, package, and shipping charges, and the tariff still meets us with between ninety and one hundred per cent tax.

Piece of fustian, weighing

20 lb., measuring 60 yards, L. s.

at 10d. per yard,* comes to 2 10

Tariff, at 1s. 6d. per lb. . . 1 10

or fifty-five per cent. We do not here take the charges into account, for reasons stated below. Could we give the real qualities and value of this article as exported, there is sufficient ground for belief, that, all contingencies provided for, the duty really operates to the extent of more than sixty, perhaps seventy per cent.

Cotton prints are tariffed from 40 to 50 per cent. The duty on counterpanes would be 140 per cent. Cambrics and muslins for gentlefolks are, however, tariffed in not quite 30 per cent. We need not extend the list, but it may be useful to remark, that cotton manufactories similar to ours, and making these and all our other descriptions of fabrics, exist to a very considerable extent, especially in Prussian Rhineland and Saxony, where wages are not more than one half, perhaps, those of Lancashire and Warwickshire. Yet our

tariff admits foreign cotton manufactures, of whatever quality, at a *bona fide* ten per cent upon real value; and when wholly or in part made up, not otherwise charged with duty (*ex stockings*) twenty per cent. *ad valorem*.† It is hardly necessary to adduce more proof of the differential excellence and moderation of the Prussian tariff; we shall therefore briefly state that,

Woollen or Worsted goods

are fixed . . . 96s. per 110 lbs.

Carpets . . . 60s. do.

Upon which the *Leeds Mercury* observes that, "it appears, therefore, that the duty on woollen manufactured goods is 96s. per 110 lbs., or nearly 1s. per lb. weight, which on coatings and low goods—almost the only woollens sent to the German market—is a complete prohibition.

"On worsted stuffs the duty, though nominally the same, will not operate as a prohibition, but it will certainly diminish the quantity sent."

In Hardwares :

Hardware, low, from cast

Iron . . . 3s. 0d. per 110 lbs.

Ditto, low, from beat

Iron . . . 18s. 0d. per 110 lbs.

Ditto, fine . . . 30s. 0d. per 110 lbs.

Mr Becher owns to some difficulty in instituting a parallel between the two tariffs on these goods. We advise him to ascertain the value of the goods here, and then he will be at no loss to estimate the difference between our twenty per cent *ad valorem* and the above duties. In like manner, let the Memorialist compare the fifteen per cent on woollen manufactures, and the twenty per cent (not thirty as he has it) on woollens, "wholly or in part

* The able and industrious author of *Burn's Commercial Glance* averages the price of all fustians at 11d., and the length as above. But as the best and heaviest descriptions are retained for home consumption, because the prices are too high for foreign markets, and as, besides, the great bulk of that make is taken off by what is technically called the "town and country trade," we believe our average price for the exports is yet even too high.

† A short, but most effective letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, in reply to an article in his ninety-second number on the Corn Laws, by John Wright, Esq., of Lenton House, near Nottingham, dated in 1834, now before us, has the following MS. note appended to it:—

"Saxony stockings, fashioned, bleached, and trimmed as well as our own, are now selling in London, after paying the duty of twenty per cent, at from ten to fifteen per cent lower than English cost, though the makers of ours are at starvation wages."

made up," with the Prussian ten per cent *ad valorem* poundage, amounting, as he confesses, to eleven per cent on an average, and he will be able to ascertain the prohibitory extent of his "moderate" duty. This gentleman confesses that on cottons the duty operates "some-what higher than any other legal one, amounting to about sixteen per cent on the average value of cotton goods." So much for the ten per cent *ad valorem* system of Prussia. The same rule holds good, in a less degree, with linens and silks, but we have not room for exemplifications. Silk goods indeed, Mr Becher owns, are "valued at the *lowest possible rate*," and we believe him. The lower orders in Prussia are down, and the rule is to keep them down; an aristocracy of silks and satins must be fostered against them; their sumptuary laws are only for the poor. Our silk duties are a fair thirty per cent upon value, yet our Memorialist commits the grievous mistake of assuming, and reasoning upon it in words and figures, that the duty upon figured silks here is L.1, 15s. a pound; it is, however, 15s. only. We have said the Prussian tariff is for the rich and noble; let us show how this is effected so as to exhibit a specious adherence to the ten per cent *ad valorem* principle. The prices of the finest and most expensive goods (of which few are consumed comparatively), comprising very many varieties nevertheless, are averaged with those of the vast bulk of the lower kinds for common use, of few diversities, and the mean value taken for equal taxation. For example, take the prices of each of one hundred various sorts of fine and expensive goods, and those of ten descriptions of low and coarser kinds, of fifty times the consumption of the former: add them together, and frame a ten per cent code upon the average value. We presume this to be the method, as most people will, from the extraordinary discrepancy between the ten per cent *ad valorem* of her tariff on paper, and the poundage system as viewed in practice in Prussia. Of course the poor pay the enormous balance chalked against them for the benefit of the rich, and save it up out of black bread at $\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb., and sour

wine—sour trash—at $\frac{1}{2}$ d a bottle. Mr Gregg, of somewhere near Manchester, who is a mortal foe to corn laws, and considers the wages of Bönne and Rouen the *ne plus ultra* of operative perfection, cites those facts as a model of sobriety of living, we presume, for the British labourer. Mr Becher, in his zeal to exaggerate the importance of Prussia (for Germany is but a secondary consideration with him), commits some grievous errors regarding her imports of British manufactures which we cannot now expose in much detail. He assumes that the greater proportion of our cottons exported to Hamburgh, Rotterdam, and Antwerp were not for German, Swiss, Belgian, or French account, but chiefly for that of Prussia. Instead of vague and general assertion, why did not he, why has not our Prussian Memorialist given us the official returns of imports of the Prussian custom-houses? It is singular enough that Baron Maltzahn made a lame excuse for the omission of the same conclusive data when asserting the like facts, or something approaching to them, in 1826. We have no official documents to show for a contrary conviction, but we are disposed to consider, nevertheless, and others better informed are of the same opinion, that of the twenty-three and a half million lbs. spun yarn exported to Hamburgh and Bremen, in 1833, three fourths, at the least, were for the consumption of Saxony, Austria, and divers parts of Germany, not then subject to the Prussian tariff, and not one-sixth part for Prussia herself. Some of it probably found its way into Sweden.

Of the 36,800,000 yards of fustians, plain and printed goods to the same places, the great bulk must have been for the Leipsic and Frankfort or Oder fairs, and no inconsiderable portion of the residue for the consumption of Hanover and the Huns Towns themselves. We question whether Prussia was a consumer to any considerable extent, except of the finer descriptions of prints, cambrics, and muslins. No doubt, however, an additional contraband introduction of all sorts was effected, through the temptations of her prohibitory tariff along the line of her Saxon frontier.

Of the 43,000,000 yards of net and lace entered into the same ports, it is probable that Prussia took her share for the pleasure of the little taxed court and fashion of Berlin.

Of the 11,500,000 lbs. cotton twist exported *via* Rotterdam and Antwerp, and the 13,000,000 yards of printed and plain fabrics and fustians, and the 18,000,000 yards of net and lace to and through the same ports, we know that a very considerable proportion, with respect to yarns, was destined for Switzerland, and of all the descriptions for the German States bordering on the Rhine, in quantities comparatively much greater than what was taken, illicitly at least, for the use of Prussian Rhineland.

It is not so difficult to imagine a very simple plan by which pounds *valoir* may be reduced into pounds *avoirdupois*, with substantial benefit to revenue or monopoly—or to salve even that odious word—prohibition. Take one piece of lace, for example, weighing half a pound, and one piece of fustian, weighing twenty pounds—here weight overbalances value, and therefore a poundage will tell of some fifty or sixty per cent, when the *ad valorem* would only have made its legal 10 per cent. We shall shortly show how it works on a large scale. The primary object of Mr C. C. Becher, in his exhibition of the extent of our trade in cottons to Germany, is, to swell the preponderating importance of Prussia; secondarily, he remembers Germany as a means to an end. We doubt, and we have more reasons for doubting than those we have already given, or than we can stop to give now, the pretended great consumption of our cottons by Prussia—how could it be with her tariff? By and by, perhaps,

we shall be able to edge in a hint of what Eastern Prussia does. But in order that Prussia may ride on some, no matter whose shoulders, to factitious consequence, he classes the whole of our exports of cotton yarns and piece goods to France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Hannover, the Hanse Towns, Brunswick, and other small states, as if all, or nearly all, for Germany—and therefore Prussia. Incidentally he does indeed allude to two or three of these states, but France and others he omits to reckon on altogether. With about as much reason might he swell the grand total by pressing into the service our exportations to China. However, we shall humour him in the extravagance, that he may have no cause to object to calculations founded on his figures rather than our own. Our object is to bring the Prussian poundage system and the Prussian 10 per cent *ad valorem* system face to face, and make them answer the charge of our supposed inordinate timber duties. The pair do not run well in harness; in spite of all our training, timber-toes will shoot ahead and have the best of mule and power-loom. The following memoranda, loosely and in haste put together, will, perhaps, make the thing more intelligible to our readers. We have taken the exports for 1833, the year selected in Mr Becher's pamphlet, adding merely the calicoes which he had left out, and discarding cotton yarns, which are there, as wool, a raw material from Germany is here, almost duty free. The prices and weights are taken from, or based upon, *Mura's Commercial Glance* for the same year. We only profess, however, to give approximate calculations in round numbers.

Supposed Imports of Germany by the Hanse Towns, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, in 1833. Ad valorem system.

Yards.	Value.
38,800,000 of printed cottons, . . .	L 800,000
5,800,000 cambrics and muslins, . . .	160,000
21,000,000 calicoes, &c., . . .	300,000
6,000,000 velveteens, . . .	260,000
61,400,000 lace, . . .	800,000
	<hr/>
	2,320,000
Add 10 per cent, agency, freight, &c. &c.,	232,000
	<hr/>
	2,552,000
	<hr/>
Duty on the same 10 per cent <i>ad valorem</i> ,	255,000

PRUSSIAN POUNDAGE SYSTEM.

Yards.		Lbs.
58,800,000 printed cottons equal to	.	5,440,000
5,800,000 cambrics and muslins,	.	870,000.
21,000,000 calicoes,	.	5,000,000
6,000,000 velveteens,	.	2,000,000
61,400,000 lace,	.	767,500
	Lbs.	14,077,000
Poundage at 1s. 6d. per lb. as per Prussian tariff,		L.1,055,755
The 10 per cent <i>ad valorem</i> , by and to represent		
which, the poundage was squared,	.	255,000
over and above the 10 per cent <i>ad val.</i>	.	L.800,755

That is, in the vocabulary of Prussia, a 10 per cent *ad valorem* duty means poundage; and poundage signifies from 15 to 90 per cent, as the case may be. Translated into French gaizes, the fiscal import of the *ad valorem* probably reciprocates fairly with that language; but rendered in-

to English cottons, it signifies, as we see, at the least 40 per cent. It is not unlikely, however, that for the finer kinds of cotton, such as lace, the poundage is made to change hands with the *ad valorem*, by way of greater convenience and profit. For example:—

	l.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Average value of one piece of lace, 40 yards long,	1	1	8		
10 per cent <i>ad valorem</i> would be				2	2
As it weighs 8 ounces only, the poundage, at 1s. 6d.					
per lb., comes only to					9
Loss to the Treasury,				1	5

As we have shown, the Treasury is rightly recompensed for this apparent loss—indeed this is the secret of the art of smuggling an enormous revenue—by clubbing lace and fustians together. We are told the Board of Trade is in possession of the plan and details on which this nefarious Prussian system is founded;—we stigmatize it as nefarious, because it pretends justice and executes robbery—if so, why is it not published for the benefit of manufacturers and merchants, instead of being locked up in the bureau of Mr P. Thomson, where to the day of judgment it will be forgotten, unless the Manchester rump chance to have an interest in asking for it? Our readers will understand that the foregoing calculations suppose that, as Mr Becher would almost make it appear, all the goods actually go to Germany and Prussia, which they do not. But the part that is exported to those countries has been or will be taxed in that proportion, and the whole,

should exportation, which is very unlikely now, ever reach that amount.

We have consorted corn and salt, timber, cottons, and woollens; we have shown our own manly and upright mode of dealing—that we do not sneak a 10 per cent into 50 or 100—our price is there, and no abatement; let the Prussian free trade manœuvre speak for itself. Our Prussian friends boast of their trifling taxation of cotton yarn—so may we with more cause of ours on Saxon and Silesian wool. Six shillings per centzner upon yarn is not so low as 1d. per lb. on wool. They are both raw material for England, as for Prussia—articles of first necessity; how would the weavers of Germany live without our thirty-five million pounds weight of yarns, when the importation of raw cotton wool for the whole of the spinneries of Germany, Switzerland, and parts of other States, was for the year 1833 no more than 8½ millions of lbs. —so far as North American cotton, the great bulk of consumption, is

concerned? In order to an approximate estimate, for the study of the statesman of Berlin, and the initiation of our own fellow countrymen into the arcana of the system, by virtue of which commerce is made to "fructify in the pockets of the

people" (the elegant lingo of Austin Friars' *philosophie* transplanted to the Trade Board), we subjoin a short but pithy statement from the national ledger—a Dr and Cr account current—of the "reciprocal" interests of the parties concerned.

OFFICIAL VALUE (REPRESENTING QUANTITIES.)

British exports to Prussia in 1820,	.	.	L.1,317,180
do in 1831,	dwindled to		829,302
British imports from Prussia in 1820,	.	.	L.729,683
do in 1831,	.	.	1,200,102

showing that our exports have diminished by nearly one half, whilst our imports have exactly doubled during the same period. We have not room for the table of the intervening years, exhibiting the forced marches of the "fructification." This is not all, how-

ever; the official values represent quantities only so far as British exports are concerned, whilst for imports they are supposed to approximate to real values as well as to quantities.

Declared or real value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to Prussia in 1820,	L.192,409
do in 1831,	L.192,816!!!
Of which, in 1831, British cottons,	L.70,779
Wooliens,	12,323

There is some colonial produce exported also, which will swell the amount of the total exports in 1831, probably to nearly L.500,000.

The official (or quantity) valuation is L.416,061; the real or declared amount we have not at the moment at hand; it is perhaps actually less

than L.300,000, but the fact is of little consequence.

Our exportations, real value, are, therefore, about *one third* of our importations!!! These, however, are not the whole of the "reciprocal" benefits showered upon us by Prussia and the economical school.

SHIPPING.

				Tons.
British tonnage employed in the trade with				
Prussia,	.	.	1820	87,451
Prussian,	do.	.	do.	60,450
British,	do.	.	1831	83,908
Prussian,	do.	.	do.	140,532

The average of two distinct periods of four years each, shows the following results:—

				Tons.
Average annual amount of British tonnage from 1820 to 1823 inclusive,				
Do. Prussian	do.			87,772
Do. British	do.			60,613
Do. Prussian	do.			93,665
Do. British	do.			124,306
Exhibiting an increase in British shipping of				5,898 or 6½ per cent.
Do. Prussian				63,693 or 105 per cent.

As stated by Mr G. F. Young, in this speech referred to. The subject has grown upon us as we advanced in our labours. We had not contemplated going into it at this length; but its surpassing importance will excuse us to one and all. It is only fair to add, that no inconsiderable addition to our export-trade takes place by way of Hamburg with Central Prussia, and by Rotterdam and Antwerp with Western or Rhineland Prussia; but, to balance this, our importations from her by the same channels must be taken into the account. What the respective amounts of those imports and exports really are can only be rendered by the Prussian custom-houses; and, doubtless, if they told on the side of Prussia, and against England, we should not have to wait for the balance-sheet. Our calculations refer more especially to Eastern or Prussia Slavonic, for which alone we could produce official vouchers. These prove a decreasing consumption of British products, and, relatively, a decreasing employment of British shipping, to an extent which must cause disquietude, if not alarm. It is only reasonable to infer that Western Prussia, under the rule of the same customs poundage system, would furnish an inventory, more or less varied and instructive, of similar consequences from one common cause.

The industrial progression for Prussia has been extraordinary, and the prospects held out to Germany as the certain reward of league and covenant and fiscal union with her, are pictured in colours most vivid and alluring. We rejoice—Great Britain can still afford to rejoice—with the one; may the word of promise be kept to the other. Germany dashes the cup of possession from her lips for an el Dorado in perspective, brilliant doubtless, but illusory, as that which mocked whilst it beckoned onwards the daring Spaniard to tempt the unknown wastes of the Amazons. But has the advancement of Prussia surpassed that of Germany? We may be allowed to question the fact; we have our misgivings that the superior prosperity of Saxony at least, of Leipzig and Frankfort-on-Main—to say nothing of Switzerland and Belgium,

extra Germanic—under the ancient, their own system, has long been an eyesore—a thorn rankling in the mind of the Cabinet of Berlin. It seeks alliance, perhaps the more safely as the more insidiously, to undermine; the bug is compulsory as that of Bruin; why may it not be as murderous? It resembles the lying down of the wolf with the lamb before slaughter. In any case, Prussia Slavonic has interests at variance with those of Central and Western Germany—she has objects to accomplish which only can be accomplished at their cost. Without deviating farther from our path to unravel a point no ways knotty, we shall cast a glance over the proofs of Prussia's onward commercial career, proffering to her moreover our sincere congratulations for all and whatever portion of it may not have been purchased, by undue means and under false pretences, at our expense. If the first pulse of our hearts beats for Britain—

“Land of our sires! what mortal hand
Shall e'er unloose the filial band
That binds us to our native strand.”—

those hearts have still wherewith of the milk of human kindness to ally, to identify, the interests and happiness of the whole human race with theirs—how much more so of Germany, of whose best blood, refreshed and strengthened during succeeding ages, with the grateful infusions of kindred alliances and friendship never-failing, they are the inheritors. With these feelings—with these convictions—common to us as to all of England's children—we repudiate indignantly the unwarrantable insinuation of our Prussian Memorialist, that “the sight of the whole of Germany industrious and flourishing can only do good to a German heart.” Is Slavonic Prussia, then, more German than Saxon England?

The exertions made by Prussia for the encouragement of domestic industry since the pacification of Europe in 1815, have been no less unremitting than successful; they are worthy of all praise and must command, because they are entitled to, universal admiration. If we may question the soundness of some, and detect a purpose more sinister than laudable in other of her economical

measures, it is impossible to deny at this time of day that, as a whole, they have worked well for the material prosperity and the political aggrandizement of the state. We have already explained how they have been turned to the furtherance of the last, and must content ourselves with a brief advertence only to their

practical operation upon the former. The cotton manufacture has attained to so flourishing a condition that, with the help of spun yarn from hence, she is enabled, after supplying the home demand, to meet us in foreign markets with the surplus productions of her—not power but—hand-loom.

Her exportations of cottons to Egypt, Italy, the United States, and Spanish America, North and South, amounted in 1826 to

	15,871 centznrs of 110 lbs.
And increased, notwithstanding the stagnation caused by the cholera in 1831 to	19,358 do.
Which, assuming an average rate of * 3 lb. per piece, gives rather more than	700,000 pieces.
And at 24 yards per piece,	16,800,000 yards.
Of silks, the exports, 1825,	1,718 centznrs.
rose in 1831, to	1,253 do.
And of mixed silks to	2,277 more.

Within the space of three years, the export of linens was—

From 1829 to 1831 inclusive,	111,073 centznrs
notwithstanding the Russian and Polish markets had been closed against her.	
The export of wool was in 1823,	90,357 do.
in 1830,	130,251 do.
But fell in 1831 to	70,364 do.
The export of wool manufactures amounted in 1831 to	46,266 do.

The woollen manufacture in Prussia is, we are told, “constantly rising;” and so we may judge from the fact that in 1831 there were in full action 356,668 looms. The manufactories of Liegnitz in Silesia, of

Luckenwalde in Brandenburg, of Aix la Chapelle, Eupen, Lennep, Ketwig, are said to be equal to those of any other country. The number of looms employed in the weaving of linen was

in 1825,	240,784
in 1831, increased to	258,819

The imported stocks exhibited at the three yearly fairs of Frankfort on Oder, which were in

1820 of foreign wares and produce,	21,705 centznrs.
of domestic,	57,510 do.
Rose in 1831 to foreign,	39,520 do.
domestic,	106,100 do.

These statistics are interesting, and afford gratifying evidences of national career prosperous as praiseworthy. The exportations, during late years, of the same manufactured commodities which it so largely imports, may induce the suspicion of some hot-house process, with the view of stimulating artificially the

more safe, though sluggish, powers of natural production. In creating the Rhenish West India Company, of which the King and the Court were the largest shareholders and merchant adventurers, it is not unlikely that Baron von Moss was flying at higher game than a mere investment of capital for the chance

* We take 3 lbs. as a fair average, because, although with no precise data to assist us, we incline to think her exports will chiefly be of light and middling fine goods. As fustians and other of the heavier fabrics are now to a great extent made in this country by power-loom, it is probable that they may still retain some superiority over the cheap hand labour of Prussia. The export of velveteens from hence seems to confirm this view.

of profitable return. It might be his policy to parade Prussia expanding and glorious under the genial mid-day sunshine of her system; stretching forth her vigorous arms to the East, and the South, and the far West, and gathering into her lap the precious fruits of the whole earth, to the wonder and envy of more humble neighbours and states, upon whom the beams of industrial sunrise were but just glancing. He perhaps hoped to hear their petitions, that they, too, might be admitted within the magic circle of such a system—that they, too, might be fostered and sheltered under the wide-spreading foliage of the family tree. For this, two or three millions of rix-dollars were well lavished—and they were lavished and lost. The Rhenish West India Company exists no more; but it served to swell, though unprofitably, in the commercial sense, the list of Prussian exports, whilst it did its probably appointed service of extending sound and about the Prussian League. Mr C. C. Becher, its sub-director, in a laconic reference to it, acquaints us, that during its ephemeral existence, it freighted twenty English vessels alone, with cargoes to the value of a million and a half of pounds ster-

ling, of German manufactures and products, for distant realms. He cites the freightage as a proof of German feeling favourable to us; and as such we hail it at his hands. But what to Prussia was the loss of two or three millions of rix-dollars, in the furtherance of a favourite object? What half a million more to Prince Amelius of Hesse Darmstadt—or Prince Emila, as in the French army list he is enrolled? What the loss of three millions more on the first year's partition of the fiscal spoil? What all the cost of Hesse Cassel, Nassau, &c., &c., additional, to which fixed revenues were guaranteed, if not bribes administered? Lord Palmerston may have represented to his gracious Sovereign that Prussia plays a losing game—nay, more, he may produce evidence from Weimar to swear it—but the Sovereign and the people understand deductions from facts and figures quite as well as himself and his sub-officials. Whatever the Prussian Government have squandered was for an object above price—that object is attained. Can the Secretary, who has recklessly expended thrice as much on and off the shores of the Bosphorus, of the Maese, of Portugal,* and of Spain, say as

Let our able and excellent contemporary the *Leeds Intelligencer* answer for him. —The following memorial from the manufacturers of Leeds and neighbourhood has been presented to Lord Palmerston, and transmitted to him through Sir John Beckett, member for the borough:—

“We, the undersigned woollen merchants and manufacturers, resident in the borough of Leeds, trading to Portugal, beg leave to call your attention to the following statement, viz:—

“That the woollen merchants in Leeds trading to Portugal have lately received the alarming information from their correspondents in that kingdom, that it is there firmly believed to be the intention of the Portuguese government, in January, 1836, considerably to increase the import duty on woollen cloths from England, in such a manner as will materially enhance the price, and consequently greatly diminish the consumption, if it does not ultimately ruin the export trade to that kingdom, by encouraging the native manufacture of the Peninsula, and in this opinion they are sorry to say the letters by the last mail, dated Lisbon the 31st ult., confirm them.

“That this policy of the Portuguese Government is the more to be regretted, because a considerable quantity of the woollens sent to Portugal found their way into Spain, in consequence of the moderate import duty into Portugal, and the prohibitory one when sent direct into Spain.

“That the intention of the Portuguese Government is supposed to be in retaliation for the measure adopted by the British Government in 1831, by equalizing the import duties on wines in France on a par with those from Portugal; since which alteration it appears by official documents that the importation to England of French wines has actually diminished, whilst the British consumption of Portuguese wines has not much varied, but latterly increased. The jealousy of the Portuguese government, therefore, appears to be founded in error, and forms a strong reason for the mediation of the British government. It is therefore considered of high and pressing importance that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should be respectfully

much? We tell him—too surely it will be news for one who condescends not to commerce and statistics—that Prussian trading has threefold increased throughout Germany already, and the consequent commensurate produce of internal taxation yields an ample dividend on the original outlay. The cares of Prussia have, however, not ended here. An institution—the *Sce Handlung*—has been founded also for the encouragement of foreign commerce, with its headquarters at Stetten—its adventures even now extend to China. Moreover, Polytechnic schools are established in all the districts of the kingdom, and one, more especially, at Berlin, in which the arts of manufacture are *practically* as well as theoretically developed, and machines of the newest invention introduced from England and France for the purpose of imitation, and the spread of the knowledge of them through the country. So far was this foreseeing and indefatigable zeal pushed, that pupils were despatched a few years since to examine the machinery of the celebrated corn-mills of Richmond, in the United States, in order to introduce into Prussia the most improved, rapid, and economical method of converting wheat into flour, for West India and South American consumption.

Such are the evidences, and such the results, of Prussian policy and the Prussian system. Masterly combinations have been worked out with constancy unwavering—with patience untiring—as the needle to the Pole, so has been the eye of her statesmen bent unflinchingly on one point. The good ship has accomplished her voyage, and is safely riding at her anchorage; whilst the once majestic sea-worthy three-decker of England is tossing to and fro on the ocean—the needle, reft of its ancient magnetic power, veering to all points of the compass, and steady at none—pride, folly, ignorance, and conceit at the helm. But although for defence against the ambition of France, and independence of the trammels of Russia, and annoyance to the commerce of Britain,

the strength of Prussia be immeasurably augmented and consolidated, we are not among those who fancy it can be wielded at will as a mighty instrument of political designs. The Prusso-Germanic Union, so long as it remains—as long should it hold together, must it remain—a fiscal and commercial alliance only, will, all-puissant as it is against hostility from without, be powerless as an engine of aggressive ambition to Prussia. The league would prove a rope of sand should dreams of foreign conquest, or uncalled for interference between foreign states, engage her in warfare; should the revenues of the subordinate confederacy once become jeopardised, the bands will soon be sundered by one and all. Russia feels that Prussia—that Germany—escape from her thralldom through the consummation of this union; we see it in the insidious insinuations of her agents, that she alone is all-powerful for the protection of the smaller states—that Prussia is unequal to the task. Whatever, therefore, may be the *dénouement* of the Eastern question, Austria and England have less to fear from demonstrations on the side of Prussia, shackled by commercial engagements as she now politically is. Her true interests are, however, for peace, and in that sense we firmly believe her councils are at present swayed. The formidable defensive agglomeration of which she may be said to be the centre and moving power, must, it is impossible not to perceive, tend wonderfully to the developement of the social and economical system. Capital, hitherto diverted from beneficial investment on a large scale, by the palpable perils of her geographical position, and the consequent insecurity of industry and property, may be expected hereafter, fortified as she now is with nearly all Germany for wall and bulwark, to unlock its coffers and accelerate the march of manufacturing and mercantile enterprise. In pursuing the accomplishment of these great ends, all means, whether foul or fair, have been unhesitatingly applied. Whilst her own overreaching system has been

requested to communicate with the Portuguese Government, with a view of preventing any increase on the duties of British woollens imported into Portugal."

(Signed by the Woollen Houses in Leeds connected with Portugal.)

prodigally lauded by interested partisans in Germany and besotted as blind political economists in England, our more liberal, as more upright, system she has unscrupulously traduced and misrepresented. Sixteen millions of ancient well-approved friends and customers have been led into the snare, and lost to us, to their own signal disadvantage as to ours, as hereafter they will find to their sorrow.

Mean while, it is time that we be up and stirring, for the circle is narrowing around us,—an American envoy is already at Berlin treating with the union,—and professing friends are even more active in the unholy conspiracy than open foes. The interests of France are little involved in the question of the Germanic League; she is neither willing, nor does she deem it compatible with her own advancement, to lend us a helping hand at home or elsewhere. Five years of costly experiments are there to attest the fact.* The expediency of some modifications of our fiscal system is a subject that begins to press upon our attention. The oppressive duties on West-India sugars—the heavy discrimination on those of the East—the prohibition of those of Cuba and Brazil—seem to require some revision; but change, if change be found beneficial, demands a prudence and coolness which we vainly seek in the Board of Trade, as at present constituted. The great manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural interests have no confidence in—they utterly distrust it. The consumption of our fabrics might be greatly augmented in Brazil and

Cuba were returns more facilitated. In the carrying trade from these countries to the Mediterranean and the Baltic, we are already undersailed by our swarming competitors of the United States. Out of about 1900 vessels employed in the traffic to and from the whole of Cuba, more than two-thirds—say 1250—are North American, and only 150 or 160 British. Were foreign bonded coin, under strict regulation and safeguard, permitted to be taken out, ground and prepared, and shipped to Havanna, some profitable employment might perhaps accrue to, and diminish the sufferings of, that most important class, the shipping interest. Havanna alone consumes of flour, from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York, to the amount of several millions of dollars per annum; and so entirely dependent is it for this necessary of life upon its neighbours, that we have known flour rise from five or six dollars per barrel to twenty dollars through delay of arrivals for a few days only from contrary winds. Corn is generally much cheaper in the Baltic than in the United States, and the profits upon its manufacture here, and freighting outward, would, in all probability, be no inconsiderable amount, and all without detriment, but the reverse, to the great agricultural interests of the country—those interests being the substratum of all others, and therefore above all others to be cherished and protected. We throw off these suggestions for the meditation of all whom they may concern, with haste and not without hesitation, for we must draw to a close. Some graduated reduction of the timber duties may per-

* In four years Messrs Villiers and Bowring, and the latter gentleman alone, have furnished two Reports on French Commerce, most bounteously interlarded with free trade dissertations; the first for the most part consisting of reprints from the statistical tables of Messrs Porter and Moreau; the second chiefly of the evidence given by Mr Bowring himself, and others, before the Silk Committee of 1832, and of Bordeaux memorials, and extended notices of wines and the wine districts. What interest nationally can attach here to the prime cost and gross product of French wines in France? We neither grow nor make them. Are two or three thousand pounds a year required to publish books that shall compete with Cyrus Redding and Lewis Goldsmith? We have just cast our eyes over one of Mr Jacob's Reports—that of 21st February, 1826; it contains alone more original information, collected and arranged in the space of seven months, than the two volumes of the French Commission, the painful labour of four whole years. Was it found more easy to republish silk and collect wine statistics, with which to swell volumes and make out a claim to earnings, than to collect data respecting French cottons and woollens, subjects of vital interest to us? The Reports may be useful as a *recueil*—but the cost!

haps be justifiable, for the sake of Sweden and Norway. Corn, however, must and ought to be, not like salt, a royal, but a national monopoly. First, however, and before all, legal warning should be given that the reciprocity treaty will, so far as Prussia at least is concerned, have run its course on the expiration of the term to which our notice binds us. We shall then take the position which becomes us, nor do we object in the mean time to negotiate another with her, in which the reciprocity shall not be, as hitherto, all on one side. The times are favourable now, whatever they may be hereafter; our manufactures, it is echoed all round the ministerial press, are in a state of unexampled prosperity. Although the truth is, as from such a quarter we might expect, a good deal exaggerated, there is no reason to doubt their present well-doing, whatever we may think of their future prospects. The recent ruinous fall in raw cotton has, however, been a severe blow to the great cotton manufacture, and there are those who consider that fall not yet to have descended to its level. The cultivation and production must be materially augmented in the next by the influence of high prices during past years, and America exporting less values, will import fewer fabrics. The rage of speculation, too, has invaded Lancashire to a dangerous extent; to say nothing of railroads, and other schemes, Manchester alone has manufactured joint-stock banks for half the kingdom. In that town itself, banks are almost as common as factories, and Lancashire and Yorkshire notes, payable at home but not in London, overflow the land, and have almost superseded national

bank notes and sovereigns, where a few years since only, any other medium of exchange could find no currency.

Much of the paid-up capital of some of these banks may, there are grounds for fear, be not disposable when most wanted—so much dead stock, consisting of advances upon their own shares, according to conditions expressed or implied, by which shareholders were allured. The Bank of England has clearly taken the alarm, and is forecasting for its own security against those coming events which cast their shadows before. We advise its directors to look well to the balance of bullion in their cellars—to have trustworthy agents of their own abroad, should supplies fall short as before. It is not decent that the fate of such an establishment should be at the mercy of Jew or Gentile—let them refer to their ledgers for the enormous premiums paid in 1825-26—when the empire was within a few hours of truck-and-barter system—for gold coin and ingots. We could tell them, and perhaps we may some fine day, how the cards were shuffled from Paris to Naples, and the per centages multiplied; but a word in season to the wise is enough. Mean time, despite diminished demand from the New World, and the loss of sixteen millions of customers in the Old, production will hold its course, disregarding consumption; the power-loom* will deluge markets with cloth, and the self-acting mule with twist. The system is even now on the stretch, and may snap in twain with little warning. God grant a crash may not come like the "crash of matter and the wreck of worlds!" A war between France and Amei-

* The power-loom system, commonly so known, ought to be called the Radcliffe system. Without the *dressing machine*, invented by Mr William Radcliffe of Stockport, the power-loom was utterly worthless, except as a piece of curious mechanism. That of Dr Cartwright has never been other than useless; yet he obtained a grant from Parliament of £10,000 for the invention. Mr Samuel Crompton, for his splendid discovery of the spinning-mule, received the niggardly award of £5000 from the same source; but Mr Radcliffe was beguiled by his inventions. His patents were invaded by a joint stock purse combination; and he himself, from a prosperous manufacturer, brought to bankruptcy through expenses, time, and labour, lavished upon his invaluable inventions. The contemporary of Sir Richard Arkwright, and the friend of the late Sir Robert Peel, is, we have reason to believe, yet alive, and at an advanced age languishing in poverty, if not in actual distress—the sole recompense of inventions which have produced, and are producing, millions and tens of millions to his country. We shall perhaps have occasion to advert to this subject in a future Number.

ca,* or between ourselves and Russia, would not improve prospects, but the reverse; for there is the right-of-search question, if nothing else, for trouble. To avert the catastrophe, or mitigate its effects, traffic, and return traffic, must be encouraged from the east, and the west, and the south-west, with due provision for interests, where such are conflicting, interwoven for a long time with national policy and national existence.

We have dissected the system of Prussia—that now of the Prusso-Germanic League—with temper and clearness, we trust, if not with ability—we have contrasted its plausible pretences with its fraudulent performance—we have joined issue on the comparison with our own meeting the aggressor fairly on those weaker outposts especially selected for his attack—we have vindicated, not unsuccessfully, we trust, that which is inexpressibly dear to us as to all our countrymen—the good faith and the honour of Great Bri-

tain. To be duped is not to be dishonoured—the follies of a minister are not always those of the state, but its misfortune, of which it pays all the penalty—no light one in the present case. There is, after all, some comfort in honesty, even though it be honesty befooled—'tis a reflection that cannot stand triumphant knavery in stead. But a nation may not safely persevere in a career of folly and foolhardiness. The time has been that for one tithe of the blunders perpetrated—of the incapacity convicted—of loss and disgrace entailed upon his country—a secretary would have prayed for the rocks and mountains to fall upon and shroud him from popular contempt or popular vengeance. A generous people might yet pardon all—forget all—would the Foreign Minister bestow upon it the parting blessing of—his retirement—no one act of his official life would so well become him as that of his closing scene.† In any case his days of office are numbered, for contacts with

* There is a secret connected with the indemnity sentiment which we will take this occasion to disburden ourselves of, as nobody else, that we know of, has blundered upon it. After the Three Days of July business, Lafayette had actually acceded to the wishes of the Republicans, and consented to be named First President of the French Republic. Before proceeding to the Hotel de Ville, where the unity were assembled to inaugurate him, the General called on Mr Rives, the American envoy, a worthy sensible man, as we can testify from personal acquaintance, who had great influence over him. Monarchy trembled in the balance, and France was within two hours of a republic, when the advice and exhortations of Rives, who pointed out the perils of the undertaking, and the want of due elements in that country to constitute a pure democratic government, decided the veteran patriot. He repaired to the Hotel de Ville, and, to the astonishment as well as rage of his partisans, presented Louis-Philippe to the people as the *meilleur des republiques*. Louis-Philippe was grateful—in his way—he saddled his debt upon France at the rate of twenty-five millions of francs American indemnity. Thus Rives accomplished in a few months what the astute Gallatin had failed in, and America had negotiated twenty years for in vain. The claims were but a Flemish account after all, but, having contracted, France ought to pay.

† The supercilious contempt with which this nobleman treats the ministers of foreign states, whether friendly or not, renders him an object of exceeding personal dislike among them universally. As one example, only imagine appointment at the Foreign Office for three kept at five o'clock! Every body but himself foresaw the result of the Belgian armed intervention. When the French were bombarding the citadel of Antwerp, and the army of Prussia was deploying along her frontiers, apparently threatening war, a distinguished diplomatist in Paris coolly observed, "France will be with us soon—she will disentangle herself of England—*quand l'effluve de la Belgique sera arraché*, and Louis-Philippe has married his daughter." When the first mission of Lord Durham to St Petersburg was announced, the Prussian envoy in Paris sarcastically remarked, with prophetic sagacity, "*Il sera bien reçu, il sera fêté, et après il ne sera qu'un petit garçon*." A more faithful compendious analysis of the costly job could not have been given after the event. The authenticity of the anecdotes may be relied on. Mr Cathlamet, Ferguson professes to be—no doubt is—a zealous friend to the Polish cause; why has he never—or another Liberal member—moved for copies of all Lord D.'s despatches home, conferences with Neesselrode, &c. that the Poles may see how much they have been talked about, or not at all, in Russia?

We must not omit to record that the Foreign Office is now taking dire revenge for its

unpopularity, unredeemed by party influence or personal efficiency, is becoming too oppressive for Whig and Radical allies, themselves overburdened with sorrows and mishaps of their own. The Sovereign will hardly be deceived by the Memoir speaking one language, whilst he sees his people addressed under the same inspiration in another—one the reverse of the other—one setting Prussia and her league at naught, the other holding her forth as the ogre that shall swallow the isle, with all its fair proportions, at one fell gulp. In his approaching relief from the cares of office let us hope that his colleague of the Trade Board may bear him company—a colleague not less conceited and still more presumptuous—of ignorance blissful in its happy unconsciousness—of indolence, listless for exertion, save when quarter day arrives, or a deputation of the Manchester rump beats up his quarters.* Victimized as the nation has been by false theories—in commerce as in currency, in foreign policy as in domestic legislation—it is high time that a government of rash impulse and personal interest be replaced by one characteristically national. Let us not be mistaken; this is no party theme. We are not speculating upon the return of Tories to power, each man to his office, as if that office were an heirloom. The great and now all-powerful body of the manufacturing and mercantile classes, three fourths of the intelligence and wealth of which are with us, have not fought the up-hill fight of Conservatism on behalf of party,

but of country. They mean hereafter to aid in the labours of self-government—they will assist in the councils—they *must* be called to the Cabinet of their Sovereign—had they been sooner there, things would not have come to this pass. Capacities of the highest order abound in our manufacturing and mercantile communities, as well as in the agricultural, equal to the grasp of any subject, and to deal with any question, whether it be political purely, or politico-economic. Special pursuits, as in the legal profession, have the inevitable tendency of contracting the sphere of mental vision—of concentrating, doubtless, but also of circumscribing, the range of intellect and experience. Like the astronomer, whose gaze wanders only from the heavens above to the earth beneath, the lawyer repeats no more than the interminable round—strays not from the circle—of circuit, term, and sittings after. There may be—there are—occasionally great minds that burst their trammels and shine forth the statesmen of general knowledge and enlarged views—few they are and far between—but even a Lyndhurst or a Follett rarely overstep the threshold of their own country. Men less gifted, even when they have abandoned the career, and, through the influence of fortune and high social position among the aristocracy, have succeeded to office for which previous studies had not prepared them, remain still—proofs of it are not wanting—the slaves of technicality and precedent—their faculties prostrated amidst the ver-

blunders and disgraces every where to be seen.—Let not the gentle reader's fancy conjure up, "odd pistols and daggers," broadsides or bayonets, oh, no! but—the publication of Russian and Prussian state papers, stolen by somebody or other from the secretaries of the Prussian Minister at Frankfurt. They were before known through all Europe, the spot called Downing Street being alone in blessed ignorance thereof as of every thing else. In like manner, and by the same people, a silly revenge was sought to be taken on the Tories for Miguel's long and successful defiance, by publishing some tawdry correspondence found at Lisbon, in which stupid writers talked of what Huxford said and Campbell did.

* What does this gentleman, or his tutor and em-sary, Dr Bowring, understand of commerce and manufactures, more than the tallow, sugar, or coffee in which they exclusively dealt? There is not a clerk of any pretensions in any decent counting-house of the City that is not as well, or more generally informed. The blunders of the doctor about silk are notorious enough; we have adverted to one gross blunder about cotton and smuggling into France; we shall take occasion to show, in a future Number, how an imagination, glowing with due contempt for facts and figures, can convert hundreds of thousands into millions. Commercial treaties, if such there ever should be, negotiated by and under the auspices of such a pair, will be extraordinary productions. And yet, in the face of past achievements, the doctor is again *touring it*, at no small charge to the public!

blage of "Whereas, and be it therefore enacted"—at home in a sale of game or a spring-gun Bill—at home when they should be looking abroad in any other capacity. We honour the legal profession, when in its profession—and none other more worthy of honour; but we are far from thinking that a few hundred barristers are endowed mentally with a monopoly of the superiorities required for the various departmental administration of a great empire, any more than they are physically with its collective strength. The aristocracy, blind as it has been to the comparative growth of intelligence, and purblind as still it is to the consequences inevitable of organic changes which are in progress, has invariably sought its business men for office or legislation in this one class, because the class has generally been found supple and not frequently over scrupulous. If they cannot comprehend the signs of the times, and shape their course accordingly, they are in imminent risk of being cast away, and with them the remnants of the British Constitution. When the noble minded Duke of Newcastle honoured Sailer with his friendship, the lesson was significant to any but dull scholars. Is there really more pitch defilement from contact with broad cloth, or linen, or calico, or ship-timber, than with wig and gown, and law phrase unintelligible?

The special avocations of the merchant and manufacturer, on the contrary, serve but as the introduction—they are but the preface—to those general undertakings which bring him acquainted with the north and the south, the east and the west of the whole world. They visit that personally they may ascertain wants—they note the different character of various lands better to accommodate diverse habits—they examine indigenous products or manufactures to judge how far they may compete or interfere with their own, or promote advantageous exchange—they compare climate and geographical position with a view to facilities of communication;—they study—they are obliged to study—political institutions, and government, and interests, so as to be able to decide how far these may interfere with, or modify,

or supersede commercial alliance. Thus politics, and political affairs, become a portion of constant contemplation, and hourly calculation—they are the means by which they live and move and have their being—they are an element, and not the least important, of their daily bread. This, then, is the class—the industrial class—that demands—that will not be said nay—a larger share in the government than yet has been their allotted fortune. There is now a Whig pretence of it—a selection made from the rag-end of trade;—every family has its scape graces—to suit the sinister ends of party. When a change comes, as come it must, the Conservative leaders will act more wisely. Their course will decide whether the great industrial classes are to remain, as now they are, Conservative; or, whether, for their own interests—those of self-preservation—they too must fall into the current of innovation. A commercial revolution abroad is even more imminent than the convulsion which threatens us at home; it is pointed, however, only against ourselves. To deal with it none but commercial men are capable. There are departmental branches of the administration theirs from head to foot of right; but, besides the Board of Trade, they may claim, as they are qualified to claim, to enter partially at least into the composition of every other department—above all, Indian or Colonial. The respectability and efficiency of the under officers of those and other boards is unquestionable. No class can be more praiseworthy in the sphere of its duties; but, in the performance of more important functions—in the satisfaction of higher national concerns—something more is required than the routine of red tape and official forms. The great commercial interests of Great Britain must, as they will, take their part—a leading part, in the future government of the empire: we say it, who may not presume to style ourselves one of the class. Inordinate pretensions will patriotically give place where special ability is required; for there are offices, from the Privy Seal downwards, with duties attached, like a general letter of license, for all capacities.

EDWARD LONSDALE.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE, however undiversified by surprising accidents or adventures, has always some few islands scattered here and there amidst the "waveless sea" for memory to rest her foot upon. Of these, perhaps, the first day of leaving home is the most prominent. With me the change was so sudden from the sombre walls of the old mansion (where, without friend or companion of my own years, I had grown up from childhood) to the joyous world of hope and happiness, that, for a time, I felt like the captive, whose eyes have become so habituated to his dungeon, that they cannot endure the sun. A vast house, to which a visitor never entered,—a large establishment, with nobody to occupy their attention but my father and myself,—the gloomy regularity of the household,—and the total want of companionship, had repressed in me all the buoyant feelings of youth. My father was not unkind; he was only cold. We talked together, but without the endearing confidence which ought to exist between a father and his son. We read together; and, in short, for all that I knew, when, at the age of twenty, I said adieu to Ellersby, I was indebted to him. The world of books, I soon found, was a very different thing from the world of men—and women. Our parting was in the library.

"You are going into the world, Edward," said my father. "See that you come out from its trials and temptations unscathed. You will write to me regularly, without waiting for an answer. Should I die, you will be apprised of it by my attorney; should I live, I shall see you here again in four years. And now farewell."

He held out his hand to me as he said this. It was the first time we had ever been about to part. I felt that my eyes were filling with tears. He drew me closer, and prest me for a moment to his breast, and then pointing to the door, threw himself into his chair. When I looked back

as I left the room, I saw that he had covered his face with his hands.

A month after this found me in London, wondering at every thing I saw and heard. The very logs and smoke were delicious. I began to doubt whether there existed in reality such a place as Ellersby, or whether its grey towers and oak-paneled apartments were not the creation of a hideous dream. The only letters with which I had started from home were addressed to two friends of my father—the one to Sir Wilfred Scymour, whose winter residence was in St James's Square, and the other to the Father Caroglio, Rome. After I had spent a day or two in town, I bethought me of presenting my introduction. I was ushered into the library. Sir Wilfred started as he received my letter—looked hurriedly over it.

"So my old friend Lonsdale is yet alive?" he said.

"My father was well when I left him a week ago."

"Your name is Edward—his only son?"

"Yes."

"Let me look at you more closely. The eye deep brown, the forehead white and high—the lip, the nose, the smile—Edward, this must be your home while you remain in England. You bring back my youth. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"This home will be but dull for one so young; but though I rarely see company, I have still some friends who will cheer our solitude. Come, let me show you your apartments."

I followed him to a suite of rooms magnificently furnished. He appointed me my own attendants, put me in full possession, and again shaking hands with me, left me to myself till dinner.

Sir Wilfred was a man of from forty-five to fifty years of age—still pre-eminently handsome, with that indescribable air and manner which are a truer stamp of nobility than the breath of kings. His appear-

ance might have been considered haughty and commanding, had it not been tempered with the most pleasing smile and softest voice I had ever seen or listened to. When silent, his features assumed the expression of deep and even anxious thought. He was one of that class of men with whom it is difficult to *begin* a conversation, but who had the art of leading the way so easily, that you scarcely perceived that no subject was even mentioned unless he himself introduced it. The first day we dined together, we were alone. His conversation opened to me a new page in the volume of life. He was not perhaps so full of information as my father; but all he told me was conveyed in a manner so easy and flowing, so interspersed with anecdotes of the great then living, whose very names were unknown to me, that I listened with a delight I had never experienced before. He never alluded to his intimacy with my father, or gave me the slightest hint what circumstances in their early friendship had induced him to treat me in the manner he had done. I had never heard him mentioned till the letter addressed to him had been put into my hands; and I felt a little delicacy in accepting such extraordinary attentions from a person from whom I was not aware of any *right* I had to receive them. But I found it impossible to summon courage to introduce the subject. His language was so kind, and his apparent interest in my future proceedings so great, that I rested content with the supposition that he felt himself called upon, for reasons of his own, to pursue the course he had adopted; and I recollected, too, that my father, on giving me the letter, had told me to be guided in all things by Sir Wilfred Seymour's advice.

Time passed on. In a fortnight from my settlement in St James's Square, I was a gay man about town, belonged to several clubs, and criticised the opera with the air of a connoisseur. Our parties at home were numerous and splendid. Our table was filled with the great names, both of rank and literature. There were wits, and poets, and philosophers, but no ladies. Sir Wilfred was a bachelor, and his

friends appeared to be equally unblest. The men with whom I associated seemed even to have no sisters. The world was waste—the garden was a wild: they were both unbrightened with the smiles of women; but the world was a very happy world without them. I used sometimes to conjecture what sort of additions they would be to our society. They were never even mentioned at our table; or if alluded to at all, it was in an epigram or a sneer. There was a metaphysician, who often dined with us—Mr M'Selphish, who was particularly eloquent in their dispraise. He used to contrast "women as they are with what they ought to be;" and prove, in a most logical and convincing manner, that they were every thing that was bad and hateful. I thought that a man who used such prodigious words, and spoke with such authority, must be correct in his opinions. Sir Wilfred smiled when I expressed my sentiments, and told me he was an ass. It is wonderful how the inexperienced are misled by the loudness of a bray.

I wrote an account of my mode of living to Ellersby. I described Sir Wilfred Seymour, and told how affectionately he had received me. My father's silence led me of course to conclude that he approved of all that had occurred, and I entered with double zest into my new course of life. Among my companions there was one of the name of Maxwell, with whom I formed a greater intimacy than with the others. He was more nearly of my own age, being still a year or two under thirty. Our sentiments seemed almost in all things to accord. He was an enthusiast, and so was I; and yet a sort of false shame kept me from confessing the extraordinary nature of my education. I never ventured to hint to him in what an anchorite ignorance of the other sex I had been brought up; nor to express how anxious I was to be introduced to female society. He was eloquent in his confessions of the superiority I possessed, by having my feelings unblunted, as he called it, by an early intercourse with the world; but he never hinted that he was acquainted with the very un-

usual extent of my superiority. He appeared to know that I had led a very secluded life, but nothing more. Many people think they lead secluded lives who visit with half a county. With them every place is a desert, and every house a hermitage that is distant ten miles from Almack's.

One morning, on going into Maxwell's apartments, I saw a lady closely veiled seated upon his sofa. I started on seeing her; and I knew, from the burning of my cheeks, that I was discovering my unacquaintance with the world by a blush. Maxwell rose hurriedly to receive me.

"Lonsdale," he said, "I am happy to present you to my sister. Julia, you have heard me mention Mr Lonsdale?"

The lady bowed graciously; and after a short time, lifting up her veil, revealed to me a face sparkling with intelligence, and eyes so piercing in their expression, that I fairly quailed before them. When she saw me look down abashed by the perseveringness of her gaze, she laughed merrily as if in triumph for her victory, and engaged me in conversation. All this while I could not help feeling that the looks of Maxwell were fixed attentively on all my motions. I therefore exerted myself to conceal my embarrassment, and I flattered myself I succeeded. After this meeting, I felt myself impelled to visit Maxwell even oftener than before, and rarely had the misfortune to miss the society of his sister. Her gaiety and freedom amused me, and the kindness of her manners enchanted me. With every meeting her influence grew, till in a very short period from our first introduction, I felt that she had my destiny in her hands. I often endeavoured to talk to Maxwell about his sister, but he either answered so carelessly as to provoke me, or adroitly turned the conversation to something else.

One day Sir Wilfred and I were in the park. An open carriage was approaching, with coronetted panels, and a lady and a gentleman were seated within. I saw in a moment that the lady was Julia Maxwell. As we passed each other, I could not resist the impulse, but kissed

my hand to her with the devotion of a true cavalier. To my amazement, she looked at me with a cold and haughty expression, as if she had never seen me.

"Edward!" said Sir Wilfred, "who is that lady?"

I told him she was the sister of my friend Maxwell; and was on the point of confessing to him how madly I was in love, but her extraordinary conduct, as well as a gloom on Sir Wilfred's brow, restrained me.

"Miss Maxwell?—my poor boy. I was wrong to send you into the world of London without a guide. But as the fault was mine, I will remedy it in time to prevent its consequences. Where was it you became acquainted with her?"

"At Maxwell's chambers."

He sank into deep silence, which lasted for a long time: at last he said—"I will settle this for you. Maxwell has no sister."

"What!" I cried—but suddenly checking myself, leant back in the carriage and considered what I should do. Nothing more was said. We dined together as usual—and in the evening, on pretence of the Opera or the Theatre, I sallied forth to the apartments of my friend. He was from home when I arrived, but our intimacy licensed me to enter. When I had waited about an hour, during which I recalled every incident of my acquaintance with the lady, the door was suddenly opened, and Maxwell, with two or three of our usual associates, came into the room amidst a burst of laughter. He started as he saw me standing directly in front of him, calm and fixed. The laughter ceased, and our companions looked on as if expecting something unusual.

"Maxwell," I said,—"who is the lady I have met in your rooms?"

"Haven't I told you."

"Is she your sister?"

"Haven't you heard her call me brother?"

"That is no answer to my question—and we do not part till you have answered it to my satisfaction."

"Really, Master Lonsdale, you are somewhat too inquisitive; when you have associated a little longer with men, you will scarcely be so boyish as to pry into family secrets."

"You are welcome," I said—biting my lip till the blood nearly came—"to your taunts upon my youth; but you shall satisfy me, nevertheless, on the subject of my enquiry. Is Miss Julia Maxwell your sister?"

"I refuse to answer."

"Then you are a villain—a dastardly designing villain."

"Good. The boy has spirit.—Melford, will you settle this little point for me? Let it be as soon as may be."

Mr Melford accordingly stepped forward, and, addressing me in the politest way possible, begged me to refer him to some friend. I appeared nonplused at this: as indeed I scarcely knew any one to whom I considered I had any right to look for assistance. Mr M'Selphish, the metaphysician, however, came to my aid.

"Mr Lonsdale," he said, "philosophically considered, duelling may be said to be the action of unreflecting; and, indeed, of unintelligent creatures; but as by the inductive process of reasoning we arrive at the conclusion, that none of the lower animals decide their differences of opinion by means of the pistol or sword, it follows that duelling, properly viewed, is one of the privileges of humanity, and therefore is to be cultivated like the other endowments by which Providence has seen fit to discriminate us from the brutes. I therefore willingly accept the part of your assistant on this occasion, and will settle every thing, I hope, to your entire satisfaction. If you will wait for me at the Clarendon, I will bring you all the particulars."

I retired and left them to their consultations.

That Maxwell, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, should deceive me—that he should try to inveigle me into the toils of a person whom he had evidently presented to me as an assumed character; and that I should have been dupe enough never to have suspected the deceit, was a bitter subject to reflect upon. I do not know why it is, but I take the truth to be, that people, however much they hate and reprobate the deceiver, have a still lower opinion of the person who is deceived. I could not help feeling that Maxwell,

though guilty of conduct which proved that he was base and unprincipled, had triumphed over one whose conduct was only the result of inexperience. And yet if any one had his choice between the two, who would not prefer the accusation of simplicity to that of dishonour?

Mr M'Selphish joined me very soon.

"You shall meet him to-morrow," he said, "at daybreak. On analyzing the principles which have guided your conduct, I think you are right."

"Then she is not his sister?"

"Oh no. I thought every body knew who Maxwell's Julia was. And as he wanted to get quit of her, an examination into his conduct will prove him to be right."

"How, sir! How can we both be right?"

"Very easily. Philosophy is divided into two branches—the moral, or that by which we regulate our opinion of the actions of other people—the intellectual, or that according to which we judge of our own. Now, you will perceive that according to the philosophy of *morals*, we hold his conduct to be infamous; and it *is* so. But by the rules of the intellectual, he holds himself to be perfectly correct, and he *is* so."

"What! in trying to make his friend marry his mistress?"

"Oh! certainly; even by the moral philosophy we are told to reclaim the erring; what so likely to have this effect as a comfortable marriage?"

"He may think so," I cried in a prodigious passion; "but"——

"Ah, that's the intellectual," interrupted the philosopher.

"By Heavens! I consider his behaviour the most atrocious I ever heard of."

"Right—that's the moral, or *our* view of the subject. Does Sir Wilfred know the circumstances?"

"No."

"Good; he might, perhaps, think your behaviour wrong."

"How! in resenting an insult such as that?"

"His moral, you will observe, may be perhaps blunted by his intellectual. You know, of course, that Sir Wilfred"——

"What?"

"Has a sister."

"He has none, sir; at least I have never heard of such a relation."

"Oh!—still, philosophically considered, the non-hearing of a thing of that sort is almost a conclusive argument in its favour."

"Mr M'Selphish, you have been excessively kind to me this evening, but I beg you to understand that I do not at all perceive what is your meaning."

"Very likely—you have not studied philosophy. Will you have the truth? Sir Wilfred has just *such* a sister as Maxwell, and we have also heard that his intention as to disposing of her is the same."

"The man that has the audacity to hint at such a thing, lies—if 'twere my brother I would make him eat his words."

"I am not your brother; therefore, logically, your threat can have no reference to me. But it is true; and more, she resides in his house."

I sat still in silence, hesitating whether to hear more or to knock down the slanderer before he had time to utter another syllable. He went on—

"But patience. Time, the innovator, is also the revealer. If before a month from this time you are not convinced of the truth of what I say, I will give you such satisfaction as you shall demand."

"That Sir Wilfred has a—a sister?"

He nodded.

"And that he designs her as a wife for me?"

"Just so. I take my station upon both the horns; but, in the mean time, let us settle this affair with Maxwell."

We separated shortly after. I proceeded straight home to St James's Square, and lay awake all night, tormented with the remembrance of the air of certainty with which M'Selphish spoke of the designs of Sir Wilfred. "Should this be so," I thought,—"should Sir Wilfred, who has been so kind, so parental, so indeed villain enough to meditate such a thing, then let this short visit to the world be my last. Welcome again the gloomy loneliness of Eilersby; nay, welcome the bullet of my antagonist, so that it frees me from the contemplation of so much wickedness and deceit."

The next morning we met as our seconds had appointed. I was wounded rather severely in the shoulder, and fainted from loss of blood. When I came to myself, I was in my own room at Sir Wilfred's, and heard a consultation going on between M'Selphish and the surgeon, who was arranging his instruments to extract the ball.

"You will perceive, sir," said M'Selphish, that nature has implanted no feeling in the human mind with the intention of leaving it unemployed. The most powerful of these is that by which we are led to secure our own safety. Now, tell me sincerely whether there is any risk in awaiting the chances of this young gentleman's recovery?"

"Risk? sir," said the surgeon—"do you mean to ask if he is in danger?"

"It amounts to that—but by the manner in which you have enunciated the proposition you make *him* the principal party interested in your reply. Now, that is manifestly wrong. If he had asked the question it might naturally enough have been supposed that your response should have been directed primarily to the state of his bodily health;—but as I was the person who made the interrogation, you will see that my situation was the first object of my consideration. His recovery is, of course, a primary matter to him;—but with me it is secondary—the first and nearest matter to me being simply this,—am I called on, according to the philosophical doctrines of self preservation, to elope till his recovery is a matter of absolute certainty—or is it an absolute certainty already?"

The surgeon, who had been occupied with his preparations during this harangue, now approached me to apply his instruments; I drew back, and said, as firmly as I could, "Let Sir Wilfred Seymour be called. Mr M'Selphish, let me not detain you. Thank you, and farewell."

"Softly; I have made an enquiry of my surgical friend here, which is of momentous interest to me—but, indeed, the safest plan will be to accept Maxwell's invitation to accompany him and Melford for a six week's cruise in his yacht; by that time your fate will be decided one

way or other, and we can regulate our proceedings accordingly. We shall get off, I hope, very easily, as I can testify that every thing was done in the most fair and honourable manner. If you live, you will remember that a month will satisfy your doubts." As he said this he left the room, and I was heartily glad to be quit of such an incarnation of selfishness and prose.

The operation was performed; the bandages applied, and the wound declared not dangerous before Sir Wilfred appeared. When I opened my eyes, after a deep sleep, which I owed to the opiate I had taken, he was sitting by the side of my bed.

"You have commenced your career well," he said, with a melancholy smile. "A duel about a lady before you have been six weeks in town gives the best augury of your future fame."

"It was wrong; I know it was wrong," I replied; "but I had been deceived—and insulted—and"—

"And now you are wounded. Of course you are deceived no longer?"

"At any rate," I said, fixing my eye upon him to watch if my words had any effect, "I shall not be so easily deceived in future. It is enough to be once taken in by an adventurer, in the disguise of the sister of a friend."

"You are right," he said, without changing a muscle of his countenance; "if this duel shall have taught you experience, the wound will not be too high a price for the lesson."

His manner was so kind—his attentions so unremitting, and his sentiments so pure and dignified, that I felt my indignation rise higher and higher every hour against the wretch who had dared to slander him with his suspicions.

In about a week I was allowed to spend some hours of every day on the sofa in my own apartment; still very weak, and owing almost all the sleep I obtained to opiates. On seeing me so far recovered, Sir Wilfred had told me that he was under the necessity of being absent for some time on business, which he had delayed on account of my accident. But, with books, which I was

now able to read, and my own reflections, the time did not hang very heavy on my hands.

One day, when I had sunk into the dreamy kind of slumber which opium sometimes produces, I thought I perceived my door to open, and the figure of a young girl, dressed in a style I had never seen before, glide with a noiseless footstep through the room. I was in such a half-awake, half-conscious state, from the languor of recent illness, and the narcotic drug, that I did not know whether the apparition was real, or the creation of my sleep. Whichever it was, I watched the intruder. A long hood, projecting a great way in front of the face, rendered the features invisible, unless when you caught a full-front view, and then they were so darkened by the drapery as not to be very distinct. Her figure was light and graceful, and the elegance of her motions could not be hid even by the long white robe, which was tied in at the waist by a twisted silk cord, and left to flow loosely down to the feet. Round her neck was a rosary. She walked towards a bookstand, at the farther end of the room, without noticing me, and after a short and ineffectual search for the volume she wanted, was about to retire in the same vision-like way she had entered. But I placed myself between her and the door. She started visibly when she perceived me; but uttered no sound; only pulling the hood more completely over her features than before. She stood before me with her head bowed low and her hands meekly folded across her chest. And now that I had debarred her exit, I did not know how to begin a conversation. At last I said, "You were searching for a book, madam. Will you let me help you to discover it?"

"It is useless, monsieur," she said, in a very sweet, and somewhat foreign accent. "I believe the books I wanted are removed. Let me retire, I pray you; my absence will be noticed."

"And whither would you retire? And who would notice your absence?"

"Let me go—let me go.—I shall be chidden for my delay."

"Nay, first satisfy my curiosity,"

I replied, "and I promise you a free passage. Do you live in this house?"

"I do."

"And who will chide you if you stay a moment longer?"

"I have no right to answer that."

"Then, by Heavens," I said, "I will make the discovery myself."

"It will be better for us all if you do not make the attempt. Sir Wilfred will not forgive it."

"Sir Wilfred!" I said, my conversation with McSelphish rushing into my mind. "I have a problem to solve, and this hour shall solve me satisfied. Where you go I follow." She seemed to see that farther speech was useless, so, bending her head more lowly than before, she glided past me, and I followed through several passages, then up some steps, through a long corridor, at the end of which she gently opened a heavy oaken door. On getting within the door I found myself in a dark passage, which twisted first to one hand, then to another; and at the last turning, a velvet curtain, tucked up at one end, admitted me into an apartment, to which the light was introduced through a very lofty window of stained glass of the darkest colours. The room was so sombre, that for some time I could see the furniture very indistinctly. At last, when my eye got accustomed to the gloom, I perceived my guide standing reverently, with her arms still folded over her breast, at the side of another figure, which was kneeling before a table covered with red velvet, at the farther end of the room. Both were silent; and the head of the kneeling figure was bent over the table, and her hands spread out and clasped together, as we see in the pictures of humility and supplication. She rose, at last, to her feet, and I felt awe-struck and embarrassed by the sight of such a commanding figure, and a consciousness of the awkwardness of my situation. Her dress was the same as that of my visitor, only the tallness of the figure gave it a still finer effect.

"Eulalie," she said, without turning round, "the volume—hast thou brought it to me?"

"Alas, madam, it is not there. Sir Wilfred has removed the furniture

from the apartment; and a stranger"—she hesitated.

"In *this* house!—a stranger? How dare Sir Wilfred Seymour admit a stranger without giving me notice of his intention?"

"Sir Wilfred, madam, is from home. He had been absent a week when we arrived."

"And the stranger—who is he?"

"Madam, I know not who he is. He is here."

"Here!" cried the lady, in an impassioned voice—and, turning round, she moved two or three steps towards the place where I stood. Then, suddenly stopping short, and throwing the hood, which concealed her features back upon her shoulders, she stood with her eyes earnestly fixed upon my face, and her whole figure stiff and rigid, as if she had suddenly been hardened into stone. Her features, even though they were at this moment moulded into the expression of fear, and almost of horror, were exquisitely feminine. Her lips partly opened, her head slightly protruded, and her arms held out before her, together with the fixed and glassy expression of her eyes, gave me the impression of a sybil about to give forth her oracles. "Thou hast come to me, then, at last," she said, "to upbraid me with the miseries I have caused thee. Know'st thou not how fearfully they have been revenged? Hear me hear me, Edward, before thy curse is spoken. I have wept; I have mourned. I have repented.—Is it all in vain? In vain that I have wasted my years in sorrow;—forsaken the world—forgotten my ambition? Speak! say, at least, that thou forgive me." She clasped her hands together as she said this, and gazed on me so piteously, compassion, no less than astonishment, kept me silent.

"Edward Lonsdale!" she resumed, "is thy heart so changed that thou hast no pity upon me. Pity!—ay, even so, for pride is vanquished now. At your feet, upon my knees!"

"Nay, madam; compose yourself," said the young girl, who was still enveloped in her hood. "This gentleman is a stranger. He knows you not. Oh, sir," she said, turning

to me, "pray leave us—forget this. I will explain it all. I will come to you to-morrow. Come, madam, support yourself on me." She motioned me to retire; and the lady seemed now unconscious of my pre-

sence, though her eye was still intently fixed on me. I glided noiselessly behind the curtain, and heard a heavy fall, accompanied by a slight scream, as its drapery closed behind me.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT day, my heart was busy with many thoughts. The scene I had witnessed was the more inexplicable the more I reflected upon it. The excitement my appearance had produced—the majestic figure of the recluse—the tones of her voice so thrilling and impressive—and all this, so like the fiction of a romance, occurring in the everyday world of London, struck me as something so extraordinary, that I was determined to discover the mystery, even at the risk of incurring Sir Wilfred's displeasure. I was half inclined to hope that my guide of the former day would redeem the promise she had made me, and would come to me to give me an explanation of the adventure; but then the promise had been given at so hurried a moment, and so evidently for the purpose of getting quit of an intruder, that there was little likelihood of its fulfilment,—and I came to the resolution of boldly presenting myself at the door of the oratory, and making the discovery for myself. As I lay musing upon these plans and occurrences, I heard a sweet clear voice at the door of my apartment say, "Signor, I am here." I was startled at the sound, for I had heard no one enter the room. I started from the sofa, and standing in the same meek attitude as before, with her head bent down, and hands clasped together, I saw my yesterday's acquaintance—her features still concealed by the drapery of her hood. I led her to the sofa.

"Yesterday," she said, "I promised to explain the causes of what you saw—I ask you now to excuse me from performing my promise."

"You ask me more than I can grant," I answered. "I think from my own name being mentioned, and the questions that were addressed to me, I have some right to have my curiosity gratified."

"Then your name is Edward Lonsdale?" she said.

"It is."

"And you were born at Ellersby?"

"Yes."

"Then the Lady Alice was right—only at times she lets her imagination acquire the mastery. She has had many sorrow, but she struggles against the remembrances of them nobly."

"May I see her," I said; "may I answer her, myself, any question she may please to ask me?"

"No—but she bade me say to you, the time may come when she will tell you all—not now."

"All what? Am I in any way concerned in her history?"

"I know not. I but repeat to you the words she told me."

"But then, yourself?—your name is Eulalie?"

"It is."

"And have you no other name than Eulalie?"

"The Lady Alice calls me by no other."

"You are her—her—" I hesitated—"attendant?"

"Her friend," she replied, I thought with a proud toss of the head.

"What an abominable headdress you wear, Eulalie."

She laughed.

"Never was such a rascally invention to excite curiosity as those long masks—so there is no way, Eulalie, of seeing within them."

"No—they were meant to shut out the naughty world from our sight."

"Nonsense! the world is a very delightful world, I can assure you. I myself have only seen what it is within this month, and I would not wrap myself in the cold dark 'hood' of Ellersby—and keep my eyes shut to it; no, nothing should tempt me."

"Is the world, indeed, so pleasant? The Lady Alice says it is full of biers."

"Of roses, she means. You can

have no idea what a delightful place it is—such spirit; such amusement. Ah—Eulalie—what a foolish thing it is to keep your lovely face muffled up all your lifetime in a long hood like this.”

“Oh! I am not to be muffled up all my lifetime;—in one year more I shall leave off the habit.”

“In a year—a year is a prodigiously long time, Eulalie. Won’t you just lift it up for a moment now?”

“No—I have vowed.”

“What! vowed to keep your eyes closed upon the world?”

“Yes.”

“But you don’t mean to keep them closed upon me. I am not the world, so you may throw back your hood without any infringement of your vow.”

“No—but the Lady Alice says we shall all meet again—my year will then have expired—and we shall compare our impressions of the world together. I can’t believe there is nothing in it but briers.”

“But *where* are we to meet.—Did the Lady Alice tell you that?”

“No—but she says we are certain to come together—so what matter is it where—here—or in Italy—or at Ellersby?”—

“Faugh! don’t mention the horrid place.”

“Do you not like to live there, then?”

“Not *alone*, Eulalie; it might, perhaps, be very different if”—

“Ah! now I must leave you—intrude on us no more—you will only make her miserable?”

“*Her* miserable?” I said; “and you, Eulalie, will seeing me again make *you* miserable?”

“I will tell you when we meet. Adieu”—and with a light and noiseless step, she tript out of the apartment.

When Sir Wilfred returned, I was perfectly convalescent. I knew not whether he suspected any thing of what had occurred in his absence, but there seemed a weight upon his spirits which he struggled in vain to shake off. Our parties went on as usual. But I was now totally changed. I had no wish to mingle in society—the recollection of Eulalie was sufficient—especially as that was indissolubly connected with the hopes of meeting her again. Even the Lady

Alice was a secondary object in my thoughts. If I remembered any thing at all about her extraordinary behaviour, I concluded that it was the result of a highly wrought imagination, and that the malady to which Eulalie had alluded made her attach some chimerical importance to my name, which I had no doubt had been mentioned to her by Sir Wilfred. All this time I never ventured to intrude upon their privacy. No allusion was made by my host to the fact of their being under his roof, and, as I have said before, Sir Wilfred’s manners, though kind and conciliating, were yet so dignified and even formal, that he effectually checked any inclination I might have felt to commence a conversation upon the subject. It must be remembered I was then only twenty; totally ignorant of the world, unless to the extent of information which I had acquired within the two last months; that there was a degree of romance particularly captivating to the mind of youth, in the mode of my introduction to Eulalie; and it will not be wondered at that though I had never seen her features, I was persuaded she was beautiful—and in short, that I loved her with all the fervency of a first attachment. That she was eminently graceful and exquisitely formed, not even that shrouding drapery could conceal, and her voice so thrillingly sweet, that I found it impossible to believe but that the lips must be lovely too. But *what* was she? She was evidently not the Lady Alice’s servant, as I at first had supposed—in my ignorance of the respect paid to seniority among the members of the same sisterhood. She was young; with the prettiest hand in the world, and a foot that Cinderella might have envied. I relied, though, when I reflected upon it, I did not well know why, on the Lady Alice’s declaration, or prophecy, whichever it might be, that we were doomed to meet again, and I resolved to arm myself with patience, and to remain constant to the creature who had first enchained me. How little one knows of his own heart! or of the thousand sures that are laid for it. A nameless girl, whose very features were unknown, had but a poor chance of success against the high and courtly beauties it was afterwards my lot to encounter; and if I

worshipped at another shrine and forgot poor Eulalie, I have no other excuse to offer than that I continued constant to her as long as I possibly could. Summer was now approaching, and as five or six hundred people retired for a few months to the country, it was unanimously agreed that during their absence, London should be declared in a state of absolute emptiness. It was accordingly pronounced a desert, and the other million and a half who crowded its streets were left to the horrors of solitude. Sir Wilfred, who now acted in all respects as my guardian, guide, and friend, called me one day into his study, and after a pause of considerable embarrassment, said to me, "I saw your father, Edward, in my last absence from town, and he thinks it is now time for you to pursue your travels."

"I am ready whenever he pleases," I said, "I fear my stay here has been too much prolonged."

"I regret, I assure you, that I must lose your society so soon. You are now at last starting into the world. While here you have not been entirely left to yourself. You will now have no one to advise you."

I sat erect in my chair, feeling at the moment that I needed no one's advice. Perhaps Sir Wilfred divided into my thoughts, for he said, "You are very easily imposed on, Edward; and it is perhaps right that one so young should not be trusted in against the artifices of the world with doubts and suspicions. These are the old man's heritage. But at the same time don't let your heart or feelings run away with you. Don't fall a victim to the first bright eyes and ruby lips you meet with."

"There is no danger of that," I said; "my heart takes no notice either of lips or eyes."

"Hem—time will show whether you are such a stoic as you say. Others, who had quite as much self-confidence as you have, have been deceived. Did your father ever tell you any of the incidents of his youth?"

"Never, sir."

"No! then I do not know that I have any right to let you into what he may consider his secrets. But this I may tell you, to explain why I assume to myself the right of taking so much interest in your fortunes. 'Tis

five-and-twenty years ago since your father and I, who had been intimate from our childhood, left the university to make the tour of Europe. Both of us were wild and thoughtless. Your father was the gayest and lightest-hearted creature that ever thought life was but a holiday. Well—we travelled and saw many scenes. Lonsdale was very handsome, and his manners made him the favourite wherever he went. But though he was courted and caressed, his heart never seemed touched by all the smiles and glances that were lavished on him. He had a secret which he foolishly kept from me. He loved my sister. Their love, I believe, was mutual, though Helen was one of those foes to their own happiness who are too proud to show to others, or even to the object of it, an attachment which is consuming their own hearts. It seems she hid her real feelings from Lonsdale so effectually, that he only knew he was liked as the friend and companion of her brother, but never had the vanity, as he would have thought, to believe that he was loved. She was volatile and haughty, and talked of grandeur and ambition in all her plans, whereas there never was a woman more qualified, if she had only given the real tenderness of her nature fair play, to be the most domestic and affectionate of wives. He also was proud—he thought he was despised, or, at all events, that a nobler rival was preferred. All this time they both kept me ignorant of their feelings. Lonsdale at last was driven nearly mad. It is an old story I am telling you, for how often has it happened, how often will it happen again! A want of confidence made two people miserable. There was a false friend, too, who alienated them more and more by reports of attachments in other quarters. Lonsdale married another, though his heart was only Helen's. She, in a year or two, out of pique or vanity, married also. Then, by some means or other which I have no time, or indeed no heart to tell you—they found out how miserably they had both been deceived. They met—and after that you know the misanthrope your father has become—and I have long lost my sister. You will travel over the same ground we travelled. Let your father's fate be a warning to

you; and if you feel any affection for one person more than another, as you value your own happiness or my friendship, let me know of it at once." He paused, and I was on the point of telling him about Eulalie. But I reflected how absurd he would think my behaviour, and a sense of the silliness of my conduct in being taken with a lady whose face I had never seen, and a dread of forfeiting Sir Wilfred's good opinion kept me silent.

"But enough of these recollections," he resumed; "you will return to me when you are tired of travelling. You recall so vividly, when I look on you, the days of my greatest happiness, and the two persons who were dearest to me upon earth—who might have been happy, and who *would* have been happy had it not been their own fault—that I claim you as if you were Lonsdale restored to me. You will come to me again?"

It was in this way we parted, and I did not see Sir Wilfred again for years.

Paris and all its gaieties, into which I entered with the alacrity to be expected from my years, did not detain me long. I had had my lesson, and was armed against the world. I lounged through Europe, spending a month at a time wherever there was temptation enough to detain me, and lingered on my way at the many delicious towns and villages that presented themselves to me in "the land where the poet's eye and the painter's hand are most divine;" in the only country where mere existence is a positive enjoyment—in the classic land of Italy. At last I made my entrance into Rome. There is no use in any one's attempting to describe it. All civilized people, who have never even moved from home, know its appearance as well as if they had lived in it all their days. They have this advantage, besides, that it appears to their imaginations clothed in the solemnity of the city of the Scipios and the Cæsars, without the degrading realities which present themselves at every turn, of monks and their fantastic processions—ridiculous relics, and flirting monseignors. A month passed away delightfully in sighing, or attempting to sigh, amid the ruins

of the Coliseum; roaming among the enchanted groves of Tivoli—and all the other amusements which Roman visitors consider indispensable. At last I bethought me of the letter to the father Caroglio, which I had received on my departure from Ellersby. On making enquiries as to his residence, I was directed to the house of Lord Clan-Carrol, with whom he resided, whether in the capacity of friend or confessor my informant could not tell. And thither accordingly I went. On asking for the father, I was shown into a room called the library, which, however, was very scantily furnished with books; and sitting at a table on which was a bottle and a glass—the latter, I must do him the justice to say, was particularly small—I beheld the gentleman of whom I was in search. He was a tall jolly looking man, with that unmistakable twinkle of the eye, and curl of the rather prominent lips, which tell to the veriest stranger in a moment, that the possessor of them is an Irishman. This was a surprise to me. However, I presented my letter, and waited quietly till he should have perused it. This, however, he seemed in no hurry to do.

"I just want to know, young gentleman, can't you tell me what's in this letter, and save one all the trouble of reading it. May I ask your name by way of a beginning?"

I told him.

When he heard it, he threw the letter on the table, sprang up, and seizing me by both shoulders, gazed earnestly into my face.—"Ould Edward Lonsdale's son of Ellersby—Och! by the powers, this is charmin'—ye'll take a glass of this cordial—I wish it were real potheen, but these Romans, poor devils, never heard of such a thing as Inneshown."

"This man," I thought, "a companion of my misanthropic father and the graceful Sir Wilfred! There must surely be some mistake." But Caroglio proceeded.

"Somebody told me your father was terribly changed, and had grown as sour as a vinegar-cruet. Oh! the fun we three had together, to be sure;—he and I, and your uncle Seymour."

"My uncle Seymour, sir?" I cried in astonishment.

"Ay, to be sure—young Wilfred—a pretty fellow, I can tell you, he was in his day; and pretty pickings there would have been in the way of absolutions, if he had belonged to our Church. *Misericordia*,—amen!" Hereupon the worthy divine sighed, and helped himself to another cordial.

"You talked, sir," I said, "as if you thought Sir Wilfred Seymour were my uncle."

"Did I? Then if he isn't, he ought to have been, for your father should have married his sister; and then, you see, you would have been his nephew, just as I said. But, now that I think about it,—one's mimicry begins to fail with so many paternosters—Miss Seymour married my lord's brother. Ah, it's an odd story. I recollect being prodigiously sorry for it at the time. You ought to have been my cousin, you rogue you."

"I am sorry to have missed so great an advantage. But how could that have happened?"

"Why, young Clan-Carrol was my uncle's wife's son. And if you had been the son, as you ought to be, of my aunt's son's wife, the devil's in't if all the genealogers in Munster could make you out to be any thing but my cousin."

"I think, father, you are confusing the pedigrees. I understood you to say, that Miss Seymour, instead of being married to my father, became the wife of your cousin, Lord Clan-Carrol."

"Exactly; you have it now. But instead of doing the thing that was right, you see, your father went off in a huff, and married some lady or other in England, who soon died. And Helen also went off in a huff, and married Clan-Carroll, and he soon died. But, before all this dying, there was no end of mischief;—what with fighting jewels, and breaking hearts, and turning hermits, and going into nunneries—Oh! 'twould be a pretty story to cry over. Won't you take just a thimbleful?"

"And did Lord Clan-Carrol leave no children?"

"Neither chick nor child, except a daughter, which is as good as nothing, for ye see the title does not go in the female branch—but for all that she's a real Clan-Carrol every inch of her. 'Twould take the Pope

himself and half-a-dozen cardinals to exorcise the devil out of her eyes. But you shall see her—you'll dine with us to-day. I take charge of all this family. Poor Clan-Carrol's a good easy creature, but he knows nothing about the care of his cellars.

"You are very kind."

"I mean to be so, I assure ye. You seem to hesitate as if ye scarcely knew whether I had a right to bid you pull your chair in. Now I'll tell you—I was born—Lord knows when—but it's a good many years ago, and nothing particular that I can think of happened, till I was told one day, when I was about four-and-twenty years of age, that a set of rascals, who had amused themselves by putting little bits of paper into my hand, had taken possession of my estate, and could all the furniture out of my house; and besides all this, that I owed 'nem money enough to build a pyramid. This was very unpleasant,—but there was no help for it,—so, after breaking every bone in our family attorney's skin, I took ship from old Ireland, and made the grand tour of Europe, as in those days it was incumbent on every man of fortune to do. Then it was I became intimate with your father and Sir Willfred—my Cousin Clan-Carrol was very kind to me—and things were going on most brilliantly, till all that mischief broke out, as I was telling ye, about murders, and love, and a great deal else beside. Then, when Clan-Carrol married Miss Seymour, I was more useful than ever—then he died, and left me in his will, with the rest of the property, to his brother;—so then, as it was time for us all to turn serious, I became father confessor to the household,—and cellar keeper—and major domo—and just by way of pleasing them Romans, poor devils, and getting quit of the correspondence of a set of rapparees that were always writing to me about bills and debts, and other sublunary affairs, I made a sort of change upon my name, and called myself Father Theodosius Caroglio, instead of Teddy O'Carrol. So, you see, if you don't come and dine with us to-day, I'll consider it leaze-majesty against the memory of my friendship with your father."

I could no longer resist his press-

ing invitation, and accordingly presented myself at dinner-time at the house of Lord Clan-Carrol.

Lord Clan-Carrol and the lady who sat beside him were so excessively like each other, that it was impossible to mistake their relationship. Both were very tall and very thin;—and the lady—Lady Lucinda O'Carrol—had that peculiar expression which betrays the victims of deafness, even before you have made experiment of their defect. Father Caroglio introduced me with a long flourish of trumpets; and it was evident from the expressions of his lordship, that I had been the theme of conversation before my arrival. To my amazement, Lord Clan-Carrol thought it necessary to make me a set speech, and tell me that he should never cease to feel grateful to me for being the means of his obtaining the Clan-Carrol title and estates. This I could by no means understand; but, as Lady Lucinda caught some portions of his address, she perceived that I had rendered some wonderful service to the family, and treated me with all the consideration in her power. Unfortunately, her mode of showing this was by bestowing all her conversation upon me. I took her in to dinner; and, when we were just sitting down, there glided noiselessly into the room, and took her place on my other side, a young lady with so much beauty, mingled with so much playful archness in the expression of her face, that I was captivated with her appearance at once. She was never introduced on her entrance, but sat quietly down without saying a word. Caroglio's liveliness seemed exhausted, and he was silent. His lordship, who, to my humble apprehension, seemed little better than an idiot, devoured his food without wasting his breath in any other occupation, and the Lady Lucinda kept on in the same perpetual strain, without either attending to anything I said, or giving me the opportunity of addressing my neighbour on the other side. If she had been Empress of Rome in the days of the most despotic of the Cæsars, she could not have spoken of the city with a greater appearance of being the proprietor of every part of it.

"And you are delighted, of course, with *our* cathedral of St Peters—we are quite proud of it here.—You are a Catholic of course?—ah, so I thought," she said, never minding my denial; "it's the oldest religion any where to be found, and we of the old blood ought to encourage it. Was your father a monk, Mr Longkail?—oh, dear me, how shocked I am!—but your mother surely was a nun—ah, that's worse than the other. But there is something, I know, in the history of your parents. Father Theodosius was telling me of it before dinner.—What was it? do tell."

I excused myself from indulging in family gossip as well as I could.

"What does he say, Father Ted?" said Lady Lucinda.

"Faith, it's not very easy to make out what he says.—But he wants to know if you've heard lately from Sir Murtagh O'Neill?"

"Do you know Sir Murtagh, Mr Longtail? charming man, with such a delicious voice."

"I haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"Ah! what does he say, Father Ted?"

"He says that the last time he saw Sir Murtagh was when he was on his way to Gretna Green with the old grocer's widdy I used to tell you such queer tales about."

This piece of information had the delightful effect of making the old lady silent for a few minutes, which I took advantage of, and addressed myself to my beautiful neighbour.

"Have you heard the adorable Torcelli in the newly licensed opera?" I said.

"Not I. We hear nothing here. But that isn't the information you want. Aren't you dying to have some one to join you in a hearty laugh at this most absurd company?"

"Hush!"

"Oh, never fear my aunt and uncle;—and, as to Father Ted, he will be delighted to join us, if we promise not to include him among our butts."

"Come, then, let us laugh."

"Ay, but Lady Lucinda has eyes, though she has no ears. We must laugh with lugubrious faces."

"Well, I am looking most edify-

ingly dismal. Who is your uncle's niece?"

"Meaning me? Oh! that has nothing to do with the ridiculous."

"It has a great deal to do with the interesting. None of them had the good feeling to introduce us."

"Let us do it now, then," said my companion; "shall I begin? You must know that my name here is Niece O'Carrol, and that I have a right to it—that I have not been here long, and am already heartily tired of it."

Lord Clan-Carrol here interrupted our conversation.

"I am not in the habit—am I, Ted?—of making long speeches. In fact, I can't do it—can I, Ted?—at least I don't think I could if I tried. No! short, and straight to the purpose is my way—Isn't it, Ted O'Carrol? One thing at a time is my motto. So, you'll observe, I never speak at dinner-time—do I, Teddy?—but after it, I am about to say a few words—but they shall be very few, and clear, and distinct—won't they, Cousin Ted? I've been thinking all the time I was eating that Perigord pie—capital pie, wasn't it, Teddy?—what a confoundedly handsome thing in you it was not to be my brother's son—I should never have forgiven you if you had—should I, Ted O'Carrol, you dumb beast? What an escape I made to be sure!—but as it is all owing to the late Clan-Carrol having a daughter, why, all I can say is, Mr Lonsdale—you have dropt your wine-glass, Niece O'Carrol—that I am particularly obliged to you for being the son of your father, and not my elder brother's—am I not, Ted?"

"Ye've great cause to be thankful, my lord," said Father Theodosius, "and I'm glad you remember your obligation so correctly. You will be happy to see Mr Lonsdale as often as he will favour us with his company, and treat him in all respects as if he were your nephew, except by giving up the title and estates."

"Oh yes—exactly—won't I, Teddy?"

I bowed, and made all proper acknowledgments for this hospitable offer, and, with a glance to my right hand neighbour, assured his lordship I should be delighted to join his

family party as often as I could—and delighted, to be sure, I was. Day after day found me in the house of Lord Clan-Carrol, by the side of his niece—answering at random the questions of his lady sister, and enchanted beyond every thing with the good fortune which had introduced me to so lovely, and so exquisitely captivating a creature, as had taken up her dwelling among such unheard-of oddities. The playfulness of her manners gradually abated—deep feeling occasionally showed itself on her expressive features—and I sighed passionately for the time that I might be intimate enough to enquire into the cause of her despondency, and, if possible, alleviate it. In Lord Clan-Carrol's family she was evidently neglected—they never even seemed to notice whether she was present or absent, and as to any one paying her particular attention, it never seemed to enter into their imaginations that such a thing was possible. Even Father Caroglio was blind, or affected to be so. We were thrown so constantly together, that it is not surprising that a very few weeks saw us attached, devoted, affianced to each other. And all this time what had become of my romantic attachment to the invisible Eulalie? Was she quite forgotten? I sometimes tried to persuade myself she was, but at times the image of her shrouded figure, with the very curious incidents with which her recollection was connected, rose clearly before me, and I thought of her and the Lady Alice more than the Lady Adeline O'Carrol—such was the name of Lord Clan-Carrol's niece—would altogether have liked. At last I resolved to tell her the whole adventure, but a foolish fear of her ridicule kept me silent till it was too late to make the confession. How much misery has been caused by absurd feelings of that kind!

One day, when I was leaving the house, Father Caroglio beckoned on me to follow him, and led the way into the library. There was something very mysterious on his face, and I prepared for some intelligence extraordinary.

"Well, then, Edward Lonsdale, my young friend," he said, "I think the old days are returning on us,

and there will be murder at the least, if not worse."

"Worse than murder!" I said, in alarm. "What do you mean?"

"Why, that ye're in love with that very slippery young angel, my lord's niece. Ye needn't deny it."

"Well, sir, why *should* I deny it?"

"No reason in life that I can see. Only, ye see, she's a wild colt, and may trouble ye at the breaking. She does exactly as she likes here; runs hither and thither—sometimes slips out for hours at a time after you leave us—and lord only knows what it will all come to."

"I have been foolish," I said. "I ought to have spoken to Lord Clan-Carrol before, and told him how we were situated."

"You had better tell the whole matter to me. My lord, poor devil—benedicite! amen! what a habit one gets into among ye wild chaps of swearing!—My lord won't be a pin the wiser if you were to tell it him till doomsday—and as to Lady Lucinda, you would need to whisper your secret pretty loud before ye made her understand you."

"Well then, will you inform them both in my name, that the Lady Adeline and I are engaged—and that I only wait the permission of my father to carry her home to England?"

"Certainly; with all the pleasure in life—but aren't there others you had better consult—Sir Wilfred Seymour?"

"Sir Wilfred has been kinder to me than a father. I will write and ask his approval this very day."

"Well, if ye get his consent, I know no other person that has any right to interfere. So you may consider it a settled thing, and good luck to you," and so we parted.

On reaching home, a note was lying on my table. It was in a strange hand, and I felt a presentiment there was something unusual contained in it. I opened it. It ran in these words—

"If Edward Lonsdale would render the heart of a mourner less harassed with fears and apprehensions, as the time of her leaving the world draws near, he will come to the Ursuline convent to-day at three o'clock, and enquire for the English sister."

I resolved of course to go, and passed the intermediate time in conjecturing who my correspondent could be. My thoughts recurred again and again to the Lady Alice; and Eulalie rose distinctly before me. What could their connexion be with Sir Wilfred Seymour? He had himself given me to understand that he had lost his sister? It might, however, be some distant relation; and at times suspicions would come into my mind that the Lady Alice had in her youth been dearer to him than a sister. But the whole business was covered with uncertainty. And Eulalie, who could she be? And Adeline, so gay, so admirably accomplished—so lovely, and a Protestant? I resolved to banish if possible from my recollection the little girl who, I felt convinced, had only made so lasting an impression by the romantic associations she awakened in my mind.

I presented myself at the appointed place, and was shown into a room very plainly furnished, and so guarded from the sun, as to be almost too dark to see in it distinctly. I threw myself on a chair, and was waiting patiently for the entrance of my unknown correspondent, when close at my side I heard the words, "Signor, I am here."

I turned round—and there, in the same dress as before, in the same meek attitude—stood Eulalie!

"Eulalie!" I said, forgetting all my resolutions of forgetting her. "We have met at last. How anxiously I have looked forward to this meeting."

"Have you, indeed! I am so happy when any one condescends to recollect me."

"Condescends! Ah! my dear Eulalie—you have no idea how often I have thought of you, and pictured to myself how beautiful you must be—for you remember I have never seen your face yet."

"I believe I am not quite frightful. I have been into the world since I last saw you—'tis a heartless place."

"It is, indeed—unless—that in it there are some who have the power of loving—one heart, at least, Eulalie, will be constant to"—

"How many?"

I let go the hand I had taken when she said this, and wished at that mo-

ment I had not been quite so warm in my protestations.

"You are right, Eulalie," I said; "my heart is, indeed, devoted to a lady, so sweet, so kind, so beautiful—I wish you knew her, Eulalie."

"Is she tall or little?"

"Just about your own height, I should think—but that detestable robe you wear hinders me from seeing whether you resemble her in any thing else."

"Hush—the Lady Alice."

And the same tall majestic lady I had seen in London walked steadily into the room. Though she had evidently worked herself up for some great exertion, she started when our eyes met.

"Edward," she said, "I have steeled my heart to the performance of a strange duty. Ere many months are past, the door that divides me from the world will have closed on me for ever. I have but one pang in leaving it—it Eulalie had but a home!"

"Madam," I said, "if you will intrust her to my care."

"But this is weakness," continued the Lady Alice, without having heard my words. "I suffered so fearfully in my youth from a concealment of my real feelings; and one other whom I need not name to you, was an equal victim that I resolve that Eulalie's sufferings, if sufferings she is doomed to endure, shall not arise from the same cause. I have spoken of you to her so often; I have praised your character so highly; your friend, Sir Wilfred Seymour, has joined me in these praises so heartily, that you have but to speak to make Eulalie happy—and me contented."

I remained silent—thoughts of my engagement to Lady Adeline kept crowding into my heart.

"You speak not! You reject her! Eulalie, my poor Eulalie!"

"Nay, stop, madam," for Eulalie was resting her head on the shoulder of Lady Alice, and I could not bear to see her distress. "I shall soon be able to offer her the protection of a home, where one, whom I feel certain you would love, if you only knew her, will be a sister to her, and I—a brother!"

"And who is that one—I?"

"Mother, dear mother, ask him

no questions," said Eulalie; "I am rejected, but I rejoice, I assure you, I rejoice in the rejection. Let me but speak to him a few minutes in private."

"Speak on," said the Lady Alice, "I will not listen."

Eulalie then tript across the room, and putting her arm into mine, led me to a recess in the apartment, and said to me in a whisper—

"You have done well to break the Lady Alice's heart, by rejecting her daughter's hand. But remember, by this, that you have ruined Sir Wilfred's hopes, and opened fresh wounds in the breast of your father."

"Did they know of the Lady Alice's intention?"

"Yes, and approved of it. I have even been at Ellersby and seen your father."

"Eulalie! Eulalie! will nothing move you to compassion. I have told you I love another."

"But that other does not love you better than I do. I know the Lady Adeline O'Carrol."

"You amaze me, Eulalie. She is a Protestant, and, so far, will be pleasing to my father."

"A Protestant! and so am I."

"What! in these habits?"

"Ay; would you debar me from assuming the only dress that enables me to be useful to my mother?"

"The Lady Adeline has my promise."

"And so have I. Do you deny that till you came to Rome there was no one you preferred to poor Eulalie?"

"I do not deny it. But why torment me with all these questions?"

"For this reason. My mother, whose grief grows heavier every new mortification she inflicts upon herself, has resolved finally to abandon the world next Easter. After that she will not even see me, unless for a few days at the Christmas of each year. She is anxious to see me happy before that time, and thinks no one is so likely to render me so as the son of Edward Lonsdale. And yet you reject me, though I have wealth and rank, and what the world calls beauty."

"You torture me, Eulalie. I am true to another."

"What if that other were to absolve you from your vows?"

"Impossible! she is too pure and noble."

"But she *does* absolve you ' I tell you so."

"And who are *you* ' You have never even told me your name yet."

"My name will shortly be the Lady Eulalie Lonsdale of Ellersby."

"The devil it will!"

"Hush! I never thought you could be such a simpleton, Edward, as to refuse a pretty—amiable—affectionate—young creature like me. Look here, now, I am going to lift up the hood and show you what a galaxy of charms your ridiculous constancy has tempted you to reject."

She threw back her hood as she spoke, and archly smiling at my surprise, I saw before me the Lady Adeline!

"You'll tell my lady mother you'll consent, won't you?" she whispered.

"Yes, surely, certainly—but how, in Heaven's name—how comes this?"

"Very simply. My mother's convent name is Sister Alice; my own name is Adelina Eulalie O'Carrol—Sir Wilfred Seymour is my uncle—but hush! just now I've no time for farther questionings. Come and set my mother's heart at rest, and I promise to trouble you with no more disguises."

FAMILY POETRY. No. VIII.

THE SHERIFF'S BALL!

"Raphael, the sociable spirit."—MILTON.

"HERE's glorious news!" cried Cousin Jack,

One Sunday, in a morning call

He made about a twelvemonth back—

"The Sheriff's going to give a Ball!"

Up started Jane, and I, and Bess;

One general rapture seized us all;

"Pink satin shoes,"—"kid gloves,"—"lace dress,"—

"That angel, Raphael, gives a Ball!"

The *Sunday Times* has got it in,

The *John Bull*, too, in pica small,

The *Age*, th' *Observer*—all begin

To talk of Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

And Pa's a liveryman, you know,

Of Bassishaw by London Wall,

And so, of course, we all shall go

To Mister Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

Next day Ma sent our porter, Bill,

To call a coach, to take us all

To Ellis's on Ludgate Hill,

To "shop" for Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

There she, resolving to look nice,

Bought for herself a Cachemere shawl,

A Toque, and Bird of Paradise,

To wear at Sheriff Raphael's Ball;

And Betsy bought the sweetest things,

The last consignment from Bengal,

All green-and-gold and beetle's wings,

To be the pride of Raphael's Ball!

And Jane, a new white satin slip,

And I, because I'm rather tall,

A sky-blue China crape, to trip

Away in at the Sheriff's Ball!

And Cousin Jack, who's so genteel,
Before he went, engaged us all
To dance with him the new quadrille,
And waltz at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

Oh how we teased *Madame de Lohne*,
And *Ma'amselle Victorine St Paul*,
—"Pray don't forget to send all home,
In time for Sheriff Raphael's Ball."

'Twas all prepared—gloves, bouquets, shoes,
And dresses—Jane's a thought too small;—
But ah! no Jack announc'd the news,
"To-morrow's Sheriff Raphael's Ball!"

At length he comes! in eager haste
His stock and plaited frill we maul—
Never was man so close embraced—
"Oh, Jack! when's Sheriff Raphael's Ball?"

"Why, really—I—that is—the day
Precisely"—with his Bond Street drawl
Cries Jack—"I can't *exactly* say
What day is fixed for Raphael's Ball;

"But he who fills the civic chair,
I find, has promised him Guildhall,
So ten to one the new Lord Mayor
Will dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

"For though my Lord's a Tory true,
And Raphael's but a Radi-cal,
Yet politics have nought to do,
You know, with any Sheriff's Ball.

"And Mister Pearson will be there,
With Galloway from Codger's Hall,
And all the Lumber Troop"—"Oh dear
I long for Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

"For there will be Sir John, whose son
At sixteen thought for place too small,
Grew, in one night, to twenty-one,
He'll come to Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

"And Michael Scales will doff his steel,
And quit his snug Whitechapel stall,
Blue apron, block, and donkey veal,
To dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball."

At morn, at eve, that livelong week,
And e'en when night her sable pall
Had spread around, no tongue could speak
Of aught save Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

Nay, not our waking thoughts alone,
Our midnight dreams could we recall,
Ma, Jane, and Betsy all would own,
They were of Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

* * * * *

Time flies—three months are gone—again
 Our Cousin Jack repeats his call—
 “What news?” exclaims th’ impatient train,
 “What news of Sheriff Raphael’s Ball?”

Jack shakes his head—“Alack!” cries he,
 —His tones our very hearts appal—
 “He’s striving to become M.P.,
 And must perforce put off his Ball!”

Spring flies away—and summer then—
 The autumn leaves begin to fall,
 “Oh, Jack! in pity tell us, when,
 Oh *when* is Sheriff Raphael’s Ball?”

“O’er Jane’s white slip a bilious hue
 By slow degrees begins to crawl—
 A yellowish tint invades my blue—
 ‘T will fade ere Sheriff Raphael’s Ball.

“And poor Mamma!—although her part
 The philosophic Ma’am de Staël
 Could not more firmly play,—her heart
 In secret yearns for Raphael’s Ball.”

On leaden wings November flies,
 When worse disasters still befall,
 In rushes Jack—“Alas!” he cries,
 “No hopes of Sheriff Raphael’s Ball!

“For, oh! there has been such a breeze,
 A breeze that, freshening to a squall,
 Became a hurricane—Agiers
 A whirlwind with a Sheriff’s Ball?”

“Jane! Betsy! Sue!—that shocking man—
 He with the tail—who loves a brawl;
 That horrid, ranting, roaring Dan,
 Has upset Sheriff Raphael’s Ball.

“The *blunt*—the *stuff*—the *rhino*—ay,
 Two thousand pounds! a glorious haul!
 A sum which had gone near to pay
 The whole expense of Raphael’s Ball!!”

“But ’tis done—all words are idle!”
 (So sang Byron in his yawl)
 And we now perforce must bridle
 Each fond wish for Raphael’s Ball!

And yet the Gloves—the Crape—the Toque—
 The spangled muslin from Nepaul!
 —Oh, it would e’en a saint provoke,
 ‘Thus diddled out, of Raphael’s Ball!

Shame on their heads! but, Dan, on thine
 Our heaviest maledictions fall—
 Pa’s, Ma’s, Jane’s, Betsey’s, Jack’s, and mine,
 Thou Thalaba of Raphael’s Ball!

THE FUTURE.

THAT human affairs are now undergoing a great and durable alteration; that we are in a *transition state* of society, when new settlements are taking place, and the old levels are heaved up, or displaced by expansive force from beneath, is universally admitted; but the world is as yet in the dark as to the ultimate results, whether for good or evil, of these vast and organic changes. While the popular advocates look upon them as the commencement of a new era in social existence—as the opening of a period of knowledge, freedom, and general happiness, in which the human race, freed from the fetters of feudal tyranny, is to arrive at an unprecedented state of social felicity—the Conservative party every where regard them as fraught with the worst possible effects to all classes in society, and to none more immediately than those by whom they are so blindly urged forward—as conducing to the destruction of all the bulwarks both of property and freedom. While these opposite and irreconcilable opinions are honestly and firmly maintained by millions on either side of this great controversy, and victory inclines sometimes to one side and sometimes to another in the course of the contests, civil and military, which it engenders, “Time rolls on his ceaseless course;” the actors and the spectators in the world’s debate are alike hurried to the grave, and new generations succeed, who are borne along by the same mighty stream, and inherit from their parents the passions and prejudices inseparable from a question in which such boundless expectations have been excited on the one side, and such vital interests are at stake on the other.

The symptoms of this transition state distinctly appear, not merely in the increase of political power on the part of the lower classes in almost every state of western Europe, but the general formation of warm hopes and anticipations on their

parts inconsistent with their present condition, and the universal adaptation of science, literature, arts, and manufactures to their wants. Supposing the most decided re-action to take place in public feeling in the British dominions, and the most Conservative administration to be placed at the helm, still the state is essentially revolutionized. The great organic change has been made, and cannot be undone. Government is no longer, and never again will be, as long as a mixed constitution lasts, a free agent. It is impelled by the inclinations of the majority of twelve hundred thousand electors, in whom supreme power is substantially vested. At one time it may be too revolutionary, at another too monarchical, but in either it can only be the reflecting mirror of public opinion, and must receive, not communicate, the impulse of general thought. France is irrecoverably and thoroughly revolutionized. All the checks, either on arbitrary or popular power, have been completely destroyed by the insane ambition of its populace; and its capital has been transformed into a vast arena, where two savage wild beasts, equally fatal to mankind—despotic power and democratic ambition—fiercely contend for the mastery, but where the fair form of freedom is never again destined to appear. Spain and Portugal are torn by the same furious passions—a Vendéan struggle is maintained with heroic constancy in the north—a Jacobin revolution is rapidly spreading in the south; and amidst a deadly civil war, and the confiscation of church and funded property, the democratic and despotic principles are rapidly coming into collision, and threaten speedily there, as elsewhere, to extinguish all the securities of real freedom in the shock.

It is not merely, however, in the political world that the symptoms of a vast organic change in Western Europe are to be discerned. Manners and habits evince as clearly

“My Old House, or The Doctrine of Changes. Edinburgh, December, 1835.” A treatise full of the truest philosophy, and well worthy of general attention in these times. “Tocqueville, Democracy in America. Paris, 1835, Vol. II., and London, 1835.”

the prodigious, and, as we fear, degrading transition which is going on amongst us. We are not blindly attached to the customs of former times, and willingly admit, that, in some respects, a change for the better has taken place; but in others how wofully for the worse; and how prodigious, at all events, is the alteration, whether for better or worse, which is in progress! With the feeling of chivalry still giving dignity to the higher ranks, and a sense of loyalty yet elevating the lower; with religion paramount in all the influential classes, and subordination as yet unshaken among the industrious poor, a state of manners ensued, a degree of felicity was attained, a height of national glory was reached, to which the future generations of Europe will look back with the more regret, that, once lost, it is altogether irrevocable. We do not despair of the fortunes of our country, still less of the human race; but we have no hope that those bright and glorious days can ever return. Vigour, indeed, is not wanting; activity, restless insatiable activity, is in profusion; talent is as yet undecayed; but where are the elevated feelings, the high resolves, the enduring constancy, the religious inspiration, the moral resolution, which gave dignity and grandeur to the past age? These qualities, doubtless, are still found in many individuals; but we speak of the general tendency of things, not the character of particular men. Even where they do occur, are they not chiefly to be discerned in those of a certain standing in life; and are they not remarked by the rising generation as remnants of the former age, who are fast disappearing, and will soon be totally extinct?

Look at education,—above all, the education of the middling and lower orders,—and say whether a vast and degrading change is not there rapidly taking place? Is it there more than any where else that “coming events cast their shadows before.” Elevating or ennobling knowledge; moral and religious instruction; purifying and entrancing compositions are discarded; the arts, the mechanical or manufacturing arts, alone are looked to—nothing is thought of but what can immediately be turned into mo-

ney; the church, and all the institutions connected with it, are considered as not destined to any lengthened endurance, and, therefore, classical learning is scouted and abandoned. The philosopher's stone is alone sought after by the alchemists of modern days; nothing is studied but what will render the human mind prolific of dollars. To purify the heart, and humanize the affections; to elevate the understanding and dignify the manners; to provide not the means of elevation in life, but the power of bearing elevation with propriety; to confer not the power of subduing others, but the means of conquering one's self; to impress love to God and goodwill towards men, are deemed the useless and antiquated pursuits of the monks of former days. Practical chemistry and sulphuric acid; decipitating salts and hydraulic engines; algebraic equations and commercial academies; mercantile navigation and double and single book-keeping, have fairly, in the seminaries of the middling ranks, driven Cicero and Virgil off the field. The vast extension of education, the prodigious present activity and energy of the human mind, the incessant efforts of the middling ranks to elevate and improve their worldly situation, afford, we fear, no reasonable grounds for hoping that this degrading change can be arrested; on the contrary, they are the very circumstances which afford a moral certainty that it will continue and increase. That the energy, expectations, and discontent now generally prevalent among the labouring classes, and appearing in the feverish desire for social amelioration and the ready reception of any projects, how vain soever, which promise to promote it, will lead to great and important changes in the condition both of government, society, and manners, is too obvious to require any illustration. The intense and feverish attention to worldly objects which these changes at once imply and produce; the undue extension of artificial wants among the labouring poor which they generate; the severe competition to which all classes are in consequence exposed; the minute subdivision of labour which such a high and increasing state of manufactur-

ing skill occasions; the experienced impossibility of rising in any department without a thorough and exclusive attention to its details, are the very circumstances of all others the most fatal to the improvement of the understanding, or the regulation of the heart. Amidst the shock of so many contending interests, the calm pursuits of science, which lead not to wealth, will be abandoned; the institutions which as yet maintain it will be sacrificed to the increasing clamour of democratic jealousy; literature will become a mere stimulant to the passions, or amusement of an hour; religion, separated from its property, will become a trade in which the prejudices and passions of the congregations of each minister will be inflamed instead of being subdued; every generous or ennobling study will be discarded for the mere pursuits of sordid wealth, or animal enjoyment; excitement in all its forms will become the universal object; and in the highest state of manufacturing skill, and in the latest stages of social regeneration, our descendants may sink irrecoverably into the degeneracy of Roman or Italian manners.

The extension and improvement of the mechanical arts—the multiplication of rail-roads, canals, and harbours—extraordinary rapidity of internal communication—increasing craving for newspapers, and excitement in all its forms; the general spread of comfort, and universal passion of luxury, afford no antidote whatever against the native corruption of the human heart. We may go to Paris from London in three hours, and to Constantinople in twelve; we may communicate with India, by the telegraph, in a forenoon, and make an autumnal excursion to the Pyramids or Persepolis in a fortnight, by steam-boats, and yet, amidst all our improvements, be the most degraded and corrupt of the human race. Internal communication was brought to perfection in the Roman empire, but did that revive the spirit of the legions, or avert the arms of the barbarians? did

it restore the age of Virgil and Cicero? Because all the citizens gazed daily on the most sumptuous edifices, and lived amidst a forest of the noblest statues, did that hinder the rapid corruption of manners, the irretrievable degeneracy of character, the total extinction of genius? Did their proud and ignorant contempt of the barbarous nations save either the Greeks or the Romans from subjugation by a ruder and more savage, but a fresher and a nobler race? Were they not prating about the lights of the age, and the unparalleled state of social refinement, when the swords of Alaric and Attila were already drawn? In the midst of all our excursions have we yet penetrated that deepest of all mysteries, the human heart—with all our improvements have we eradicated one evil passion or extinguished one guilty propensity in that dark fountain of evil? Alas! facts, clear undeniable facts, prove the reverse—with the spread of knowledge, and the growth of every species of social improvement, general depravity has gone on increasing with an accelerated pace, both in France and England, and every increase of knowledge seems but an addition to the length of the lever by which vice dissolves the fabric of society.* It is not simple knowledge, it is knowledge detached from religion, that produces this fatal result, and unhappily that is precisely the species of knowledge which is the present object of fervent popular desire. The reason of its corrupting tendency on morals is evident—when so detached it multiplies the desires and passions of the heart without any increase to its regulating principles; it augments the attacking without strengthening the resisting powers, and thence the disorder and license it spreads through society. The invariable characteristic of a declining and corrupt state of society is a progressive increase in the force of passion and a progressive decline in the influence of duty, and this tendency, so conspicuous in France, so evidently beginning amongst our-

* The curious tables of M. Guérin prove that in every department of France, without exception, general depravity is just in proportion to the extension of knowledge. "At one throw," says the candid Mr Bulwer, "he has bowed down all our preconceived ideas on this vital subject."—See *BULWER'S France*, vol. i., Appendix.

selves, is increased by nothing so much as that spread of education without religion which is the manifest tendency of the present times.

What renders it painfully clear that this corruption has not only begun, but has far advanced amidst a large proportion of our people, is the evident decline in the effect of moral character upon political influence. It used to be the boast, and the deserved boast of England, that talents the most commanding, descent the most noble, achievements the most illustrious, could not secure power without the aid of moral virtue. These times are gone past. Depravity of character, sordidness of disposition, recklessness of conduct, are now no security whatever against political demagogues wielding the very greatest political influence, nay, to their being held up as the object of public admiration, and possibly forced upon the government of the country. What has the boasted spread of education done to exclude such characters from political weight? Nothing—it is, on the contrary, the very thing which gives them their ascendancy. The time has evidently arrived when the commission of political crimes, the stain of guilt, the opprobrium of disgrace, is no objection whatever with a large and influential party to political leaders, provided they possess the qualities likely to ensure success in their designs. "It is the fatal effect," says Madame de Staël, "of revolutions to obliterate altogether our ideas of right and wrong, and instead of the eternal distinctions of morality and religion, apply no other test, in general estimation, to political actions but success." This affords a melancholy presage of what may be expected when the same vicious and degrading principles are still more generally embraced and applied to the ordinary transactions, characters, and business of life.

"If absolute power were re-established amongst the democratic nations of Europe, I am persuaded that it would assume a new form, and appear under features unknown to our forefathers. There was a time in Europe, when the laws and the consent of the people had invested princes with almost unlimited authority; but they scarcely ever availed themselves of it. I do not speak of the prerogatives of the nobility, of the autho-

city of supreme courts of justice, of corporations and their chartered rights, or of provincial privileges, which served to break the blows of the sovereign authority, and to maintain a spirit of resistance in the nation. Independently of these political institutions, — which, however opposed they might be to personal liberty, served to keep alive the love of freedom in the mind of the public, and which may be esteemed to have been useful in this respect—the manners and opinions of the nation confined the royal authority within barriers which were not less powerful, although they were less conspicuous. Religion, the affections of the people, the benevolence of the prince, the sense of honour, family pride, provincial prejudices, custom, and public opinion limited the power of kings, and restrained their authority within an invisible circle. The constitution of nations was despotic at that time, but their manners were free. Princes had the right, but they had neither the means nor the desire, of doing whatever they pleased.

"But what now remains of those barriers which formerly arrested the aggressions of tyranny? Since religion has lost its empire over the souls of man, the most prominent boundary which divided good from evil is overthrown; the very elements of the moral world are indeterminate; the princes and the people of the earth are guided by chance, and none can define the natural limits of despotism and the bounds of license. Long revolutions have for ever destroyed the respect which surrounded the rulers of the State; and since they have been relieved from the burden of public esteem, princes may henceforward surrender themselves without fear to the seductions of arbitrary power.

"When kings find that the hearts of their subjects are turned towards them, they are clement, because they are conscious of their strength; and they are chary of the affections of their people, because the affection of their people is the bulwark of the throne. A mutual interchange of good-will then takes place between the prince and the people, which resembles the gracious intercourse of domestic society. The subjects may murmur at the sovereign's decree, but they are grieved to displease him; and the sovereign chastises his subjects with the light hand of parental affection.

"But when once the spell of royalty is broken in the tumult of revolution; when successive monarchs have crossed the throne, so as alternately to display to the people the weakness of their right and the harshness of their power, the sovereign is no longer regarded by any

as the Father of the State, and he is feared by all as its master. If he be weak, he is despised; if he be strong, he is detested. He is himself full of animosity and alarm; he finds that he is as a stranger in his own country, and he treats his subjects like conquered enemies.

"When the provinces and the towns formed so many different nations in the midst of their common country, each of them had a will of his own, which was opposed to the general spirit of subjection; but now that all the parts of the same empire, after having lost their immunities, their customs, their prejudices, their traditions, and their names, are subjected and accustomed to the same laws, it is not more difficult to oppress them collectively, than it was formerly to oppress them singly.

"Whilst the nobles enjoyed their power, and indeed long after that power was lost, the honour of aristocracy conferred an extraordinary degree of force upon their personal opposition. They afforded instances of men who, notwithstanding their weakness, still entertained a high opinion of their personal value, and dared to cope single-handed with the efforts of the public authority. But at the present day, when all ranks are more and more confounded, when the individual disappears in the throng, and is easily lost in the midst of a common obscurity, when the honour of monarchy has almost lost its empire without being succeeded by public virtue, and when nothing can enable man to rise above himself, who shall say at what point the exigencies of power and the servility of weakness will stop?

"As long as family feeling was kept alive, the antagonist of oppression was never alone; he looked about him, and found his clients, his hereditary friends and his kinsfolk. If this support was wanting, he was sustained by his ancestors and animated by his posterity. But when patrimonial estates are divided, and when a few years suffice to confound the distinctions of a race, where can family feeling be found? What force can there be in the customs of a country which has changed, and is still perpetually changing, its aspect; in which every act of tyranny has a precedent, and every crime an example; in which there is nothing so old that its antiquity can save it from destruction, and nothing so unparalleled that its novelty can prevent it from being done? What resistance can be offered by manners of so pliant a make, that they have already often yielded? What strength can even public opinion have retained, when no twenty persons

are connected by a common tie; when not a man, nor a family, nor chartered corporation, nor class, nor free institution, has the power of repelling or exciting that opinion; and when every citizen—being equally weak, equally poor, and equally dependent—has only his personal impotence to oppose to the organized force of the Government?

"The annals of France furnish nothing analogous to the condition in which that country might then be thrown. But it may be more aptly assimilated to the times of old, and to those hideous eras of Roman oppression, when the manners of the people were corrupted, their traditions obliterated, their habits destroyed, their opinions shaken, and freedom, expelled from the laws, could find no refuge in the land; when nothing protected the citizens, and the citizens no longer protected themselves; when human nature was the sport of man, and princes weaked out the clemency of Heaven before they exhausted the patience of their subjects. Those who hope to revive the monarchy of Henry IV. or of Louis XIV., appear to me to be afflicted with mental blindness; and when I consider the present condition of several European nations—a condition to which all the others tend—I am led to believe that they will soon be left with no other alternative than democratic liberty, or the tyranny of the Cæsars."—TOQUEVILLE, ii. 247.

We shall not stop to show how precisely these views of Tocqueville coincide with what we have invariably advanced in this miscellany, or to express the gratification we experience at finding these principles now embraced by the ablest of the French Democratic party, after the most enlightened view of American institutions. We hasten, therefore, to show that these results of the French Revolution, melancholy and depressing as they are, are nothing more than the accomplishment of what, forty-five years ago, Mr Burke prophesied of its ultimate effects.

"The policy of such barbarous victors," says Mr Burke, "who condemn a subdued people, and insult their inhabitants, ever has been to destroy all vestiges of the ancient country in religion, policy, laws, and manners, to confound all territorial limits, produce a general poverty, crush their nobles, princes, and pontiffs, to lay low every thing which lifted its head above the level, or which could serve to combine or rally, in their distresses, the disbanded people under the

standard of old opinion. They have made France free in the manner in which then ancient friends to the rights of mankind freed Greece, Macedonia, Gaul, and other nations. If their present project of a Republic should fail, all securities to a moderate freedom fall along with it; they have levelled and crushed together all the orders which they found under the monarchy: all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed, inasmuch that if monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendancy in France, under this or any other dynasty, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered at: setting out by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that ever appeared on earth."—BURKE, v. 328, 333.

Similar results must ultimately attend the triumph of the democratic principle in Great Britain and Ireland. The progress may, and we trust will, be different; less bloodshed and suffering will attend its course; more vigorous and manly resistance will evidently be opposed to the evil; the growth of corruption will, we trust, be infinitely more slow, and the decline of the empire more dignified and becoming. But the final result, if the democratic principle maintains its present ascendancy, will be the same.

If we examine the history of the world with attention, we shall find, that amidst great occasional variations produced by secondary and inferior causes, two great powers have been at work from the earliest times; and, like the antagonist expansive and compressing force in physical nature, have, by their mutual and counteracting influence, produced the greatest revolutions and settlements in human affairs. These opposing forces are NORTHERN CONQUEST and CIVILIZED DEMOCRACY. Their agency appears clear and forcible at the present times, and the spheres of their action are different; but mighty ultimate results are to attend their irresistible operation in the theatres destined by nature for their respective operation.

We, who have, for eighteen years, so invariably and resolutely opposed the advances of democracy, and that equally when it raised its voice aloft on the seat of Government, as when it lurked under the specious guise of

free trade or liberality, will not be accused of being blinded in favour of its effects. We claim, therefore, full credit for sincerity, and deem some weight due to our opinion, when we assert that it is the great *moving power* in human affairs,—the source of the greatest efforts of human genius,—and, when duly restrained from running into excess, the grand instrument of human advancement. It is not from ignorance of, or insensibility to, its prodigious effects, that we have proved ourselves so resolute in resisting its undue expansion: it is, on the contrary, from a full appreciation of them, from a thorough knowledge of the vast results, whether for good or evil, which it invariably produces.

It is the nature of the democratic passion to produce an inextinguishable degree of vigour and activity among the middling classes of society—to develop an unknown energy among their wide-spread ranks—to fill their bosoms with insatiable and often visionary projects of advancement and amelioration, and inspire them with an ardent desire to raise themselves individually and collectively in the world. Thence the astonishing results—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil—which it produces. Its grand characteristic is *energy*, and energy not rousing the exertions merely of a portion of society, but awakening the dormant strength of millions; not producing merely the chivalrous valour of the high-bred cavalier, but drawing forth "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." The greatest achievements of genius, the noblest efforts of heroism, that have illustrated the history of the species, have arisen from the efforts of this principle. Thence the fight of Marathon and the glories of Salami—the genius of Greece and the conquests of Rome—the heroism of Sempach and the devotion of Haarlem—the paintings of Raphael and the poetry of Tasso—the energy which covered with a velvet carpet the slopes of the Alps, and the industry which bridled the stormy seas of the German Ocean—the burning passions which carried the French legions to Cadiz and the Kremlin, and the sustained fortitude which gave to Britain the dominion of the waves.

Thence, too, in its wilder and unrestrained excesses, the greatest crimes which have disfigured the dark annals of human wickedness—the massacres of Athens and the banishments of Florence—the carnage of Marius and the proscriptions of the Triumvirate—the murders of Cromwell and the bloodshed of Robespierre.

As the democratic passion is thus a principle of such vital and searching energy, so it is from it, when acting under due regulation and control, that the greatest and most durable advances in social existence have sprung. Why are the shores of the Mediterranean the scene to which the pilgrim from every quarter of the globe journeys to visit at once the cradles of civilisation, the birthplace of arts, of arms, of philosophy, of poetry, and the scenes of their highest and most glorious achievements? Because freedom spread along its smiling shores; because the ruins of Athens and Sparta, of Rome and Carthage, of Tyro and Syracuse, lie on its margin; because civilisation, advancing with the white sails which glittered on its blue expanse, pierced, as if impelled by central heat, through the dark and barbarous regions of the Celtic race who peopled its shores. What gave Rome the empire of the world, and brought the venerable ensigns bearing the words, “*Senatus populusque Romanus*,” to the wall of Antouinus and the foot of the Atlas, the waters of the Euphrates and the Atlantic Ocean? Democratic vigour. Democratic vigour, be it observed, *duly coerced by Patrician power*: the insatiable ambition of successive consuls, guided by the wisdom of the senate; the unconquerable and inexhaustible bands which, for centuries, issued from the Roman Forum. What has spread the British dominions over the habitable globe, and converted the ocean into a peaceful lake for its internal carriage, and made the winds the instruments of its blessings to mankind; and spread its race in vast and inextinguishable multitudes through the new world? Democratic ambition; democratic ambition, restrained and regulated at home by an adequate weight of aristocratic power; a government

which, guided by the stability of the patrician, but invigorated by the activity of the plebeian race, steadily advanced in conquest, renown, and moral ascendancy, till its fleets overspread the sea, and it has become a matter of certainty, that half the globe must be peopled by its descendants.

The continued operation of this undying vigour and energy is still more clearly evinced in the Anglo-American race, which originally sprung from the stern Puritans of Charles I.’s age, which have developed all the peculiarities of the democratic character in unrestrained profusion amidst the boundless wastes which lie open to their enterprise. M. Torqueville has described, with equal justice and eloquence, the extraordinary activity of these principles in the United States.

“The inhabitants of the United States are never fettered by the axioms of their profession; they escape from all the prejudices of their present station; they are not more attached to one line of operation than to another; they are not more prone to employ an old method than a new one; they have no rooted habits, and they easily shake off the influence which the habits of other nations might exercise upon their minds, from a conviction that their country is unlike any other, and that its situation is without a precedent in the world. America is a land of wonders, in which every thing is in constant motion, and every movement seems an improvement. The idea of novelty is there indissolubly connected with the idea of amelioration. No natural boundary seems to be set to the efforts of man; and what is not yet done is only what he has not yet attempted to do.”

“This perpetual change which goes on in the United States, these frequent vicissitudes of fortune, accompanied by such unforeseen fluctuations in private and in public wealth, serve to keep the minds of the citizens in a perpetual state of feverish agitation, which admirably invigorates their exertions, and keeps them in a state of excitement above the ordinary level of mankind. The whole life of an American is passed like a game of chance, a revolutionary crisis, or a battle. As the same causes are continually in operation throughout the country, they ultimately impart an irresistible impulse to the national character. The American, taken as a chance specimen of his coun-

trymen, must then be a man of singular warinrh in his desires, enterprising, fond of adventure, and above all of innovation. The same bent is manifest in all that he does; he introduces it into his political laws, his religious doctrines, his theories of social economy, and his domestic occupations; he bears it with him in the depth of the back woods, as well as in the business of the city. It is this same passion, applied to maritime commerce, which makes him the cheapest and the quickest trader in the world."

"It is not impossible to conceive the surpassing liberty which the Americans enjoy; some idea may likewise be formed of the extreme equality which subsists amongst them, but the political activity which pervades the United States must be seen in order to be understood. No sooner do you set foot upon the American soil than you are stunned by a kind of tumult; a confused clamour is heard on every side; and a thousand simultaneous voices demand the immediate satisfaction of their social wants. Every thing is in motion around you: here, the people of one quarter of a town are met to decide upon the building of a church; there, the election of a representative is going on; a little further, the delegates of a district are posting to the town in order to consult upon some local improvements; or in another place the labourers of a village quit their ploughs to deliberate upon the project of a road or a public school. Meetings are called for the sole purpose of declaring their disapprobation of the line of conduct pursued by the Government; whilst, in other assemblies, the citizens salute the authorities of the day as the fathers of their country. Societies are formed which regard drunkenness as the principal cause of the evils under which the state labours, and which solemnly bind themselves to give a constant example of temperance.

"The great political agitation of the American legislative bodies, which is the only kind of excitement that attracts the attention of foreign countries, is a mere episode or a sort of continuation of that universal movement which originates in the lowest classes of the people, and extends successively to all the ranks of society. It is impossible to spend more efforts in the pursuit of enjoyment."

The great system of nature thus expands to our view. The democratic principle is the great moving power which expels from the old established centres of civilisation the race of men

to distant and unpeopled regions; which in the ancient world spread it with the Athenian galleys along the shores of the Mediterranean, and with the Roman legions penetrated the dark and savage forests of central Europe; which laid the foundation in the kingdoms formed out of its provinces, of the supremacy of modern Europe, and is now with the British navy extending as far as the waters of the ocean roll; peopling at once the new continent of Australasia, and supplanting the sable millions of Africa; piercing the primeval forests of Canada, and advancing with unceasing velocity towards the rocky mountains of America. Nor is it only by the subjects of Britain that this impelling force is felt. It exists in equal force among their descendants; and from the seats where the Puritan contemporaries of Cromwell first sought an asylum from English oppression, an incessant craving, an unseen power, is for ever impelling multitudes to the yet untrodden forests of the West.

"It cannot be denied that the British race has acquired an amazing preponderance over all the other European races in the New World; and that it is very superior to them in civilisation, in industry, and in power. As long as it is only surrounded by desert or thinly-peopled countries, as long as it encounters no dense population upon its route, through which it cannot work its way, it will assuredly continue to spread. The lines marked out by treaties will not stop it; but it will every where transgress these imaginary barriers.

"The geographical position of the British race in the New World is peculiarly favourable to its rapid increase. Above its northern frontiers the icy regions of the Pole extend; and a few degrees below its southern confines lies the burning climate of the Equator. The Anglo-Americans are therefore placed in the most temperate and habitable zone of the continent."

"The distance from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico extends from the 47th to the 30th degree of latitude, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, as the bird flies. The frontier of the United States winds along the whole of this immense line; sometimes falling within its limits, but more frequently extending far beyond it into the waste. It has been calculated that the whites ad-

vance every year a mean distance of seventeen miles along the whole of this vast boundary. Obstacles, such as an unproductive district, a lake, or an Indian nation unexpectedly encountered, are sometimes met with. The advancing column then halts for a while; its two extremities fall back upon themselves, and as soon as they are re-united they proceed onwards. This gradual and continuous progress of the European race towards the Rocky Mountains has the solemnity of a providential event; it is like a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onwards by the hand of God.

"Within this first line of conquering settlers, towns are built, and vast States founded. In 1790 there were only a few thousand pioneers sprinkled along the valleys of the Mississippi; and at the present day these valleys contain as many inhabitants as were to be found in the whole Union in 1790. Their population amounts to nearly four millions. The city of Washington was founded in 1800, in the very centre of the Union; but such are the changes which have taken place, that it now stands at one of the extremities; and the delegates of the most remote Western States are already obliged to perform a journey as long as that from Vienna to Paris.

"It must not, then, be imagined that the impulse of the British race in the New World can be arrested. The dismemberment of the Union, and the hostilities which might ensue, the abolition of republican institutions, and the tyrannical government which might succeed it, may retard this impulse, but they cannot prevent it from ultimately fulfilling the destinies to which that race is reserved. No power upon earth can close upon the emigrants that fertile wilderness, which offers resources to all industry and a refuge from all want. Future events, of whatever nature they may be, will not deprive the Americans of their climate or of their inland seas, of their great rivers or of their exuberant soil. Nor will bad laws, revolutions, and anarchy, be able to obliterate that love of prosperity and that spirit of enterprise which seem to be the distinctive characteristics of their race, or to extinguish that knowledge which guides them on their way.

"Thus, in the midst of the uncertain future, one event at least is sure. At a period which may be said to be near (for we are speaking of the life of a nation), the Anglo-Americans will alone cover the immense space contained between the Polar regions and the Tropics, extending

from the coast of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific Ocean; the territory which will probably be occupied by the Anglo-Americans at some future time, may be computed to equal three quarters of Europe in extent. The climate of the Union is upon the whole preferable to that of Europe, and its natural advantages are not less great; it is therefore evident that its population will at some future time be proportionate to our own. Europe, divided as it is between so many different nations, and torn as it has been by incessant wars and the barbarous manners of the Middle Ages, has notwithstanding attained a population of 410 inhabitants to the square league. What cause can prevent the United States from having as numerous a population in time?"

"The time will therefore come when one hundred and fifty millions of men will be living in North America, equal in condition, the progeny of one race, owing their origin to the same cause, and preserving the same civilisation, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and imbued with the same opinions, propagated under the same forms. The rest is uncertain, but this is certain; and it is a fact new to the world, a fact fraught with such portentous consequences as to baffle the efforts even of the imagination."

It is not without reason, therefore, that we set out in this speculation, with the observation, that great and durable effects on human affairs are destined by Providence for the British race. And it is too obvious to admit of dispute, that the democratic principle amongst us is the great moving power which thus impels multitudes of civilized beings into the wilderness of nature. Nothing but that principle could effect such a change. Civilized man rarely emigrates; under a despotic government never. What colonies has China sent forth to people the wastes of Asia? Are the Hindoos to be found spread over the vast archipelago of the Indian Ocean? Republican Rome colonized the world; Republican Greece spread the light of civilisation along the shores of the Mediterranean; but Imperial Rome could never maintain the numbers of its own provinces, and the Grecian empire slumbered on with a declining population for eleven hundred years. Is Italy, with its old civilized millions, or France, with

its ardent and redundant peasantry, the storehouse of nations from whence the European race is to be diffused over the world? The colonies of Spain, torn by internal factions, and a prey to furious passions, are in the most miserable state, and constantly declining in numbers! * The tendency of nations in a high state of civilisation ever is to remain at home; to become wedded to the luxuries and enjoyments, the habits and refinements of an artificial state of existence, and regard all other people as rude and barbarous, unfit for the society, unequal to the reception of civilized existence, to slumber on for ages with a population, poor, redundant, and declining. Such has for ages been the condition of the Chinese and the Hindoos, the Turks and the Persians, the Spaniards and the Italians; and hence no great settlements of mankind have proceeded from their loins. What, then, is the centrifugal force which counteracts this inert tendency, and impels man from the heart of wealth, from the bosom of refinement, from the luxuries of civilisation, to the forests and the wilderness? What sends him forth into the desert, impelled by the energy of the savage character, but yet with all the powers and acquisitions of civilisation at his command; with the axe in his hand, but the Bible in his pocket, and the Encyclopedia by his side? It is democracy which effects this prodigy; it is that insatiable passion which overcomes alike the habits and affections of society, and sends forth the civilized pilgrim far from his kindred, far from his home, far from the bones of his fathers, to seek amidst Transatlantic wilds that freedom and independence which his native country can no longer afford. It is in the restless activity which it engenders, the feverish desire of elevation which it awakens in all classes, the longing after a state of existence unattainable in long established states which it produces, that the centrifugal force of civilized man is to be found. Above an hundred thousand emigrants from Great Britain, in the year 1833, settled in

the British colonies; nearly two hundred thousand annually pass over to the whole of North America from the British isles; and amidst the strife of parties, the collision of interest, the ardent hopes and chimerical anticipations incident to these days of transition, the English race is profusely and indelibly transplanted into the boundless wastes prepared for its reception in the New World.

As the democratic passion, however, is thus evidently the great moving power which is transferring the civilized European race to the remote corners of the earth, and the British navy, the vast vehicle raised up to supreme dominion, for its conveyance; so it is of the utmost importance to observe, that if undue power is given to this impelling force, the machine which is performing these prodigies may be destroyed, and the central force, instead of operating with a steady and salutary pressure upon mankind, suddenly burst its barriers, and for ever cease to affect their fortunes. A spring acts upon a machine only as long as it is loaded or restrained; remove the pressure, and its strength ceases to exist. This powerful and astonishing agency of the British race upon the fortunes of mankind, would be totally destroyed by the triumph of Democracy in these islands. Multitudes, indeed, during the convulsions consequent on so calamitous an event, would fly for refuge to the American shores, but in the grinding and irreversible despotism which would necessarily and speedily follow its occurrence, the vital energy would become extinct, which is now impelling the British race into every corner of the habitable earth. The stillness of despotism would succeed the agitation of passion; the inertness of aged civilisation at once fall upon the bounded state. From the moment that British freedom is extinguished by the overthrow of aristocratic influence, and the erection of the Commons into despotic power, the sacred fire which now animates the vast fabric of its dominion will become extinct, and

* Tocqueville, ii. 439.

England will cease to direct the destinies of half the globe. The Conservative party in this country, therefore, are not merely charged with the preservation of its own freedom—they are intrusted with the destinies of mankind, and on the success of their exertions it depends, whether the democratic spirit in these islands is to be preserved, as heretofore, in that subdued form which has directed its energy to the civilisation of mankind, or to burst forth in those wild excesses which turn only to its own ruin, and the desolation of the world.

While the naval strength and colonial dominions of England have steadily and unceasingly advanced in Western Europe, and its influence is in consequence spread over all the maritime regions of the globe, another, and an equally irresistible power, has risen up in the Eastern Hemisphere. If all the contests of centuries have turned to the advantage of the English navy, all the continental stifes have as unceasingly augmented the strength of Russia. From the time of the Czar Peter, when it first emerged from obscurity to take a leading part in continental affairs, to the present moment, its progress has been unbroken. Alone, of all other states, during that long period it has experienced no reverses, but constantly advanced in power, territory, and resources; for even the peace of Tilsit, which followed the disasters of Austerlitz and Friedland, was attended with an accession of territory. During that period it has successively swallowed up Courland and Livonia, Poland, Finland, the Crimea, the Ukraine, Wallachia, and Moldavia. Its southern frontier is now washed by the Danube; its eastern is within fifty leagues of Berlin and Vienna; its advanced ports in the Baltic are almost within sight of Stockholm; its south-eastern boundary, stretching far over the Caucasus, sweeps down to Erivan and the foot of Mount Ararat—Persia and Turkey are irrevocably subjected to its influence; a solemn treaty has given it the command of the Dardanelles; a subsidiary Moscovite force has visited Scutari, and rescued the Osmanlis from destruc-

tion; and the Sultan Mahmoud retains Constantinople only as the viceroy of the northern autocrat.

The politicians of the day assert that Russia will fall to pieces, and its power cease to be formidable to Western Europe or Central Asia. They never were more completely mistaken. Did Macedonia fall to pieces before it had subdued the Grecian Commonwealths; or Persia before it had conquered the Assyrian monarchy; or the Goths and Vandals before they had subverted the Roman empire? It is the general pressure of the north upon the south, not the force of any single state, which is the weight that is to be apprehended; that pressure will not be lessened, but on the contrary greatly increased, if the vast Scythian tribes should separate into different empires. Though one Moscovite throne were to be established at St Petersburg, a second at Moscow, and a third at Constantinople, the general pressure of the Russian race, upon the southern states of Europe and Asia, would not be one whit diminished. Still the delight of a warmer climate, the riches of long established civilisation, the fruits and wines of the south, the women of Italy or Circassia would attract the brood of winter to the regions of the sun. The various tribes of the German race, the Gothic and Vandal swarms, the Huns and the Ostrogoths, were engaged in fierce and constant hostility with each other; and it was generally defeat and pressure from behind which impelled them upon their southern neighbours; but that did not prevent them from bursting the barriers of the Danube and the Rhine, and overwhelming the civilisation, and wealth, and discipline of the Roman empire. Such internal divisions only magnify the strength of the northern race by training them to the use of arms, and augmenting their military skill by constant exercise against each other; just as the long continued internal wars of the European nations have established an irresistible superiority of their forces over those of the other quarters of the globe. In the end, the weight of the north thus matured, drawn forth and disciplined, will ever be turned to the fields of southern conquest.

The moving power with these vast bodies of men is the lust of conquest, and a passion for southern enjoyment. Democracy is unheeded or unknown amongst them; if imported from foreign lands it languishes and expires amidst the rigours of the climate. The energy and aspirations of men, are concentrated on conquest; a passion more natural, more durable, more universal than the democratic vigour of advanced civilisation. It speaks a language intelligible to the rudest of men; and rouses passions of universal vehemence. Great changes may take place in human affairs; but the time will never come when northern valour will not press on southern wealth; or refined corruption not require the renovating influence of indigent regeneration.

This then is the other great moving power which in these days of transition is changing the destinies of mankind. Rapid as is the growth of the British race in America, it is not more rapid than that of the Russian in Europe and Asia. Fifty millions of men now furnish recruits to the Moscovite standards; but their race doubles in every half century; and before the year 1900, one hundred millions of men will be ready to pour from the frozen plains of Scythia on the plains of central Asia and southern Europe. Occasional events may check or for a while turn aside the wave; but its ultimate progress in these directions is certain and irresistible. Before two centuries are over, Mahometanism will be banished from Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia, and a hundred millions of Christians will be settled in the regions now desolated by the standards of the Prophet. Their advance is as swift, as unceasing as that of the British race to the rocky belt of Western America.

"There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and whilst the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place amongst the nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time.

"All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth, all the others are stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human eye can see no terminus. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russian are men: the former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilisation with all its weapons and its arts. the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the ploughshare, those of the other by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm; the principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

There is something solemn and evidently providential in this ceaseless advance of the lords of the earth and the sea, into the deserted regions of the earth. The hand of Almighty Power is distinctly visible, not only in the unbroken advance of both on their respective elements, but in the evident adaptation of the passions, habits, and government of each to the ends for which they were severally destined in the designs of nature. Would Russian conquest have ever peopled the dark and untrodden forests of North America, or the deserted Savannas of Australasia? Would the passions and the desires of the north have ever led them into the abode of the beaver and the buffalo? Never; for aught that their passions could have done these regions must have remained in primeval solitude and silence to the end of time. Could English democracy ever have penetrated the half-peopled, half-desert regions of Asia, and Christian civilisation, spreading in peaceful activity, have supplanted the crescent in the original seats of the human race? Never; the isolated colonist, with his axe and his Bible, would have been swept away by the Mameluke or the Spahi, and civilisation, in its peaceful guise,

would have perished under the squadrons of the Crescent. For aught that democracy could have done for Central Asia it must have remained the abode of anarchy and misrule to the end of human existence. But peaceful Christianity, urged on by democratic passions, pierced the primeval solitude of the American forests; and warlike Christianity, stimulated by northern conquest, was fitted to subdue Central Asia and Eastern Europe. The Bible and the printing press converted the wilderness of North America into the abode of Christian millions; the Moscovite battalions, marching under the standard of the Cross, subjugated the already peopled regions of the Mussulman faith. Not without reason then did the British navy and the Russian army emerge triumphant from the desperate strife of the French Revolution; for on the victory of each depended the destinies of half the globe.

Democratic institutions will not, and cannot, exist permanently in North America. The frightful anarchy which has prevailed in the southern states, since the great interests dependent on slave emancipation were brought into jeopardy—the irresistible sway of the majority, and the rapid tendency of that majority to deeds of atrocity and blood—the increasing jealousy, on mercantile grounds, of the northern and southern states, all demonstrate that the union cannot permanently hold together, and that the innumerable millions of the Anglo-American race must be divided into separate states, like the descendants of the Gothic conquerors of Europe. Out of this second great settlement of mankind will arise separate kingdoms, and interests, and passions, as out of the first. But democratic habits and desires will still prevail, and long after necessity and the passions of an advanced stage of civilisation have established firm and aristocratic governments, founded on the sway of property in the old states, republican ambition and jealousy will not cease to impel millions to the great wave that approaches the Rocky Mountains. Democratic ideas will not be moderated in the New World, till they have performed their destined end, and brought the

Christian race to the shores of the Pacific.

Arbitrary institutions will not for ever prevail in the Russian empire. As successive provinces and kingdoms are added to their vast dominions—as their sway extends over the regions of the south, the abode of wealth and long established civilisation, the passion for conquest will expire. Satiety will extinguish this as it does all other desires. With the acquisition of wealth, and the settlement in fixed abodes, the desire of protection from arbitrary power will spring up, and the passion of freedom will arise as it did in Greece, Italy, and modern Europe. Free institutions will ultimately appear in the realms conquered by Moscovite, as they did in those won by Gothic valour. But the passions and desires of an earlier stage of existence will long agitate the millions of the Russo-Asiatic race; and after democratic desires have arisen, and free institutions exist in its oldest provinces, the wave of northern conquest will still be pressed on by semi-barbarous hordes from its remoter dominions. Freedom will gradually arise out of security and repose; but the fever of conquest will not be finally extinguished till it has performed its destined mission, and the standards of the Cross are brought down to the Indian Ocean.

The French Revolution was the greatest and the most stupendous event of modern times; it is from the throes consequent on its explosion that all the subsequent changes in human affairs have arisen. It sprung up in the spirit of infidelity; it was early steeped in crime; it reached the unparalleled height of general atheism, and shook all the thrones of the world by the fiery passions which it awakened. What was the final result of this second revolt of Lucifer, the Prince of the Morning? Was it that a great and durable impression on human affairs was made by the infidel race? Was St Michael at last chained by the demon? No! it was overruled by Almighty Power; on either side it found the brazen walls which it could not pass; it sunk in the conflict, and ceased to have any farther direct influence on human affairs. In defiance of all its efforts the Bri-

tish navy and the Russian army rose invincible above its arms; the champions of Christianity in the East and the leaders of religious freedom in the West, came forth, like giants refreshed with wine, from the termination of the fight. The infidel race which aimed at the dominion of the world, served only by their efforts to increase the strength of its destined rulers; and from amidst the ruins of its power emerged the ark, which was to carry the tidings of salvation to the Western, and the invincible host which was to spread the glad tidings of the gospel through the Eastern world.

Great, however, as were the powers thus let into human affairs, their operation must have been comparatively slow, and their influence inconsiderable, but for another circumstance which at the same time came into action. But a survey of human affairs leads to the conclusion, that when important changes in the social world are about to take place, a lever is not long of being supplied to work out the prodigy. With the great religious change of the sixteenth century arose the art of printing; with the vast revolutions of the nineteenth, an agent of equal efficacy was provided. At the time, when the fleets of England were riding omnipotent on the ocean, at the very moment when the gigantic hosts of infidel and revolutionary power were scattered by the icy breath of winter, STEAM NAVIGATION was brought into action, and an agent appeared upon the theatre of the universe, destined to break through the most formidable

barriers of nature. In January 1812, not one steam-vessel existed in the world; now, on the Mississippi alone, there are a hundred and sixty. Vain hereafter are the waterless deserts of Persia, or the snowy ridges of the Himalaya—vain the impenetrable forests of America, or the deadly jungles of Asia. Even the death-bestrodden gales of the Niger must yield to the force of scientific enterprise, and the fountains of the Nile themselves emerge from the awful obscurity of six thousand years. The great rivers of the world are now the highways of civilisation and religion. The Russian battalions will securely commit themselves to the waves of the Euphrates, and waft again to the plains of Shinar the blessings of regular government and a beneficent faith; remounting the St Lawrence and the Missouri, the British emigrants will carry into the solitudes of the far west the Bible, and the wonders of English genius.—Spectators of, or actors in, so marvellous a progress, let us act as becomes men called to such mighty destinies in human affairs; let us never forget that it is to *regulated freedom* alone that these wonders are to be ascribed; and contemplate in the degraded and impotent condition of France, when placed beside these giants of the earth, the natural and deserved result of the revolutionary passions and unbridled ambition which extinguished prospects once as fair, and destroyed energies once as powerful, as that which now directs the destinies of half the globe.

STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

In the present paper, the modest pronoun "I" must be used, and the jaunty confident dogmatic "We" rejected, as all I have to communicate is either what I have seen myself, or learnt by personal enquiries. The stately *ex cathedra* "We" would give my subject a bold afterthought aspect which it must not have. I had no idea of the warm interest of the new and exciting prospects, of the delightful hopes which this subject enfolds, till I came upon the spot where I am now. From Chalons sur Saône, to the Lower Alps, taking in the departments of the Isère, the Drome, and the Ardeche, there has been of late years a religious movement among the inhabitants of a very peculiar and most hopeful character. To these departments I shall limit the tour of observation I am now making, and to Lyons and the new churches within a day's journey therefrom, I shall confine my present communication. Instead of presenting a general picture of the Protestant population and its ecclesiastical establishments in these districts, as I had intended to do, I shall follow the more interesting track of the new religious excitement which has recently taken place. I shall commence by announcing a fact of which I feel quite sure my readers were previously ignorant — a fact which will give them as much delight as surprise, viz. that Reformed churches have been established within the last two years and a half at Chalons, Macon, Turnus, Luthaus, and Givry, towns varying in their population from fifteen to four thousand inhabitants, whereas before that time almost every individual residing in those places was a Roman Catholic. Besides this, at Lyons and St Etienne, where there had always been Protestants, a correspondent movement has taken place, and a multitude of conversions have been made. In fact, there is a spirit abroad which has not been known in France since the time of the Reformation. At present it is creeping quietly along the ground and nestling itself in the humblest settling places; but by and by gathering

strength and growth in these small resting spots, it may expand, I hope, its influence, and mount into higher places. The manner in which this spirit was first excited is very remarkable, and very striking and touching from the simplicity of the means used. *Colporteurs*, or hawkers, whose business it is to sell Bibles and tracts, in excursions made for that purpose over the country, introduced themselves, a little more than two years ago, into the house of a most bigoted Roman Catholic at Turnus. Almost all the inhabitants of that place are of the lowest rank of life, and the family alluded to was of this class. The reading of the Bible, however, and the conversation especially of one particular *colporteur*, converted the whole family. A conversion of this kind, it may well be imagined, where there was no advantage to be gained, but much persecution to be sustained, which indeed followed, could only have sprung from the liveliest convictions. There was one family there, consisting of four persons, ardent and enthusiastic for the Gospel in the midst of a population of five thousand inhabitants. This was a beginning; the *colporteurs* had thereby *piqué à terre*: they could read the Bible publicly, and speak to those who, out of curiosity, came to hear them. This they did with some effect, till an audience being prepared, a preacher was sent to address them. I am told that the first time the gospel was regularly preached in the town, crowds flocked to hear it, and that a very great sensation was produced. There is at present a permanent church established, and I saw myself a congregation assembled, though on a week-day evening, of about fifty persons. I must mention that this work, commenced originally by the humblest instruments, has not owed its spread and its success to that impulsion which very rare and superior gifts and talents may sometimes, in a happy moment, communicate to a mass. If there had not been a secret disposition towards, and a want of religion previously existing, the gospel could not have been received as it has been received.

ed, especially in the midst of all obloquy and reproach, for such is the gross ignorance of the people of this town, that the only true Christians in it are called, and by many believed to be, Saint Simonians. An anecdote was told me of a lady formerly residing in this place, whose name I forget, which I think sufficiently interesting to relate. She had been so zealous and devoted a Roman Catholic, that during the Reign of Terror she is thought by her influence to have kept the church of the town open, and when the priests were all banished, officiated herself, as far as prayers and exhortations went, in that edifice. She has since been converted, and has sent all her beads, relics, images, and crucifixes as a trophy to Geneva. This lady resides actually at Macon.

From Turnus the movement spread to the surrounding towns, and by the same means. The beginnings were always extremely feeble. When the pastor at Chalons first attempted to establish a worship there, he could only get three or four persons to promise to attend, and was rejected rudely by the few nominal Protestants to whom he addressed himself. He has now a congregation of about sixty persons, and an audience usually of one hundred, as many as his place of assembly can hold. The regular congregation or flock at Macon amounts to about one hundred, and the audience sometimes to double that number. In both places they are all, with a very scanty exception, converted Roman Catholics; and among these persons, decidedly separated from the Church of Rome, there exists a little corps of Christians quite of the John Bunyan stamp. If I had not seen this, I should have been comparatively but little delighted with a formal separation from Popery, however honest it might be; for Protestantism without piety is what Catholics would universally represent it to be -- a mere negation -- and a change from the Roman to the Reformed doctrine, occasions what Dr Johnson has called such a *laceration* of mind, that without a conviction, deep, warm, and vital, not in what Protestantism denies, but in what it affirms, I cannot conceive how the immense space which Popish ceremonies occupy in

the imagination and affections, or at least emotions, can be filled up. Protestantism without devotion is to one who has been a Roman Catholic, a mere retrenchment, an absolute privation. A great deal is thrown away but nothing is gained. I have been, therefore, particularly anxious to discover a warm genuine piety -- warmer and purer than what is generally met with -- and if I had not discovered this I should have thought I had discovered nothing. Far, however, from being disappointed in this particular, I must say that the cold, flagging, almost conventional assent to the truths of the gospel, which distinguish those long and even piously habituated to their influence, has been utterly put to shame by what I have witnessed since I have been here, in the very humblest abodes of the humblest class of society. I have visited the family alluded to above, at Turnus, and was not five minutes under the roof which shelters them, in the most rigorous but decent poverty, without feeling how beautifully the heart can illuminate a hovel. To give an idea, not so much of the sweetness of my own emotion as of the spectacle which excited it, I must mention that I thought at the time within myself, that probably during his sojourn on the earth, our Saviour had often frequented such abodes, and partaken, perhaps, of the humble meal of their inmates, and whilst I was warning myself with the faith and love which beamed from coarse labour, begrimed faces, beautified wonderfully by the expression of glowing serenity and contentment shed over them, grandeur seemed to me, in the comparison, to have changed places with poverty, and to look squalid, cold, shivering, and forlorn. Another example I met with at Macon, was still more touching. I visited there a very aged woman. On approaching the door of the room in which she resides, I looked in and saw her quite alone reading the New Testament. On entering I found her, though the weather was very cold, without any fire. Her chimney smoked, and the proprietor of the house would not repair it. The old creature has a family of children, but they are all away from her. It soon appeared that all that is earthly in her heart is

given to them. Some time ago, one of her four died, and left her his little savings. She was at that period a devoted Roman Catholic, and spent the whole sum in having masses said for his soul to deliver him out of purgatory. The priests consumed the widow's little portion in their vile decoying superstition, and never did I feel indignation against them so great as when I learnt the story. She is now in every worldly sense forlorn and abandoned; the poor feel little for each other, being too much engrossed and hardened by their own miseries to compassionate others, and she is left quite alone with the infirmities of age, sickness, and penury; yet if human happiness be what I take it to be, nothing but *religious consolation*, I never saw a being more happy than this decrepid old female appeared to me to be. I must not omit to add that she was visited lately, after a long separation, by a daughter very dear to her, who, with tears and prayers, implored her to go to mass. Against this severe trial, however, the old woman stood firm and refused. I have mentioned these two examples of deep piety out of a multitude I might choose from, because when I assert that there is a religious movement abroad, it behoves me to prove that this is something more than a superficial tendency to change, and that the adoption of the Reformed, and the rejection of the Catholic creed is not what it may sometimes very possibly be—a step towards incredulity. On the contrary, that the movement I speak of is positive and affirmative, and not merely negative, is proved by the fact that those converted have been most frequently devoted and zealous Roman Catholics. Warmth of sincerity has, in almost every instance, led to conversions, not indifference, as a man might wish to simplify, as it is called, religion into philosophy. This is the more remarkable, as there are great masses absolutely without religion, who are yet unwilling to be thought unbelievers, and so gross is the ignorance to which the priests have reduced the people, even in those truths which they hold to themselves, that there is a prevalent notion among the peasantry, as I have learnt from the best authority, that when a

man dies there is an end of him. They believe not even in the immortality of the soul, but for all that they are not unobservant of Popish superstition. One would think that it would be among these that the great impression of the preaching of the gospel would be made. But hitherto it has not been so. The reason seems to be, that it requires a mightier power of eloquence to awaken than to enlighten. Enlightenment, however, puts the stamp of genuineness on a work. One may be awakened by a false doctrine, but can only be enlightened by the true. I am glad, therefore, the movement has begun in the quarter it has. Its genuineness is thereby most emphatically proved.

To interest my readers as they ought to be interested on this subject, let me recall to their attention the fact, that three years ago there were but a few isolated individuals calling themselves Protestants, who cared not for their creed, in any of the places I have above mentioned. The establishment, however, of little churches in these blank and waste spots would not be so surprising if they had been planted and reared by a zealous and powerful national establishment, from which they might derive sustenance, support, and direction. But this has not been the case; they have sprung out of the zeal of a few of the humblest individuals. Originating in means the most feeble, and maintained most penuriously, they have yet thriven and spread, and have struck their roots firmly into the soil. They have now attached to their modest establishments *gratuitous* schools, both for children and for adults. In these schools alone, in the places I have mentioned, and shall have in the sequel to mention, is the Bible read. They are therefore sources from which the congregations are fed, many being led, by the reading of the Scriptures, to attend the worship at the Protestant chapels. I saw a very aged female, at the school at Macon, learning first, in her old age, with perseverance and success, to read, merely that she might be enabled to read the Bible. These schools, chapels, and their pastors are supported by the Evangelical Society of Geneva. Their

funds are, nevertheless, utterly insufficient for their growth, sufficing barely for their maintenance in their actual condition.

I said, in a former paper, that the work going on in France met with little opposition from the priests. That assertion was correct a short time ago; but it is no longer so. Till the gospel was preached, the priesthood regarded Protestants with sentiments far from hostile; but since it has been announced from many pulpits, with eloquence and with success, their enmity has been revived, and the pastors are constantly attacked by the spoken and written ribaldry of these men.

I did not visit the churches of Luhaus and Givry, because I am informed, that having seen those of Turnus and Macon, I might form a competent appreciation of the others.

I now turn to Lyons. This great capital of the south of France should naturally be its centre of gospel warmth. Till the year 1824, it does not appear, however, that in this vast city, containing 160,000 inhabitants, there was a single individual in whose bosom was one spark of religious zeal or devotion. I write literally, according to what appears to me to be the truth. Nevertheless, there are here, and ever have been, a population of about 8000 Protestants, having a national temple and worship established. There may have been seasons, and I believe there have been, in which this population possessed true ministers of the gospel; but they have always contrived to rid themselves of such as speedily as possible: and to give an idea of the utter dearth of all vitality which pervades their cold, naked forms, which we, who have a liturgy, can hardly conceive, I have only to mention one most remarkable fact, viz.,—in the year 1826, on the occasion of the law of sacrilege being promulgated by the Government, 1500 Roman Catholics of the city of Lyons abandoned the worship of their fathers, and attached themselves to the National Protestant Church. Great numbers, perhaps the majority of these, have again gone back to Popery. And it would have been surprising if they had not

done so; for surely a religion which fills the imagination—which captivates the senses—which is prolific in all the emotions which belong to poetry—which is gross or subtle, according to the character of its votary—which, if it applies no healing balm, at least administers an appeasing opiate, and, above all (and this is its great charm), satisfies the religious propensity without taxing it—must have appeared infinitely preferable to freezing under the mouldiest commonplaces of the mouldiest morality, and then calling that a worship. I am sorry to learn (but it accounts for the icy coldness of their sentiments) that most of the Protestants of Lyons are Socinians, or, as they like the title better, Arians. The theological colleges in which the pastors are educated, although very effective as far as learning goes, inculcate also Arian doctrines. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that where the divinity of the Saviour is denied, the incalculable importance of his mission should not be felt, and that it should dwindle, by an inevitable association of ideas, which no counter-reasoning can stand against, into nothing; for to diminish an object of worship is to annihilate it. Add to this, that the great mass of French Protestants have, for a long series of years, stretching into centuries, been delivered over to a hereditary indifference about the gospel; that many of them have been brought up, in early life, without any worship at all; and that almost all are pure rationalists, who countenance their church more because they cannot do without the rites of marriage, baptism, and sepulture, than for any other more potent reason; and we shall be able to understand the triple adamantine firmness in which they are locked up against every impression of zeal for the propagation of their faith. Such was the condition of the National Protestant Church of Lyons at about the date last mentioned. Till then there were only a few individuals in the great city whose hearts had any sympathy with the gospel. These, without neglecting the public worship, were accustomed to assemble together, in order to engage in that simplest and sublimest of all

exercises, which alone searches the heart, and purifies the affections—the reading of the Scriptures, prayer, and praise. At first there were only three who thus met together; and the great object of their ambition was, that they might increase their number to fifteen, that they might hold something more like a regular assembly. I know that, in our own country, we sometimes regard little assemblages of this kind with an eye of disapprobation; and it cannot be denied, that in a day of general and promiscuous profession, especially where the gospel is abundantly preached, they do not unfrequently engender what is most revolting and hateful—spiritual pride, narrowness, bigotry, and bitterness of spirit. But when we contemplate an immense population—a nation I might almost say—given over to superstition, idolatry, infidelity, and formality,—and these things being their virtues, what must be their vices?—and then see, within the very heart of this impious mass, a few poor obscure men, untaught, unencouraged by any visible example, quitting all the high-roads and beaten paths of promise in life, and, led by a celestial charity, devoting themselves assiduously to the study of the Scriptures—I can conceive no sight so beautiful, so touching, so edifying as this, or which bears upon it more evidently the mark of a divine impulse. Such was the commencement of the Protestant Scriptural Church at Lyons.

Shortly after, in the year 1828, M. Adolphe Monod was appointed pastor to the national congregation of that city. There are some men whom to praise is to offend, and whose names are allied to thoughts which absorb and silence all profane admiration. Of this gentleman I shall only, therefore, say, that his preaching was such as soon to exasperate the consistory against him. The tax-payers had no idea that any one should presume to search their consciences, and disturb their internal satisfaction with themselves. But this the new preacher did. Their Sunday afternoon meals were spoiled by the previous morning sermon, digestion was injured, bad blood excited, and, in fact, it was a crying shame

that they should be discomposed in the enjoyment of all their animal comforts by an impertinent appeal to hidden thoughts and troublesome reflections, which had before lain so snugly and profoundly asleep as to give them no uneasiness at all. The few “notables,” the handful of rich merchants and shopkeepers, might, however, have merely turned their backs upon the obnoxious preacher, and sought elsewhere than under his ministry their periodical quieting dose of religion, if there had been any second place of worship to which they might betake themselves. But this not being the case, they had no alternative, and were obliged to rid themselves of the nuisance of hearing truth by expelling their pastor. This they did by the necessary intervention of the Government, though M. Guizot, then minister of public instruction, is known to be very favourably inclined to evangelical ministers; and against M. Monod it could only be urged, that he had faithfully insisted upon the observance of the legal discipline, and on the inculcation of the established doctrines of his church. This was his crime; yet such is the fear of offending consistories, who have generally a good deal of political importance, that their will prevailed, as it almost in every case does. A greater vice than the power of consistories in a national church establishment, it is impossible to conceive. It is a taking of the gospel out of the hands of those who have made it the subject of long years of study and meditation, to put it into the hands of men who have studied nothing but the petty concerns of traffic and commerce, to receive from the latter its interpretation. As soon as M. Monod was thus extruded from the national temple, he was offered the post of professor of theology at Geneva, or of preacher at the oratory of Lausanne. Either of these situations would have secured to him a sufficient competence for his family, and the former he declares had for him great attractions. He, however, refused them both, and preferred remaining at Lyons, where, for the support of his family, he had absolutely nothing. The motive which induced him to make this choice was, that he would

not leave those who adhered to him, though a poor people, and utterly incapable of maintaining a minister and a worship, without a pastor. This little flock, then, not separated but ejected from the national establishment, was the first beginning of a church at Lyons, which has since created a great sensation, and raised great hopes. The Roman clergy, particularly the Archbishop of Lyons, were at first rejoiced at their extrusion from the national temple, thinking, no doubt, that the vital part of its congregation being cut off, the conversions from Romanism, which had been frequent, would be suddenly stopped. But directly the reverse has happened. The little assembly which could be originally held within a small room of their pastor's house, has so grown, that they have been obliged three times to change their place of meeting. Their present chapel can contain, with some inconvenience, three hundred auditors, and it is on Sundays always full, and sometimes even overcrowded. One of the great objects now is to procure a more spacious hall of assembly, and, if possible, to establish two services in distant quarters of the city, it having been found that many who are anxious to attend are prevented by the distance of their residences. The number of members actually admitted to receive the sacrament amounts to one hundred and fifty, and as all who are admitted for the first time are invited to have a previous conversation with the pastor, who, according to the state of mind they exhibit to him, counsels them to participate or not, as it seems right to him, and as this must necessarily keep many away, the number mentioned is certainly very considerable. Of these fifty only were originally Protestants, the rest are all converted Roman Catholics. The first time the Lord's Supper was administered after the separation from the national church, of the new communicants two-thirds were Protestants, and one third converted Roman Catholics. On the ensuing Christmas, six months after, when this ceremony again took place, the new participants were two-thirds converted Roman Catholics, and only

one-third born Protestants; and since then fresh and considerable accessions have been made and are making from the Church of Rome. With these results before him, M. Monod finds his actual position much more favourable for the spread of the gospel, than the one he formerly occupied in the National Temple. By his change of situation one strong prejudice is removed from the mind of Roman Catholics. Against Protestantism they have an old grudge, an ancient antipathy. But those who belong not to the national worship seem to them not to be Protestants, but mere preachers and propagators of the gospel, and against this they have no peculiar hostility; for as they do not know what it is, they feel rather curiosity than any thing else. The new set of men who are so busy, zealous, and warm-hearted, are not identified in their minds with their old enemies, the Protestants—and this is a great point gained.

I will now give some examples of the way in which the little congregation increases. The following details might seem to have nothing remarkable, if related of any place but Lyons, but that city is the very stronghold of Popish bigotry, where the priests have more power than any where else. The extracts which I am about to give, therefore, from M. Monod's Appeal to Christians, will be found very interesting. They will show how, by means the most despised—I should like, however, to know how by any other means the gospel is to enter houses, hovels, and obscure corners impervious to public preaching—a great effect has been produced. "We often," says M. Monod in his appeal, "see new auditors brought to our place of assembly by different motives. Some come at first out of curiosity, and return with better sentiments. Some women came lately to the chapel, procured a Bible, and not being able to read it themselves, got their husbands to read it for them, which brought the whole family to our service. A workman some time ago found a Bible in a friend's house, borrowed it from him, read it to his wife, came with her to hear the gospel preached, attended our service regularly, were both, by the grace

of God, converted at the same time, and had their marriage, which they had previously only contracted civilly, blessed and solemnized in our chapel. A few weeks ago we remarked a whole family who attended regularly the preaching of the gospel. On enquiry, it was found that one of the members of our church had spoken of the gospel in the shop of a hairdresser. A stranger who was present took the address of our chapel, and has since come to every service with his whole family. On another occasion the exhortations of a Christian friend who often passes through our city were the means of introducing the gospel into a house occupied by several Catholic families. From this single house six persons, three husbands with their wives, have followed our preaching. In the same house a mother and her daughter, completely under the bondage of the priests, repulsed obstinately the gospel. For a long time they refused to read the Bible. At last the mother consented to accept of a New Testament. She had not read in it many days, before she consented to go to the chapel. Her daughter, in despair that her mother was about to be *gained*, wept and implored her in vain to change her resolution, but not being able to prevail—"Well, then," said she, "since you will absolutely go to the chapel, I will go with you, but you shall come to mass with me afterwards." They both went, both were *gained*, forgot the mass, and have since led the most exemplary and devoted lives." The daughter, however (for I must be scrupulous in telling the exact truth), has, subsequent to the publication of the little work from which I have been extracting, wavered a little in her conduct.

To the little scriptural church at Lyons are attached two, or rather four, I should say, gratuitous schools, —two day schools, the one for boys, and the other for girls, and two Sunday schools, the one for males, and the other for female adults. The first schoolmaster of one of these schools was a converted Roman Catholic. They are all distinguished by the circumstance which gives them such an emphatic value, viz., in them alone, among all the places of education in the great city of Lyons, is the Bible read. On reflection,

however, I must except from this remark the establishment of Mademoiselle Filhol. Here is one of the few boarding-schools in France where female accomplishments may be acquired without the risk of acquiring impiety or superstition with them. In one of the school-rooms above mentioned, was held till lately a meeting called, *La Réunion des Questions*, in which any one might require from the pastor an explanation of any difficulties he might have met with in reading the Scriptures, and many who attended were converted, or enquiring Roman Catholics, who were and are harassed by the priests to return to the Church of Rome. These meetings were very useful. The women who were in the habit of coming to these assemblies—for they were not all what we should call ladies—used to bring their work with them, and whatever their fingers accomplished on these evenings was devoted to charitable purposes. These meetings are still continued, but having been transferred to the chapel, they have a character less familiar than they formerly had, and the females bring no longer their needle-work with them. As for the more solemn services, they take place twice during the week-days, and three times on the Sunday. One of these latter is an English service. M. Monod, though a Frenchman, preaches perfectly well in our language. There are about an hundred English workmen at Lyons employed in the manufactories. For them it is that he has established this service, for he loves our nation, and was grieved to see so many of its natives living like pagans, without any worship. I am sorry to say that his kindness and good-will on their behalf has been hitherto in vain. They will not attend at his chapel, but he perseveres, nevertheless, to preach to almost empty seats. The English workmen indeed at Lyons are a most degraded set of beings. Though they receive high wages, they are most of them in miserable want, through drunkenness. They plunge into vice with an energy which astonishes the French, whose viciousness generally keeps time and tune with their interests, and with an external decency and moderation. I hope that perseverance will at last prevail, and

that our countrymen at Lyons will eventually take advantage of the opportunity held out to them of profiting by their native worship offered to them in their native language. Besides this English service, there is also one in the German language, connected with the separated, or rather ejected, church.

I have yet to mention certainly the most remarkable characteristic of this little church. It was originally composed of dissenters without a minister, and of those members of the national establishment who adhered to their expelled pastor. Men so divided in their ideas of church government, it was hoped, it may well be imagined, by the Romanists, could not long hold together, and their contemplated disunion and dissension, and the great scandal and disgrace which would thereby fall on the reformed doctrines, were, no doubt, looked forward to as effectual checks to all further conversions. And this would undoubtedly have been the effect of disagreement. A thousand arguments, brought from the depths of men's consciences, from Scripture, and from reason, are feeble against a *primâ facie* external fact, against an outward appearance of discord. It is in vain to show that this is only a *concordia discors*, that uniformity in reality kills unity, that it is but the shroud of extinct life, nothing in all nature being completely uniform except death. Enquirers will always be perplexed and repelled by divergences of opinion, of which they perceive neither the common centre nor the common bond. The secret of wisdom in this matter seems to be to preserve the appearance as well as the reality of unity by leaving ample space for diversity. We are commanded to contend for the faith, but not to contend for forms; and it is on this principle that the Scriptural church of Lyons has hitherto proceeded. Its members have not shut themselves up in an inflexible discipline, which *alone* gives a narrow and sectarian character to separatists. All who come under the scope of gospel truth come within their communion. Miserable pretences have not yet counteracted the grandeur of their theme; and, if it be permitted to hope so much of human infirmity, I hope they never will. Owing to this spirit of

common concord, amidst many differences of small moment, the plan pursued is adapted for extension and acceptance as widely and as generally as the gospel itself is; and to it I attribute, in a great measure, the success which a church, whose material means are almost nothing, has met with in one of the most unfavourable spots in France for an evangelising experiment. It may seem unnecessary to add, after what I have just written, that I have never met in any part of the world with any society of zealous Christians so free from fanaticism as that of Lyons; their warmth and activity are shielded by sobriety; and the false fires of a mere external zeal are quenched in a deep conviction of personal weakness, which ever produces a conceding spirit in all things, which, in a broad generality of meaning, are not absolutely essential.

One of the great proofs that the new church of Lyons has made numerous proselytes is, that the Roman church has been roused to an exertion and manifestation of hostility, which, in one respect, has not been exhibited in France for many centuries, and which has excited the popular mind in a manner very extraordinary for that country. Some time ago some Catholics called on Monsieur Monod—mark, not upon the pastor of the National Temple—to demand of him conferences respecting some points of the doctrine of the Catholic church. The conferences were granted. They were first held in one of the school rooms, but the concourse of auditors becoming always greater, they were transferred to the chapel. There they were carried on, not with intellectual pride and parade, but with seriousness and conscientiousness, and on the whole very amicably, when the priesthood, perceiving that the controversy turned terribly against them, sent a disguised priest (according to a conjecture amounting almost to certainty) with his followers into the assembly, who, with tumult and outrage, broke up the discussion. Two thousand five hundred copies of the narrative of these conferences have been sold. Since then a priest has been specially sent to preach in one of the principal churches of Lyons four times a day against the reformed doctrines

—so great is the alarm which a little society, altogether devoid of worldly importance, and the object of bitter contempt to its adversaries, has been able to inspire! The apostasy, as the priesthood no doubt termed it, of the fifteen hundred above spoken of, occasioned no sensation of this kind, but there was no question then of the *gospel*, and the gospel is to priests the wormwood that makes them writhe and roar. The particular priest I have just alluded to, is a man of powerful lungs and some eloquence. I have heard him preach. He addresses always a crowded audience, for earnest preaching in a Catholic church is so rare that it causes much excitement. I observed, what perhaps most people have observed on a like occasion, that Popish sermons insist exclusively on the external ceremonies and outward marks of the verity of the church. Sanctity, according to them, resides in a particular organization, and administration, in particular forms; and the individual is supposed to receive it from a material contact with mysterious rites, not from a spiritual influence upon a spiritual essence—his conscience. For this reason Romish preachers are afraid to refer a man to himself, lest in examining himself he should find God, but they refer him to *the church*. The great art of this church is not to awaken but to *appease*, or only so far to awaken as to bring their appeasing specifics into request. It is true it sometimes meets with stubborn customers, and these must be appeased with a vengeance, by all sorts of austerities. Out of these, its saints are manufactured, and some so called have been really such. Rome to them, as to Pascal, for instance, has realized its own purgatory.

My object has been, since I came into this part of the world, not merely to ascertain the condition of the churches, but to discover also the state of mind which generally prevails with respect to the gospel. On this point, not trusting to my own observations, which, on the whole, have been very satisfactory, I have consulted those whose long experience gives them a right to pronounce a more decided judgment than I could do. Monsieur Monod especially, whose temperament is by

no means sanguine, and who from his position is more capable of forming a correct opinion than any one else, has assured me that he thinks there is a general movement abroad, not towards Protestantism as Protestantism, but towards the Bible. The word "Bible" is a sound which has been unfamiliar to French ears for many centuries; it has, therefore, superadded to its venerable name the attraction of novelty; and the old rotten garment of Popery falling from off the shoulders even of the populace, they turn naturally, in their instinctive tendency to clothe themselves with another vestment, towards it, as to the only source from which their want can be supplied; they have no longer that shuddering aversion to the word of God—which bigoted Papists still retain; they are led by curiosity, or a better impulse, to see what is in a book so much talked about, and they buy it, for it is rarely offered as a gift. In proof of this I have to state the fact, that two thousand copies of the New Testament have been sold within the last two months by two *colporteurs* treading the same ground, for they go in couples, in the single little department of the Ardèche. *Colporteurs*, in general, are particularly anxious to make a plentiful distribution in the vicinity of some preacher of the gospel. They were lately well received in a village about four leagues distant from Lyons. Monsieur Monod immediately betook himself to the spot. A room was given him to preach in, and the people flocked in crowds to hear him. For some time after, these people had the gospel preached to them once every fortnight. This circumstance is very remarkable. Here we see a spontaneous movement among unmixed Catholics who had been left totally undisturbed in their creed, and examples of the kind are numerous. It is true that mere curiosity often draws crowds together on such occasions, and that but few remain constant to the last. But this very curiosity shows how lightly those who give way to it esteem their own church, and how perfectly free they are from its control. What a matter of wonder it would be to us if such a circumstance were to happen in Ireland—that Bibles should not only be received

but *bought*, throughout a whole Catholic village, and that a Protestant minister should not only be heard by crowds, but invited to preach every fortnight. At present one of the principal members of the church at Lyons is about to depart for Vienne, a town about seven leagues distant, to see what can be done in that place for the establishment of a Scriptural worship. All this is very encouraging. The reception which the visitors—the deacons, elders, and chief members of the little churches—meet with in prisons, hospitals, and private houses, is no less so. They are for the most part well received, often coldly, but hardly ever offensively. They are generally listened to with attention and kindliness. A wife will often call her husband, or a husband his wife, to hear what the visitor may have to say. There is, in fact, as far as I have been able to observe or to learn, a feeling of benevolence in individuals—which will often be found in company with a still more general sentiment of hostility and forced scorn—towards the persons and characters of the new Evangelisers. On the whole, their labours have been attended with surprising results, and seem to promise, with adequate means, a very extensive success to their philanthropic and Christian exertions.

I must now give some account of the pecuniary resources of the church at Lyons. This church subsists entirely upon occasional gifts made by individuals. It receives no support either from the Continental Society or Geneva, and its own congregation is much too poor to meet the one tithe of its necessities. To exhibit this part of my subject in its true light, I cannot do better than extract the following touching passage from Monsieur Monod's appeal to Christians. "The Lord," says he, "gave me so clear a view of his leadings in all that had happened to us, and a conviction so firm that the work was prepared and approved of by him, that I undertook to carry it on without having (far from it) the funds that were necessary. By faith, I entered into engagements for the chapel, for the school, &c., following the principle that a single sou should not be spent without necessity, but that no doubt should be entertained that

money for indispensable expenses would arrive. My expectation was not a vain one. I had hardly concluded my arrangements relative to the chapel, when an English lady, whose aid I had not solicited, and whom I merely knew by name, sent to tell me that if I wanted money she would send me L. 50. This was nearly sufficient to meet the hire and furnishing of the chapel. A little after, another Christian of the same country, whose name I only learnt by his first letter, put at my disposition L. 150, payable in the course of the year. The same person sent to our poor a few hundred francs, which reached us just at the time when we had appointed our deacon. Nearly about the same time, a French Christian sent us nine hundred francs. Some other friends in France and Switzerland came also to our aid. We received likewise two loans, of which one amounted to one thousand francs, from an American friend. It is thus that God enabled us to advance, awaiting from him, day by day, the funds necessary for his work, and receiving them in the moment of want. His fidelity is great. As for myself, whilst I might desire, if God should permit it, both for his church and for my own family, more regular and certain resources, I shall bless God all my life for this exercise of faith, often painful and humiliating, but very salutary, by which we receive from him, in answer to prayer, and as from day to day, our daily bread." I must add to this touching and simple exposition of the material means of this most interesting church, that its precarious mode of existence is the more to be regretted, as, from its position, it is calculated to be a centre for the diffusion of gospel truth over all the south. It attracts attention; it excites curiosity; awakens sympathy; provokes hostility; and derives importance from its very locality; and it seems, in all human probability, that the movement abroad will either spread, acquiring the force of combination from the prosperity of its central reservoir of life, or with it languish and die away in isolated spots. The church of Lyons should therefore be made strong, not so much for its own sake as for the sake of the little detached churches of the surrounding depart-

ments, which have sprung up so numerous of late years, and have remained as yet separate and single—each struggling for itself alone, and deriving from each other no mutual stay and support, because they possess no metropolis, as it were, for general reference, consultation, and direction. This Lyons might be made to them.

I shall say but little of the church at St Etienne, because almost all that I have said of that at Lyons may be applied to it. The pastor of the national temple of that place was expelled from his ministry in a like manner, and for the same cause, that Monsieur Monod was. The only difference between the two cases is, that those members of the consistory at St Etienne who were most active in the expulsion of their pastor, were precisely those who never went to church at all, and that, with the ejected minister, almost the whole congregation seceded from the established worship, and have since formed a separate assembly, which continues to prosper and to increase.

I cannot close this paper without dwelling, as upon the most pleasurable part of my subject, on the manner in which the members of the new churches above mentioned live together. We judge of, and interest ourselves in, men much more on account of their individual and social characters, than on account of their outward denomination and position, or even the doctrines they proclaim. The living expression of principles it is that captivates the beholder, not principles themselves, which, devoid of this expression, are mere objects of assent or dissent. It is true, that where the truths of the gospel are widely diffused and received, the expression I allude to in the demeanour of those who embrace them, loses something of its pristine charm, and is mingled with a worldly aspect, which shades from sight its full beauty. But when a few pious men are surrounded by a great, an universal multitude of the impious, their separation from the latter is so distinct and marked, and is kept thereby so pure from all mixture, that one is immediately struck by the genuine distinctive impress which the gospel stamps upon the heart, upon the face, and upon the life. This is an observation I

have made since I came to Lyons, and I have made it in the mixed societies of the members of its new church. "Without love," says Lord Bacon, "an assemblage of men is but a gallery of pictures." I can assure my readers, there is no gallery of pictures to be seen in any of these societies, and more especially, there is none in the pastor's house, where almost every evening a company of from six to a dozen persons meet to take tea—that English habit having been adopted in Monsieur Monod's English family. Whilst passing some of the most happy hours there I ever passed in my life, an involuntary comparison has often forced itself upon me, between these hours and those I have usually devoted to social recreation, even in the most really select companies; and I find, that though the latter have excited me, the only solid gain they have brought, after all, has been a relief from, or rather suspension of, the petty toils and troubles of the day; whereas, in the modest *souées* I have been lately enjoying, I have experienced an absolute *restoration* (to make use of the word in a French sense and with French spelling) of my inward mind. It is not so much what is said, as what is felt in these little meetings, that constitutes their charm and their edification. The affections, rather than the intellect, are entertained, though the latter wants not its part in the feast. Compared to the radiant calm I have been sensible of in these homely unpretending parties, all other emotions caused by other conversations seem to me but an unmeaning jingle of sentiments without depth and without reality.

I must be permitted to return for a few minutes, ere I conclude, to the principal subject of this paper. From all that I have above written, it results that there is a negative disposition, that is, no indisposition, to say the least, to receive the gospel throughout many wide extended tracts of the south of France. If zeal in a few could meet this favourable state of mind, great things would be done. But one man cannot do the work of twenty, and there is therefore a feeling of hopelessness in the midst of passive circumstances the most hopeful. The national church, even if it were as zealous ge-

nerally as it is in some particular places, is not, from the limited number of its localities, and from other features of its organization, so constituted as to *spread*; and the churches which have been broken off from it, wanting neither in zeal nor in devotion, can scarcely subsist themselves, and instead of extending their operations, are obliged to contract them from an absolute want of funds. A multitude of spots there are where a Scriptural worship might be established, which are at present only retained in their adherence to popery by the slight fragile hold of a disenchanting habit. A breath might break this hold, provided another breath inspired other affections. Our religious societies at home are certainly actively and beneficially employed in all quarters of the globe, and can, therefore, perhaps, according to their present views, spare but little aid to France. It appears to me, however, that that country has been considered by them but as a secondary object, whereas it ought to be regarded as the first, and should, as it were, concentrate all their zeal upon itself. Here is a land, the heart, in many senses, of the civilized world, where popery is falling off, as a snake changes its skin; where philosophy is wearied out, wherein are all the agitations and convulsions of a period of transition, and where the gospel, adorned by professors who recall the primitive times of Christianity, is essaying, through the dim eclipse of centuries, to break brightly out of its dense envelopements, and yet its little churches are left to struggle in all the mine of pecuniary difficulties and want. Our zealous men at home seem to me not to be at all sensible of the importance of this subject, or they would perceive that to propagate the movement for which a field is opening in the South of France, would do more to promote the general diffusion of Christian truth than all their other labours put together. Well may an infidel government, in the present state of things, proclaim religious liberty; well may a Popish hierarchy boast of its tolerance in suffering what it cannot prevent; they know, both the one and the other, that this liberty, and this tolerance, can produce no

effect, but on the most limited scale, as long as material means are wanting for the propagation of the gospel. Well may the puny efforts of Christians provoke, among enemies, laughter and scorn, and a chuckle of malicious joy, as long as these efforts are crippled and rendered almost abortive, as they are now. The priests may well console themselves that they have lost their power over the people, since they perceive, that this power, remaining at least in *abeyance*, has not yet gone over from the ministers of the Popedom to the ministers of Christ; and that it never can do so whilst the exertions of the latter are shut up in the narrowest circles, by reason of their paltry resources. I feel persuaded that there is hardly a village, in many departments of the South of France, where the gospel would not be received with welcome; that there is hardly a town or city in which it might not plant a firm foot, provided there were funds to give effect to a zeal, already prepared, waiting, and full of alacrity. Something more, at least, might be done than has been done hitherto. This consideration is of such immense importance, that it is not, I am sure, merely to the sympathies of religious societies, already overtaken, but to the sympathies of all who value the pure doctrines of Christianity, that an appeal should be made. Such sympathies exist, I am convinced, in every nook and corner of our happy land. It has always been the great glory of Englishmen that they have brought prompt succour of heart, hand, and purse, to their oppressed brethren in the faith on foreign shores; and these, also, have ever acknowledged the benefit—for, as the Jews of old, when captives at Babylon, turned their faces in their prayers towards the temple at Jerusalem, so do distressed Christians, in all parts of the world, look with hope, in their hour of weakness, towards our favoured island, as to the great citadel of their earthly help and strength. Would that aid might thence be plentifully administered to the little churches of the South of France! and that thus they might be endowed with an efficiency, at least somewhat more commensurate to the work which is before them to be accomplished.

The following is versified from a legend, told as a true story in the history of the Dominican order in Portugal, by Frey Luis de Sousa.

Acta Sanctorum.

THE LEGEND OF SANTAREM.

FIRST PART.

Come, listen to a monkish tale of old,
 Right catholic, but puerile some may deem,
 Who all unworthy their high notice hold
 Aught but grave truths, and lofty learned theme :
 Too wise for simple pleasure, smiles, and tears,
 Dream of our earliest, purest, happiest years.

Come—listen to the legend; for of them
 Surely thou art not: And to thee I'll tell
 How on a time in holiest Santarem,
 Strange circumstance miraculous befell
 Two little ones; who to the sacred shrine
 Came daily, to be schooled in things divine.

Twin Sisters— orphan innocents were they :
 Most pure I ween, from all but th' olden taint,
 Which only Jesu's blood can wash away :
 And holy, as the life of holiest saint,
 Was his, that good Dominican's, who fed
 His master's lambs, with more than daily bread.

The Children's custom, while that pious man
 Fulfilled the various duties of his state,
 Within the spacious church, as Sacristan,
 Was on the altar steps to sit and wait,
 Nestling together ('twas a lovely sight!)
 Like the young turtle doves of Hebrew rite.

A small rich chapel was their sanctuary,
 While thus abiding :—with adornment fair
 Of curious carved work, wrought cunningly,
 In all quaint patterns, and devices rare :
 And even then, above the altar, smiled,
 From Mary-Mother's arms, the holy child.

Smiled on his infant guests, as there below,
 On the fair altar steps, those young ones spread
 —(Nor ought irreverent in such act I trow)
 Their simple morning meal of fruit and bread.
 Such feast not ill becomed the sacred dome—
 Their father's house is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced, that on a certain day,
 When Frey Bernardo to the chapel came,
 Where patiently was ever wont to stay
 His infant charge; with vehement acclaim,
 Both lisping creatures forth to meet him ran,
 And each, to tell the same strange tale, began.

"Father!" they cried, as hanging on his gown
 On either side, in each perplexed ear
 They poured their eager tidings—"He came down—
 Menino Jesu hath been with us here!"—

We prayed him to partake our fruit and bread ;
And he came down—and smiled on us—and fed.” —

“ Children ! my children ! know ye what ye say ? ”

Bernardo hastily replied—“ But hold !—
Peace, Briolanja !—rash art thou alway :
Let Inez speak.” And little Inez told,
In her slow silvery speech, distinctly o’er,
The same strange story he had heard before.

“ Blessed are ye, my children ! ” with devout
And deep humility the good man cried—
“ Ye have been highly favoured. Still to doubt,
Were gross impiety, and sceptic pride.
Ye have been highly favoured. Children dear !
Now your old master’s faithful counsel hear.

“ Return to-morrow with the morning light.
And as before, spread out your simple fare
On the same table ; and again invite
Menino Jesu to descend and share :
And if he come, say—‘ Bid us, blessed Lord !
We and our master, to thy heavenly board.’

“ Forget not, children of my soul ! to plead
For your old teacher :—Even for *His* sake
Who fed ye faithfully : and he will heed
Your innocent lips ; and I shall so partake
With his dear lambs.—Beloved ! with the sun
Return to-morrow.—Then—His will be done.”

SECOND PART.

“ To-night ! to night ! Menino Jesu saith
We shall sup with him, Father ! we and thee,”
Cried out both happy children in a breath,
As the good Father entered anxiously
About the morrow’s noon, that Holy Shrine,
Now consecrate by special grace divine.

“ He bade us come alone ; but then we said,
We could not, without thee, our Master dear—
At that, he did not frown, but shook his head
Denyingly : Then straight, with many a tear,
We pleaded so, he could not but relent,
And bowed his head, and smiled, and gave consent.”

“ Now God be praised ! ” the old man said, and fell
In prayer upon the marble floor straightway,
His face to Earth : And so, till Vesper bell,
Entranced in the spirit’s depths he lay.
Then rose like one refreshed with sleep, and stood
Composed, among th’ assembling Brotherhood.

The mass was said ; the evening chant was o’er ;
Hushed its long echoes thro’ the lofty dome :
And now Bernardo knew the appointed hour
That he had prayed for of a truth was come.
Alone he lingered in the solemn pile,
Where darkness gained space from ale to ale :

Except that thro' a distant door-way streamed
 One slanting sunbeam, gliding whereupon
 Two angel spirits—(so in sooth it seemed
 That loveliest vision)—hand in hand came on,
 With noiseless motion. "Father! we are here,"
 Sweetly saluted the good Father's ear.

A hand he laid on each fair sun-bright head,
 Crown'd like a seraph's with effulgent light,
 And—"Be ye blessed, ye blessed ones," he said,
 "Whom Jesu bids to his own board to-night!
 Lead on, ye chosen; to th' appointed place
 Lead your old master." So, with steadfast face,

He followed, where those young ones led the way
 To that small chapel—like a golden clue
 Stream'd on before that long bright sunset ray,
 Till at the door it stopt. Then passing through,
 The master and his pupils, side by side,
 Kneelt down in prayer before the Crucified.

Tall tapers burnt before the holy shrine;
 Chalice and paters on the altar stood,
 Spread with fair damask. Of the crimson wine
 Partaking first alone, the living food
 Bernardo next with his dear children shared—
 Young lips; but well for heavenly food prepared.

And then we leave them. Not for us to see
 The feast made ready, that first act to crown;
 Nor to peruse that wondrous mystery
 Of the divine Menino's coming down
 To lead away th' elect, expectant three,
 With him that night at his own board to be.

Suffice it, that with him they surely were
 That night in Paradise; for they who came
 Next to the chapel found them as in prayer,
 Still kneeling—stiffen'd every lifeless frame,
 With hands and eyes upraised as when they died,
 Towards the image of the Crucified.

That mighty miracle spread far and wide,
 And thousands came the feast of death to see;
 And all beholders, deeply edified,
 Return'd to their own homes more thoughtfully,
 Musing thereon: with one great truth impress'd—
 That "to depart and be with Christ is best."

C—.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.)

Ἀνθὰ σοὶ δρέψας Ἑλικώνια—κ.τ.λ.

HIS INTRODUCTION TO HIS ANTHOLOGY.

THESE primal flowers of Helicon, with cups
Of later bloom from Pierus—renowned
For noble plants, culled I enwreath with buds
Of modern growth, and Meleager-like
Would weave a coronal of many hues.

Smit with the splendours of those elder gems,
Noble Camillus, on my flowerets too,—
Lowly and few in number though they be,—
Oh! deign to look with thine approving eye.

Bring for my wreath thy comely spikes of corn,
Antipater;—thy ivy-berries bring,
Chimagoras:—Antiphilus will glow
Like clustered grapes:—as melilotus fair,
Tully:—and Philodemus will entwine
Sweet majoram:—Parmenio, myrtle leaves.

Thy roses bring, Antiphanes; and bring,
Automedon, thine ivy: lilies fair,
Mild Zonas:—and Bianor, oaken sprays.
All these, with clives of Antigonus,
And Diodorus' violets I weave
Around Euenus' laurel:—and for aught
Which I may add from mine proper stock,
Oh! seek a semblance in what flower thou please.

II.

(ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.)

Ἰσχεῖτε χυῖμα μυλᾶϊον—κ.τ.λ.

ON THE INVENTION OF WATER-MILLS.

Stop the *queen's* handle; maidens, sleep away,
Though Chanticleer proclaim the dawn of day:
The nymphs, by Ceres taught, in sportive bound
Dance on the wheel that rolls the axle round,
Which, with its winding spokes, the hollow weight
Of four huge mill-stones turns by day and night.
The Golden Age has come again,—since we
The gifts of Ceres, without labour, see.

III.

Θρηῖκας αἰνίσταν τις—κ.τ.λ.

(ARCHIAS.)

* Praiseworthy are the Thracians, who lament
The infant that hath left its mother's womb;

* "The customs of the Thracians are in every respect similar to those of the other Thracians, except that they have an observance peculiar to themselves at their births

Who deem those happy too, whom death has sent
—Death, the Fates' minion—to the peaceful tomb,
The cup of life full many a sorrow fills;
But Death's a med'cine for its many ills.

IV*

(UNKNOWN.)

Τίς τὸν ἐν ἐσθλαῖσι πανυπὶθῆξ—κ.τ.λ.

ON A STATUE OF ENVY.

Moulded with envied skill, black Envy see,
A living mass of prostrate misery.
Grieved at another's good, the wretch has thrown
His aged limbs down on the hard rough stone.
And there the shivell'd form in equalor lies,
Heaving with ill repress'd, soul maddening sighs.
With one old hand, which props these heavy hairs,
His pale, thin temples, see, the madman tears;
While, in the other hand, a staff is found,
Wherewith he smites with furious grins the ground.
Gnashing in double row, those teeth declare
How much his neighbour's weal o'erwhelms him with despair.

V.

(PALLADUS.)

Πᾶσι θάνατον μερόπτεσσιν—κ.τ.λ.

LIII.

Ours and ourselves are death's: no mortal knows
Whether to-morrow's dawn his life may close:
Since thus it is, oh! short-lived man, be thine
That Lethe of oblivion—cheering wine—
And love's own joys. Child of a fleeting hour,
Thine in thine eyes,—the rest's in fortune's power.

VI.

(LOUIS RASSUS)

Ἰ Μότα με χεῖματ. πόντος—κ.τ.λ.

LIIIF

Me,—nor the surges of the winter seas
Nor the still hush of listless idleness please
The stir of life—where busy men resort,
The golden mean, the *just enough*, I court.
Love these, loved Laupis, dread the tempest's strife,
Oh! there *an* Zephyrs bring peace o'er life.

and funerals. When a child is born, the neighbors flock around it with the dearest lamentations, and recounting all the evils which flesh is heir to, they bewail the new-born infant that must now endure them. But when one dies, they bury him with demonstrations of the greatest mirth and pleasure, as being now in perfect happiness, and beyond all the ills of life,—which they enumerate."—HIERONYMUS, *Terpsichore*, cap. 5.

* In this version the translator has, in many places, preferred the emendations of Jacobs, which seem peculiarly happy, to the text, which appears very corrupt and obscure. This he has also done in his versions of other epigrams.

† *Fide* Horace, *Rectius vives*, &c.

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VII.

(RUPINUS.)

Τοῦτο βίος, τοῦτ' αὐτό—κ. τ. λ.

LIFE.

Oh! this is life and nought but this—to live in every pleasure;
 Dull care begone, nor mortals rob of life's uncertain treasure.
 Now wine is ours, the dance is ours, with wreaths around us gleaming
 Of spring-enamoured flowers, while bliss from woman's eye is beaming.
 Oh! every joy this moment brings without a shade of sorrow,
 And wise is he who can declare what may betide to-morrow.

VIII.

(PARMENIO.)

Ἀρκίῃ μοι λαίης—κ. τ. λ.

LIFE.

Enough for me this cloak, though homely spun:
 Fed on the flowers of song, your feasts I shun:
 I hate your wealthy fool—the flatterer's God,
 Nor hang I trembling on his awful nod:
 Calm and contented I have learned to feel
 The blessed freedom of a humble meal.

IX.

(ARCHIAS.)

Ὅ πρην ἀλλοπύδων λάμψας—κ. τ. λ.

ON AN OLD RACE-HORSE.

1.

Eagle—the pride of tempest footed steeds,
 Whose limbs rich ribbons often would adorn,
 Crowned at prophetic Delphi for his deeds,
 Swift as if rushing wings his feet had borne.

2.

Nemæa's boast, that nurse of lions grim:
 Of Pisa, —Isthmus with its double shore,—
 Eagle—the fleet of foot, the strong of limb,
 Yields to the yoke that neck which trappings wore.

3.

Collared, not bitted now, with painful moil,
 He turns the creaking mill stone round and round,
 Like Hercules, who, after all his toil,
 A servile issue to his labours found.

X.

(JOANNES BARBUCALIS.)

Ναυτίλῃ, μὴ στήσας δρομον ὀγκάδος—κ. τ. λ.

ON BERYTUS, DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

1.

Stop not thy vessel's course, for sake of me,
 Thou sailor, nor unfurl thy belying sails:
 My port is blotted now from things that be,
 And over one huge tomb past grandeur walls.

2.

Steer on thy gallant bark, with sounding oars,
 To other lands where sorrows may not dwell:
 Poseidon frowned; my gods have left these shores;
 Ye travellers by land and sea—Farewell.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN ALPINE TRAVELLER.

On our arrival at the Hotel Royal at Lanslebourg, where in my former journeys to the Mont Cenis I had always found excellent accommodation, our first enquiry was for a guide to accompany us over the Col du Lautaret, and by the valleys of Via and Lanzo to the Canavais in Piedmont. It had been conjectured by Albanis Beaumont that Hannibal had crossed the Alps by the Lautaret into Italy. This and the interesting letters of the Comte de Mezzanile upon the valleys of Lanzo strongly induced us to attempt this pass, which few, if any, Englishmen had visited.

A guide soon presented himself. We were displeased with his servile manner, so contrary to the independent and usual bearing of a mountaineer; but he said that he knew the road well, having often been there, and that he had capital mules; and to complete his qualifications, he said that he was *haut frère* to *Monsieur le Syndic* of Bessans, a point upon which he appeared to rest his greatest hope of an engagement. After much hesitation, we decuded upon availing ourselves of his services and those of his two mules, and engaged to meet him the next afternoon at Lanslebourg, on our return from the Mont Cenis, where we intended to spend the early part of the day. Our rambles there in examining the old road and the new, detained us until the day had nearly closed. When we reached Lanslebourg, we found our obsequious guide, Pierre Antoine Trag, in alarm, not for our safety, but lest we should have changed our minds and gone on to Susa. He had refused to name any sum for his services, he preferred leaving this to our sense of his merits at the end of the journey. Some time was lost in attaching our baggage, and I protested against the sort of saddle with which my mule was caparisoned. After an assurance that this should be changed at Lans-le-Villard, by the owner of the mule, for he had borrowed that upon which I rode from a friend, who accompanied him, we started up the valley. It was dark before we reached the house of Bernard, the owner

of my mule, at Lans-le-Villard, where the saddle was changed, and a stirrup cup of excellent wine drank amidst a crowd of villagers. The moon now rose and lit up with a singularly beautiful effect the tops of the mountains, which on our left bounded the valley of the Arc. The glaciers and snow shone brightly against the dark-blue sky, whilst the bases of the mountains upon which they rested were shadowed by those on the opposite side of the valley. Below us, in the depths of the ravines, and in utter darkness, the course of the torrent was heard in the silence of the night. All these impressions so forcibly with emotions of beauty and sublimity, that the journey was silent, from the disposition to contemplate rather than talk—though irrepressible exclamations of pleasure often burst from us as new and striking effects of *chamæscapes* were developed. The delight of our guide, Trag, was of a different character—his having caught a couple of *Messieurs les Anglais*, was to him a triumph, upon which he chattered incessantly to Bernard, interlarding it with compliments to us as *hauts seigneurs*—and to himself as a relative to the chief magistrate of Bessans.

At length we reached the village, and after going up through a narrow street, stopped at folding doors, in a high wall, which apparently enclosed a farm-yard. We were late when we arrived—we knocked loudly, and were admitted by a decent-looking mountaineer, who was introduced to us as Monsieur le Syndic. Bernard and his mule went to find shelter elsewhere, whilst the Syndic beckoned to us to descend by some steps into a low passage. Trag, leaving his mule, led the way with a lamp, and we soon found ourselves in a stable—in which were a cow and a pet sheep—the latter immediately made our acquaintance. Trag put down the lamp on a table, upon which there was a very dirty coarse cloth—a proof to us that this was the *salle à manger* of such visitors as arrived at this mansion-house of the chief magistrate—the clucking of fowls betrayed, by the dim

light of the lamp, their roosts in one of two filthy sleeping cots. My friend and I looked at each other oddly—but our surprise was increased when our mule also joined us in our chamber. There seemed to be no other place for the reception of the poor animal—the whole affair was too absurd to leave us serious, and after a hearty laugh, and some time had passed away without the reappearance of Träg or our host, we determined to explore our way to some more habitable part of the house. The lamp helped us to find a little room, which was in fact the kitchen; there we found the Syndic and his wife, *Mstet* Träg's sister, in consultation about disposing of their distinguished guest. We put them at ease in a moment by making ourselves at home, and entreated that they would not feel uneasy about our accommodation. We found that they had a good stock of *Grisam*, the excellent pipe-biscuit of Piedmont; eggs, butter, and cheese were placed before us. Water was soon boiled, and my friend having found a receipt, which he scribbled out with a wisp of hay, threw into it a handful of tea (may his name be blessed, I wish I knew it, who first brought the beverage to Europe!) and in a few minutes we made a delicious infusion, which we would have defied any steeper of Souchong in the world to rival. Our chief difficulty was about cups from which we could drink it. Our host had been in Paris, and had brought with him one precious specimen of Sevres porcelain—kept for show, its use was offered to us—it was aided, however, by a vulgar earthenware pipkin, and from these we made a capital (tea) supper. As a delicacy, some marmot, salted last season, was added, and what could be picked from it we relished; in taste it resembled highly flavoured ham. Our host and his wife, finding us happy and contented, became themselves cheerful; he said that as he had travelled, he knew that our privations under his roof were great, though we submitted to them with good-humour—and he regretted that he could not provide for and accommodate us better.

We learnt from our host much about our intended journey across the Lautaret on the morrow. We found him an intelligent and well-

informed man. We had heard that he was a famous chasseur, and his anecdotes of chamois hunts beguiled us of some time which our fatigue would have otherwise induced us to devote to sleep. He offered to accompany us to the mountains for two or three days' sport, if we could afford the time; but this tempting offer we were obliged to relinquish. He then advised us to retire, in order to start very early for a long and fatiguing day's journey, and conducted us to his own bedroom, an arrangement which he first told upon our assenting to, whilst he and Madame took possession of (we supposed) the crib in the stable, to which we had been first introduced. In the room to which we were shown three or four children were asleep; the youngest, an infant, was removed, to prevent its disturbing us. Our host then, promising to call us early, left us in possession of his dormitory.

At four o'clock the following morning, Jean Baptiste Etienne Gaimot—"I like to give all the names," says the Vicar of Wakefield—called us as he had promised. My friend and I had agreed to ask him to accompany us, for we had gathered enough in the evening's conversation to know that he would be an important acquisition to our party across the mountains. He readily agreed to accompany us, but we could not induce him to make any terms with us for his services. He said that he was not professionally a guide, but he would go with us for the pleasure of the journey and to assist us, and leave any remuneration to our own feelings. Master Träg adhered to the same resolution; but Bernard drove a bargain with us to receive a Napoleon for the mule and his own services, for he also chose to accompany us, but it was agreed to be only to the summit of the Col de Lautaret.

Having taken tea for breakfast, packed up some *Grisame* cheese and wine, and settled with Madame Gaimot her domestic account, we started at five o'clock, and soon after, leaving the village by the road which descends from the Mont Iseran, we crossed the valley towards Averole, whence the torrent which rises in the Lautaret rushes to its confluence with the Arc. The

morning was fresh and cold. We looked around upon the scenery of the valley of the Arc, which had appeared so mysterious and beautiful the night before, but the charm had vanished; the mountains which bounded the valley had lost their vastness; they were near and defined, and showed neither the characters of form nor magnitude which had presented themselves to our imaginations, by the light of the moon.

We soon entered the valley of Averole, where snow, glaciers, and vast precipices, came suddenly in contrast with the quiet scenery of the valley of the Arc near Beasans. We crossed the torrent of the Averole, and, ascending its right bank, looked upon the enormous precipices on the opposite side with a feeling of awe. A steep talus, formed by the mouldering for ages of these precipices, had half filled the valley; while the glaciers which hung upon the mountains were seen, as if streaming down each opening or rift which served as a channel. The sterile appearance of the valley led us almost to doubt on finding a village amidst scenes so utterly desolate. A little barley was raised in a few miserable spots brought into cultivation, but so wretched was the situation of the inhabitants, that they had not even the means of dressing these little portions of their soil, for the dung of their cows and sheep was carefully collected to use as fuel. They had no other. The pine forests which other cold and mountainous regions are favoured, were withheld from them. One formerly existed in the neighbourhood. It was burnt, and the inhabitants of Averole have no means in their dreary winters of obtaining warmth but by using so foul a substitute.

Guinot, who had given us this information, assured us that we should be sensible of our approach to the village, which we soon reached, by the offensive smell of the smoke, and we found in it, as he had described, a community living in a state of squalid misery, for which he had no expression to convey an idea of his horror or his pity. On our way through the narrow lane of the village, we saw many of the women engaged in their filthy

occupation of forming the ordure of their beasts into lumps like turf, and piling them out to dry for their winter store. The syndic advised us to hire here a man whose assistance might be useful in the passage of the glaciers of the Lautaret; but no one could be found, in spite of their misery, to accompany us upon the terms which we offered by the advice of Guinot. Trag winked knowingly, and said we had better be without their aid, which was not necessary. This contradiction puzzled us, but we followed the advice of the latter.

From this valley there are three mountain passes into Piedmont—the Col de Colarin, the Col d'Arnas, and the Col de Lautaret. The first of these is attained by a path which enters a little valley immediately before arriving at the village of Averole, but its course is across very dangerous glaciers. The Col d'Arnas is the shortest, and an active mountaineer would reach Usseglio, the village in the Val de Vin, which was to be the end of our day's labour, in five hours less time than by the pass of the Lautaret, but it was, we were told, dangerous and fatiguing, and utterly impracticable for a mule. My object in passing the Lautaret was to examine it, with reference to Albanis Beaumont's conjectures upon the passage of Hannibal, and to visit the most picturesque of these passes.

Leaving the village of Averole, we descended by a steep path to the torrent, and crossing it began an ascent on the side of the opposite mountain, more steep than many places which I had been told were impracticable for mules. It was really terrific to ascend by a zig-zag path, so abrupt and narrow, that frequently turns were made within two mule lengths of each other, and in some places when not three feet removed from the perpendicular, one mule was thirty feet above the other. Sometimes the aid of the guides was necessary to support or drag up the mules, for it was often so steep that their fore feet were level with their cruppers, and this frightful path overhung precipices of which we could not see the bases, whilst on the opposite side of the ravine enormous glaciers swept down from the crest of the mountain to the depths

of the gorge below us. Across these glaciers, Garinot told us, lay the passage to the Col d'Arnas. He said it was the pass which he chose when going into Piedmont, and he always took advantage of a bright moonlight to travel by night, when the snows were frozen, and the footing firm. It is impossible to imagine a situation of such utter solitude as a traveller by night in those regions.

Having pushed and pulled our mules up the precipitous path, we attained a level terrace, where we rested for a few minutes, over a line of rocks which formed its boundary towards the ravine. The objects above, below, and around us, were in the highest degree impressive. The spot was one we desired to linger in, and would gladly have found an excuse for delay in hunger, but the syndic recommended our waiting until we came to a spot where the mules might feed also. We started, and at the end of an hour's march reached a beautiful mountain pasturage, directly opposite the great glacier de la Roussa. Here we sat on a delightful sward, turned our mules adrift after relieving them from the baggage, and amidst such a glorious Alpine scene ate, with our best appetite, our humble fare, and drank a bumper to those who were far distant, but who cared for, and perhaps thought of us. Whilst we rested, the syndic pointed out to us a flock of seven chamois crossing before us, the glacier of the Roussa. These increased our excitement, and, aided by the beauty of the day, and the sublimity of the scene around the place of our repast, left our minds and feelings in a state of which language can convey no idea. Garinot did not allow us to lose time, as he said we had before us a long and fatiguing journey. When we were prepared to start, we found the ground below us so swampy as to be unsafe for the mules, and they were led down carefully by Trag and Bernard to the bed of the torrent, which they forded with difficulty, and then ascended the valley on the other side.

We pursued another course, under the guidance of the syndic, and joined them at a ford higher up the valley, where the passage was also dangerous; but we had the help of a goat-herd, a lad of eighteen, and

Garinot now begged that we would secure his assistance, which might be had for half a franc, to the summit of the passage. His absence from his herd was not likely in these regions to be detected, and he assured us we should need his services. What we were to encounter I could not imagine; we were already five in number, but we attended to his wishes, and the lad readily joined us.

We soon saw before us the moraines of the enormous glaciers which crown the summit of the great chain of the Alps. They formed a part of those awful solitudes which so forcibly impressed me with their grandeur, when I saw them from the Col d'Iseran in the year 1829. The valley now narrowed to a gorge, through which the torrent flowed, bounded by frightful precipices on the right, and on the left masses of rock and stones, which, upon the vast scale of every object around us, scarcely appeared to leave a path between their bases and the torrent. After a short pause, Garinot advised our climbing these rocks instead of going round their bases, but the effort failed. For the mules the difficulty was too great, and there was too much risk of their falling over, or breaking their legs between the stones. With great care, therefore, they were led down, and here our goat-herd's services were already valuable. We left them to pursue the path by the torrent, whilst we continued our ascent. On attaining the summit of the rocks, the scene was one of the most wild and desolate character that could be presented to us. Below was the moraine of a boundless glacier, which evidently extended far beyond the bright line which cut against the sky. On our left lay the loose soil of the mountain side, up which we were to find a pathless route. On the right the vast precipices which bounded the ravine that we had left, and which flanked on that side the immense glacier before us. We soon saw our mules with the guides, Trag and Bernard, emerge from the ravine, and approach the moraine, up which, however difficult, the easiest acclivity for the mules presented itself to attain the Col. At this moment Garinot, with the eye of a *chasseur*, discovered

a young chamois on the moraine. The two guides were approaching the animal, not together, but each seeking the safest path for his mule. In the course they were taking they would have passed on either side of the chamois. From our elevated situation we saw that it had not discovered their approach, until Trags head appeared to it as he ascended the moraine. Contrary to the usual habits of these animals, which is to escape up the glacier, this dashed down to rush into the ravine, and passed in a moment both the guides. It had happened, that in getting down the mules from our attempt to lead them over the rocks, my friend's umbrella had dropped from the baggage of his mule, and was missing. The goat-herd had been sent back for it, and as the chamois entered the ravine, it was met by him, and turned. At the instant of the chamois' descent, Garinot's dog, who was also our companion, directed by his master, caught sight of the terrified animal, and sprung down the rocks after it. In a few moments we saw the chamois return and the dog close upon it—so close, that in attempting to ascend on the left, the dog cut off its retreat—chased it round a rock, and turned it again towards the ravine—the whole party surrounding it, shouted and pelted it with stones; several doubles were made, and at length the poor chamois ran up the rocks between us and the ravine. Garinot's spirit was up, he joined his dog in the chase, leaping with the agility of a goat from rock to rock, and for several minutes we lost sight of him; when he returned, alive but breathless, for he had to regain the height we had attained, he said that the chamois, hemmed in on all sides, and running behind with terror, had dashed over a precipice 50 or 60 feet, into the torrent, and as he did not see its escape from the ravine, he had no doubt of its having been killed. We had no time to ascertain the fact, but he advised Bernard to look out on his return. It is impossible to describe the excitement of this adventure; the syndic said he had never witnessed or heard of such an actual chase. The chamois hunter usually skulks about at twilight, until he gets near enough to shoot the animal;—here we actually pelted it for some

time—for the scene of the sport was immediately below us, within a stone's throw. Gatnot regretted that he had not brought his rifle; and having ascertained, in the course of our journey, that I had pistols, he reproached me for not having fired one at the chamois—not that there was any chance of my killing it, but that the report would for a moment have arrested it, and his dog, used to the discharge of firearms, would then have caught it; for at one moment in the chase, the dog was within its own length of the animal. During the day, the syndic again and again adverted to this extraordinary chase, and said, "You may revisit the Alps a thousand times, and not again witness a similar scene."

Continuing to climb from the rocks, we soon fell into the direction which the mules had to pass, but our route was trackless. We were much aided, however, by the goat-herd, whose skill was great in leading the way, and detecting the stones which had been placed by former travellers on the rocks or on other stones, the only mode in these wild regions of marking the easiest ascent, for often the most probable in appearance is the most impracticable in fact. A thousand other stones accidentally resembling those placed, would have bewildered any other than a regular mountaineer. We carefully placed or replaced those marks which had become less conspicuous, for the benefit of those few wanderers who might follow us. The danger and difficulty of the ascent was so great, that Bernard, dreading his return from the summit, cursed Trag for having decoyed him into this enterprise, and we now learnt that this obsequiousascal had never ascended the Lautaret before, and that Gatnot, who had often been into the valley of Vieu, by the Col d'Arnas, had not crossed the Lautaret within 15 years; both had been deceived by Trag, and it was providential that we had taken the syndic with us; he remembered enough of the difficulties of his former journey to wish for the guidance of a person more recently acquainted with it, and the goat-herd proved a valuable acquisition. But Trag's reluctance to have a man from Averole, and his sneer at the employment of the lad,

we could not understand, unless he considered that we had only a certain sum to meet the expenses of our journey, and every franc lessened the purse which he expected to share. Many things occurred to make us dislike the fellow, and not the least was the discovery of his ignorance of the road with which he had declared himself familiar, and had undertaken to be our guide; this is one of the serious disadvantages to travellers in the Alps out of the beaten track. In Switzerland and Savoy guides generally bear about with them the recommendations of former travellers whom they have conducted; in less frequented places, men are ready to offer their services, and swear to their knowledge of roads which they have never travelled; this should be well ascertained.

The ascent to the summit seemed to be endless. We had climbed high above the glaciers which had appeared to be so unattainable, and looking over them saw beyond what the syndic said was the summit of the Roche Melon, the lofty mountain which bounds on the left the valley of Novallise; but as we afterwards saw it well, farther on our left, the peak we saw was probably that of Roche Michael, which rests above the northern boundary of the pass of the Mount Genis. Still "Alps over Alps" arose, and we still wearily ascended hundreds of feet; at length, after crossing with difficulty some dangerous slopes of snow, we reached a rock whence we had a view of the actual Col, separated from us by a glacier, which we had to cross. Here Bernard begged hard to be let off, and we allowed him to return, whilst he swore never to resume a journey with his mule to the Col de Lutaret. An enormous glacier, several miles long, coursed the crest of the mountain on the right of our path. Here we saw another chamois, and the dog gave chase, pursuing it over the snow; they could long be distinguished as dark specks in motion on its vast bed; at length they were lost in the distance.

Here, on the rock, we emptied our bottles, and ate our last bread and cheese, and seeing enough of difficulty before us, offered to double the pay of the goatherd to induce him to go with us to the summit and

across the glaciers, which Garinot told us lay on the other side. Bernard remained to wait for the assistance of the lad on his return, and we marched up the glacier to the highest point of the passage, which was marked by a pile of stones heaped up from the debris of a rock of gneiss, which, on the right, flanks and surmounts the Col; but this indication was unnecessary, for, from the crest of the pass to far below us, on the other side, lay a steep slope, at least a thousand feet deep, and terminated by a dark lake, which the lad said was yet partly frozen. It lay at the base of the black precipices of the mountain, which, towards the lake, bounded this awful solitude. Down every opening in the mountain side, the glaciers, with which it was filled, descended almost to the black water beneath it. The mass below us, across which our public course lay, was a vast glacier covered with snow. On the right, it rose and formed the sky-line, and, far in the depth and distance, the syndic pointed out to us the rocks through which our only path of exit from this abyss lay. It could not be clearly distinguished, and seemed impracticable.

We began the descent. The danger, from its steepness, was so great, that we were directed to proceed with caution across the slope towards the passage in the rocks. Garinot led Trag's mule in the course we were to follow. Trag had disputed the propriety of the path we pursued, and descended more abruptly towards the lake to reconnoitre, intending to proceed towards the rocks from the bottom of the glacier. Garinot had no confidence in him, and continued his march. Soon Trag's voice thundered up the glacier, announcing, that it would be certain destruction to proceed by the course Garinot was taking; for, from where he was, he could see immediately below us a fissure in the glacier half a mile long, and varying in width from one to five or six feet. This was concealed from us like a hawk's, because the lower side had sunk below the plane of the upper. Garinot, however, persevered, after desiring us to stand firmly where we were. Trag prayed, entreated,

and ceased his obstinacy. At length the syndic saw his danger, and, getting the lad to assist him, attempted to turn the mule and retrace his steps. In doing so, the poor beast slipped from them, and rolled over and over down the glacier, to our horror. It crossed the crevice at a spot which was fortunately narrow, but continued its frightful descent towards the lake, imbedding and leaving our luggage in the snow as it rolled over. Garinot lost not a moment; he dashed downwards in a sitting posture, with greater speed than the mule rolled, and shot safely across the fissure. Tiag also slid forward, perfectly understanding Garinot's action. They met below the mule, and, when near the bottom, succeeded in stopping it. Our situation during this scene cannot be imagined. We stood perfectly still, the lad had rushed down to aid the men with the mule; and, at length, one lifting it by the bridle, and another by the tail, the poor beast was poised and placed trembling upon its legs, and left there, to show it time to rest and recover itself. The boy and Garinot then came to assist us down. Retreating put of our path, to avoid the danger of the crevice, we passed it safely. As we proceeded, the syndic was very desirous of impressing us with a knowledge of the danger we had provisionally escaped. We climbed up to a part of the fissure, and, when near it, cracked along, and even laid ourselves as flat as possible on the snow, lest, near the edge, the ice should be dangerously thin. At length we looked into the horrible abysses of the crevice, unable to perceive its bottom, probably a hundred feet below us; but the beautiful and brilliant display of every tint of blue, from the most delicate azure near the surface, to the intense blue in the darkness of its depth, was most striking. The upper edge along the whole line was fringed with enormous icicles several feet long, and much larger than my arm. With a stick we succeeded in knocking off some, and, as they fell into the caverns of ice below, the noise they occasioned, until it subsided and was lost in the depth, was most awful.

We reached the mule in safety, and, having collected our baggage,

and reloaded it, and arrived where danger ceased, we dismissed our gorthaid, and passed the narrow outlet of this scene, which we cast a last look upon with feelings of intense emotion. The gorge was very short, but bounded by lofty precipices. On the top of these, on the right, the keen eye of Garinot saw the heads and horns of several chamois looking over and down upon us. From their inaccessible height they seemed to know their security, for though, when we shouted, they shrunk back, we soon saw their heads again; they only finally disappeared when I fired a pistol towards them.

After passing this gorge, we crossed another, but a much smaller glacier, with ease and safety, and then through another ravine. On issuing from this, a glorious scene presented itself, and which we were just in time to enjoy, or clouds were beginning to form on the Piedmontese side. We looked into the highest basin of the valley of Vin. On the right, and half round the amphitheatre, it was bounded by the Roche Melon. Before us the plains of Italy were seen over and beyond the range of mountains which separate them from the valley of Vin. On the left, we saw the rugged peaks and glaciers of the high range which divides the Col de Lautaret from the Col d'Aras. Below us lay our course, down the bed of the torrent—the Stura of Vin, which issues from the lake of the Lautaret along its steep banks, and beneath the terrific precipices which bound them. So faintly were the plains seen over the intervening range of mountains, that it is probable they escaped our observation on the Col of the Lautaret, otherwise, from this greater elevation, they ought to have been more distinctly observed.

We descended with great difficulty, yet got on very well, until, unable to follow the course of the torrent, by the cataracts which it made, we turned to the right, and soon found ourselves on the brink of precipices, over which, though we could, with great care, descend from ledge to ledge, it seemed to be impracticable for a mule. We preceded the syndic and Tiag, and when we had overcome the last seri-

ous difficulty in our descent, we rested and looked back to see how it was possible to get the poor mule down—it appeared to our guides to be impracticable. We saw them come to the edge of the precipices, and Garinot shake his head in despair; then disappear to explore in search of an easier place for descending. No other presented itself; and shouting down to us his enquiries, learnt from our replies our conviction that it was impossible to lead down the mule by the path which we had descended. Garinot, however, a resolute mountaineer, taking the bridle, and Trag the tail of the poor beast, urged or lifted it from ledge to ledge, sometimes by main strength, lying back against the rocks, and suspending the mule between them until its footing was safe. Once the sliding of the mule down to a place of safety brought down Trag also, and we expected the following instant to see both fall over; but, by the skill and resolution of these men, especially of Garinot, and the passive obedience of the mule, seemingly conscious of its danger, they all descended in safety. Below the precipices, we entered upon the pasturages of the Piedmontese inhabitants of the Val de Viu, and saw below us some chalets; but they unfortunately lay too much out of our route to visit them. And this is the pass by which Albanis Beaumont, in his history of the Graian Alps, conjectured that the army and the elephants of Hannibal had passed! The impossibility of such an event occurring here, throws a doubt upon his statement that he had visited these Alps himself. But though Hannibal never could have passed this way, a French patrol of thirty or forty soldiers did, during the war of the Revolution, descend to Malchiusa, the only military occurrence on this route recorded. There is a tradition of a post courier having been formerly established this way, but like that which still regularly crosses the Great St Bernard, it must have been a hardy mountaineer on foot. The only changes which time effects in these regions, are in the advance or retirement, the enlarging or lessening of the glaciers. Ages have passed without a change in the form and character of the pass by the rocks and precipices, and these pre-

sent a barrier not likely to be again attempted by a mule at least. Our men declared that nothing should tempt their return by the Col de Lautaret.

After resting a short time, we started, and hastened our descent; for clouds began to envelope the Roche Melon, and the mountain which we had passed was already concealed from us. A little drizzling rain fell, which gave us firmer footing on the smooth pasturage; and, after a long and fatiguing descent, we passed below the chalets of Malchiusa, and found ourselves at the foot of the Roche Melon, whose head was now obscured. Here we met a boy, who told us that we were two good hours from Usseglio, the first hamlet where there was an inn; we made up our minds that two good hours meant four ordinary ones, and we found them so. The pasturages in which the chalets of Malchiusa are situated, are so rich and extensive, that they feed during three months 12,000 sheep annually, besides the cows and goats brought here for summer pasturage.

The whole course of the valley bears the name of Viu; but parts of the same valley are distinguished by that of some proximate village; that part which we reached was above a ravine, known by the name of Malchiusa. When we reached the torrent, we perceived that it rushed into this deep ravine, and that it would be necessary to ford it from the left bank, where we were, as the face of the rock on this side above the torrent was impracticable. We crossed with difficulty; and ascending above the precipices, on the right bank, found our path along thin, dangerous edges, and thence, by a difficult descent, reached a little plain, which appeared like paradise, after the scenes through which we had wandered. We crossed into this plain, by an Alpine bridge, below the overhanging rocks, which, on the left of the torrent, terminated the lower end of the ravine. Beneath these precipices we saw some wretched cabins, built, in some places, within the crevices of the rock, and in others excavated. This was the highest spot in the valley inhabited throughout the year. Thence we proceeded by a path through some meadows—the only

piece of level ground that we had seen since the morning. It brought us to Margone, a miserable village, where there was a chapel. Here we were struck with the vigorous appearance of the inhabitants, especially of the women. Their fine mien and tall forms were unlike those of a similar class in any other of the Piedmontese valleys. There was a look of haughty independence about them, but their dirty faces and clothes were proofs that they did not often make acquaintance with the bright streams of their valley. We had hoped that this place was Usseglio, but we learnt that we had yet two long miles of descent to make before we could reach it. We could get no refreshment at Margone, and even if we could, Garinot's suspicion and his dislike of the people of the valley would have induced him to urge us on quickly. He had the common prejudice of the Savoyards that the inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys were thieves and murderers. The day was closing upon us, and he was impatient to get into a country more inhabited. On leaving Margone, we found a tolerable mountain road, with low dry-stone walls on either side. For some time we skirted the edge of a lofty precipice, above a ravine of tremendous depth. Descending from this height, we passed groups of labourers returning from their harvest, and many of them, generally the women, bearing heavy loads upon their shoulders, so placed and borne, that we were led to conclude that the ease with which such loads were carried, left them graceful and firm when without their burdens. Garinot recognised an old acquaintance in one of the groups.

Our course lay down a succession of steep descents, from one little plain of meadow to another, each becoming richer, until we got among trees, and more cultivated spots, and passed two or three little villages, and observed a valley opening on the left above Usseglio, which led by the Col d'Arnas to Bessana. Soon after we descended into the little plain of Usseglio, and reached the village itself after a long and adventurous day's journey. On our arriving there after dark, we were directed to what was called an albergo. Certainly it was not a place

of entertainment for man, and scarcely for horse. A Frenchman would hardly have condescended to call it a cabaret; and an Englishman's thoughts, associated with a pot-house, would certainly have been raised to an hotel, compared with it; however, we only wanted rest and refreshment. Alas! that we should have needed so much, for these were not to be found here. We ascended a flight of dirty stone steps from a stable, and entered a filthy chamber, "the parlour, kitchen, and hall;" a gaunt, unwashed, masculine-looking woman stood behind a mass of masonry, in which a pit or two served as fire-places for charcoal, and the rest of the surface for the kitchen table—disarranged, on some shelves, were dirty stone bottles containing *delicious* rosolio, aquavita, &c. The floor was covered with slops and vegetable parings and filth, six inches thick, the accumulation of an unswept floor for many years. A steep ladder led through a hole into an upper floor, where was either a piggery or a nursery; the inmates had been disturbed by our arrival, and their noises left the zoological genus uncertain, until we saw one by one of the filthy generation of this house, quarrelling for precedence, and crawling a few steps down the ladder to look upon us. Young as the children were, they had already gathered over their otherwise naked bodies some portion of that inheritance which had been squandered on the floor. These imps stared and grinned at us until the gentle tones of their grim mother's voice drove them again into the concealment of their dark and dirty habitation.

We succeeded in getting some *Griseau* and boiled eggs, and Garinot, who had observed our mode of making tea at his house, having laboured hard to clean some vessels, soon obtained boiling water, and we enjoyed the refreshing beverage after our day's walk. Our guides drank the wine placed before them, and obtained something to eat with appetites fortunately not over delicate. When we enquired about our beds, we were told that there were none in the house, but that a neighbour had prepared one. I wished to sleep in the grange, or hay loft, but this was overruled. Our dormitory was in the next house to the Inn.

When we retired to it, we entered a stable and ascended by a perpendicular ladder to what in fact was a loft. Garinot, whose cate had provided this accommodation, led the way with a lamp. On entering the place we saw by the dim light in one corner a bed which was occupied by two women! In another, on the floor, was the bed prepared for us. In going to examine it, I disturbed sundry cocks and hens at roost upon a pole, placed along over our side of the chamber. There were many holes through the walls large enough for a man to crawl through, and which appeared to communicate with the neighbouring houses. There was neither window nor door except two folding ones, which opened into a yard below, and through which hay or corn could be pecked up, and the trap with the ladder by which we had ascended from the stable. The place was scarcely one remove from the den at the syndic's, into which we had first been introduced. My friend's fatigue had given him courage enough to take possession of the bed. I desired Garinot to get a truss of straw, upon which I threw myself wrapped in my cloak, but not to sleep. A million fleas soon took possession of the place, they had not had such a god-send for some time, to judge by their eagerness and appetites—in defiance of them my friend slept. I could not, for besides their unmerciful attacks upon me, demons seemed to have beset the place, the imps in the adjoining regions set up such diabolical yells, that the noise, joined to the threats, uttered in an old beldame's voice, trying to allay these, was distracting. These sounds issued from the holes around us, like blasts from Erebus, and kept me sleepless. Ah! I shall never forget the night, and I took care that my friend should not, for an uneatable occurrence, which excited me to immoderate laughter, took place, and I awoke him to witness what he could not have believed upon my report only. About four o'clock the companions of our chamber turned out, and soon after Garinot called us to prepare for our journey down the valley.

Having paid five francs to the mistress of the inn, and forty sous for our dormitory, we departed from Usseglio. The morning was beauti-

ful, and the whole valley in singular contrast with the savage dreariness of yesterday's route. Noble trees, luxuriant meadows, and corn fields enriched the course of our march. On departing from Usseglio, we looked up the valley which led to the Col d'Ainas, and a stranger would scarcely have suspected that the path through its beautiful verdure would lead to scenes perhaps even more terrific than those of the Lautaret. A poet or a moralist might find in this ample matter for illustration. Nor would the antiquary be quite out of place here. Some time since, an altar was found near Usseglio, consecrated to Hercules, with the following inscription:

HER
CVLI
MVSZRI
VS
MARCELLYS.

The imperfection in the third line has puzzled the antiquaries. It has, however, set them upon the scent—that Usseglio was the Oculum mentioned by Julius Caesar in his Commentaries, and, ergo, that he must have passed this way when he went to meet the Helvetii; but many similar names are found on the Piedmontese side of the Alps—such as Exilles in the Pass of the Mont Genieve and Usseaux, at the foot of the Col de Sestriere, the latter, however, D'Auvill has clearly shown to have been the Oculum of Julius Caesar—but that Usseglio was anciently Oculum was not the only inference drawn by these learned Oldbucks; they have asserted that a Roman road passed through this valley, and across the Alps. The chief objection to this conjecture was its impossibility as far as it regarded a road across the Alps. The inscription only shows the occupation by the Romans of this valley in common with fifty others, that led to the great chain; not that there was a road through it across the Alps. Mines are worked in the valley from which iron was drawn before record, but they were probably in operation in the time of the empire.

After leaving the beautiful little plain of Usseglio, which is about two miles long, and half a mile wide, our course through the valley was some-

times on the banks of the river, at others on the mountain side, and occasionally across the richest meadows. The road, as we descended, greatly improved, it was often excellent, and almost always under the shelter of magnificent chestnut and walnut trees. The situation of the villages, which were numerous, was generally beautiful, and the journey down the valley was one of unmixed enjoyment. We passed through the large village of Lemie. Hitherto men and women were habited in thick coarse undyed woollen drapery, the men generally wearing it white, the women a sort of coffee colour, from its mixture with black wool; the head usually covered with a large black felt hat, which the women wore over a white handkerchief.

On the right of the valley, in our descent, lay the mountain chain which divides it from the Valley of the Doire; a path across it by the Col de Colombard is the shortest means of communicating between Lemie and Turin. Below Lemie we passed through the villages of Fruchiere, Guicciardiera, and Fucine. At the latter there are many forges where the tilt hammers are worked by the Vianna, a little stream which flows into the Stura of Viu, the river of the valley. From Fucine the road ascends nearly a mile to Viu, a neat little town in a singularly beautiful situation, surrounded by fruit and forest trees, and the people were evidently wealthy. Many of the houses were like little palaces; in the town we saw many good shops, some inns and a café. There was an appearance of comfort about the inhabitants, and the costume of the women had a touch of the Parisienne, which we scarcely expected to find in this retired valley. We rested at an inn where we procured a tolerable dinner, for which the scoundrel host demanded and obtained from us fourteen francs! for until we had paid it the mule was locked in pledge in the stable. The women are generally handsome, yet many of those who are married live without much of the society of their husbands, for these go to Turin as servants in great houses, where the people of Viu are preferred in the domestic capacities of cooks and valets de chambre. Thus it rarely happens that oftener than once a-

year they can obtain a short leave of absence to visit the homes of their families. During winter the still lower classes of the male population go into the Italian towns and seek employment as porters and other menial offices. In the summer many seek temporary engagements in Piedmont and the Milanese in the rice grounds during the harvest.

Viu has a court of judicature, two fairs annually, and its church is the largest and most superb of the three valleys of Lanzo, of which the Val Viu is one. Its inhabitants, and those in its immediate neighbourhood, exceed 5000. It holds frequent communication with Turin by the Col de St Jean, which leads at once into the plains of Piedmont over an easy pass. The air of Viu is considered so invigorating, that the children of many of the citizens of Turin are sent here for their health during the summer.

Below Viu, we more than once, on looking back up the valley, caught a view of the vast Roche Melon, and we sometimes turned to it to contrast its sterility with the surrounding richness of the valley, of which the scenery and its productions did not, below Viu, vary much until we arrived at the village of La Maddalena, where we crossed the Stura, and entered upon a miserable road, which led up to the Col de Bertrand.

It is difficult to imagine why, with roads preserved so well near Viu, those which lead to it, from Lanzo to Maddalena, should be so bad. It was really difficult to pass. It led up the mountain side over decomposing serpentine, either jutting up in masses, or knee-deep in dust or mud.

As we ascended, we commanded a fine view of the valley we had left, but the scene was not to be compared with that which burst upon us when we attained the high ridge of the Col Bertrand. Thence we saw, in the depth far below us, the valley through which the Stura found its way. Richly wooded, on the opposite side, were the bases of the mountains which bounded the deep valley. Beyond these, other magnificent ranges rose above each other, but, except in occasional glimpses, the central chain was hidden in clouds. In clear weather, the view

from where we passed must be one of the finest presented in the Alps. Near to a few houses forming the village of Bernard, a wretched zig-zag road descends for a short way. In the midst of it we met a party of muleteers—their mules laden, going to Vin. Mounted upon one of them was a beautiful young woman, so well dressed, that her costume might have passed unnoticed in London.

Our route lay for some distance along a road, upon the crest of the mountain, presenting near its termination a magnificent view up the Val Forno, the longest of the three valleys of Lanzo; the glimpses of the snowy range tantalized us with some perception of what we lost in the scenery, but from the chapel of the Croix de Morat the view was enchanting. We could look hence into the deep valleys, upon the confluence of two of the branches of the Stura; beyond it lay numerous villages, pastures, and forests, corn, and woodlands, amidst which the villages and habitations sparkled. Contrasted with this fertility, the ground we were upon, and a lofty mountain on the right, were sterile. On this mountain, which was at a much greater elevation than that upon which we were, is built the chapel or sanctuary of Saint Ignatius—one of those holy places of Catholic pilgrimage, which derive half their sanctity from their elevation. A celebrated festival is held there in the beginning of August—the Sunday preceding St Lawrence's day—it is visited by such crowds, that they are said to amount to one-sixth of the whole population of these valleys, and numbers of the devotees come even from Turin. Those who come from a distance, or who are prompted by devotion, or to whom it is enjoined as a penance, arrive on the Saturday evening, and employ that night in confession to a great number of priests, who are always to be found in proportion to the demand by sinners. One of the night ceremonies is to perform the *Novena*—that is, to walk nine times round the exterior of the church and recite prayers. Those who cannot resist sleep lie on the pavement of the church, which, during the night, is illuminated, so that they cannot skulk without detection. The Sun-

day, however, presents a more extraordinary scene. An immense crowd of all ages, sexes, and conditions, or, as it may be Anglicized, tag-rag and bob-tail, perform other *Novenas*, and as after the ninth round they are permitted to retire, and accessions of pilgrims or devotees are made hourly, this extraordinary procession continues all day, as each, on his, or her, arrival falls into the ranks, and then, after the nine turns, falls out to join parties at bowls, drinking, or gaming, having thus balanced their account of sin for the year by the mystical nine turns made round the sanctuary, for the glory of—the priests!

From the Croix de Morat the descent is by a miserable road down the side of the most barren mount in the chain; perhaps appearing worse from its striking contrast to the richness of the valley on the other side. Yet at its base we got into a beautiful spot, the Pian de la Caslegna, but from this oasis to the river it again changed, and we encountered for twenty minutes the worst road we had met with since we left Vin. Having reached the Stura, we crossed it by the bridge of Germaguano into the road which led up to the valleys of Lanzo; this was better, but not so much improved, at least in width, but that we narrowly escaped the fate of Regulus, for two mules laden with sacks of nails from the forges of Mezzente, or some other in the Val Forno, on their way to Lanzo, overtook us, and we had great difficulty to escape the points protruding through the sacks. About half a league before our arrival at Lanzo, we passed a capital-looking inn, with large stables and premises, recently built by a M. Caveglia. It must have been in anticipation of the government forming new and good roads to these valleys, otherwise one-tenth of their cost might as usefully and more wisely have been expended. We had not seen such an establishment for some time, and were strongly disposed to finish our day's work there, but Gairol recommended us to go on to Lanzo. We felt it, however, with reluctance. There is evidently a disposition on the part of the Sardinian government to improve the roads of the country, and M. Caveglia has perhaps been encouraged in his undertaking by the authorities.

The disposal of the rich resources of these valleys in timber, metals, and agricultural produce would be better aided by a wise government than they have hitherto been, if the roads were improved. The three valleys of Lanzo—the Viù, the Ala, and the Forno—collectively contain 22,000 inhabitants, and nearly all communication must pass by this establishment of M. Caveglia, which is a most serviceable station to the carriers and muleteers.

We came upon Lanzo rather abruptly. Its situation, approaching it from the mountains, is striking. We passed beneath steep rocky slopes surmounted by old buildings, Italian in character, having loggias, or open galleries, but in a state of such wretched dilapidation that a feeling of gratitude for having passed safely below them sprung almost involuntarily from the heart. We entered Lanzo by a passage, not strictly a gateway, beneath some houses, and ascending a steep narrow street by a series of low paved terraces or broad steps, attained the highest part of the town—the grand place. We had then to descend on the other side by similar steps, which lessened the danger of the descent, and passed down the long steep principal street, stared at by nearly all the 2000 inhabitants of Lanzo, who presented the most banditti-looking collection of impudent rascals I ever saw, even in the north of Italy. There were several inns in the town, but none very promising in appearance, and our enquiries for the best, obtained for us almost as many different answers as there were inns to recommend. At length, a respectable-looking old gentleman cautiously, to avoid jealousy, hinted to us that the *Capella Verde* was the most fit to receive us, and we took up our quarters there, and found more comfort and attention within, than there was promise of without. Here we at once proceeded to settle our account with the syndic and Master Trag. The modest confidence of the latter was instantly shown on his expectation that he should receive from us five times as much as his services were worth—with him it was a matter of business—we offered him two Napoleons, which he refused to take, and walked off sulkily; the syndic very properly would not be

a party to Trag's account; we gave Garinot two Napoleons, for, though Trag had a mule, he had deceived us in stating that he had a perfect knowledge of the route, whilst without the syndic we could not have accomplished the journey. The latter said he was quite contented, and should have been with whatever we had chosen to give him; this obtained for him a little additional gratuity, and we gave him some of the best wine the inn afforded. Our kindness to Garinot increased the anger of Trag, with whom we refused to hold any further intercourse, having left the two Napoleons for him whenever he chose to take them, but not a sou more, not even a glass of the wine given to the syndic. At length the fellow came sneaking for the money, asking for the addition of a franc—half a franc—two sous. We were inflexible; he then took the two Napoleons, and finished by offering his services, and those of his mule, to take us the next day to Pont for one half the money, in proportion to the time of service, that he had just received. Garinot we found throughout a well informed, trustworthy, brave, respectable man; and Trag a fawning rascal. In the syndic entire confidence may be placed by any traveller who desires to enjoy some days' sport among the chamois in the high mountains of the Maurienne. A messenger sent from Lanslebourg would reach him at Bessans in two or three hours, and he expressed to us his readiness to attend to any enquiry made after him by an English traveller.

After having enjoyed the first comfortable bed that we had been in since we left Lanslebourg, and paid a very moderate bill at the *Capella Verde*, we hired, but with some difficulty, a light carriage with a pair of horses to take us to Pont in the Val d'Aosta. The road was flat towards the plains from Lanzo. On our left was the range of Monte Timone, which sloped down into the plains. The road side was planted with acacias and mulberry-trees, and the vines, Indian corn, and other evidences of rich and cultivated lands marked our course to Chiv. We passed through many villages, which, amidst scenes so rich, bore a corresponding appearance of wealth and comfort, compared with the means

of the mountaineers we had so recently left struggling in high regions with a sterile soil. The towers of the village churches had now become those light and lofty structures for which Piedmont is celebrated; the houses were entirely Italian, and the town of Cirié, about ten or twelve miles from Turin, had its shops beneath deep arcades, common in Piedmont, on the sides of the streets, which sheltered the passengers from the sun or the rain. At Cirié we turned off on the left out of the high-road which leads to Turin from Lanzo. Our postillion had to enquire the way, for the journey to Pont is not very often made direct from Lanzo. We had another example in the fees of our conductor of the bad opinion held of a neighbouring people, or of the dangers of a road to which they are not accustomed; he grove in constant fear of being attacked; it is certain that the Svyoyards think of the Piedmontese, and the Piedmontese of the Svyoyards, as a neighbouring village or valley, that they are a set of villains, but I have uniformly found them civil, and have rarely doubted my security among them. The road from Cirié was tolerably good, between vineyards and hedge-rows, until we entered upon an extensive dreary common, one of the finest places for cut-throat practice in the world. It was covered with deep sand pits, among which the heavy road wound its sinuous course across several miles of this open country, a vast plain stretching away on the right and the left, with very few trees and no habitation to sight; here our postillion informed us a grand review of 10,000 troops, by the King, was to take place next week. After encountering the worst part of the road towards the termination of the common, we descended into a valley, and soon arrived at the village of Fronto, with its old castle grimly overhanging the road a little beyond it. We crossed the river Mallone, one of the small tributaries of the Orca. On the other side we ascended the left bank of the river for some way,

and through the village of Buzano; here the plains skirted the mountains, and the scenery was rich and beautiful; numerous villages with their superb towers, and the campagnas of the rich proprietors surrounded with vines; mulberry and fruit trees studded the rising grounds and slopes of the hills. One of the most beautiful of these villages, through which we passed, was Valperga, celebrated throughout Piedmont for the great light and singular beauty of its campanile. Before reaching the village, we entered upon the high-road between Turin and Courgne, and few countries can boast in such great lines of communication of roads better formed or preserved.

Corgne is a large town, one of a great number which, lying out of the usual line of strangers travelling in Piedmont, are little known, but which contain numerous inhabitants, who are rich and active as manufacturers in cloths, the metals, tanneries, &c, and they possess many local advantages, being near enough to the streams and torrents to avail themselves of water power for their machinery. Better society is found there, and more comforts, than in places of greater pretence. We did not drive through the town, but as we skirted it we saw many capital houses, and some beautiful women, clean, well dressed, *à la mode de ville*. Below Courgne we crossed the Orca, and soon after turned up the left bank of the river. Hitherto we had had fine weather, but it now changed, a torrent of rain descended which obliged us to close the carriage, and concealed from us the beautiful country which we had been led to believe we should pass through on the road to Pont. This, however, was the only hard rain we had encountered for a month, and we submitted to it with tolerable patience. Before we reached the town the rain ceased, and we were enabled to enjoy the entrance to this most picturesque place, with its old feudal castles and towers, and the vineyards, and forests, and mountains with which it is surrounded.

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FOREIGN POLICY AND FOREIGN COMMERCE.

IN our last number we took occasion to lay before the public a more full and detailed relation of the Prusso-Germanic Custom house League, its contemplated objects, its probable prospective operation, with the fraudulent pretences on which it was based, and by which it was sought to be justified, than had hitherto appeared. With the evidence of facts and figures, in their main conclusions unimpeachable, the utter groundlessness of the charge which has been the eternal theme of half-witted economists at home, and designing statesmen abroad, imputing the restrictive rigours of foreign commercial systems to the illiberality of our own, was, in the case of Prussia at least, for our labours extended no farther, decisively demonstrated.

Dismissing the chimerical conceits of war-hunting philosophy, we turn to matter more worthy our consideration. There is scarcely any question of foreign policy into the solution of which the concerns of foreign commerce do not largely enter. There is no nation upon earth so purely commercial in its character and pursuits as this, and none with so large a stake of material interests risked upon the issue of every political movement. We have no dreams of restless ambition to be indulged—no conquests save those of industry to pant after—of the resplendent trophies of successful war and national glory we have enough and more than enough for

immortality in the page of history. Rich, however, as we are, in all that constitutes a nation's honour, safety, and happiness, our stored up treasure may not be idly played with or dilapidated. It is the half ruined gamester only that puts all to hazard on one throw in a paroxysm of blind passion, and the forlorn chance of revenge; it is Quixote redivivus alone that would range the world to redress the wrongs of kingdoms or of peoples. We cannot afford to sacrifice sense to sensibility, nor to squander national resources for the sole object of succouring the oppressed of other realms and crushing a heartless oppressor—wealthy though we be, and powerful as wealthy. Deeply as we sympathize with the wrongs—profoundly as we venerate the patriots—dearly as we love the gallant people—of Poland, we would not have counselled war with the Autocrat and his powerful neighbours leagued against her in her ill-timed though holy insurrection, because it becomes not the rulers of an empire to hazard its permanent welfare for the gratification of sympathy and feeling alone. Nor would we have warred to impose compulsory freedom on Belgium, Portugal, and Spain. No state may safely dissolve the bonds of various alliance, and abandon the interests of self for such indulgence. But when the necessity of self-preservation combines with the generous sentiments of nature, then may the statesman

unlock the treasured-up remembrance of the injuries of a noble race, and, whilst he stretches forth the arm of might to avenge them, solace himself with the grateful reflection that he is exacting also a merited retribution for insult offered or damage caused to the land with whose destinies he is specially charged. That moment may, or may not be fast approaching—portentous signs are abroad—let us in that case pray for a pilot skilled and courageous to weather the storm, under whose guidance we may confidently dare the raging elements, without fear of the quicksands and shallows on which it has been our luckless fate so often to have latterly grounded.

Whilst, therefore, as our preceding observations are intended to demonstrate, we disclaim all communion with the agitators who proclaim a crusade of principles or of chivalry; whilst we maintain with earnestness that our policy ought to be eminently peace and conservation abroad, no less than at home, it is impossible to dissemble the fact that the designs of Russia, scarcely disguised, combined with her past usurpations, seem so closely to threaten the continuance of the social and material prosperity of the empire, that it is time to *familiarize our minds* with the possibility of closer conflict than the interchanges of diplomacy. The British minister that should stand quiescently by whilst she possessed herself of Constantinople, and finally closed the Dardanelles against our marine, commercial or royal, would deserve to expiate on the scaffold his treachery or imbecility. We have now, indeed, and we have had, men of state that have bid high for the penalty; for

whatever his feelings of party, with a spark of patriotism in his breast, will deny that the treaty of Unkar Skelessi is a monument of eternal disgrace to Earl Grey and Lord Palmerston, as it is of dishonour and degradation to their country. The facts, well known as they are, may, for the sake of connexion, be simply repeated. After the victory of Koniah in 1832, Ibrahim Pacha was advancing upon Constantinople. The Porte applied to England as to its oldest friend for suc-

cour or mediation, with ample offers of commercial privileges for indemnity; a threat would have stayed the Egyptian in his career—two men-of-war off the coast of Syria or the port of Alexandria would even, in the case of recusancy, have enforced obedience; nor threat, nor mediation, nor succour was yielded to rescue the Turkish empire from impending destruction. On Wednesday, the 29th August, being the last day but one of the Session 1833, the explanation, shameful as smelting, of Lord Palmerston to Parliament was, that “without giving any very detailed explanation of the matter, he would only remind the House that then we were embarked in *naval operations on the North Sea, and on the coast of Holland, and were under the necessity of keeping up another naval force on the coast of Portugal;*” therefore we had not a ship to spare. We were blockading or observing two petty states, with which, but for silly intervention, we could have had no relations but those of amity, and out of our vaunted naval force could not find wherewith to furnish a commodore’s pennant for a service more vitally important to our interests than Holland, Belgium, and Portugal in the lump. This was not all; the secretary farther stated that, so far even from “Russia having expressed any jealousy as to granting that assistance, the Russian Ambassador officially communicated to him, while the request (of Turkey) was still under consideration, that he had learned that such an application had been made, and that from *the interest taken by Russia in the maintenance and preservation of the Turkish empire, it would afford satisfaction if they (the Grey Ministry) could find themselves able to comply with the request.*” Could folly go farther than this avowal? Could the nakedness of the land or its rulers be more ingenuously exposed? Yet the Reformed House cried “Hear, hear!” and the Birmingham patriot was “*thankful*” to the noble Lord. The fact was, that the cunning Egyptian had thrown the dust of the desert into the eyes of the man of State; under the tutelage of Boutenief, dazzling offers were made on his part, and thence the disinterested

proffer of Lieven, and the complimentary rejection of aid by Palmerston. Ships of war there were rotting in harbour in plenty; there wanted recently no application to Parliament to job Lord Durham and his suite to St Petersburg in two men-of-war. Individually and generally our inclination leads us to speak as to think of Earl Grey with respect as an honourable man and a consistent statesman; age had impaired his faculties, and the clamours of a family brood, interminable in its ramifications, preyed upon his weakness, if not upon his affections. Under cover of the Reform mania, he had gorged them with place and sinecure to an extent such as Minister never before had dared towards kinship; a show of public economy was deemed necessary to counterbalance the extravagances of nepotism; maritime succour to Turkey, therefore, was refused on the ground of expense, when one year's salary of all the Greys would have defrayed it twice over. The sequel is soon told. Upon our refusal the Sultan, *in demerceson*, threw himself into the arms of Russia. Soon from Sevastopol a fleet and army anchored in the roadstead of the Seraglio; Ibrahim retired at the Muscovite command, and the grateful Ottoman was but too happy to get rid of his hated Russian guests, by signing any thing and every thing. By a secret article of the treaty of Unkjar Skelessi, the passage of the Dardanelles to the ships of all nations was made contingent on the good pleasure of the Czar; and of that secret article, so excellently well was the Foreign Office administered abroad as at home, that Lord Palmerston was not ashamed to declare, in the face of the Commons of England, that he was indebted for the knowledge of it, not to the undecidable penetration of an ambassador, but to the masterly correspondence of a newspaper (the *Morning Herald*) from the Turkish capital. In the official manifesto of the Government, entitled the "Reform Ministry, and the Reformed Parliament," published at the close of the Session 1833, the whole of this disgraceful business is skimmed over in two paragraphs, one of which admits that the Eastern question was one which the "Governments of

Europe were entitled to look upon as a matter in which their own interests were directly involved," and the other winds up the allusion to the departure of the Russians from Constantinople, and Ibrahim Pacha from Kutaich, with the bombastic announcement that "it is the business of the British Government 'to take care that neither shall return again.'" Magnificent bravado! *Bella, bella!* should the Autocrat again presume to accept an invitation contemptuously declined by us; and nothing less than war, with its expenditure and horrors, is to be visited upon us on the *renewance* of an event, the primary *occasion* of which might have been averted by a message to Grand Cambré, and its echo to Asia Minor, borne by two of the men-of-war which were habitually tossing to and fro in the logs off the Scheldt, or riding for months at anchor, under one Captain Grey, in the pleasant bay of Naples, whilst Lord Ponsonby was perfecting his preparatory studies for Turkish diplomacy amidst the Neapolitan witcheries of "opera, play, and ball." The war and the waste of war is only in prospect as yet; but we have a foretaste already of its sweets, and an apt illustration of the economy of "candle-ends and chess-paings," in the usual Whig fashion of abolishing a score of place patronage and originating commissions by hundreds. For whereas the navy of Great Britain was reckoned in vain in 1832 for a brace of war boats, in 1831 and since we have had whole squadrons paddling it in the Levant, now peering into the Dardanelles, now circeing at Smyrna.

It is not our object in this paper to enter upon an examination of the designs of Russia, or into a disquisition upon the course of policy or of action by which she has, with no unskilled hand, advanced them. The former indeed require no illustration, since their gradual accomplishment forms no small portion of the history of Europe and Asia for the last sixty years. Neither of one or the other have we any fresh revelation to make *at present*, whatever hereafter we may propose on more convenient occasions. We may, however, previous to commencing the second branch of our subject,

Foreign Commerce, be permitted to observe, that the fatal error of Navarino facilitated, if it did not accelerate, the passage of the Balkan, and that nothing short of the Duke of Wellington's decision, enforced with an embassy of men-of-war at their mouth, prevented the Dardanelles from becoming, in 1828, as now they are, Russian, and the Muscovite eagle from perching on the topmost minaret of St Sophia. Had the Councils of 1832 exhibited one tithe of the prudence and spirit of that day—had the same forecasting policy been pursued—we should not need now to be loitering before the stable door after the steed had been stolen. But this being our luckless position, and having by irresolution converted the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi into a foregone conclusion, that ground for action appears to be cut away from under us. There seems, therefore, no option left but to wait upon Providence and provide for the chapter of accidents, which for the greatest statesman is the most delicate and difficult game to manage. The man of common-place loses temper, and it mattered little be with him, cuts the knot with the sword, as recent examples testify in Belgium, Portugal, and Spain. It is for master minds alone, as those we late possessed, as those arrayed against us in Russia or Prussia, to ply coolly and warily with time, whilst they lose not a motion of his scythe, and step the foremost into each breach it makes. Russia will hardly attempt a *coup de main* upon Constantinople, for that would place the ball at our feet by arousing Europe as one man against her. She does not use to work so openly, to combine her means so close to home. When most laboriously and silently mining in the East, she is heard most loudly yelping in the West. While moving her martial phalanxes towards Stamboul, she delights that the noise of their march and the clangour of their arms shall be drowned in the thunders of the *monstrum moritære*, or lost in the cannonades of Oporto or the fusillades of Riscay. She may, therefore, she will, doubtless, in season good, embroil once more the Porte with the Egyptian satrap—fire scarcely kept down yet glows in the embers, and wants

but a breath to kindle—and then she may be called on for help as heretofore, or she will enact the part of protector, as of ancient right, whether it be prayed as a boon or no. She will admit no claim of England, nor acknowledge any petition for her interference, but answer our demands and our proffers for share in the Eastern adjustment, by pointing to our arrogant exclusion of her, our monopoly of all influence in the affairs of the West. We must not, we hope that even under our present blundering rule we *will* not, be denied. For us the Eastern is no question of puling sensibilities about Miguelite tyranny and Carlist superstition—it is one of the last import; for Austria it is one of life and death. Let our readers cast their eyes on the map over the Algerine territory, French—over Egypt, by position and commerce half French—Greece, and part of its Archipelago, Russian—and Constantinople and the Bosphorus, Russian too. Once in possession of the keys of the Bosphorus, what shall prevent Russia, at her ease, from constructing fleets to dispute with us the mastery of the Mediterranean, and after, of all other seas? She will have a land-locked ocean impervious to our attacks, wherein to train a hardy race of seamen by the exclusive commercial navigation of its extended shores. The United States, her firm and fast allies (opposed though they be, according to the fantastic category of principles), already competes, or threatens to compete, with our supremacy in the Atlantic and Pacific: will it tend to moderate their ambition or their emulation to see us matched or chased away from the Mediterranean? But the question is no less one of transcendent interest commercially, than politically, of safety and national honour. The traffic of Turkey European, of Asia Minor, and the transit trade to Persia, consists almost purely of British manufactures for our export—of manufactures which are prohibited in Russia Proper, and would therefore be no less arbitrarily prohibited in Turkey Russian. What the state of manufacturing interests is, we may shortly advert to. Whatever therefore the opening created by Russian intrigue, and

whenever, whether by schism between the Sultan and the Egyptian rebel, or by added provocation to Austria, we trust that Great Britain will be found to take the position that becomes her. If the conjuncture be provided against and acted upon, when it arrives, with resolution and without hesitation, there will be no war—there need be none. Aggression is not averted by submission but invited, as on this special question we have seen. Nevertheless, a calm and cool calculation of all contingencies must be taken into the account of measures, for we do not shut our eyes to the *right of search* embarrassment: nor that, if the principle that “free bottoms make free goods” be ever admitted in maritime warfare—and in land hostilities it would be treated as an untenable absurdity—then farewell to “all our greatness.”

We have watched the course of the London and provincial press on this subject with interest; the latter has taken the moderate and national tone which is in unison with our own convictions. But although the great majority of the metropolitan journals are some of them in advance of us, and even too susceptible upon this subject, and others equally calm and resolved with ourselves, we have observed with pain, but without surprise, that a certain anti-national infatuation prevails in some quarters to the advantage of Russia. We think too highly of our contemporaries, whatever their party or party predi-

lections, to suspect the operation of undue influence. The journalism of France and of Germany is, we know, corrupt to the core; Russia has always bid largely, and counts therefore with reason on the active co-operation of men of letters in those countries; we could name names and papers, without asking reference to the archives of the legation of Pozzo di Borgo, were it necessary or profitable, as hereafter it may be. But whilst we fully exonerate our home contemporaries from a degrading imputation, we cannot but express unqualified regret at the exceptions to participation in national feeling, few though they be, and little influential, which are to be found in the diurnal or periodical press of the metropolis. We should be the first to raise our voices against a war of pique, or intervention, or ambition, as these and other pages testify. The case of war was not arrived, and need not, if the Ministry prepare betimes, in the true spirit of statesmanlike resolve, the means of prevention. With a due sense of the activity restless, the ambition reckless, the policy all-embracing and oily of the Cabinet of St Petersburg, and the general astuteness of its diplomatic emissaries, we are far from participating in the monstrous exaggerations of their infallibility and powers of second sight, whether feigned or in good faith, of contemporary reviewers or concoctors of state papers.* The assumption that Russia originated the Prusso-Germanic league we have

* The political world of the metropolis has been latterly a good deal mystified by the publication of certain state papers, purporting to be despatches of Count Bismarck, Prince Lieven, Count Matuschitz, Prince Pozzo di Borgo, &c. Although we are no believers in their authenticity, yet they may possibly have been fabricated upon incidental references to special subjects in the published diplomacy of the day—upon the intergossip of ambassadors—and out of one or two documents casually got hold of. The story of their having been purloined from Warsaw, seems incredible, for at Warsaw there existed no archives of diplomacy. The circumstance that would most stagger our incredulity is the fact that they have been quoted and commented on in the *British and Foreign Review* as authentic. That periodical is reported to be published under the especial patronage of the Foreign Office; who, however, so liable and likely to be duped as Lord Palmerston himself by forged officialities? In our opinion they have the *Paris post mark* strong upon them; and what more likely than Russian diplomacy at the bottom of the fraud? We know a Prussian at Frankfort (not unknown in Parisian journalism), a German baron, known everywhere, and *un homme de lettres* at Paris, who have been suspected of having done such things heretofore. Pozzo di Borgo knows them too—he will not disavow his old friend Monsieur C——, we presume.

shown to be utterly unfounded in fact; it is apparent, indeed, to common sense, that with her views of dominion it would have been no less than a suicidal course of action. On the reverse—on the discovery of the projects of Prussia for disenthraling herself from dependence, and establishing herself as the centre of a powerful system, Russia thwarted her designs all that in her lay. To that end she enacted prohibiting tariffs against Prussian and German manufactures and produce. With as much truth might it be said—indeed one pretended despatch of his has been published, and by the time this article is in print more may have appeared in the same sense—that Pozzo di Borgo foresaw or prepared the revolution of July. Miraculous as it suits the Foreign Office to represent Russian diplomacy, we can testify to its perfect innocence of cognizance previous to, or participation in, the revolution of July. Never was mortal more unobscuredly prostrated by shock of electric fluid than Pozzo di Borgo by that catastrophe. He shut himself up in the palace of the Legation, and, except to urgent and intimate friends, was visible to none; the violence of his tremor and agitation was really piteable—the ghosts of Robespierre and Marat might have arisen before the eyes of the old conventionist. For weeks he was truly horrid—fact is one of Parisian notoriety—and not for long did he recover presence of mind to place himself *au courant des affaires*, and take a position for Russia. The other ambassadors in the mean time were patrolling the barricades and affronting the fire of the patriots—taking measure, in short, of the revolution. Then the governing principle of Russian policy nothing can be more inartificial; it is worked out by its agents with a singleness of purpose, undeviating as unflinching. Bonaparte said, that in another half century “Europe would fall under the lash either of Jacobins or Cossacks;” even his forethought extended not to the possibility of silent compact or corrupt bargain by which these heralds of disorganization should partition the civilized and the barbarian world between them, and each co-operate for the other’s ends, the one spreading

anarchy in the west, whilst the other was supplanting empires in the east.

Limb by limb has Turkey been parcelled in these latter years by the two scheming factions of darkness. Greece was torn from her by the fraudulent intrigues of utilitarian loan jobbers; Armenia and Erivan (Circassia, we suppose, may be included) were wrested from her by Russia; at Adrianople, with the hearty congratulations of Lord Holland at the transfer of their rude tribes from the barbarous sway of the Sultan to the blessings of a more purely Scythian civilisation; and lastly, the Egyptian has made spoil of Syria. The extent and the importance of this last spoliation has been little reflected upon here, perhaps less understood; but the Muscovite appreciates it in all its value, and already pleads this extraordinary acquisition of the satrap as proof of the comparative moderation of her own robberies. This splendid portion of the southern dominions of Turkey comprehends the pashalicks of Aleppo, Senjar or Taurus, Acri, with its dependencies (the land of the Druses), and Damascus, which includes Palestine. It is watered by the Euphrates, Orontes, Jordan, Saphon, and other streams, contains at the least two millions and a half of inhabitants, and abounds in salt, wine, corn, oil, dates, cotton, and silk. Various districts possess too their manufactures of taffetas, cotton goods, and jewellery. Seated in this beautiful region, in the very heart of Asia Minor, Ibrahim Pacha, whilst he retains it, holds in his hands the keys, and at his mercy the whole Asiatic dominions of the Porte. At Kutaich he had all but realized the mighty conception of stretching his rule from sea to sea, of reposing with the northern frontier of a vast continent on the Euxine, as the Mediterranean washes its southern shores.

From distance, and the want, until more modern times, of that intimacy of connexion and intercourse which alone can bring objects into immediate contact with the senses, Western Europe has noted little and provided less against the encroachments of Russia. These have not astounded the vulgar politician as would the rush and ruin of an overwhelming inundation, but have

stolen along as the advancing tide of which there is no ebb-flow—almost unmarked, or, where marked, the onward progress shorn of its colossal proportions by the lengthened vista of perspective through which it was necessarily viewed. The gross

summary, however, will be found to exhibit a startling result; it is calculated to awaken painful apprehensions, and arouse sleeping energies—that is, in every heart that beats with the love of country and of kind. Here is the tabular document:

Conquests of Russia During the last Sixty Years.

		Present Population.	
1770,	Bessarabia,	470,000	
1771,	The Crimea,	451,000	Incorporated 1783.
1785,	Georgia,	400,000	Incorporated 1801.
1793,	Little Poland and the Ukraine,	6,174,000	
1794,	Western Russia, including Lithuania, Podolia, &c.,	8,143,000	
1795,	Courland,	581,000	
1803,	The Sessquis and other tribes,	330,000	
1806,	Shirvan,	133,000	
1808,	Finland,	1,350,000	
1815,	Kingdom of Poland,	4,000,000	Incorporated 1812.
1827,	Erivan and tribes,	100,000	
1829,	Armenia, &c.,	100,000	
	Wallachia and Moldavia,	2,817,000	
Total,		25,924,000	Souls.

Moldavia and Wallachia are reckoned, since, being under the control of Russian agents, their nominal independence is a mere feint. We include not the Circassian tribes, estimated at two millions more, respecting her hold upon, or her relations with which, we have no precise data for reference; so that here alone, within the compass of little more than half a century, Russia has added to her resources a population exceeding that of the whole United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; she has extended her rule from the Gulf of Bothnia almost to the Bosphorus—from the Araxes to the Vistula. The battle of Navarino was the introduction to her seizure of Armenia, the whole circuit of the Caspian, and the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates, from which position she can wield military autocracy over Persia, Assyria, and Asia Minor. Whilst she has made these giant strides, the rest of Europe remains, with trivial exceptions, absolutely in statu quo—the map has scarcely changed a feature except in the gradual enlargement of Russian boundaries, and the gradual contraction of those of her immediate neighbours. Will Europe stand by, whilst the Czar crowns the pyramidal pile

of conquest with Byzantium, the glorious centre from which to realize the vision of universal empire—with the added millions of Turkey, European and Asiatic?

We counsel not war—least of all a war of principles, such as divellers and agitators preach of. We care not to liberalize the institutions—to enlighten the barbarism—to emancipate the serfs—of Russia. The Chamberlain's kindness of intellect interests us little more than that of her night-developed regions. Not even for that Poland, over whose wrongs our heart yearns, and one blood indignantly boils, would we counsel war with her oppressor. But when the safety of the state is prospectively endangered—when it is forced into a retrograde position—when its most vital, because most growing, material interests are threatened with mortal aim, and more than mortal hatred—then, indeed, is the time arrived to speak out, not in the tones, querulous and fretful, of an ill-omened, ill-conditioned envoy at St Petersburg, but with that majestic array, that calm dignity, that noble appeal of the hero, which, before Sevastopol and off Trafalgar, are still efficient to convince even the most arrogant that

England knows and will do its duty. The plague must be stayed if it burst out afresh; nay, there can then be no alternative but a radical cure—the plague-spot must be eradicated, and the overgrown empire forced back within its ancient confines. The charges of the enterprise will scarcely exceed those of our present equivocal attitude in the maintenance of costly armaments, and a state of quasi warlike. Should the Bruc' Sea and the Bude be once occupied against her, and thus her issues and recipients closed, what becomes of the amorphous, ill-assorted, and scantly cemented mass, made up of interests whose prosperity depends on our forbearance, or composed of vessels hugging to shake off coercive allegiance? Through what escape-valve shall Britain then relieve herself of superfluous products, subsistances, or stay the minimum purchase the importation of two rented boards? She can no longer, then, like ancient monster of the northern seas, force entrance and deluge the European interior with the waters of strife, but is obliged to compound with a deluge from her manufactures for peace and order, by uninviting the chiefs of Poland, and surrendering to desecration the unlawfully gotten spoils of the Crescent.

To prepare for this conflict, and to accomplish these objects, requires a union of fore-sight and humors, which, from the experience of the past, may fairly be depicted as characteristics of our foreign department for the future. Inevitably as they have abused the confidence—deeply as they have disappointed the expectations—of all thinking men, the Ministry need still fear no lack of national support, if they uphold national interests with earnestness of purpose and temperance of manner. But it is not enough that justice is now on our

side; affronts that have too long been dallied with cease to be grounds legitimate for hostile cartel. Russia must be put more strongly, darkly, still in the wrong; injuries will not be less patent for a retresher—the question of damages will not be chosen of its proportions by other breaches of faith, and more outbreak of ambition—our patience has been exemplary, let us emulate the equanimity of Job yet a while longer. But meantime the Cabinet should not omit to clear the deck for action; let them throw overboard their petty squabbles in Spain and Portugal, and cease to dabble in blood and turmoil, and the paltry annoyances of meddling intervention in the internal affairs of states in amity with us. The foe they would now grapple with may not be charged with the underplot of the great drama of the European stage, or as the episode of an epic; it is the modern Achilles who pants for the possession of Troy. The age of miracles may not, after all, have passed away. Who shall say that in the perfumed Paris of our day may not, like his prototype of old, discover the veritable past, and smite to the dash the Achilles of the North?

We have but ourselves little space for the review and summary of our commercial interests involved in, and menaced by, the career of Muscovite aggression, and must therefore deal more briefly with them than their vast importance deserves. Their comparison with the state and advantage of our trade to Russia herself will not be uninteresting. We extract, for the convenience of more extensive reference, from the tables of Mr Marshall, decidedly the most complete statistical work of this or any country; they are only brought down, however, in many instances, to 1830.

DECLARED value of British produce and manufactures exported to Turkey, the Levant, and the Ionian isles—the exports to the latter being about L.41,000, and the imports from, L.121,500 per annum:

	In 1827.	In 1830.
Foreign and Colonial produce, . . .	L.568,900	L.1,206,273
	184,433	161,713
Total exported, . . .	L.753,333	L.1,367,986
Official value of imports from thence, . . .	737,869	835,872

But as *official* upon imports fall short of *real* values, by not less, probably, than ten per cent, the amount of our imports in 1830 was perhaps not much under one million sterling. Here, therefore, we have a total exportation nearly doubled within four years, and a consumption of native products and manufactures more than doubled. It is a trade checked by no prohibitions, and oppressed by no restrictions. It has about it all the freshness of spring—all the elasticity of youth. New channels of commerce are daily discovered in and through the Turkish empire. "In 1832," Mr Marshall observes, "a British vessel cleared for the

first time direct from London, freighted by Messrs C. H. and E. Burgess, for the port of Trebizonde in the Black Sea, with a cargo for Tabriz, the present capital of Persia, which promises to lead to a great extension of intercourse in that direction." Should the hour arrive when the evil genius of St Petersburg shall replace the Crescent at Byzantium, the commercial system of Turkey will be *renouvelée* as her political, and all the traffic so praiseworthy in possession, and so brilliant in prospect, will be at once annihilated. Let us now turn to the results of our trading concerns with the land of fifty millions of inhabitants.

	In 1827	In 1830.
OFFICIAL value of imports from Russia, -	L. 1,173,110	L. 1,024,769
DECLARED value of British produce and manufactures exported, -	L. 1,108,970	L. 1,489,538
Do. Foreign and Colonial produce, -	833,701	770,700
Total Exports, -	L. 2,942,671	L. 2,260,238

The discrepancy of the reciprocity is sufficiently remarkable; but to render it more so, about half a million must be added to the import

account, as the ratio of difference between the official, as compared with the money-value of imports, say:—

1830. Imports, <i>official</i> value, -	L. 1,024,769
Add, to make <i>real</i> value, -	500,000
	L. 1,524,769

or our imports from are just *double* in *value* to those of our exports to Russia. Nor is this all. The great bulk of our exportation consists of cotton yarn; say—

Produce and manufactures exported in 1830, -	L. 1,489,538
Of which cotton yarn alone enters for -	1,087,602
The value of any exchangeable ar-	

* We ourselves know of such a shipment in that year, being probably the same as that referred to by Mr Marshall. We were, however, given to understand that it was a joint speculation on account of the Persian government and several respectable firms in London, of whom that of Fabbie, Bonham, and Co., was named to us as the chief. Our information was derived from Syeed Khan, formerly (about 1825-26) on a political mission to this country. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of this distinguished personage in France in the year 1831, and it was our good fortune to travel some short distance in his company. With a more intelligent and accomplished individual it has never been our lot to be acquainted. He spoke almost all the languages of modern Europe, as well as the dialects of Asia. On board the steamer which conveyed us from Calais were some Egyptian youths and their mother, coming to London on apparently a forlorn speculation in search of a son and brother, to whose address or reference they had no guide. The Syeed, to their great delight, addressed them in their own language, and rendered them considerable service. During his stay in London, we passed many delightful hours in the society of this extraordinary man at his hotel in New Oxford Street, and elsewhere. He visited England on this special commercial mission we have alluded to, and a splendid adventure it was.

article, in a national view, is measured by that of the labour, more especially where the raw material is not indigenous which enters into its fabrication. The average price of the yarn consumed by Russia in 1830 was, according to Mr Marshall, 14d. per lb. Assuming the price of the cotton from which it was spun, with allowance for waste, to have averaged 7d. per lb. in the same year, it appears that the export of this commodity left a residuum to the country of one hundred per cent profit of labour and capital. This sounds largely in amount, but what is it in comparison with that of hemp, tallow, and other Russian produce, consumed here, which consists almost wholly of labour and returns for capital? But cottons shipped in the shape of manufactured goods instead of yarn will

leave a clear gain in the country of three or four hundred per cent, or upwards.* Take, for example, the mean price of yarn converted into printed cloths or dyed velvets, at 3s. per lb., and we have a *bonus* of four hundred per cent as the reward of the ingenious transformations operated upon the original raw cotton. As illustrative of the differential importance of our commercial relations with Turkey and Russia, as they now stand—the last having been for years stationary, or with a tendency to retrograde, whilst the former are expanding yearly into larger dimensions—and without recurrence to the fact that we are the largest and most beneficial consumers that Russia possesses, beyond any comparison, let us take the two special articles most in request with each:—

Value of cotton yarn exported to Russia in 1830,	-	L.1,087,662
Cost of raw material from the United States, one half,	-	543,831
Profit of capital and labour, one hundred per cent.		L.543,831
Value of cotton piece goods exported to Turkey, &c. 1830,		L. 871,965
Deducting one-fifth as the cost of the raw material,	-	174,393
Profit of labour and capital, four hundred per cent.	-	L.697,572
Gain by Russia,	-	543,831
Balance of profit in favour of our trade with Turkey,	-	L.153,741

And this upon the special staples of our exportable transactions in manufactured articles with each, and with a larger gross amount of export to Russia.

As we have before said, we have not selected the year 1830 to make out a case, but for the facility of combining all our references as much as possible under one head. The Board of Trade returns, and those of the cotton trade for 1834, are now before us, and would tell still more strongly in the balance we have struck against Russia, and on the side of Turkey. For whereas the exports of home produce and manufactures to Russia show a de-

ficit of more than one hundred thousand pounds in 1834, as compared with 1830; those to Turkey, on the contrary, exhibit an increase to something like two thirds of the same extent. The despatch of cotton yarns to the former, which was in 1830, - 17,131,558 lbs.

Was still no more in 1834 than - 17,921,605

To Turkey and the Levant the exportation of yarns appears to have augmented by nearly 40 per cent, and that of piece-goods to have little varied.

But whilst this, as we have demonstrated it, most fertile and improving vent for industrial creations

* The policy in face of this fact of originally permitting the free exportation of cotton yarns was very much doubted at the time and since. Mr. W. Radcliffe, the celebrated inventor of the power-loom system, took for years a very active part, with other patriotic individuals, in forcing the subject before the Legislature, with a view to prohibition or restriction; but the evil had struck too deep root, and was clearly past remedy.

would be closed against us instantaneously on the advent of the Autocrat to a Byzantine empire, not less surely would it endanger, and finally annihilate other interests of even more vital present concern than those we have developed. Need we point to Greece—to Egypt—to the Italian peninsula? Of the land-locked Mediterranean we share the western key with Morocco, and here and there upon an islet in its basin waves the British ensign. Upon its western shores govern France and Spain. Russia at the Dardanelles reigns lord paramount over Greece and the Grecian Archipelago, the gulf of Venice, and the eastern coasts of Italy. Asia Minor, with its boundless border upon the sea, must stand or fall with the capital; and Egypt—what could she oppose against the deluge of Cossack and Arab? Applying the test of figures as the most intelligible criterion of material interests which would be jeopardized by occurrences so untoward, but confining ourselves to a single point, let us show the trade with Italy. The exports of home produce and manufactures are more considerable in 1834 than 1830 by nearly £100,000; but not having the colonial returns for the former year at hand, we shall take the total statement of the latter year. Malta is mixed up with Italy, but the relative proportions will be understood when we state, that in 1831 Italy consumed for £3,292,000, and Malta for £242,000 only of native productions.

BRITISH produced manufactures exported to Italy and Malta in 1830, - £3,110,514
Colonial and foreign, - 836,769

Total declared values, £4,277,283

Assuming as a calculation that will not be deemed exaggerative the whole of our exportations, of home productions only, to the states most contiguous to Constantinople, whose weakness would naturally subject them to a Russian domination established in that capital, at five millions and a quarter sterling per annum, we will wind up with the "tittle of the whole" in a larger sense, taking the returns of total exports for 1834, as exhibiting the least favourable view of the question:—

Total Amount, real or declared value, of the exports of manufactures and produce of the United Kingdom in 1834, - £4,649,191

Ditto to the coasts of the Mediterranean, eastward of the gulf of Lyons, and the coast of Spain, and to the Black Sea, - £5,250,000

So that one-eighth of our whole exports of home commodities would be at the mercy of the Russian prohibitory tariff, the inevitable tendency of whose regulations we have before exemplified.

With a glance at the economical progress and position of Russia we shall bring our labours to a close. The *St. Petersburg Gazette*, in a recent number, gives the following returns.

EXPORTS. 1834.	
To Foreign countries,	217,322,116 roubles.
To Finland,	2,410,993
To the Kingdom of Poland, . . .	10,656,441
	<hr/> 230,119,850
IMPORTS.	
From Foreign countries,	211,324,630
From Finland,	969,919
From Poland,	2,798,803
	<hr/> 218,093,352
Balance of trade, excess of exports, .	12,326,528

Showing a considerable improvement upon 1833. The chief articles of exportation were:—

Hemp,	2,821,933 poods.
Tallow,	4,568,831 do.
Undressed hides,	11,235,988 roubles.
Timber,	8,985,489 do.
Copper,	317,222 poods.

The balance of exportation over importation appears to have been materially acted upon by, and must have been largely but for the large introduction of, foreign corn rendered indispensable by the deficient harvest of the year preceding, and the dreadful famine raging in the southern departments. The ports being thrown open, the entries amounted to 1,100,000 chetverts, of the value of 20,714,000 roubles. Usually Russia is a corn exporting country. For the Imperial spirit establishment of St Petersburg, 169,179 vedros of alcohol, extracted from grain, and

amounting in value to 2,893,000 roubles, were required.

The facts which most interest us are, however, those relating to the progress of internal manufactures, fostered as we know they are, by every species of encouragement, many of them of property and origin Imperial, and protected by a series of fiscal prohibitions unexampled out of France and China. It seems then that the importation of raw material for the use of manufactures is on the rise, as the following data show:—

IMPORTS OF RAW MATERIAL.

	1852	1853.	1854.
Raw cotton	127,125	139,032	122,110 poods.
Cotton yarn, .	511,255	517,695	525,296 do.
Indigo, .	15,318	22,950	25,284 do.
Madder, .	61,565	16,613	79,410 do.
Oil, .	300,079	251,918	305,529 do.
Raw sugar, .	1,377,723	1,337,673	1,571,137 do.

The pood being equal to 36 lb., the reduction into English quantities is easy.

There is nothing extraordinary in this augmentation of demand for raw products, nor is it on the whole considerable. From the rather declining call for spun yarn, and the advancing imports of raw cotton, it would appear that the Russian spinnetries were making rapid advances towards supplanting the British, and sup-

plying their own looms exclusively. The refineries, however, to judge from the increase in raw sugars, are still more highly prosperous. But when viewed conjointly with the decreasing consumption of finished products, the whole offers no very inviting prospects to the industry of this country.

IMPORTS OF MANUFACTURES.

	1852.	1853.	1854.
Cotton goods,	10,384,165	10,586,723	8,786,672 roubles.
Linens, .	916,691	779,281	905,631 do.
Silks, .	10,317,676	8,289,817	9,112,567 do.
Woolens, .	10,982,916	8,412,957	7,690,198 do.
Blond, thread, lace, &c.	2,259,288	1,693,463	1,267,714 do.

The demand in silks is the least considerable. So that, notwithstanding the constant progression of export-ag values, and the large balance in its favour thereupon accruing to the nation, the system of rigid restriction

on prohibition is not relaxed, so far as we are concerned at least. And yet of her hemp alone England enters for about *three-fifths* of the total exportation of Russia; of tallow more than *three-fourths*; say,

Tallow shipped from all Russia, 1851,	4,091,544 poods.
Of which to Great Britain,	3,223,434 do.

without reckoning the quantity put down in the returns as for Elsinore, which is mostly destined for our ports.* Of her other products we are, more or less proportionally, also the principal purchasers. Seeing,

however, the fate of Finland, and of unhappy Poland, commercially and fiscally, perhaps we have the less cause to complain. But the call is, therefore, more imperative upon us to stay the further propagation of so

* Mr Borrisow on the Commerce of Petersburg.

baleful a system as would attend upon Russian ascendancy over Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia.

Russia possesses, beyond any country in the world, the natural materials for unbounded commerce. She is, perhaps, no less endowed with all the natural elements for manufacturing enterprise on the most gigantic scale; for the latter she is alone wanting in capital, and that would have flowed in upon her in a greatly accelerated ratio to what even now the general balance of trade exhibits, had all her energies been addressed with undiverted aim to the development of the inexhaustible riches of the soil, during a period of time sufficiently extended for the due attainment of the object. The growth of manufactures is, in the natural order of events, the consequence of increased civilisation, and of population concentrated and thickly spread, when for subsistence or enjoyment a deficiency in the products of a circumscribed circle of territory begins to be foreseen, and supplies having to be elsewhere sought, the means of exchange must be created for barter or payment. Hence industry is quickened, invention tasked, and mechanical ingenuity stimulated; hence, too, the fair justification of a provident government for the employment of artificial means—the means of premiums and restrictions—in aid of the policy or exigencies of the case. But where a people are thinly scattered over proportionally immeasurable space, and the riches of the land incalculable are rotting on its surface, or undisturbed in their hidden recesses beneath, for lack of hands to reap and instruments to mine, nothing less than folly and infatuation would withdraw them from the simple process of labour, whose proceeds are made up of profit wholly national, to the enervating complication of manufacturing operations, whose returns are often precarious, and always purchased at the cost of greater interests, and whose gains are more or less at the mercy of, or divisible with the foreigner. The partially exhausted lands of England demand for successful culture all the arts and accessories of practised husbandry, and well-calculated courses

of crops; but who, not wild and moonstruck, would dream of coating with manure the rich black soils of the Ukraine, whose vast expanse of plains, still virgin and spontaneously producing, not centuries will suffice to impoverish? Such, however, has been, still is, the hothouse principle of the Cabinet of St Petersburg. The resources of the empire are lavished upon factories and spirit-stills, and the Autocrat of all the Russias may compete with the proudest manufacturers or distillers of Lancashire or Yorkshire, of London or Scheidam, in the extent of his cotton, woollen, or linen workshops, and the capacity of his wash-rats. For Europe, politically, it is perhaps fortunate that commercial jealousy should so retard the material prosperity of this vast empire, and thus clip the wings and stay the flight of its soaring chief to universal dominion. The barren exchequer, which is a certain concomitant of such a system, is the surest guarantee for imperial forbearance.

The site, so ill chosen, of St Petersburg, has suggested various plans for the transference of the seat of Government elsewhere. Peter the Great himself, before his death, discovered that the career of Russian aggrandizement lay not to the north-west but to the south. La Trappe, a favourite of Prince Potemkin, proposed to the Empress to establish the capital at the mouth of the Volga, on the shores of the Caspian. It was a splendid conception; its realization must wondrously have augmented the action of Russia on Asia, Turkey, and southern Europe. By that noble river, with its tributaries, water communications almost uninterrupted existed with the interior of the whole empire; whilst, by the Don, the sea of Azoph, and the Black Sea reaching the Mediterranean, as by the Caspian touching Asia Minor and Major, a commerce almost unequalled for productiveness might have been created, without danger of competition, and a generation of seamen trained by the monopoly of inter-navigation. Catharine had other views; dazzling as the project was and legitimate, the possession of Constantinople—a capital

ready made to her hands—was still more so, and its situation, whether politically or commercially viewed, superior beyond comparison.

The facilities of internal navigation, and the cheapness in Russia, surpass those of any other country, whether of Europe or America. "By means partly of rivers, and partly of canals," as Mr McCulloch remarks, "goods are conveyed from the Caspian Sea to St Petersburg, through a distance of 1131 miles, without once landing them." The cost of the carriage of merchandise from Moscow to the capital, a distance of 500 miles, is probably not more (was not a few years since) than that between London and Southampton, a distance of 70 miles only. Labour is, of course, in the same ratio; the serf is let out by his lord upon any terms. But nothing can mark more clearly the dis-

advantage of discouraging agricultural and national pursuits, for the sake of naturalizing a more showy, but less substantial manufacturing interest, than the more rapid advancement of the southern departments, where the imperial manufacturer has not troubled the natural order of things, farther than by equal prohibitions against foreign fabrics over the northern, where he is occupied in spinning yarns and fabricating shawls for his loving subjects. We must confine ourselves to a single point, and that Odessa, which, with Theodosia and Taganarog, enjoys the privilege of importing foreign (permitted) produce by sea. So lately as 1795 but few houses had been constructed in the place; thirty-five small vessels cast anchor, and thirty sailed in that the first year of its traffic; the customs duties amounted only to 4360 roubles

In 1816, The exports were already	-	-	Roubles.	
The imports, however, only	-	-	54,606,000	
Arrived, ships and small craft,	-	-	4,036,000	1366
Of which 482 small vessels from the Dnieper and the Crimea.	-	-		
Sailed,	-	-	-	130.
Of which foreign,	-	-	-	881
Which, with about 17,000 men on board, expended for provisions, regalia, &c. during their stay, 2,643,000 roubles.	-	-		

in that year scarcely any tallow appears to have been exported. This was an unprecedented era, and in view of the monstrous discrepancy between imports and exports one not likely to be maintained. Various circumstances had given birth to extravagant anticipations and overtrading. In the first place, the ukase of the 31st March, 1816, by which the Emperor Alexander announced that in consequence of the "liberal and satisfactory arrangements, political and commercial, between the powers of Europe, we have thought it for the public benefit to make some alterations in the prohibiting system of our trade," and accordingly cot-

tons, woollens, cutlery, and earthenware were admitted at an ad valorem duty of 25 per cent; secondly, the announcement that Odessa was about to be declared a free port (which it has been); thirdly, very large shipments of corn; and fourthly, the natural eagerness of merchants to survey the land of promise, to ascertain its future wants, and at the same time not to leave empty handed of freights. The "liberal" ukase was, however, ere long modified or rescinded, and the trade naturally fell off, although a considerable portion was transferred to the other free ports, especially the coasting trade:—

	Roubles.
In 1821, exports had descended to	13,030,573
But imports had increased to	6,916,714
With two and a half millions more of transit trade.	
In 1827, exports had again advanced to	18,479,652
Imports to	10,185,367

The transit traffic besides as before;—all in 682 vessels. The trade must have materially improved since, but we have no accounts further than the statement of tallow shipped:—

	Poods.
In 1824 it had reached,	209,118
1834,	788,000

It must further be observed, that prices were much higher in 1816 than of late years, yet withal the advancement of Odessa has been extraordinary.

The *Journal of Odessa*, 1832, publishes the following article, entitled *Coup d'œil on the Actual State of the Southern Coast of the Crimea*:—

"It is difficult to form an idea of the rapidity with which the southern coast of the Crimea is improving in every respect. Whoever visited it a few years back, would no longer know it; the good state of the roads, a necessary source of the prosperity of this interesting Russian country, will shortly leave nothing to be desired, and one will very soon be able to drive the whole length of the coast, from Alouchta to Siméis. Five hundred men are daily employed in this object, under the orders of Colonel Schipelow, who has already overcome great difficulties, and it is certain that these works will be terminated at the latest next year. The Governor of Tauride, the ancient Chersonesus, whose activity is incessant, employs every means that can tend to improve a country which will soon be one of the finest provinces of Russia. The value and price of land increases daily, and fresh settlers are constantly arriving. The number of buildings since the last two years, their elegance, taste, and neatness, excite great astonishment; in a short time, the charming sites of these delicious spots will probably become the rendezvous of fashionable company, who will then proceed to the coast of Crimea to recover their health, instead of going, as now, to Italy or Montpellier. Besides the waters of Keskow, the reputation of which for the cure of several complaints is well established, situations for sea-bathing are to be shortly arranged in several places.

"The vineyards thrive most astonishingly; those of Alouchta, Koutchoulambac, Aidanil, Miskoi, Koreis Aloupka, Siméis, &c., on proceeding to the right of Alouchta, towards Sevastopol, as well as those of Sendac to the left, already equal those

of the countries most celebrated for the cultivation of the vines. In the spots where a few years back stunted trees were alone visible between enormous rocks, the eye is now agreeably fixed on immense plantations, which produce wines of highly esteemed savour, perfume, and strength. The wines from the magnificent plantations of the Princess Galitzin, as well as those of Count Woronzow at Aidanil, and many others, which were begun to be cultivated five or six years ago, are exquisite. Those who are fond of trifles will learn with pleasure that most excellent cures have been on the estate of General Borodine, and it is probable that they will be found elsewhere.

"Coal mines have just been discovered near Symphiropol; a sample from the mine at 15 wersts from that town, appears to me to be of good quality. It is very probable that other mines will be found, as there are immense tracts of land which have not yet been examined, and which may besides contain other useful commodities.

"The marble of the Crimea is in repute; doubtless, on examining still more closely, different kinds will be found. The prosperity of the southern coast is certain, and it is to be hoped that the encouragement given by Count Woronzow to all those who are under any service to the country, will keep up the zeal of those who inhabit this charming region, and will draw thither in great numbers the admirers of a beautiful nature."

The fairs of Russia are upon a scale so gigantic, as to eclipse the wonders even of Leipzig and Frankfurt. The great annual meeting at Nishni Novorogod is sufficiently well known for its transactions in merchandise by scores of millions of roubles, and its congregated hosts of attendant strangers. The following was the movement of the fair called Korennaia, held some three years since at Koursk, the capital of the southern department of that name; it is the last return we are in possession of.

	Brought to the amount of roubles.	Sold for roubles.
Russia goods,	32,050,189	20,971,058
European goods and Colonial merchandise,	1,760,600	701,500
Asiatic goods	1,336,000	186,600
	35,146,789	22,861,158

And horses for the value of 600,000 roubles more. There were about 50,000 foreigners at the fair! The receipts, in taxation for the crown and the town, amounted to 64,168 roubles.

Here we close our discursive review of the results of the commercial economy of Russia, about which writers generalize too often and too vaguely without the citation of facts. For the collection of these, industry and sources of information are requisite; we know how much more facile and seductive would be indulgence in speculation. There are other details illustrative of her resources and their extent, which we may perhaps enlarge on upon some future occasion. From our present exposition two facts are apparent: first, how much more gainful, on the whole, although more limited in gross amount, are our trading relations with Turkey than with Russia; secondly, how completely is Russia dependent upon this country. Without pretending at this moment to define the exact proportion, we are probably about the mark in stating, that *one half* of the whole foreign exportation of Russia is to England, whilst in return she absorbs but *one*

twentieth part of ours. Commercially, therefore, as well as politically, she is within our control. Retaliate restriction for prohibition, and how will the noble pay the poll-tax for his serfs when tallow, hemp, or hides are no longer marketable? Will the autocrat quell the rising storm by an ukase against cotton yarn, and by turning thousands of crown boots out to starvation?—let him. Paul, his mad parent, on his rupture with us, issued his ukase, commanding the people to export to France all the produce which was before taken by Great Britain; the people replied, let France fetch it then and pay us, not in silks and wines, which we do not want, but in useful fabrics and hard cash, like our English friends. The French could do neither the one thing nor the other. We may shock the nervous susceptibilities of Mr Hawes, but it need be, soap must give place to higher interests; for the present anomalous state of our commercial relations with Russia can no more be tolerated than that of our political. To unravel the complication, and bring up the arrear of neglected interests, we have less faith in the capacity of the Board of Trade* as now constituted

* In our last Number we alluded to one of the extraordinary blunders of Dr Bowring in his reports, in a note, imagining that we had before particularized it. Having undesignedly omitted to do so, and as an act of fairness towards him, we shall now proceed to explain the allusion. It will serve to afford some insight into the way in which national matters are managed at the Trade Board. In page 52, first "Report on the Commercial Relations between France and Great Britain," the Doctor states his belief that the "clandestine introduction of British manufactures through the Netherland frontiers and the ports in the Channel," is in amount "not less than from two to two and a-half millions sterling per annum." To place the matter beyond all question, he adds, in a note, that "an after-investigation on the Belgian frontier leads us to estimate the amount smuggled into France, *from that side alone*, at more than 1,200,000 a year." On consulting the official statements, we find no separate returns under the head of Belgium for 1830—the last year referred to in the report—that country being then united with Holland; but the *whole* shipments of home production are thus stated:

AMOUNT of the RETAIL or DETAILED value of the manufactures and produce of the United Kingdom exported to Holland and Belgium—

In 1830, exports, 1,202,458

Four-fifths of which, at the least, were for consumption in Germany, Switzerland, and the Netherlands themselves.

According, however, to Dr Bowring:

Smuggled into France more than 2,000,000

for the one, than even in that of the Foreign Office for the other. The selection of the chief of the former for his post was no doubt thrown out as a sop to the middle orders, upon the principle, we suppose, of sending a spirit to catch a whale; the intent was unquestionably political, but the specimen by no means a fair one of the class. The Whigs, however, know little, and care less, about manufactures and commerce. It was convenient to have as an ally one who was a sort of hanger-on upon the skirts of their nobility, whose suppleness, from associations and circumstances we need not refer to, was ensured, and who could talk in figures—beyond their comprehension at least.

The commencing session promises to be prolific of events. The Prusso-Germanic League discussion can no longer be cushioned as in the last. Mr Robinson may now be sure of a hearing. His pleadings in behalf of material interests will not be mocked as heretofore, after the exposition by which we have paved the way, and which, we have reason to know, has not been without its effect on the country at large. Nor can the in-

quisition into Russian commercial and Turco-Russian political affairs be further stayed off. Ireland Pospish, and O'Connell, must no longer swamp all other objects of vital concern to the united empire—must not monopolize the future energies of the senate for deliberation or for action. We trust that the "practical" men—the Youngs and the Robinsons—will be up and stirring, and we hope soon to see the day when there shall be a larger infusion of such legislators in the national assembly, for by such only can the conservation and extension of industrial prosperity be duly promoted. Too long has it been tampered with by conceited speculatists with their "theories," or consigned to the guardianship of legal or red tape misrule, with its profound and contemptuous lack of intellectual or practical qualification. If, indeed, special capacities be not indispensable for special departments, there can be no greater absurdity in converting a weaver of cottons into a Lord Chancellor, than in transferring a law lord to the foreign or any other official residence connected with politics, or commerce, or both.

leaving £29,000 to the consumption of the above countries. This, however, is but too moderate a computation of his, for as the vast bulk of those exports went by way of Rotterdam, and the smuggling took place by the "Belgian frontiers," it was the importations into Belgium only which could be smuggled. Of these importations the precise amount, as we have said, cannot be shown; but estimating them to have been equal to those returns for 1831, of which official data are published, which will probably be about the fact, they appear thus:

Exports to Belgium, 1830,	£. 750,000
Smuggled into France,	2,000,000

Smuggled, of course, by the Doctor only. Are French contrabandists so enamoured of their occupation as to smuggle the same goods thrice over? The Doctor cannot in this instance, as before the silk committee, throw the blunder on the French authorities. He acknowledges they distinctly informed him, that their estimation of the illicit introduction of British goods through the Channel ports and the Netherland frontier, was about £220,000 only, which we have no doubt was about the mark. This report, he it observed, was addressed to the Board of Trade, and must, or ought to have been read, compared, revised, by the Right Honourable Poulett Thomson. These are the men who are to negotiate commercial treaties; to examine and decide upon relations of foreign and home commerce! The Doctor, a bustling active man, no doubt, was perhaps mystified about the Exchange, that of France being usually in our favour, whilst the balance of trade was greatly against us, and so he jumped to a solution of the knotty point by this God-send of a contraband theory.

Whilst upon the Board of Trade, may we ask why the *Report of the Linen Committee* is not yet printed or published? It closed its labours more than four months ago. Is it that Mr Henry Warburton, M.P. may enrich it with a mass of accessory evidence not laid before, but manufactured since in answer to what was laid before the committee? Or is it to serve the tricky purpose of Mr P. Thomson, and enable him to make a speech of figures, access to which he has barred to others, to prevent reply and exposure?

MELTINGS FOR THE IRISH CLERGY.

It is not our purpose to enter at any peculiar length upon this topic. But we feel it due to our readers, to the principles which we sincerely profess, and to the character which we are determined to maintain, to advert to the important proceedings which have taken place throughout the kingdom on behalf of the distressed Protestantism of Ireland. We speak of the distressed Protestantism—not of the distressed ministers of the Church alone; for if the objects of the faction now paramount in Ireland were to be gained, Protestantism, in all its length and breadth, from its pillars to its foundation, would be rooted out of the land. The purpose of that faction is not limited to the starvation, exile, or murder of the two thousand gentlemen, scholars and divines, who now administer the Church in Ireland. The war is against their religion—against every man who bears the name of Protestant, whether Church of Englandman or Dissenter, and against every institution bearing the stamp of Protestantism, including the Throne. Insulted and injured as the clergy are, and massacred as they would undoubtedly be, in any final victory of that faction, theirs would be but a small share of the general undoing. It is upon the *people* of Protestantism that the true weight of the ruin would fall. If Popery, and its sister-fiend Persecution, were to be let loose to-morrow in Ireland, it is even probable that the clergy would be the least sufferers of all. The greater number of them would naturally leave all behind, and fly to the protection of the English shore. Their connexions here would naturally urge their flight, and place them in a state of security on their arrival. For this was the case before; and while Popery butchered the humbler orders of Protestantism in Ireland, in the rebellion of 1798, all the clergy who could make their way from the insurgent provinces sheltered themselves in either the garrisoned towns or in England. It was the *people*, the peasant classes, and in

many instances the Protestant tradesmen of the towns, and the landholders scattered through the country, who were slaughtered wholesale by the rebel pike. It was the same in the bloody times of Mary, and the pillaging times of the Commonwealth. The clergy, forewarned, and prepared with asylums, escaped to the Continent, and were safe there; though reduced to great poverty. But it was the people, who unable to leave their homes unprotected, unable to provide resources for themselves anywhere but in their accustomed places of industry, and unable even to command the means of flight in their emergency, were robbed and murdered without mercy. This is a consideration which must not be suffered to lapse out of the national mind; for it is incontrovertibly true,—it has been realized in every instance of persecution, whether at home or abroad,—and it will be realized whenever and wherever persecution is once again powerful enough to unsheathe the sword. Of the 18,000 who died by the hand of Alva in the Netherlands, how few were clergy? Of the millions of southern France who perished by the Papal scourge and scaffold in the early days of Protestantism, how few were clergy? Of the tens and hundreds of thousands slain in the royal butcheries of the French Protestants in the 16th and 17th centuries, how few were clergy? Not one in a thousand. While the clergy, in the instinct of nature, were flying over the face of Europe, and, in the spirit of justice, were filling every pulpit with their appeals against the treacheries and tyrannies of the oppressor, the populace, at once too numerous to escape, and too feeble to resist, were necessarily left to meet the fury of the bigot and the man of blood. Thus, when the ministers of the gospel call upon the people to aid them to support the church, and to resist and extinguish the supremacy of a factious, sanguinary, and utterly unscriptural religion, the call is for the safety of the people themselves. It is a sacred summons to

every man who has an interest in living a life of peace, in following his faith in freedom, in possessing the Scriptures unrestrained, and in transmitting this inestimable liberty to his children, to be awake to the imminent evil; and, by personal virtue and combined vigilance, repel it, and conquer for the Constitution in Church and State. And it is for the security which the establishment gives to every man in those vital points that we adhere to the cause of the establishment. It is not simply for its general claims to our admiration, as possessing at this hour perhaps the most unstained, intelligent, and accomplished clergy of Europe, nor for its hereditary erudition, and the fame of its matchless ancestry of scholarship; not for its living champions of all that is vigorous in intellectual triumph, not even for the still higher glories of those generous, pure, and sublime spirits which cheerfully welcomed the bitterest pangs of death, where their blood was to seal the Lord of the faith. We honour it for its impartial freedom, for its genuine toleration, for its sincere benevolence, for its Christian magnanimity. Or, if we desired to raise our homage to a still higher scale, we have only to contrast it with Popery on the Continent in its supremacy, and in Ireland in its struggle; with foreign Popery binding down the human mind in a sullen and abject degeneracy,—dissolving every manlier impulse in licensed libertinism,—and while, with one hand, it shuts up every access to scriptural and moral knowledge, with the other opening the widest door to the basest pollutions of body and mind:—or with Popery in Ireland—grim, fierce, and Jesuitical—forced to restrain its malignity, and burning for the day when all restraint shall be done away—filling the land with perfidy till it can fill it with rebellion—hating England for her name, her freedom, and her superiority—hating Protestantism as all hate the light, whose deeds are dark—rejoicing in the infinite folly, and stimulating the infinite rashness, of that English statesmanship which cannot see that the dagger is sharpened for all alike that wear the garb of Englishmen—inflaming a

wretched peasantry to deeds that blot Ireland out of the list of civilized nations—wringing his alms from the hand of the beggar, to gorge a pampered slave of faction, and clothe in double tinsel a political prostitute—moving heaven and earth for the sole purpose of turning the whole extent of the country into one vast field, where the harvest, sowed in treason, craft, and perjury is yet to be reaped in civil war, anarchy, and persecution.

If we are to be told, that persecution is not conceivable in the illumination of the nineteenth century, to this customary venia^ge we reply, look to the facts. Hear the unquestioned and unquestionable details of a manly and well-informed authority—the Rev. Mr Mortimer O'Sullivan, who has done himself and his cause honour by his open and direct challenge to all contradiction on the subject. "It is totally undeniable," says this defender of the truth, in his speech at the Croydon Meeting within this month, "that the afflictions of the Irish clergy are heavier than in a land of law and government any body of men should be exposed to endure. If they have not yet been in set form proclaimed, they have been actually placed out of the protection of the law. There is scarcely one of them whose duties have been assigned in a Popish district, who does not feel that he stands in jeopardy every hour, who has not frequent occasion to interpret scowling looks and muttered menaces, as if they pronounced him devoted to death, and complained that the mandate had not yet been issued forth for his destruction. There is not one, in whom, when he proceeds on the duties of his sacred calling, it does not demand an exercise of faith to subdue the fears which harass him, while he knows not what may be the trials and terrors of his home; what insult, and outrage, and agony, may not in his absence have invaded that home. Few sorrows in the condition of man's life can equal those, and when the sharpest privation is to be endured amid such circumstances of peril and dismay, who can exaggerate the afflicting consequences? And what crimes are imputed to the men who are thus grievously treat-

ed? Their crimes are faithfulness in their sacred vocation, zeal in doing their Christian duty to all men."

The speaker then adverts to the peculiar instances of suffering. "The fifth year is now closing since the vial of this woe was first poured out. I could at this moment repeat the names of perhaps *thirty individuals who have suffered from open violence*. Some of whom have been compelled to leave their homes and seek subsistence by precarious employment in this country; some to enter upon a new life in foreign lands. While some have remained, only to dwell in peril and privation, and die of broken hearts or by the hand of the assassin. This may be called a scanty chronicle of crime and suffering, but where, except Ireland, is there a country on earth in which it would be thought so. Within those years many clergymen have been compelled to forego their most solemn duties, many insulted at the grave in the performance of its officiating service, many actually forced to seek a shelter beyond the Atlantic; some compelled to drag through a life of feebleness, through cruel wounds; five, in open day, with many passers-by consenting to their death, deliberately murdered! Where is the region, except Ireland itself, where this would not be accounted a wonderful and horrible thing? I knew an individual well, the vicar of a moderate preferment, a man of most unostentatious habits, and of active benevolence, one whose custom was to maintain the most cordial intercourse with the Romish priest of the parish, to call for his assistance when looking over the list of his debtors, that by his advice he might know whose debt he might, from the poverty of the peasant, remit; so that when the scrutiny was ended, the priest has said, 'Not one remains on your list who cannot better afford to pay than you to release him.' I knew the life of this virtuous and unoffending man twice attempted; and on failure of their object, his persecutors waylaid and wounded dreadfully, with intent to murder, his equally unoffending son. I knew another who lived plainly and lived poor, though in possession of what, had he hoarded, would have been affluence—one whose con-

versation indeed was in heaven, and who, in the exercise of the faith that worketh by love, incurred a heavy debt, which it kept him poor to discharge, that in a season of famine his Roman Catholic parishioners might have bread to eat. *In the bright day he was murdered!* I knew one to whose door, frequent though my visits were, I seldom approached without seeing that some deed of charity was performing. This man has not been exempted from threats—even from violence;—he has been harassed by nightly alarms—he has been wasted by sore privation. With a family of eleven individuals, his subsistence has been reduced to a potato field and one milch cow. That cow was seized for debt by a man who owed him three times the amount! I knew another—his death may not be set down to violence—yet assuredly this man, who has been repeatedly subjected to acts of outrage—who has been brutally assaulted and most severely wounded—who has been driven with his wife and children from his duties and his home—and who, advanced in life, and with a family yet unable to assist in providing for their own wants, has been driven to seek any and every species of honest employment, by which he could obtain for them a morsel of bread—till, by these enforced toils and unabating anxieties, he brought on an access of brain fever, and died under it;—assuredly the sin of that man's death lies at the door of those who drove him forth, unhoused and unprovided, upon an unkindly world. When I last saw him he was an exile, strenuously exerting himself to obtain the means of continuing an insurance on his life—the only provision he would be able to make for those whom his death must otherwise leave portionless. When the last report reached me, it was of the utter destitution of his widow and orphans!"

And this has been the condition of a country under the laws and government of England. Has any thing equal in license and barbarism been displayed in Tartary or Arabia during the last five years? Are not such things past endurance, if not past belief? These cases are but fragments of the broad, growing, inflexible system of oppression exercised

against Protestantism in Ireland. More than two thirds of the Established Clergy are in the same condition with the sufferers stated by this honest and plain-hearted advocate. And this is done while Ireland has yet a government appointed by England—with English law professing to be administered according to English forms—with the English constitution recognised, and with thirty thousand men in arms (including the local troops and police) to enforce it! Yet two thirds of the Church established *by law* are reduced to famine—the clergy are persecuted, proscribed, and murdered in open day—and the declaration is openly made that *Protestantism shall be broken down in Ireland*. If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? If such are the achievements of faction since the fatal year 1829—that year which shall stand “aye accursed in the calendar”—what must be its mischiefs when that faction shall have distended into full power—when the protection of the law shall be wholly withdrawn from Protestantism—when the exigencies of some profligate cabinet shall surrender Ireland finally into the hands of that infamous conspiracy of traitors, bigots, and infidels—and the rebel and idolator shall lord it fearlessly over the man of loyalty and the Christian? If we suffer this faction to proceed but five years more, as it has proceeded, we need not say that every Irish Protestant clergyman will have been driven from the land, or slaughtered in it. But we shall say that Protestantism will have been driven out along with them; for what religion can exist without the celebrations and ceremonial of its church?—and what ministers can remain for those purposes when every hour threatens their lives—when a clergyman cannot go to the bed-side of the sick without the chance of being shot, or brained with clubs, or cloven down with the scythe or the spade in the face of day, by gangs of assassins? What clergyman will remain when the system of intimidation shall have come to its height? a system which already makes him feel himself in more peril than if he lived in the backwoods of America, and compels

him to lead a life fit only for the neighbourhood of savages. Will the man, who cannot walk beyond his own door without being exposed to a bullet from the first hedge, whose own garden is a place of terror to him, who must not lie down at night without preparing his firearms and looking to his bolts, as if for a siege; and who justly thinks the night a fortunate one in which he and his have escaped being wrapped in the general burning of his house and property, remain? Or if bodily hazard were out of the question, what is to become of him while all his debtors refuse to discharge their debts, while his whole income is stopped by an infamous combination against all justice and honesty, and where he has no alternative but flight or famine? Thus Protestantism will perish. If the present generation of the clergy should resolve to stand all hazards, and suffer themselves to be beggared or butchered, the mischief is not the less sure to be done. Where will the clerical succession be to be found? What man of common sense or common feeling for his family, will educate his son for a church in which the pittance of his profession is dependent on the caprice of savages, and his life at their mercy? We need appeal on this subject only to the natural judgment of every father. If the church shall no longer provide subsistence for an educated divine, there will no more be educated divines; no man will go to the expense of L.1000 or L.1500 to prepare his son for the church, unless he is entitled to regard it as a profession adequate in point of provision and security to the expense which he has incurred. Doubtless there will still be candidates for the remaining fragments of her offices. But they will be *uneducated*. To what purpose should they prepare themselves by the expensive process of a learned education? They will be volunteers, some through fanaticism, some through vanity, some through the hope of gaining an easier livelihood than manual toil supplies, some through the malignant mischief of faction itself, eager to perplex and poison every thing. Every motive that can at once degrade and in-

flame the human heart, will find or make candidates for the desecrated pulpit. But in the mean time, what will become of Religion? Amidst this roar of folly and fanaticism, where shall we look for the perished shape of pure, calm, learned, and scriptural Protestantism? But are those ideas Utopian? What, we ask, was the scene in the Commonwealth? What was the condition of religious truth, religious freedom, or sound learning, when the clergyman was driven from the pulpit, and the Presbyterian climbed into it, and the Independent climbed upon the shoulders of the Presbyterian—when every man asserted his right to preach, and to preach every thing; when Cromwell's horsemen held forth, and when the common rabble, the hangers-on and nuisances of the streets, thought themselves qualified to supersede Cromwell's horsemen, and insulted alike common sense and Christianity by harangues in which all that was not nonsense was blasphemy, and all that was not blasphemy was nonsense? Are we prepared to fling the land again into this wretched confusion, or into worse, from the den of thieves into the fiery furnace or persecution? For it is undeniable that brutish as were the rivalries of fanaticism and ignorance in the days of the Commonwealth, the triumph of superstition and ignorance in the triumph of Irish Popery in the nineteenth century, would be immeasurably more barbarous. Fierce as was the fanaticism, it was under some restraint from the moral habits of the people of England. It had even some of the influence of a religious temperament; it looked for its principles and practices to Scripture, and though it mistook and misinterpreted that Scripture in a multitude of instances, yet no man can ever sincerely read the Bible without deriving from it at least a partial benevolence, moderation, and love of justice. But what *must* be the effect of power in a vast peasant population, like that of Popish Ireland, whose zeal is not for religion but for revenge, who regard the Protestant as an enemy, in the double light of a stranger and a heretic; who are taught by their priests that all Protestants are under the

curse of Heaven, devoted to unflinching flames in the other world; and fit only for the sword and the flame in this; who are forbidden to have a Bible in their possession, and are praised and rewarded for mutilating, burning, or burying it, if it should fall into their hands; who are actually commanded by their priests and demagogues *not* to pay their contracts, but to resist them to the death; who have the additional stimulant to all this spirit of revenge, alienation, and revolt, that is to be found in the hope of regaining the lands that their predecessors had forfeited by open rebellion, and the most merciless massacres, and who, to crown all, are constantly told by those priests that, for every crime, even of the blackest dye, there is absolution, hour by hour, in their hands; and that, while conspiracy is only a righteous league, and bloodshed simply a natural retribution, the rubbing of a little oil upon their extremities before death, and a few masses after it, irresistibly carry the Papist to the gates of Heaven?

Are we still to ask what must be the progeny of such a system? what *must* be the accumulation of offences against society, the poisonings of every principle of order, truth, and charity; the ready and furious insubordination; the concerted malice and the fiery hostility, swelling and fermenting together, in such a population, until the hour when all explodes? And this is the *gift of Popery* to Ireland. The priest—the hereditary fiction—the gross and public sanction to crime for money—the licensed perjury—the absolved assassination—the final assurance of security to the spirit of the criminal issuing on the gibbet, where he has but imperfectly atoned to the insulted justice of the country. Those are the true solutions of the startling problem of Irish misery, of the utter inefficiency of all government in Ireland; of the failure of every benevolent, wise, and vigorous effort of England for the quiet of Ireland; of the necessity of our keeping up to preserve the common coherence of public order in Ireland, after twenty years of peace, an army as large as we kept upon the continent in the severest struggles of our severest war. Popery is the enemy,

and until that enemy is subdued, the riot, revolt, and misery, must go on, in scorn of the shortsighted wisdom of cabinets, and in punishment of the corrupted religion of the people.

But, throwing out of the question what we yet feel to be the highest interest of all—religion; and descending to the altogether inferior interest—policy, what is the utter frenzy of the course which our politicians are now pursuing with regard to Ireland? We desire to offer no undue indignity to the existing administration on the topic. We are content to look upon them as acting against their wills—as forced into the consideration of the Irish Church with the deepest reluctance—as shrinking from that work, "*periculosum plenum alicui*," with all the sensibility of office-holders to an operation which may turn them loose on the world at a moment's warning. We see them driven from point to point by a gale of faction which will only blow the harder till they are wrecked. We see them betraying, night after night, by their struggles, contrivances, and contortions, the bitterness of the draught which the faction pours down their throats, and which, after a few more struggles (and they may be fewer than they can yet believe), will send their ghosts to haunt the shades of Whitehall, and give their habitation to another. If they have not the remaining virtue to resign the places which they are unable to retain with the exercise of their independence, they must only be more enslaved from day to day. For there is *no* cessation of the power, the malice, or the determination, of the common enemy of the Cabinet and the Country. The ear of England has already been astounded with the monstrous proposition of abolishing Protestantism for ever in 850 parishes, about one third of Ireland; and this on the plea that the majority contains less than fifty Protestants each, and some none. What must be the obvious inference from the proposal of such a measure? That the English Protestant sees no superiority in the Protestant religion to the Popish; that he places the instruction of the people in sacred truth on the same footing with their total religious ignorance; and that he regards the

principled and Scriptural loyalty of the Protestant to the King, of the realm, as neither safer, sounder, nor more Scriptural than the notorious disaffection of the Papist, both priest and peasant, to the King, where their loyalty jars against their superstitious allegiance to the Pope. But what *ought* to be the conduct of a Protestant Government on ascertaining the fact, if fact it be, that Popery was advancing in Ireland? What, but to combat the evil instantly, by every weapon of reason and religion. To select for those darkening districts the ablest divines, the most influential preachers, the most active and apostolic men, who could be found ready to fight the good fight of faith; to instil new energy into the prelates of that province, by pointing out to them the absolute necessity of new exertion; or, if they were found tardy, or worn out, or superannuated, to remove them to positions where their feebleness would be less hurtful, and give their bishoprics, on the first opportunity, to men who had virtue enough to feel the responsibilities of their office, and talents enough to sustain them in vigorous exercise. We are fully convinced that even this single measure would work an instantaneous and most powerful change upon the disease of Ireland; which all originates in the forced decrepitude of her church. If this had been done, even fifty years ago, Ireland would no longer have been a thorn in the side of the empire. The promotion of one man of leading intellect, of powerful popular ability, and of sincere Christian zeal, to the bench of bishops in Ireland, would do more than ten thousand remedial measures in the legislature. The evil of the country is Popery. The cure is Protestantism; the only means of giving the true weight to Protestantism are to be found in giving increased energy to the church. If vacancies are not yet to be found for all the men of talents, who would be necessary to regenerate the country, the promotion even of one or two, on the express ground of their merits, would have a powerful effect on the activity and intellectual enterprise of the whole body of churchmen. The example of a single bishop summoned from the inferior orders

of the clergy, on the sole claim of his pastoral virtues, and moral distinctions, would awake the whole establishment to the pursuit of eminence by the same means. The conduct of such a man in his diocese, would be still more effectual; his sincere patronage of the laborious, the intelligent, and the sincere; his listening to no appeals from family connexion, political interests, or personal partialities, would make the younger clergy feel that a new day was risen on them, and make the older emulate his example. We should then see sudden abilities blaze forth among men who have slumbered through mere weariness of effort, neither marked nor rewarded. The apathy which extinguishes all the finer faculties, and in which no man is more apt than the neglected son of genius to hide himself from a world unworthy of him, would be at an end, and the assurance of legitimate reward of honour, and still more, of being fixed on that stand from which his intellectual force and majesty of mind would have the natural field for its exertion spread before it, would add new powers to the old. Then would truth be spoken in the high; then would learning go hand in hand with piety, and the eloquent tongue send conviction like a flame through the bowels of men. Then would come the age of conversion; and conversion not limited to the peasantry, but lighting the darkness of the priesthood. For, was not all this done before? What was the condition of Germany when Luther began to preach? What of Switzerland when Zuinglius? What of England in the days of Wickliffe, and in the restored reformation under Crammer? In them all men started up from the most obscure stations of the church, and astonished their countrymen, and astonished themselves by the untold of those singular powers which were commissioned to shake the tyranny of superstition in Europe. We not merely say that this would happen, but that a vast conversion *must* be the result. *For no Papist believes his religion on conviction.* His religion contains no grounds for conviction. *Papery makes no appeal to the understanding of man.* It may address his hopes, or his fears, or fasten on his preju-

dices, or amuse him with its pageants, or console him with its contrivances for the ease of conscience. But it instantly gives way before the rational enquiry, what a religion should be. What mind can solidly repose in a creed which makes the toe nail of St Januarius, or the thumb of St Peter, a worker of miracles? What understanding can be soberly satisfied with believing that the rotten wood which the Popish convents show as the true cross, is either the true cross, or if it were, ought to be prayed to, as it is, or can have any more efficacy in healing sins than the dust under their feet? What reasoning can satisfy the natural doubt, that the thousand saints of the Romish calendar have no more right to be prayed to when dead, than they had when living, or that is not a deliberate insult to the Majesty of Him "who will not give his glory to another;" or that the placing of the images of those saints in the church, the bowing down, the praying to them, the presentation of incense to them, the express liturgy and hymns for them, the avowed attribution of miracles to them, are not all alike contradictory to the command that they should not make for the temple the graven image of any thing in Heaven, or earth, or the sea, that they should not order them any, the slightest show of homage, neither bowing down, nor worshipping them; and this, on the express ground, that God is *jealous* of suffering the idol to share the homage due to him alone? What man, in the exercise of his common understanding, can receive transubstantiation?—a doctrine which, professing to be a miracle of the highest order, exhibits no change whatever to the human senses, and therefore is no interference with the visible order of nature, and therefore is no miracle at all; but which, in equal defiance of Scripture, professes to shut up the Deity in a wafer, and, to sum up the whole monstrous confusion of ideas, professes to place *Him* whole in the lips of the communicant, and equally whole in the lips of one and ten thousand in one church, or in every region of the globe, at the same moment. Who can hesitate to acknowledge that such enormous vio-

lations of the simplest principles of reason must not be liable to condign exposure—that they are by their very nature made to fall before enquiry—that having no solidity in reason or revelation, they can live only on the feebleness or ignorance of the understanding—and can be cherished only by the corruption or indolence of the human passions?

And are not the Romish priesthood in Ireland naturally as capable of such conviction as the Romish clergy of Wittenberg, of Berne, or of England, in the days when the strength of Protestantism and Scripture, and the weakness of Popery and superstition, were placed fully before their minds? In Germany, the chief conversions were among the priesthood, and those converts were suddenly seen issuing forth the most powerful instruments of conversion to the people; the indolent, gross, dull, and obscure monk was suddenly transformed into the vivid, self-denying, eloquent, and renowned minister of religion: the men who had heard of the Scriptures only through the breviary, now bore it in their hands night and day, like a torch to illumine the depth of spiritual ignorance in Germany and England, and a god-like revolution was accomplished, in which the habitual servants of superstition were summoned, by a new miracle of apostleship, to serve the cause of God and man, in life and death, through the world. But the bishops, by whom such high performances are to be expected, must be of a different stock from that which has been so long engrafted on the withering trunk of the Irish church. With all our respect for the Universities, they must not be professors of our colleges—wring from their ancient connexions, habits, and studies, and thrown into the midst of a country of which they know nothing but the name—alien from its habits, shrinking from its manners, and, in all their rank and wealth, only regretting the hour that tempted them to break off all their accustomed associations, to spend their lives in a strange land. Selections of this order have long been favourites with the British ministry, and they have been among the most unfortunate instances of a false judgment. The Bishop fit for Ireland at any time,

and more especially at this hour, should be a native of the country, active, zealous, and eloquent; fully acquainted with the habits, faults, and feelings of the people, and fearless of all things but neglect of his high commission. Such men as the Reverend Mortimer O'Sullivan, and the Reverend Charles Boyton, would amply answer the character. Both of that time of life which allows for all personal energy; learned to all the necessary extent of collegiate scholarship—fully acquainted with the leading controversy of the time and country—alive to the manners, feelings, and prejudices of Ireland—natives of the country—powerful alike in the eloquence of public life and of the pulpit. It is of such men that the guides and champions of the Irish Church must be formed, if that church is to exist. We shall abstain from all offensive remarks on the present composition of the Irish bench; but every man knows that a change and an improvement must take place, and that the old slumbering is not fit for the time of inevitable trial, energy, pure zeal, practised ability, and the consciousness that it is neither opulent laziness, nor the lumber of learning, nor political dexterity, nor family influence, that will rescue the character of the prelate any longer—must be the compound that makes the true bishop for Ireland. A few such men would redeem the country.

The meeting held on the 3d of December, in Freemason's Hall, has been the parent of a succession of meetings through the country: and well deserved to be their parent, from the importance of the subject, the rank of the personages present, and the interesting and unquestionable nature of the facts stated on their authority. The Archbishop of Canterbury's speech gave a brief general view of the nature of the demand to be made upon the public liberality; and after stating the combined testimony of men of all conditions to the meritorious conduct of the Protestant clergy, said, "that we are now compelled to see them in a state of the severest, as the most unmerited, suffering. We behold them deprived of their property, assailed in their persons, and some cruelly murdered; and their con-

duct under those circumstances must give them additional claims on our sympathy. Wherever it was possible they have remained at their posts, in the efficient performance of their religious duties, though often with very inadequate means of personal subsistence, and with great risk to their personal safety. They have also borne their afflictions in silence, for there has been hardly such a thing as the application of an individual clergyman for charity. They have dismissed their establishments, they have laid aside every thing that was not actually necessary, they have submitted to all wrongs and privations with patience unexampled. Such was their conduct before their distress, such has been their conduct since, consistent in every part with their duty as Christian ministers."

The Bishop of London's speech followed, and was a calm, and clear, and on those accounts, an impressive address to the assembly, and through them to the nation. He laid down as the principle of the whole proceeding, that it was an effort on the part of the church and people of England to prevent the Protestant religion from being utterly destroyed in Ireland. "That, gentlemen," said he, "is really the question at issue. That destruction is palpably the policy of those who have withheld their just dues from the clergy of the Protestant church. I have a right to say so, for they themselves have avowed it. It is from day to day declared, by those who have a right to speak on behalf of large bodies of people in Ireland (the Papist members), that it is their determination to drive Protestantism out of one of its strongholds, I was going to say—but the expression seems to be now scarcely applicable. And yet I will call it a stronghold. For every branch of the universal church, which holds the pure faith of the gospel, and dispenses it through an evangelical ministry, is a stronghold of the truth. And such is the church in Ireland. And, therefore, as far as we can prevent it, under Divine Providence, *Protestantism shall not be driven out of Ireland by a system of blockade and starvation.*" The bishop then stated the facts; that depressed as the situation of the Irish clergy was at the period of the

former enquiry, three years ago, it had become continually worse; that the chief part of them had not received any portion of their lawful incomes for the last two years, and many not for the last three, and that, as the necessary results of this iniquitous system of plunder, they had personally been reduced to the lowest state of discomfort, and, in various instances, of absolute privation! That many had been obliged to send away their wives and children, wherever it was possible, to be maintained by their friends. That in other instances, they had been compelled to take their children from school, and put them to work as common labourers. "I have before me," said he (adverting to the documents on the table), "the case of a clergyman in the receipt of a small income who has not been enabled, for two years, to provide shoes for his children. And there are cases where clergymen and their families have been reduced to subsist on what is the usual food of the lowest orders in Ireland; and those are cases not here and there, but prevailing to a great extent in the south of Ireland, and not altogether unknown in the north." Then, after observing that the solicitation for pecuniary aid did not come from the clergy of Ireland, but from those who knew and compassionated their injuries, he read extracts from various letters to the heads of the Irish Church, full of simple, yet deeply affecting statements of their situation. In one of the Irish Dioceses a letter to the Lord Primate stated, that from 110 to 120 clergymen, in that diocese alone, were sinking under the deepest privation. That many of these were distressed for actual food and clothing; and many were forced—the most painful suffering of all—to let the insurances drop on which depended their sole hope of leaving any provision for their families. "I have been thirty-three years an humble minister in God's church," said one of those letters, transmitted by the Archbishop of Armagh—"I have been constantly resident. I have been obliged to sell my furniture and stock to pay debts, and obtain a temporary supply for the necessities of life, reserving merely that portion required for a bedroom and

sitting room. I have been obliged to permit my wife, who became so alarmed at the state of the country and threatening dangers that she was losing her health, to leave Ireland. I have found it necessary to send out six of my seven children as tutors and governesses, thankful to find board and lodging for them. *I have been necessitated to take my son's name off the college books,* being unable to pay his bills. I am burdened with debt, and unable to pay my creditors; debt incurred for the necessities of life, and due before my total inability to pay became apparent. When called from home to visit, or catechize, in my parish, *I feel it quite necessary for my personal safety to carry arms.* My glebe-house is closed up, as in a state of siege. At night, it is necessary to have bolts, bars, and *bullet proof planks* to the windows and doors! I may write that 'I have suffered the loss of all things.' My life, through the sparing mercy of God, remains, though that life has been *several times threatened*, and was once attempted to be taken; a bullet having been fired at me on my glebe land."

In addition to such evidences of the work of Popery and faction in Ireland, calculated as they are to excite the general compassion of all virtuous and Christian minds for any rank of men suddenly thrown into this pitiable suffering, and more especially of that rank whose office entitles them to all the feelings and respect of a Christian community, we have the still more startling statement, that the work of evil is already extending to the future generation of the Church. The great object of Popery is to extirpate the Protestant Church, and Popery well knows that the most effectual way is, to extinguish the succession of the Protestant Ministry. This it is actually accomplishing at this moment. A letter from the head of the Irish University to the Archbishop of Canterbury, lays the operation plainly before the eye. The letter is dated so late as November 26, 1835, and is as follows: "As the sons of the clergy have always constituted a large portion of our students, it was to be expected that any considerable depression in the

condition of that class must have the effect of diminishing the numbers seeking admission into Trinity College. Many of those who have hitherto looked to the church (as their profession) are now casting about for some other occupation; as your grace will perceive by the multitudes of eager candidates who of late have offered themselves for every little agency which becomes vacant under any of the public boards. Such is the only account I can give of the fact, that the number of admissions have within these two years *greatly decreased.*" The actual result is, that the entrances for the Junior Presmen (the students commencing their college career) to the 20th of November in the *last three years* are: In 1833, the total, 350; in 1834, 304; in 1835, 253! nearly a third of the whole number, which, when we recollect that it constitutes the sons of the *whole* professional and educated class of Ireland probably comes close on the entire exclusion of the sons of the clergy.

This is then the condition to which the extraordinary remissness of our government here, acted on by the extraordinary violence of Popish faction in Ireland, and in our legislature, has *already* reduced the church in Ireland. What must be the consequence? It a few years more of those proceedings are suffered by the legislature, Protestantism *must* be extinguished in Ireland. There will be no future generation for the church, in whose learning, moderation, or loyalty, the country can confide. There will be doubtless enough of candidateship for every religious appointment that offers personal influence, vulgar popularity, or even the means of subsistence on the narrowest scale connected with a lazy or a factious life. But, with the Established Church, all that makes a church *safe* for a country, and consistent with the general peace of the nation, will expire. We have no wish to speak slightly of the religious sects which dissent from the Church; But they have no hesitation in acknowledging that they rather tolerate than value the established monarchy.—They are *republican* by their habits, their constitution, and their

principles; but break down that Church which has hitherto constituted the only true connexion of Ireland with England, and what follows? The Protestant ministers once dead, expelled, famished, or butchered, the religion must perish, so far as the Established Church is concerned. The Protestant population will emigrate, as they are already doing in great numbers, to America. Papists will be the sole constituents, the priests the sole leaders of the elections; and at least *nine tenths* of the Irish representatives will be Papists, chosen by and acting under the *sole dictation of Popery*. If we have been utterly unable to stem the factious violence and rigid conspiracy of about five and thirty of those mem-

bers, what will be the hope of resistance when we shall have ninety, if not the whole hundred, to deal with? One hundred and eighty, or two hundred votes on a side, in any state of our legislature, must carry every question in the House; render every wish of faction an absolute command with the Cabinet; and as the result, by either repealing the Union, place a Papist House of Lords and Commons in Ireland, and instantly disunite the two countries, involving the *inevitable* necessity of a civil war; or remaining in the British legislature, carry on the conspiracy to its natural length in the overthrow of the Constitution, the spoil of property, and the fall of the throne.

NOTES TO AUTHORS.

No. III.

ON THE FACTIONS.

WE have received so many earnest entreaties to renew our advice upon various departments of literature, that we find it impossible to persist in a refusal. We have already made it so easy a matter to be "pathetic" or "genteel," by our two former lectures, that our only apprehension is, that these two styles will extinguish the very memory of the factious, the natural, the philosophic, the descriptive, and the heroic; and that the next publishing season will present us with nothing but heroines to weep over, and gentlemen to rave to us of the glories of Ahnack's! In order to prevent this, we proceed to throw open the gates of another species of composition; and we shall throw them so prodigiously wide, that, as even already has been found to be the case, a man of the most rotund proportions shall find himself with ample room and verge enough to play the most fantastic tricks between the portals. It was not at first our intention to illustrate the art of being factious, having, in our own person, as we remarked in the introductory chapter, a considerable contempt for the

anglers for horse-laughs; but the necessity of counterbalancing the unprecedented effects of our own labours, has forced us to the task, however distasteful in itself, or hateful in a peculiar degree to ourselves. The letters we have received on the subject of our late, and also of our future lucubrations, have caused the utmost astonishment at the post-office; and, in fact, as most of our correspondents are above the meanness of post paying any thing, and will not be aiding and abetting members of Parliament in their shameless robbing of the Exchequer, by inveigling them into the bestowal of a frank, we are forced to confess that we are quite overwhelmed with their favours; that we have taken the name, for the sake of perfect concealment, of John Smith; and after depositing a carpet-bag and a boot-jack with our former landlady in the Luckenbooth, we have moved, for the sake of purer air, to the sixteenth story in the Lawnmarket. Henceforth no communications will be received, or indeed delivered; for our red-coated acquaintance, who used to throw an armful of

letters on our table every morning, has, latterly, demanded the value of them before unslinging his bag; and so, for various reasons, which it would perhaps be tedious to mention, we forego the gratification of reading our own praises—"Littera scripta manet"—in the hands of Sir Francis Freeling.

One of the last letters we had the gratification of paying for, was of a very particular kind. We confess we scarcely grudge the one and a penny halfpenny for a document which showed so undoubting a reliance upon our powers. It was from Brixton; written by an Irish gentleman during the intervals of his useful labours, "while the wheel," as he expressed it, "of his destiny" seemed at a stand still, and he had nothing better to do than plunge into an ocean of literary irradiation." This letter we might, perhaps, more fully have classed among the examples in an essay on the "sublime and unfathomable," which we meditate on some future occasion; but here we introduce an extract or two from it, to show the manner in which it has become incumbent on us, as Christian men and humane philosophers, to comply with such urgent requests, even though greatly against our private inclinations:

* * * * "But no more, sir, of family secrets; only, I hope, as one of the ladies that pretend to be married to me is on the eve of a voyage—not for pleasure—to New South Wales, and the other, I understand, has been dead for some time, that it will not be easy for both of them to make their appearance against me; therefore my mind is perfectly easy on that score, if it weren't for the young lady I am engaged to at Battersea Rise. But, sir, my principal embarrassment is one from which you can deliver me. Some time ago I undertook to compose a fashionable novel; and, luckily, by a perusal of your interesting lectures, I have been enabled to make it extremely melancholy and full of *ho tong*, and all the rest of it. But, sir, the publisher comes to me, and, says he, 'this will never do, Mr O'Murphy; people like to laugh now-a-days; who the devil, sir, is to be always pulling out handkerchiefs, or

walking with ambassador's wives? you must be funny, sir, curstly funny, or, mark you, no payment, Mr O'Murphy.' Now, sir, after what I have told you about a prosecution for bigamy, my temporary retirement here, an amazingly healthy appetite, and a bookseller threatening to stop the supplies, what am I to do? It is almost infamous thing in any man to force a gentleman in my peculiar situation to be funny; the thing seems to me impossible, unless you will favour me with a few hints on the art of lively writing, which (along with a five-pound note, if you happen to have credit enough to borrow such a trifle on my collateral security) will be thankfully received by, sir, your obedient servant,

"TERENCE O'MURPHY.

"P.S. -As your enclosure will make it a double letter, I will thank you to pay the post."

Mr O'Murphy has certainly an up-hill fight of it, to be jocular in the midst of so many discomforts; but such is our reliance on the efficacy of the rules we are about to lay down, that we entertain not the slightest doubt of enabling him to split his readers' sides with laughter long and loud, even were his situation and prospects ten times more disagreeable than they are. With regard to his hint as to the five-pound note, and the collateral security which he kindly offers to assist us in raising it, we shall avail ourselves very shortly of his suggestion in a discourse which we meditate on "The Difficulties of Finance, and the Non-existence of Credit." but in the mean time we proceed to explore the causes which connect certain modes of composition with the Diaphragmatic convulsion, which, in the expressive language of our nation, is called a *guffaw*:—to point out what that mode of writing is, and how it may be attained; and, finally, as on former occasions, to illustrate our observations with a short and carefully selected specimen.

In the first place, then, as we are told by the philosophers that laughter is caused most easily by whatever gives us an impression of our own superiority, it is necessary for an author to degrade the comic *per-*

sonages of his story as low both in intellect and behaviour as he possibly can. They must be egregiously yet not revoltingly deformed;—either they must have noses of preternatural length and redness; or eyes possessed by a diabolical yet ludicrous squint; or they must be seven feet and a half in height, with proportional awkwardness; or so small as to be mistaken for first cousins to Thomas Thumb. Ordinary sized and ordinary looking they must not be, on any account whatever. They must be so described as that the ugliest blockhead who reads their adventures may feel that he has the advantage of them in appearance; and so dull, that a very poor law commissioner may feel himself witty and brilliant in comparison. So much as to the persons of the story. The incidents must consist of falling into ditches—tumbling down stairs—getting horsewhipped by mistake—being nearly hanged upon false accusations—having their chains withdrawn just as they are sitting down to dinner—and they must several times, in the course of their adventures, have their noses broken—and be very frequently tossed in a blanket, or at least be settled in the stocks. We have never known incidents of this sort to fail of producing shouts of applause. The dialogue, however, requires a little more attention, but is equally easy when one has got into the way of it. We may, therefore, lay it down as a rule, in the second place, that quips and cranks are indispensable. Without them Milton would never have thought of “wreathed smiles.” There must, of course, be a profuse sprinkling of puns; and here we beg to express our opinion, that there is a considerable resemblance between puns and wine. It seems a great recommendation of both that they are old; and another point of similitude is, that every one considers his own article the best. It may, perhaps, be thought another agreement between them, that though both may

originally have been of the finest quality, they are generally very much deteriorated in passing through the hands of the retailers. Puns, at all events, whether old or new, are to be unscrupulously introduced. But the master stroke of our policy—a hit on which we plume ourselves more than any thing else—is the rule which we lay down in the third place. Let there always be introduced a person whose whole dialogue is limited to *one phrase*. At first people see nothing very wonderful in a gentleman making a remark which in fact appears commonplace and inipid; but when, scene after scene, page after page, volume after volume, the same individual persists in repeating the same sentence, without the change of a single letter, it is astonishing how the *vis comica* develops itself. At each repetition the speech appears more irresistibly ludicrous, till near the end of the story there is actually nothing else required to set the reader into convulsions. We forbear upon this occasion insisting on a point so exceedingly well known, and indeed universally practised, as that each individual must speak, as it were, in character. A sailor, for instance, must direct his horse in the language of the cock-pit. He must luff to windward, and belay and anchor under the lee of a public-house. And in all these respects the officer is not to be distinguished from the boat-swain. Captains and admirals must smell of nothing but tar. Colonels and generals of nothing but powder. Even the peaceful professions must have their peculiar phraseology. A physician must enquire of a soldier if he has seen much “practice;” a clergyman must ask him if he has had “full duty.” As to the idea that such unwallike characters should know any thing about “service” or “campaigns” it is by no means to be entertained for a moment. But we must now proceed with an illustration of our remarks.

THE MEETING. CHAPTER XVI.

Swift flies my frost, when round the social board,
The jovial sons of festive pleasure meet.

Anonymous.

The party now began to assemble for supper. It was the first time our hero had thrown open his apartments for the reception of his friends. The general stood watching attentively; or, as he himself expressed it, taking a reconnaissance of his nephew's motions. That nephew was all life and expectation; he felt certain his uncle would approve of the selection he had made of associates, and was delighted as, one after another, his guests walked into the room. The first who presented himself on this occasion was our facetious friend Quibble. The moment that gentleman slid into the room, with his usual air of dapper self-conceit, our hero seized him warmly by the hand. "Quibble, my good fellow—how d'ye do? Let me present you to my uncle."

The General bowed.

But Quibble, with a knowing twist of his eye, said,—“My uncle? ‘Gad I av’ been introduced to ‘my uncle’ before. Up the spout a dozen times.”

Harry Newton saw that the General was astonished at this cabalistic address, and hastened to explain. “This, my dear uncle, is Mr Quibble: quite the life, I assure you, of every society he enters. One of our greatest wits.”—

“There you go, Harry!” exclaimed Quibble, “you set me up and knock me down, as if I were a piece of furniture. You are an auctioneer and a *pauser*.”

Whilst the General was trying to perceive the beauties contained in the last speech, which had so excited his nephew's admiration, the door again opened, and Joseph Seedy, with his book on Hydrophobia, as usual, under his arm, walked slowly and deliberately up to where General Harrington was standing.

When Harry had introduced him to his uncle, he fitted the spectacles closer on his nose, took the ponderous tome in both hands, and, bowing gracefully, said,—“I am happy, General, to have made your acquaintance. If you ever have the misfor-

tune to meet with a mad dog, I sha' be delighted to give you my advice.”

“I'll give you my advice, too,” interrupted our friend Quibble; “run off the opposite way, as if the devil kicked you.”

Mr Seedy looked disconcerted at this observation, and his anger was increased by the loud laugh of Harry at Quibble's wit.

“Your jests,” he said, “Mister Quibble, are out of place.”

“I wish!” replied Quibble, “so are many other old servants.”

Luckily, however, the farther prosecution of the quarrel was prevented by the entrance of Jack Sudds, whose reputation as a man of wit and repartee was only inferior to that of Quibble. Jack Sudds, as Harry had frequently remarked, affected eccentricity to such a degree that you could never feel sure for a moment what he would say or do. His principal pleasure in conversation seemed to be to say strange things, which had no possible connexion with what any one else had said. This gave him a reputation for being a deep-thinker, as well as a witty speaker,—for people are always good natured enough to believe that, when one does not attend to what is going on, he must be immersed in contemplation on some topic of much greater importance; whereas, there is no surer sign of puzzle-headedness and weakness of intellect, than what is commonly called absence of mind.

When Sudds, accordingly, was presented to General Harrington,—“Your uncle, is it?” he said. “What's Hecuba to me? There's something rotten in the state of Denmark.”

“Eggs, I'll be sworn,” whispered Quibble, but loud enough to be heard by all.

“Eggs!” said Mr Seedy, who had not forgotten his resentment against the facetious Quibble. “What do you mean by eggs, sh?”

“Why, that there are rotten eggs in Denmark,” replied the wit.

“Nonsense, Quibble,” said Sudds,

who never could endure his rival. "We've had samples enough of your wit already."

"Ah!" replied the other, "but this is an *egg-sample*, which, they say, is better than precept."

Harry was perfectly enchanted with this keen encounter. "Capital!" he cried, "capital! Is not it, uncle?"

The General, thus applied to, endeavoured to brighten his perceptions with a pinch of snuff, and replied, in his usual cool and deliberate manner,—“Capital? nephew Harry; what is capital? One gentleman said something about eggs, and another gentleman said something about Denmark. Where's the capital?”

“Why, Copenhagen, to be sure!” exclaimed Quibble, “every school-boy could tell you that.”

At this moment Latchet and M^r. Sawney joined the party, and an immediate adjournment was made to the supper-room.

Scarcely had they sat down to table, when Sudds, who professed to be a very superior classic, lifting off the cover of one of the dishes, exclaimed, “Wh t have we here? Is it a partridge or a quail? Oh, I see—non sum *quails*.”

Mr Latchet, on hearing this, looked earnestly across the table, and exclaiming, “How's your mother? Whiz!” applied himself very sedulously to the viands before him. Harry now thought it high time to keep the bottles moving, and he accordingly said to them; “Gentlemen, what will you drink? there is ale, cider, and perry; the hock and madeira, I better myself, you will find very good.”

“No ale for me!” exclaimed Mr Quibble; “I hate to be *olary*.”

“Cider gets into my head,” said the classical Sudds; “feriar *sulera* *ernce*.”

“So does the wine,” replied the other, determined not to be outdone; “wine indeed is but another name for insanity.”

“How, sir?” said Mr Seedy.

“Aren't they both called the *mad-era*?”

“Oh horrible,” interposed Sudds—“Perry is very bad for the digestion. 'Tis the *perryulous* stuff that weighs upon the heart—but, for my-

self, *Hoc erat in votis*—I votes for Hock.”

“Yes,” replied the other “if you take it in a *hugous* glass.”

Latchet again looked off his plate at the two wits. “How's your mother? Whiz!” he said and returned to his labours. Mr M^r. Sawney, who had devoted himself with a most absorbing earnestness to the great duty of strengthening his inner man, now paused for a few moments, and said, with a benignant look all round, “This ham is just particular fine; will I help ye to a bit of it, General?”—

“Ham, my dear sir,” interrupted the hydrophobic Mr Seedy, laying his hand on the General's arm, “I'm is very hurtful in the mildest forms of the canine virus—there is a case in my book”—

“That's deuced odd,” whispered Quibble, “for all my books are in a case.”

“Which proves, sir,” continued Seedy, without taking notice of the interruption, “the danger of ham.”

“Especially to ex-min-ists,” whispered Sudds.

“How's your mother? Whiz!” exclaimed Mr Latchet, looking intently at the medical orator through his quizzing glass. Sudds in the mean time had succeeded, after many attempts, in tying the coat tail of the gigantic waiter (who was dressed in the General's livery, and stood stock still very often, as if entranced with admiration of the wit flashing everywhere round him) to the back of M^r. Sawney's chair. That worthy was in the act of transferring an amazingly hot potato from the dish to his plate. While in this attitude, with the smoking treasure on the point of his fork, the General gave some order to the servant in so loud a tone, that he dated off with the strength and velocity of a cannon ball. M^r. Sawney's chair in one moment performed a somerset, ejecting its late occupant cleverly over the table, and sending him, fork in hand, and potato still in the prongs of fork, point black upon the shoulder of Mr Seedy. That gentleman was extended instantaneously on the floor, carrying with him the table-cloth and all the dishes, and lay there in the agonies of fear and pain, for the potato, which we have al-

ready stated was still at boiling heat, had unfortunately been stuffed right into his mouth. In this state, unable either to rise or speak, he lay and kicked the innocent causer of his overthrow most unmercifully. Mr Latchet ran round officiously and helped the fallen Seedy to his legs. He then took the potato from his mouth, and handed him very carefully to a chair. He then looked with the deepest commiseration into his face, and exclaiming, in a tone of compassionate sympathy, "How's your mother? Whiz!" betook himself to the task of replacing the disjecta membra of the feast.

When order was in some degree restored, and the excitement caused by this unfortunate incident had subsided, the General, who had hitherto been more taciturn than usual, addressed the company in the following words: "Comrades!—Gentlemen, I mean—having now deployed into drinking order, let us storm the intrenchments of a bottle or two of brandy. The counterscarp will easily be surmounted by means of this cork-screw, and you are far too gallant soldiers not to fill up the glacia!"

"Fill up our glasses?"—whispered! add—"ay, to be sure, to the very brim!"

"With regard to my servant's coat," continued the General—

— "Ah, thereby hangs a tale," insinuated Quibble.

—"all I can say is, that he shall be tried to-morrow by a drum-head court-martial, and suffer such punishment as shall seem most fit."

Here Mr Seedy, whose mouth, by the by, was prodigiously swelled from the pain he had suffered, snuffled out as well as he was able, "My dear General, the man seems really in so rabid a state that I should be afraid he must have met with a bite.—At all events, till we see farther into his case, I should recommend a vegetable diet."

"Odd, Maister Seedy," said M'Sawney, "I think you and me has had enough o' vegetable diet wi' a red hot tauty no more minutes out o' yer ain thrapple."

"Sir," said Seedy, with a dignified bow to the Caledonian, "I have not the pleasure of understanding Hebrew."

"That's a peety," responded the

other, "for ye seem a terrible man at the roots—witness the het tauty."

"How's your mother? Whiz!" exclaimed Latchet, as he filled up his second tumbler.

Mr Seedy was in no humour just at that moment to take the best natured view of any thing; he was particularly indignant at the Scotchman, whose achievement in flying over the supper-table and inserting the fork into his mouth, he could not persuade himself was altogether involuntary. He therefore seemed very much disposed to fasten a quarrel on the unfortunate object of his suspicion. The two wits pricked up their ears as if in expectation of a *dénouement*, and Mr Seedy proceeded, amid the profoundest silence, "I don't know what you mean, Mister M'Sawney, by continually casting that potato in my teeth."

"Once was quite enough in all conscience," whispered Sudds.

"The next allusion you have the audacity to make to it, I shall take a different notice of your behaviour."

"I wad advise you, my wee man," replied the other, "to let the notice ye tak o't be a 'notice to quit,' or confound me if I dinna swirl ye oot o' the window as it ye was a sybo. Ye'll gang through the air!"

"Fly not yet," warbled Quibble.

—"faster, I'm thinkin', than ye cam oot the stair-steps."

"Gentlemen," said our friend Harry, who was displeased with the turn the conversation seemed to be taking, "I hope you will consider how disagreeable these mutual taunts are among friends. Come, come, let us carry this no farther. 'Twould be treason against our domestic penates."

"There again!—Potatoes again!" exclaimed Mr Seedy, whose rage kept him from distinguishing the last word of our hero's speech. "This is more insulting than ever—I'll keep no such low company as this. I despise you all, and as for you, Mister M'Sawney, I'll send a friend to you in the morning."

"If it's to borrow any mair siller, Mr Seedy, the deil a bawbee he'll get frae me."

"Borrow! siller! No, caithiff, 'tis to send your soul to 'Plutus dire and Erebus also.'"

"Poo, poo," exclaimed Quibble,

as if disappointed when Seedy disappeared after this magnanimous speech, "no fun after all; we see by his quotation that Seedy's is 'an ancient Pistol,' and won't go off. You've astonished his weak mind, M'Sawney."

"Pray, M'Sawney," said Mr Sudds, "have you the organ of Combative-ness?"

"I've neither organ nor piano;—no even a flute."

"I mean phrenologically," continued the querist.

"Oo! the last time I was in Embro' I submitted my head to Combe."

"Small tooth'd?" enquired Sudds.

"I weel I didna look at his teeth, —but he tauld me my number One was prodigious."

"Most of your countrymen take cursed good care of it—eh! M'Sawney," replied the other with a knowing wink.

But M'Sawney, who seemed elated with his victory over Mr Seedy, seemed not much inclined to submit to the witticisms of any one else. He accordingly turned sharp round upon the wit—"What d've mean, ye jinkmadoddy cretur, by casting glaur at my kinty—I'll thrapple ye on the spat, ye whitty whauty!"

Mr Latchet on this looked enquiringly into the face of the astonished Mr Sudds—"How's your mother? Whizz!" he said—and made a third tumbler. Peace, however, by the mediation of Harry and his uncle, was again restored; and after an evening of the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," our hero betook himself to his couch, resolved on prosecuting his suit to the matchless Amelia, as shall be related in the following chapter.

No. IV.

ON THE NATURAL.

This is so easy a style of composition that we need not take up much time in analyzing its principles. Every body knows that thoughts are more active than words, and that as it is impossible for a character in a novel to be always speaking, the natural way is, therefore, to make them always be thinking. On this ground there must be in every work, composed on natural principles, a profuse introduction of soliloquy. In this all their plans must be considered, all their recollections brought forward, and, in short, their whole soul laid open to the eye of the most inattentive observer. But an indispensable preliminary to the proper introduction of a soliloquy is a complete description of the character of the person indulging in it. This character gives admirable scope for the inventive faculty of the author, for it is to be observed, that the Nature represented in works of fiction is by no means the nature one meets with in actual life. All that is required in a novel, in order to be in exact accordance with our rules, is that a character shall be natural in itself—that having assumed a certain mode of thought, every thing shall follow in consonance with it. Thus, if you invent a very humane

man with a preternatural craving for blood—or a tyrant with the softest and most sentimental turn of mind,—these may appear very extraordinary, and indeed unnatural, combinations to the general reader; but with that you, as an author, having nothing whatever to do, it is sufficient, so far as you are concerned, that this individual, thus imagined, shall act in agreement with the qualities you have assigned him. With regard to the carrying on of the plot—this is so universally managed by the subordinate characters in a book, and even on the stage which "holds the mirror up to nature," that it would appear perfectly out of place to make your hero, warrior, philosopher, or even your villain, who is generally cleverer and more fascinating than all the other people put together, moved by any other agency than the will of some barber, who shall be described as slightly crazy—some smuggler—or even some chattering lacquey, who shall hold in his hands the strings that give all the other puppets their several movements. This in the theatrical world is so firmly recognised as nature, that any one would be laughed at as an innovator, who should introduce any heroine who was not entirely the plaything of her

waiting-maid. From her all the clever contrivances must proceed. To her in all her distresses the heroine must apply—and, in short, the whole action of the drama must depend on the whims and caprices of the *femme de chambre*.

The style of composition also is to be strictly attended to. In the natural, there are to be no flights of fancy; no metaphorical clap-nets; all must be simple and subdued; words of two syllables must be chosen in preference to more heroic polysyllables, unless in the soliloquies.—There you are expected to show your abundance both of thought and eloquence. As similes are used in former kind of composition to render one's meaning clearer to others, so, in soliloquy, it is surely natural that a person should indulge in similes, in order to make his own sentiments more intelligible to himself. And here we have a prodigious

advantage over poets and other authors who use similes for the benefit of others; because in their case it is indispensable that there should be some perceptible resemblance, in the simile they use, to the thing of which they advance it as an illustration—but with the soliloquizer there is no necessity of this sort. It *he* sees the resemblance, that is all that the most captious critic can require. What the deuce is it to other people if they are stupid enough not to trace the connexion? Let them be satisfied that the gentleman understands his own meaning, and let them confess that he is not only a devilish clever fellow to invent the metaphor, but a still clearer headed fellow to perceive its aptness to the business in hand. These few remarks will come out more fully in the course of the following example:—

A FIRST SCENE.

There was no one in the room but himself. It was the blue parlour. In it were six chairs, two tables, a footstool, and a fire screen. Sir Hildebrand Horrible sat in the arm chair. His feet were on the fender; his hands in his breeches pockets; his spectacles had slipped from the upper part of his nose to the slightly protruding point of it. His eyes were closed. Sir Hildebrand Horrible, Vice Admiral of the Blue, and Justice of Peace for the county of Southampton, was asleep. He snored. Apparently he was disturbed by the noise. He started;—rubbed his eyes—replaced his spectacles, and gave a loud yawn. Sir Hildebrand Horrible was awake. Sir Hildebrand was a very commonplace sort of man. Go into a society of a hundred men, you would meet ninety-eight Sir Hildebrands. He was now sixty-four years of age. In his youth he had fought well and nobly. On the restoration of peace he had settled himself on shore. With an education slender at first, and manners not highly cultivated by an intimacy of forty years with rude Boreas and the sea, the sea, the open sea, he had not many internal resources to atone for the want of active employment. His mind was not idle. He had a passion for

books;—books of a peculiar kind—children's story books. On this subject he had very remarkable notions. He believed as devoutly in the feats of "Jack the Giant Killer" as in the battle of the Nile.—His allusions were all drawn from the literature of the nursery. To him, Cinderella was an entity as distinct as his housekeeper, Mrs. Giggles—Little Red Riding Hood, a corporeal existence as defined as Sally, Mrs Giggles' niece. He had one other peculiarity—so intimately blended in his mind was every substantive beginning with the letter P, and pease porridge, that he never could communicate the one without mentioning the other.—His sentences, therefore, often concluded, with these two mystic words—"Pease-porridge,"—and it required a minute intimacy with his habits of thought to account for their introduction. Let philosophers account for the combination of these two things;—we but describe an actual and every day character,—low things suit the lowly. Sir Hildebrand put his feet upon the footstool, placed the fire-screen between him and the fire, so as to screen his countenance from the heat. "Oh," he mentally exclaimed, "my fine dreams have turned out very different from what

they appeared, like the horses of Cinderella's carriage. I have always been disappointed in this way, by forming too exalted expectations, like the Babes in the Wood. I must give up these flights, and henceforward forswear all the enchantments of poetry—and pease-porridge."

His soliloquy was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of his housekeeper, Mrs Griggs, and her niece Sally. Mrs Griggs was a matron considerably advanced in years. She was greatly older than her niece, who was very much younger. The prevailing quality of her mind was curiosity—a desire to know the minutest as well as the greatest actions of her neighbours. Sally was a compound of a great number of different qualities, good-natured when nothing occurred to disturb her temper—but by no means placid when stirred into rage. Mrs Griggs remained silent—"What would I give," she exclaimed to herself, "to know whether the Admiral wishes to question Sally about his ward Miss Arabella. I wonder if he knows how active Sally has been in the business; but stay, I have no time to make these enquiries now. I must retire." She therefore, mechanically as it were, put her hand on the handle of the door, and turned it dexterously round, walked out of the apartment.

Sally, however, was more bold. "Good evening, Admiral," she said; "have you heard any news of Miss Arabel?"

"Eh! what d'ye say, my pretty dear?"

"Only about your ward, sir. What do you think of an elopement? that's all."

"That's all? is it. And here have I been sitting, like Little Jack Horner up in a corner, eating a Christmas pie—and pease-porridge, while that swindling fellow, O'Rafferty, has carried off my ward and twenty thousand pounds—of pease-porridge."

"Sir, you don't mean to throw such an imputation on my dear, good, charming, sensitive, lovely, amiable, accomplished—Oh deary, deary me!" And here Sally put her silk apron before her face, and pretended to weep.

"Come, come," said the Admiral, "what was it you said—something,

I am quite sure, about my ward, and in the next breath, an elopement; come, tell me all you know, my little charmer, about the plot—and pease-porridge."

"I know nothing either about pease-porridge or plots," said Sally, pettishly, shaking the Admiral's hand from her shoulder; "there has been a run-a-way match in our village, that's all; but not of my young missus; mind, sir, I tell you 'tisn't my young missus."

"Well, I hear you say that. Who was it then? what dish is it now that has run off with the spoon?"

"The spoon? indeed, I don't know, sir;—but this I'll tell you. You know old Sandge, the old sailor?"

"Ay, ay, a soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a tailor.—Well?"

"Well, old Sandge's distant relation, Moll Higgs, was courted by young Sam O'Donaghue, the son of"—

"Poo—never mind your pedigree—and pease-porridge—proceed"

"Well, old Hinds objected to the match because the wooer was an Irishman"—

"Why—was that his reason? Now, for my own share, I see no objection to Paddy—and pease-porridge—poor fellow."

"Now, don't you think it shameful?"

"Shameful! to be sure I do. Worse than the d—d unnatural fellow of an uncle that left the children to die."

"Will you write that down?"

"Write down what?"

"Why, your opinion—the opinion you have now stated"—

"Ay, to be sure I will. One, two, come buckle my shoe, draw in the writing-table and give me a pen—and pease-porridge—What shall I say?"

"Write this—'An old sailor has no right to refuse his consent to the young woman's marriage to her Irish sweetheart. If he does he is a cursed old rogue, and worse than a murderer. —He ought to consent to the match, and give the girl her fortune.'"

"I hereby declare, on the honour of an admiral, I would do so if I were in his place—and pease-porridge"—

"No, no," said Sally, "leave out the pease-porridge. Sign your name—

there. There's a dear, good-natured, sweet-tempered, charming, old—*curmudgeon*."

The last word Sally, of course, did not pronounce so as to be heard by the Admiral. "Now then," thought Sally, as she folded up the document, and deposited it carefully in her bosom, "it will surely not need much ability to construe this into a legitimate consent to the union of my missus and the gallant Captain O'Refferty. As gold, they say, is tried by the fire, I am sure the captain is a very handsome man, his valet is such an interesting person." With these words she skipped lightly out of the room, and left the Admiral to his meditations.

"I can't imagine," he inwardly remarked, "why Jack Spratt should have made such an infernal fool of himself as to have eaten no fat.—I don't like fellows, to be sure, that put tons of smoking tallow on their plates—and *pease-porridge*—but a moderate mixture is what a sensible man would feed on. As to his wife, she must have been a still more contented fool than he was, for the history says that she could cut no leen. What a dead-only-mouthed, greasy-faced, old scamparan she must have been—and as to her platter—and *pease-porridge*!"

But here his cogitations were broken in upon by the entrance of an old woman, plainly dressed, with a large patch over her eye, a wooden leg thumping violently on the floor, and a nose of preternatural size, shading fully one half of her face. The Admiral looked up at her in amazement.

"You don't know me!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Know you! how the devil should I? unless you be Old Motner Hubbard on your way to the cupboard—to get your dog some prog—and *pease-porridge*."

"No! you false, dear, delightful, cruel, ungrateful deceiver, I am your wife!"

"My wife?" screamed the Admiral—"riddle-me-riddle-me-ree."

"Yes, your true and lawful wife. I have witnesses to prove it; I'll have a suit against you for the restitution of conjugal rights."

"Old woman, old woman, what are you doing so high, brushing the

cobwebs off the sky—you are mad as a March hare," said Sir Hildebrand.

"No, no dearest Hildebrand;—do you forget all the vows you made me? your promises? and all the fond endearments of our softer hours?"

"Hey diddle diddle, a cat and a fiddle; I made you no vows, old woman; never saw you in my life; never gave you a morsel of promise—or *pease-porridge*.—What the devil do you mean?"

"Mean? to take possession of my own house, to be sure. I'll call in the family, and make you own me before them all."

"The deuce you will? Don't think of it.—My ward is in the next room—Mrs Giggles—Sally—the whole party—and *pease-porridge*. What am I to do? I wish to God I were as strong as Valentine and Orson—How I would fling you out of the window!"

"No, no, you false, delightful, dear, abominable, old man. Here, housekeeper!—Sally!—Miss Arabell!—Captain O'Refferty!—come all of you here, I say. I'll make you repent your shameful conduct to me, you old Sir Hildebrand Horrible, Justice of Peace for the county of South Hampton, and Vice-admiral of the Blue!"

"What the deuce will all this end in," thought the Admiral. "I'm in a more ticklish situation than little Bo Peep—and *pease-porridge*." But here his quandary was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs Giggles, our friend Sally, and the gallant Captain O'Refferty.

"Come all of you! come all of you, I say!" screamed the intruder, stamping violently on the floor with her wooden leg; "hear what this hard-hearted old vagabond says. He denies that I am his wife! his lawful, legal, married wife—Oh dear, dear."

"Wife? confound me if I ever saw your infernal face before. I declare to you, Mrs Giggles"—and here he turned to his housekeeper.

"Sir!" said Mrs Giggles, "it does not become me to pry into family secrets; but I has always had my suspicions as all was not right with you in the matrimonial line."

"What do you mean, you abominable old wretch? Will you believe

this horrible old woman rather than your master? Is it for this you have lived in my house, and pocketed my pay—and pease-porridge—and now to think I am actually married to Mother Bunch with a stick leg? Now, Sally”—and here he turned explainingly to where the mischievous little girl was standing with her hands in the pockets of her apron.

“Don’t speak to *me*, sir; don’t come near me, sir; go to your own wife, sir; naughty man! It isn’t safe to be in the same house with you, when even a wooden leg can’t keep you at a distance. Shame on ye!”

“By Jupiter,” cried the Admiral, “you’re all in the same plot—and pease-porridge. Captain O’Rafferty, I’m sure you’ll believe me when I declare, on the honour of a gentleman, that”——

“Och—don’t take the trouble of swearing any thing; I never believe what any one says, when he wants to gain over a pretty young girl, or get quit of a pretty ould one. But I’ll tell you what I’ll do; I’ll take her off yer hands.”

“Will you?”

“Then d——e, Jack’s alive, and likely to live; If he dies in your hands a forfeit you give.”

“But do you surrender all right and title to her yerself, Admiral?”—continued O’Rafferty.

“Every atom of her—nose, shoulder, wooden-peg, pease-porridge, and all.”

“Then, ladies, I call you both to witness the Admiral’s free consent.—Come, my dear ould woman, put your best leg foremost, and let us leave this ungrateful ould man.”

“Oh! you shocking old sinner!” exclaimed the stranger,—“do you really bestow me on this young gentleman?”

“Ay, to be sure I do, and heartily wish him joy of his prize—and pease-porridge,” cried the Admiral, snapping his fingers.

“Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!” shouted Sally, when the lame old lady and the gallant captain had left the room, “do you know what you have done, Admiral?”

“What I have done! to be sure I do—got quit of an infamous impostor—coming here under false colours, like the wolf who pretended to

speak in the old grandmother’s voice, and claiming me for her husband.”

“Ha! ha! ha!—and don’t you really know who she is?”

“No! How should I, when I tell you I never saw her before.”

“Why, my good sir, you don’t seriously pretend to deny that you know it was your waif Miss Arabel?”

“How?—what?—my waif?—you don’t mean that?”

“But I do, though; and more than that, we are witnesses you have given her to Captain O’Rafferty.”

“Oh Lord!—I’m worse than the man in Thessaly that jumped into a quick-set hedge.—Call them back, I say; I withdraw my consent, I never will let her marry an Irishman.”

“How, sir?”—said Sally, taking a paper from her bosom, “do you remember nothing of this document, with your signature to it at full length?—‘An old sailor’ (*she reads*) ‘has no right to refuse his consent to the young woman’s marriage to her Irish sweetheart. If he does, he is a cursed old rogue, and worse than a murderer. He ought to consent to the match, and give the girl her fortune.—I hereby declare, on the honour of an’——”

“Stop, stop, you little loussey,” cried the Admiral, laying his hand on her mouth.—“Call them back, call them back. I see how it is. ‘Tis now too late to oppose them. When three women and an Irishman are united against one man, the best thing he can do is to yield at discretion.”

Captain O’Rafferty and Miss Arabel here made their appearance.—

“So—come along,” said the Admiral.—“I might have it in my power to condemn you to poverty and pease-porridge—but here, there’s my hand—take her, Captain O’Rafferty, with all her fortune, and I’ll tell you what I’ll give you into the bargain—I’ll make you a present of this little vixen. Go along, Sally, and don’t play tricks to your mistress as you’ve done to me;—and now, since we have got over all our troubles and difficulties, let us devote all the rest of our lives, like the Seven Champions of Christendom, to love, to happiness, to pleasure—and pease-porridge.”

THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN.

No. III.

THE war of the French Protestants had begun in the spirit of men defending their principles at the hazard of their lives. But nothing can be a stronger proof of the unfitness of arms to decide questions of conscience, than the rapid degeneracy of this noble determination. The use of arms necessarily implies the habits of soldiership, and all the habits of soldiership are totally alien to that purity of practice which is the first object of purity of doctrine. A crowd of men who possessed neither species of purity, naturally involved themselves in a dispute which had thus assumed the shape of a great political struggle, and where public distinctions were to be obtained on both sides, the corrupt passions of worldly men soon took the lead in both; where Henry of Navarre's notorious licentiousness did not disqualify him for the head of a religious party; and where Roman Catholic nobles and officers were mingled with Protestants in a cause which professed to be the liberty of Protestantism, we must be prepared to find much of this profession hollow, personal aggrandisement often superseding religious sincerity, personal treachery still oftener defeating the labours of talent and valour, and, as the result of all, war protracted without success, and peace concluded without security. Those maxims are of deeper import than as they relate to the religious hostilities of France. The trial may come nearer home, and if it should, in the wrath of a power that might well have long since exhausted *his* patience with our half apostate nation, the true defenders of the faith may turn to the old experience of Protestantism, and acknowledge that it is to be defended by other instruments than the musket and the sword.

D'Aubigné had returned from his attempt to bring back the Marshal D'Amville to a scene of honour. The attempt had failed, but the talents of the young negotiator were

only the more highly appreciated by Henry, from his early prediction of the falsehood of this high nobleman. But he had the triumph of disappointing him of the chief enjoyment of his treachery. D'Amville, a man of great power, and at the head of an army, had intended to make his alliance doubly valuable to the league by surrendering into its hands all the Huguenot towns within his reach. But D'Aubigné's intelligence, which was rapidly circulated, put them on their guard. The Marshal was defeated in attempts on no less than twenty-two, with the added mortification of seeing the gates of Montpellier shut upon him, and his wife contemptuously driven out of the town. But it exhibits a striking example of that extraordinary disregard of the true distinctions of Protestantism and Popery which had such inevitable and fatal results in the end, to see those very Protestants, who offered this direct insult to the powerful head of the House of the Montmorenci, actually taking his brother, Monsieur Thori, though a well-known and rigid Papist, as their governor.

The siege of Montpellier was signalled by one of those displays of manly enterprise which delight us in the scion of a noble stock. D'Amville, indignant at the slight put upon him by the town, and eager to make himself master of one of the chief Protestant fortresses of the south, advanced to the walls with a powerful force, and pushed the siege at all hazards. Bellegarde ravaged the country, burning the crops of corn on the ground, and thus, in the most effectual of all ways, depriving the garrison of all hope of provision. They were gradually reduced to the last extremities of famine. Hunger is an irresistible enemy. The inhabitants began to crowd round the governor with supplications to capitulate. The soldiers threatened to throw open the gates. All was on the verge of mutiny. The gallant spirit of young Chatillon now interposed. He had joined the garri-

son, that he might die in arms against the assassins of the brave and unfortunate admiral, his father. In the despairing council which was held to deliberate on the last possibility of resistance, this youthful hero started forward, and offered to make the bold experiment of passing through the besiegers, and trying whether there was still spirit enough among the gentlemen of their party to rescue them. "I go," said he, "but not to abandon either you or our cause. If I live, I shall return, though I returned alone, and, to give you full assurance of this, I shall leave you my two young brothers as pledges. Ask but one thing, that you, as gentlemen of France, shall give me your honour that, let what will happen, you will not surrender before my return."—"We give our honour," was the unanimous cry; "we will not surrender, though we should eat each other." The council broke up. Chatillon, at nightfall, leading out a detachment, fell on an unguarded quarter of the lines, and burst through the enemy. Then, sending back his comrades into the town, he went forward alone, and began his pilgrimage. With gallant speed he ran through the mountain fastnesses of the south and, making an extensive circuit of the Cevennes, like another chieftain of Israel, summoned his country to the relief of the beleaguered city of the faith. The garrison was now sinking into the deepest state of destitution. But their honour was not to be violated, and they heroically endured. Day by day they crowded the walls and towers, gazing to the hills, "whence was to come their help." Still no sign of succour appeared. While D'Ainville was about to attack them with a force which must render defence hopeless, at last, on the nineteenth morning of their suffering, as the vapours of the twilight rose, a banner was seen moving on the edge of the horizon. Every eye was soon gathered to the walls; yet all was uncertain for a while; at length the governor's accurate glance satisfied him that troops were in motion, and he ordered the garrison under arms. Still there was room for many a palpitation, in the doubt whether the new battalions were not reinforcements to the besiegers. But the ad-

vance now came pouring down the side of the hill, and the Protestant standards were seen. Chatillon had collected, by his single energy, the extraordinary number of 3000 foot and 300 cavalry. The gates were now thrown open, and the garrison rushed out to unite with Chatillon in an attack on the besiegers. This was a moment of indescribable anxiety. The whole population hurried to the walls—the old and young, the sick, the famishing, the almost dead, clinging to every battlement, watched, with the feelings natural to a moment decisive of life or death, the fortunes of the day. The enemy were now fully aware of Chatillon's movement, and they drew up their principal force of infantry on a range of rocky ground in front of the only road by which their batteries could be attacked, and the town entered. Their cavalry was posted in a valley in the rear to take advantage of the first disorder, and fall upon the Huguenots. But the spirit which had animated Chatillon in his gallant pilgrimage, did not desert him in the battle. With the eye of a general, he saw where the key of the position lay, and hastily collecting a strong body of troops, rushed up the hill. The position was difficult, and the enemy defended it against the undisciplined valour of the Huguenots with great obstinacy. It was seized and lost several times. But the Protestants fought in the sight of their countrymen, to whom their repulse must be ruin. They saw the waving of hands and flags from the walls—they heard the shouts of the inhabitants at every instance of success—and the wild and despairing outcry that arose from them in every casual reverse of the field. The gentleman of France has always been brave, and with incentives like those, inferiority of numbers was forgotten. After four hours of desperate fighting, Chatillon led a column once more up the face of the hill, and, rushing with resistless valour on its defenders, finally gained its crown. The whole Huguenot army now followed, and drove the enemy into the valley at its foot. There the broken infantry mingled with the cavalry, and all was confusion. Leaving a part of his force to press them still, the young conqueror then turned

upon the batteries raised against the town. The citizens now rushed out, and joyfully joined their deliverers in the demolition of the guns and works. Then occurred an event of the most unexpected, yet fortunate nature. In tearing down the batteries, a soldier drove his pike through the end of one of the barrels of which the face of the trenches was chiefly composed. To his astonishment, instead of sand or clay, he was covered with a burst of corn. The besiegers had thus employed the superfluous crops which they had ravaged from the fields. The discovery instantly spread, the barrels were broken open in all directions, and by the very act of the enemy, the harvest was thus brought home to their hands, and the town, in a moment, rescued from famine as by miracle.

But D'Amville's army, though beaten, was still formidable in point of numbers, and its general was determined to retrieve his reputation. On the next morning, he moved to give Chatillon battle once more. The Protestants were instantly under arms. The two armies were on the point of engaging, and the light troops of both were actually engaged, when two couriers suddenly arrived on the field, one from the King of Navarre to Chatillon, the other from the King of France to D'Amville. They announced that peace had been concluded between the Kings.

During the period of those stirring transactions, D'Aubigné had been engaged in enterprises of equal daring, though on a smaller scale. Of all wars the most interesting to the soldier is a partisan war, from its independence, its variety, and its display of individual skill, promptitude, and intrepidity. D'Aubigné was perhaps the most brilliant, as he was the most indefatigable, partisan commander of his time. He seems to have felt the same restless ardour for surprising convoys, capturing patrols, and storming the little detached fortresses of the country, that the hunter of the Alps feels for following the wolf or the bear. He was no sooner able to rise from the bed where he lay covered with wounds from his disastrous skirmish at Mermade, in which he left half

his garrison on the field, through their own rashness, than he led a small, but well-trained troop to assault Castel-neau, a fortress near Bourdeaux. This capture involved him in difficulties with some leading men of his own party. The lady of Castel-neau, the proprietress of the castle, was a handsome woman, and her influence was exerted with the court, where beauty ruled every thing, to compel D'Aubigné to relinquish his prize. Henry gave way at once, and disavowed the capture. D'Aubigné disregarded the intimation. The lady then prevailed on the Marquis de Villars to march a body of troops to put her in possession. Villars brought his troops, with a formidable train of fourteen guns, up to the gates. But he had to deal with a superior tactician. D'Aubigné had entered the town the night before with two hundred and fifty soldiers, whom he exhibited to so much advantage on the walls, that the Marquis, startled by the appearance of a fresh garrison, and probably not much liking to come in contact with so well-known a taker of towns as D'Aubigné, drew off, and finally disappeared. Still the fair proprietress of the castle was not to be baffled. As open force had failed, treachery was to be tried. La Salle, a Romainist officer, was employed to corrupt some of the garrison, and he succeeded to the extent of their making a promise to admit him with a body of troops. But the two soldiers who made the promise, whether moved by fidelity or fear, communicated the design to their commander. D'Aubigné instantly determined on his plan. To delude La Salle more effectually, he marched out of the town with sixty men; but returned under cover of night, with not only the sixty, but a large reinforcement from one of his own garrisons. La Salle appeared under the walls, at the first dawn, as was arranged, with his men, some disguised as peasants, some in women's clothes, and other dresses. The gates were opened, and they were suffered to rush in. But they were soon convinced of their error, by a heavy fire which poured on them from all sides. No less than forty-eight were killed on the spot, and the rest were pursued through the

open country, and would have been captured or slain to a man, but for the advance of an enemy's corps, on the sight of which the Huguenots drew off. The King of Navarre, who must have been secretly delighted with military dexterity that so closely resembled his own, was compelled by policy to appear indignant at his gallant friend's continual defiance. "Go to D'Aubigné," he said to one of the applicants for the restoration of the castle, "and tell him I shall send four cannons to besiege him." D'Aubigné listened to the message, and coolly replied, "That having shown so lately how little he cared for fourteen cannons, he was not likely now to be much frightened by four." The guns were, of course, never sent, and Henry's conscience was cleared by the declaration.

But brave, courteous, and showy as the King of Navarre was, he had the native faults of a Frenchman. His personal licentiousness constantly made him obnoxious to the high-minded among the Huguenots, and his personal vanity constantly required to be kept in countenance by the flattery of courtiers. D'Aubigné was neither a profligate nor a flatterer, but a bold soldier, who, loving the man, was fully alive to the faults of the prince. Characters of this order seldom take the trouble to disguise themselves, and Henry, unwilling to come to an open quarrel, gradually withdrew all cordiality. On some occasions where the name of his gallant partisan was mentioned with praise, he exhibited discontent; and in one instance, where the action in which Vachonniers fell and D'Aubigné covered the retreat with signal skill was spoken of in high terms, Henry forgot himself so far as to tell the speaker "he lied." The denial, however, was unlucky, for the young officer who had been thus eloquent in honour of his chief, finding his own thus assailed, wrote to his comrades for evidence. The consequence was, that the detail of this daring affair was not only given with more striking particulars, but it was stated that no less than six of the enemy had received wounds in their faces from D'Aubigné, in their attempt to capture him as he lay on the ground,

one of whom he had killed. The garrison of Castel Jaloux also forwarded a request to him that he would suffer them to present a memorial to the King, desiring him to be appointed governor. But he was already disgusted with the court, and displeased with its sovereign. Peace had been proclaimed between the two leading parties; and intending to retire from France altogether, and offer his services to a more grateful prince, he absolutely forbade the proposal. The Palatinate had been the refuge of many Protestants, and there D'Aubigné resolved to fix his rest, under Casimir, the second son of the Elector. He now formally took leave of France and Henry in this manly, yet pathetic, epistle. "Sire, your memory will reproach you with twelve years' faithful attachment, and twelve wounds received in your service. It will make you remember your former confinement at court, and that the hand which addresses these lines to you, broke the bars of your prison. It has disinterestedly served you, unbenefited by you, and uncorrupted by either your enemies or yourself. I hereby recommend you to the favour of God, in whom I hope that my past services will be accepted, and that my future actions will be such as to convince you, that in losing me, you have lost a faithful and a useful servant."

His next act was to set off for Poitou, to sell his estate. In passing through Agen, he found a spaniel, named Citron, which had formerly been a great favourite with Henry, and slept on his bed. The poor animal was now neglected and famishing, but it knew him, and seemed so much rejoiced to see him, that he desired it to be taken care of while it lived, and boarded it with a person of the town. The fate of the spaniel reminded him forcibly of his own; he embodied his sorrows in verse, and had the lines engraved on the collar. Poetry written in these hurried circumstances would be more likely to exhibit the writer's resentments than his skill. But the lines show the powers of a poet. They were these—

"Le fidèle Citron, qui couchait autrefois

Sur votre lit sacré, couche or sur la
dure.
C'est ce fidèle Citrou, qui apprit de
nature,
A faire des ains et des traitres le choix.
"C'est lui qui les brigands effrayoit de
sa voix,
Des dents les assassins; d'où vient
donc qu'il endure
La faim, le froid, les coups, les des-
dains et l'injure,
Paiement contumier du service des rois !
"Sa fierté, sa beauté, sa jeunesse agréable,
Le fit cherir de vous. Mais il fut re-
doutable
A vos haineux, au siens, pour sa dex-
terité.

"Courtisans, qui jettez vos dedaigneuses
vues
Sur ce chien delaissé, mort de faim
par les vus,
Attendez ce loyer de sa fidélité !"

The indignant poet did not write in vain. Within a few days after Henry happened to pass through Agen. As the history of the spaniel had now become public, he desired his old favourite to be brought to him. The lines on the collar struck his eye; he hastily enquired the writer's name; and on being told, coloured with sudden emotion, and exhibited unusual embarrassment. But he had a still stronger reproof to bear than any that could be indicted by his flexible conscience. At the General Assembly of the Protestant chiefs at Foix, the deputies of Languedoc asked him, in the rigid phrase and stern independence of the time, "Where was D'Aubigné, who had saved their province? And what had he done with so faithful a servant of God?" Henry, now forced to give an answer, could only reply, that "he still regarded him as in his service, and would take care to recall him about his person."

But Henry's promise would have been ineffectual, if its object had not possessed all the qualities of that romantic and susceptible age. D'Aubigné was determined on quitting France for ever, and writing "*Ingrata patria*," like another Scipio, for his epitaph. But while he thus passed along to the frontier, "chewing the cud of secret and bitter melancholy," he happened to raise his eyes, where, looking from a case-

ment in the little town of St Gelais, sat M. du Lezay, a young and celebrated beauty. The disconsolate knight was instantly captivated by the bright eyes that shot downward from the window. His journey was forgotten, his wrath against France vanished into thin air; and from that moment he thought only of recommending himself by some new display of chivalry to the lovely being who had thus stopped his pilgrimage. Instead of plunging into the Palatinate, he rode no further than the mansion of the St Gelais, the lords of the town, and then prepared for winning his bride in the true chivalric mode, by beginning his martial adventure. Peace had been proclaimed. But this unfortunate country was never to know peace, or to know it only in the form of exchanging the hostilities of its princes for the violence of individuals, and the shock of the great armies, for the still more harassing, and scarcely less sanguinary conflicts of predatory bands, stimulated by the love of plunder or by private revenge. Among those perpetual enterprises, which neither the throne nor the laws could extinguish, and which covered France with perpetual war, D'Aubigné was soon summoned to acquire the fame which he now sought with double ardour. The whole transaction gives a striking picture at once of the nature of this ceaseless struggle, of its singular demands on the ability and courage of the partisan officers, and of the talent and daring which placed D'Aubigné foremost in the list. A proposal had been privately made to two Limousin gentlemen to deliver up the important town of Limoges to the Huguenots, if a sufficient force were sent to take possession. The Limousins, zealous in the cause, carried the offer to the Sieur de Boulaye, a distinguished Huguenot and soldier, living near St Gelais. He immediately sent for D'Aubigné, as one celebrated for his success in those exploits; and the attempt was too full of distinction to be declined by a man whose sole object now was glory. But his judgment never forsok him, and before he proceeded, he required to see the officer who was to introduce his troops into the town. This traitor, whose name was

Le Mas, was closely questioned by him on the three points—What induced him to make the offer? How he could perform it? And what pledge was he prepared to give of his sincerity? Le Mas had either intended to entrap them from the beginning, or was now struck with the idea of making money or reputation for himself, by drawing them into the power of the garrison of Limoges. But he stood the examination boldly; and D'Aubigné admitted that he had given satisfactory answers to the first two queries; but expressed his doubts of the third. The Lincousins and De Boulaye thought, on the other hand, that all the answers were equally satisfactory, and that Le Mas's honour had been unnecessarily called in question. But the man himself now stepped forward on the side of his examiner, dexterously applauded the strictness of the enquiry, and said that nothing could encourage him more to deal with them in any sense, than to find that they so well understood the necessity of precaution. This openness of speech put an end to all further enquiry, and the troops were ordered to be ready. But D'Aubigné had formed some suspicions which were not to be quieted, and before the troops were hazarded, he gallantly resolved to take his own chance. He accordingly appointed a day to meet the two principal citizens, who were to open the gates; and went, attended but by two or three gentlemen, as travellers, to the suburbs of Limoges, where he had fixed their rendezvous. The partisan war had taught him to try his ground well, and on reaching the spot, he sent his valet into the town, to ascertain whether the streets were cleared of women and children, which he would have justly regarded as an evidence of ambushade. In the mean time, Le Mas came out of the gates to meet him, and D'Aubigné, to try him once more, the moment he reached the spot, drew a pistol from his cloak, and pointing it to his breast, exclaimed, with his fiercest look, "Traitor, you die." But he was unable to confound the practised steadiness of the villain, who calmly putting it aside, told him, that he was not to be frightened by such a

menace, that his brother soldier knew the temper of a soldier too well, and that D'Aubigné himself knew that the fullest confidence was his due. He then gave a plausible explanation of his coming alone; that the two citizens had been detained in the city council by an order just arrived from the Leaguers to send cannon and the greater part of their garrison to attack the town of Figeac, circumstances which, as he observed, would obviously render the attempt on Limoges still easier. D'Aubigné now proposed that he should enter the town, for the purpose of reconnoitring the defences, and remaining there until the four days had elapsed within which he was to make the final arrangements with the two citizens. To this Le Mas readily assented, but observing that their being seen together might excite suspicion, left him, promising to invite an agreeable party to dine with him next day. D'Aubigné felt that something was to be always hazarded in these expeditions, and he proceeded through the town. But his habitual vigilance was still alive, and he knew that the last dependence of the wise and brave man was upon himself; as he went forward, he looked on all sides, and for a while perceived nothing that struck him as indicating treachery. At length he descried one individual, who seemed to hover at a distance wherever he went. The idea instantly occurred that Le Mas had betrayed him, and that this haunter of his steps was a spy. There may be higher occasions for the exercise of presence of mind, but it might be difficult to name one in which that rare quality, even in the most distinguished minds, was more keenly required. The slightest hesitation now would have been death, and the death of such a man would have been equivalent to a victory. His coolness in this anxious emergency was incomparable. Taking out his pocket-book, he immediately began to sketch the fortifications, and thus proceeded slowly through the town, stopping where he might seem to be unperceived, and sketching with the evident unconsciousness of being followed, until he returned to the gates, and then quickly proceeded to the inn where

he had lodged, in the suburbs. His purpose there was, of course, to mount his horse, and be gone at full gallop. But his trial was not yet over. The first person whom he saw in the courtyard was Le Mas, unquestionably come to arrest him. This obstacle, at the moment when all appeared secure, was calculated to embarrass a less adroit understanding. But D'Aubigné, after the moment's surprise, went up to him with his usual animation, took him by the hand, asked his pardon for having harboured any doubt of his sincerity, which "he hoped he would consider excusable, from its hazarding the lives of so many brave men, and among them, the Prince of Condé!" This was a new light flashed upon the traitor, and he listened with increased eagerness to the details of his simple friend. "Yes," said D'Aubigné, growing still more confidential, "all is now ready for the advance of our troops to the town. As to hostages, you need not give any. It will be fully sufficient if you send a couple of your own valets, merely to satisfy the Prince, who intends to be of the party, and for the rest we are perfectly satisfied that you will be of the greatest use to us within the town." While he was speaking the words, the preparation for his seizure and that of his friends, had been made. Forty soldiers were drawn up at the town gate, with the provost at their head, a number of officers of the garrison had gathered round the inn, and had even come into the room where D'Aubigné was, disguised as pedlars and travellers, and offering wares and books for sale, some of which he purchased *malgré*. Escape seemed out of the question. But the happy stroke of mentioning the Prince of Condé's name outwitted them all. Le Mas, on hearing it, immediately returned within the gates, and represented what when they had such a prize in view as the Prince, it would be absurd to throw away their game by seizing a few individuals, whom they would have equally in their power, along with the better part of their troops, in the end. The spy too, was brought forward to say that D'Aubigné had sketched at his ease. This decided the matter. The soldiers returned with-

in the walls, D'Aubigné at last saw them draw up the bridge, and with what feelings of triumphant ridicule at the baffled inventors of this long tissue of fraud and peril we may conceive, and rode full speed to acquaint his friends with his discovery. But there was still to be a dark page in the transaction. To his astonishment he found his hearers by no means satisfied that treachery had been intended; and he reasoned in vain, from the circumstances of the case, and from the evident measures to make himself prisoner. At length, as personal business called him to another quarter, he was forced to be content with their promise that they would not hold any intercourse with the town until his return. Unfortunately, the promise was no sooner made than forgotten. The two Limousin gentlemen in particular were loud in their declarations that D'Aubigné had been premature, and had spoiled a capital design by his hasty suspicions. The result was, that they rashly determined to judge for themselves, set out for Limoges, and see Le Mas. They set out, went to the suburb inn, and had an interview with him. But in the midst of it, the room was suddenly filled with the same officers who had come with their merchandise to D'Aubigné; their swords were secured, they were made prisoners, were carried into the town, and the next day were led to the scaffold.

But those events had the effect of bringing back their hero to the service of Henry. His intrepidity had made him again a public theme, and the Huguenot deputies were importunate in their remonstrances on the loss of so eminent a soldier, who to soldiership united the most unimpeached fidelity to the cause. Henry's nature was volatile but generous, and he wrote no less than four letters to his friend. But the spirit of that friend was high and hurt, he would not suffer them even to be opened. And, finally, through fear of being biassed, threw the four into the fire. But a report having been spread, that in his attempt on Limoges he had been seized and slain, Henry was so much affected, that he lost his night's rest. This was told to D'Aubigné, and he could resist no

longer, but sent to acquaint the prince that he was ready to return. The tidings produced great joy in the little court; the whole body of the young Huguenot nobles came out to meet him on his way. Henry received him with the joy of an old comrade; and he was instantly deep in the royal councils once more. A new war was already resolved upon, and D'Aubigné was one of the four who formed the King's Cabinet in this most anxious time.

Catherine de Medicis was still the virtual Sovereign of France, and it is one of the curious anomalies in human nature, that this woman, personally profligate, corrupt and sanguinary as she was, spent her whole life in the most incessant labours to propagate her religion. It was also probably fortunate for the general independence of Europe, that she raged so furiously against Protestantism in France as to force one half of her kingdom to be in perpetual arms against the other. The whole strength of France, guided by the adroit, unsparing, and sleepless ambition of Catherine, might have subverted half the Continental thrones. But it was her destiny and her punishment to struggle through life against her own subjects, to commit the most hideous crimes for a religion, on even whose lax morality her whole career was a libel, and to feel at once that every additional crime involved a new necessity for rendering herself the abhorrence of mankind, while her boldest achievements in guilt only developed new powers of resistance in her adversaries.

Henry had risen into sudden fame by his exploits during the late war. The policy of the Queen-Mother was now turned from crushing him at the head of the Huguenots, to detaching him from their cause. In August, 1578, under the pretext of escorting the Queen of Navarre to her husband, she made a journey to his headquarters at Guienne. Her first purpose was to beguile him into the surrender of the cautionary towns, the result of which would, of course, have been an instant attack on the Protestants. French diplomacy has always assumed to itself the fame of peculiar skill. But this fame might have been

more largely divided, if its means had been adopted by other nations with the reckless license of France. Catherine always spoke more to the vices than to the reason, or even to the fears of those whom it was her sole purpose to ruin. She came attended by a train of the most attractive but profligate women of her court. Some for the base object of degrading Henry by those habits which his wavering principles were at all times so unable to control; some for more miscellaneous license; some for the insidious purpose of detecting those political secrets which an enamoured Frenchman thinks it a breach of all gallantry to retain from his mistress; all for the general plan of intrigue, personal or public. By such arts worthy of the original tempter, was this dreadful, yet despicable woman, enabled to sustain a crown, which was yet as a crown of fire on her own declining head; to propagate a system of treachery, cruelty, and misery through her country; and to give the tone and last finish to that fatal *fashion* of Libertinism which, acting on the national levity, broke down the Protestant faith, the national vigour, and the national character. The devices of the Queen-Mother were so degraded, that having actually brought, as ladies of her Court, two of those persons with whom Henry had notoriously lived while in a state of durance in Paris, she also provided for the probable change of his fickle propensities by bringing two others expressly to succeed them, if they were required. The rest she sent to scatter surmises, offences, and jealousies among the chief officers and nobles of the party. The consequences were soon obvious in a series of duels and some instances of gross treason. But the still heavier evil was in the disgust with which the Huguenot court was regarded by those who still venerated the pure faith, in the general scorn into which those calumniation threw the cause with the Protestant powers, and still more in those inevitable withdrawals of that highest of all protection, under which they had so long baffled the overwhelming force of Popery.

But Catherine, though succeeding to this fatal and final extent, was continually destined to be mortified

by defeat in her immediate projects. A premature act of treachery awakened Henry. One of his most confidential officers, the governor of La Reole, captivated by the coquetries of a lady of the Queen-Mother's train, agreed to give up the town to her troops. The treason was complete before the intelligence was brought to the headquarters, and La Reole was too strong to be taken by a *coup-de-main*. The King heard of the loss at a ball. And his conduct on this occasion displays a trait of his bold, rapid, and brilliant character. He listened for a moment to the startling news that La Reole was lost; he spoke a few words to his gallant friend the Viscount de Turenne in a whisper, and then sent him through the room to collect such of the officers as could join him, without breaking up the ball. Retiring to their apartments, and putting on their hunting dresses, under which they took their arms, the small party instantly galloped off, under cover of midnight. The nearest royal fortress was Fleurance, and of this the King determined to make himself master, less as an adequate reprisal than to show that he was at last fully aware of the royal treachery. He reached its gates by daybreak, rushed in, took the garrison by surprise, and was in possession of the town, sword in hand, in a few minutes. After this showy exploit, which was worthy of a knight of romance, he galloped back to bring the tidings to Catherine. The measure was decisive of his knowledge of her insincerity; the conferences were broken off, and the King went to besiege the strong fortress of Cahors.

This was one of the proudest exploits of Henry's long life of war. He marched with but 1500 men; the garrison consisted of 2000 troops, besides a strong population of armed citizens. The town was fortified by strong outworks, and every preparative had been made against a siege. Without means for a regular attack, he trusted to the intrepidity of his friends and his own invention, and immediately advanced to the assault. But the governor, Vesine, was a brave and intelligent officer; the number of the besieged was overwhelming, and his first assault was repelled.

A succession of sanguinary affairs followed, which showed nothing but the strength of the place, and the desperate valour of the Huguenots. At last, after an almost continual assault of five days and nights, even their fortitude began to give way, and his officers represented the necessity of retreat. Here Henry, as usual, redeemed his character by those touches of magnanimity which made him the idol of the soldier. Pointing to the wounded, who lay scattered through his camp, "What is to be done with those?" he said, "Can I leave my comrades to be butchered?" To others he answered, "I would sooner die with my friends, than live after they had died for me." His soldiers thus cheered, again rushed to the assault. But though reinforcements probably arrived from time to time, as the siege became more known, their numbers were still too few for success. They were beaten back from the foot of the ramparts by huge stones, and where they partially forced their way into the town, every house was a fortress, at whose doors they were met by the pike; from whose windows they were showered on by the fire of musketry; from whose roofs they were crushed by beams and missiles of every kind. At length the King was severely wounded, and even the troops besought him to put himself at the head of an escort and force a retreat, for his individual security, through the enemy, who were now filling the country. At this time, all were in a state of exhaustion. There were not soldiers enough to allow them an hour for sleep. All were compelled to be on service together; they lay down on the bare ground; when they ate, it was with arms in their hand; their only relaxation was to throw themselves for a few moments on the pavement, or lean against the walls, out of the enemy's fire. Their situation was becoming more perilous still, from the strong probability that the royal armies would be speedily in motion to cut off their whole force. But all remonstrance with Henry was now in vain. Actuated by remoter views and finer impulses than those which could actuate men of inferior condition and capacity, he uniformly replied, that for him,

to retire was no longer possible; that his honour was pledged; that he could listen to no other alternatives than conquest or death. On being further urged on this subject, he gave the conclusive and certainly heroic answer; "What shall befall me is written above; but my retreat out of this city without having taken it, would be more painful to me than the retreat of my soul out of my body." From this period he pushed the siege with still more incessant activity. A succession of desperate encounters followed, in which the King, now determined to be master of the place, or to lay his body in its ditch, fought like a common soldier. His undaunted perseverance at length obtained its reward. The garrison, weary of perpetual assault, much enfeebled in numbers, and so long and unaccountably neglected by the royalist generals, as to lead to the idea of their being forgotten, gave way, and the banners of Navarre were hoisted upon those hard fought walls. But such was the capricious fortune of this strangest of all wars, that Henry, after leaving a garrison in Cahors, and thus adding one of its brightest laurels to his name, had scarcely taken the field again, when he was hunted into Nerac by Marshal Biron, at the head of 4000 infantry and six hundred horse. Now D'Aubigné reappeared, his military skill giving him a showy opportunity of obtaining not only the approbation of the King, but the loud applause of all the ladies of his court, who were gathered together within the walls of Nerac. Biron had followed Henry up to the gates, much to the consternation of the crowd of idlers of both sexes who followed this luxurious sovereign through all his wars. But the Marshal, not content with this insult, pitched his camp in the neighbouring vineyards, so close as to throw shot into the town. While all were in the greatest alarm at the idea of a general sack of the place, D'Aubigné arrived; his nice sense of honour had brought him 300 miles across France to vindicate himself from some injurious reports relative to his conduct in an enterprise against one of the enemy's garrisons. On entering the gates of Nerac, and seeing the general confusion, he immediately

volunteered to reconnoitre the Marshal's force. Choosing forty of his old comrades from the garrison, he sallied out, and with the eye of an experienced tactician observing that the enemy's camp had been pitched on disadvantageous ground, turned his reconnoissance into an attack, and continued it with such spirit and success, that Biron, unacquainted with the state of the garrison, and alarmed for his rear by the harassing nature of those attacks, hastily gave orders to move, and by day-break was no more to be discovered from the walls. This little, but daring sally, raised the gallant partisan into the most universal repute with the ladies, who had expected nothing less than plunder and massacre at the hands of Biron's savage and bigoted levies. He was received, on his return to the town, with general triumph, and was panegyricized as a hero and a *pro* by those lips, whose praise, in all times and lands, is fame. On the peculiar circumstance which had made him take his long journey he adduced such evidence of his being in the right, that the calumny was instantly extinguished, and Henry not only gave him a testimony of his approval under his hand, but, according to the singular manners of the time, privileged him, by his royal authority, to tell any future accuser on the point "that he *bed*."

The continual civil war of France had long reduced the country nearly to the barbarism of the feudal ages. The power of the government was limited to the palace and the camp. Beyond those boundaries every powerful *seigneur* claimed scarcely less than independent authority. Fortresses were held by independent chieftains, who made inroads on each other at their caprice. Peace between the heads of the great parties produced but little tranquillity to the provinces. In various instances the soldiery, let loose from the subordination of the main armies, formed communities of their own, and fought, ravaged, and moved according to their own will. On the breaking up of the brave Chatillon's army by the peace of 1578, a large body of his troops, prevented from returning to the Cevennes by a direct infraction of the treaty, calmly took

their measures for doing themselves justice on the enemy. They divided into two portions, one of which established its quarters at Bruguerolles, and the other at Tezan. Their form of society strongly resembled the romantic habits of the Italian *Condottieri*. They all had their meals together, the captain sitting at the head of the table; mingling a rude religion with their predatory life, they had their chaplain, to whom was assigned the place next the captain. The two officers next in rank sat at the foot of the table, and the others at regulated intervals between the common soldiers. This democratic equality was, however, the more natural, as they were chiefly volunteers from the same province, and friends and relatives. They all wore the same cloth, the officers retaining no distinguishing mark, except that the principal captains displayed a small gold chain round their necks, and the inferiors a red band on their caps. Bold by nature, practised in military movements, and by constant exercise capable of the longest and most rapid marches, they speedily made Marshal D'Amville regret that he had not followed the ancient maxim of making a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy. They were incessantly on his front, flank, or rear, straitened his quarters, and plundered him without mercy. His army, thus harassed, was gradually wasted away till it was near extinction. Such was the power of a few brave men, for their numbers never equalled a thousand; vigorously conducted, and inspired with a determination to punish the lawless treachery which had restrained them from returning to their mountains. their reputation for daring courage was so settled, that all attacks on them were regarded as hopeless; and though their quarters were open towns, yet, like the Spartans of old, their arms were their fortifications; and the only ramparts they required were their hardy bodies and their intrepid hearts. D'Aubigné, in the garrison of Montagne, exhibited a strong similitude to the free and fearless career of those independent hands. He raised a corps of light cavalry, with which he was constantly out on the most adventurous expeditions. Some of those

forays were desperate acts of gallantry, performed in the face of day; others were effected under the protection of night. In one instance, finding himself at nightfall far from his garrison, and failing to obtain provisions in the open country, he had no alternative but to enter a town where a body of the enemy's troops, too strong for his small party to attack, was posted. But his dexterity never failed him. Quietly moving his twenty-seven troopers to the gateway of a large superb inn, he instantly surrounded the house, so as to prevent any escape; entered it, stabled his twenty-seven horses for the night, shut up the fourteen lodgers and servants of the inn together, with a sentinel over them; placed another inside the door, with orders to open it to every new comer, but to let none go out; sat down to enjoy himself with his brave comrades, and after remaining half-a dozen hours within a stone's throw of the garrison till his troop were completely refreshed and rested, ordered all to horse, and moved off unmolested, bidding the prisoners go and acquaint the commandant with the neighbours whom he had so near him, and whom they had so handsomely entertained.

His garrison of Montagne was nearly in the same condition of independence; it seems to have made war and peace for itself; but D'Aubigné's early religious impressions laudably checked the irregularities usual to the life of soldiery. One want, however, they experienced. They had found a difficulty in obtaining a chaplain, and thus remained for a considerable time without divine service. D'Aubigné proposed to cure this evil, and the summary mode which he adopted was characteristic of the mixture of violence and piety which belonged to the age. He took out a troop with him to make prize of a chaplain. Finding that a Huguenot minister resided at St Fulgent, he entered the town, seized the preacher, and by main force carried him off to his garrison. The chaplain, thus roughly inducted, at first was indignant at his compulsory promotion, but a further acquaintance with the circumstances reconciled him to the capture, and he found the garrison so superior in decency and

good conduct to all that he had expected, that he determined to fix himself among them, and there did fix himself until its siege.

The peace was soon regarded on both sides as no more than an armistice, and wherever a feasible opportunity of attack was to be found, it was employed without much veneration for the faith of the "high contracting parties." One of the first fruits of the pacification was a plot to surprise Rochelle, the great fortress of Protestantism in the west. Henry, in alarm at the news, instantly sent for D'Aubigné, and despatched him to put the citizens on their guard. He reached the city with all haste, and, to his chagrin, found them, with the usual vanity of citizen-soldiers, rather contemptuous of his opinion of their danger. He had first desired them to appoint three persons to communicate with him on the subject of his despatches; the Town Council looked on this as derogatory to their dignity, and desired him to state the matter to them all, "as all were equally worthy to be intrusted with any secret." D'Aubigné's reply, couched in the tone of the time of Puritanism, was, "That even in the company of the apostles, there was a Judas;" and on the strength of this maxim he told them that they might do as they pleased, but that he would leave the city. They then appointed the deputation of three, and he led them to the subterranean grating by which the enemy's troops were to be let into the streets. They found all the bars, except two, filed asunder. The discovery was unluckily made known, and the plotters escaped. But the citizens had exhibited so much supineness on this occasion, that the plot was resumed, and within the month intelligence was again conveyed to the Huguenot headquarters that troops were raised, and actually on the march against Rochelle. There was now no time to be lost, and the indefatigable D'Aubigné was again sent to awake the city warriors. But he had seen enough of the wisdom of town councils, and he resolved to strike the blow in his own person. He took with him but ten soldiers, and with this small escort he set out to accomplish his object. Finding that

the enemy's corps, under Lausac and the Viscount D'Aubeterre, marched only in the night, for the purpose of surprise, he joined the march, and continued with them until, discovered, night after night, retreating to the covert of the thickets; the dawn came on, until they had arrived within a march of Rochelle. This operation must have required perpetual vigilance and remarkable dexterity, when we recollect that it was to outwit the outwitters, partisan against partisan, stratagem against those who were to carry every thing by stratagem. On the last night D'Aubigné made a rapid and circuitous march, and arriving within the gates of Rochelle, he gave the citizens at last sufficient proof that they were in danger. But this was not the sum of his services on the occasion. Asking for some light troops of the garrison, he immediately returned on his route, and meeting his old night companions under the viscount, while they were in full expectation of surprising the city, threw his small corps into the woods, and commenced so heavy a fire upon their advance, that the whole body were brought to a stand. He still pushed their troops, until the viscount, unable to discover the force by which he was attacked, and naturally convinced that his design was hopeless, so far as it depended on surprise, gave orders for retreat, and the expedition was at an end.

His next employment was of a diplomatic kind, more delicate, and, perhaps, not less perilous than the shock of pike and sabre. Margaret of Navarre, adopting her mother's licentiousness without her hypocrisy, had begun to scandalize even the relaxed morals of the Court of the Tuileries. The King, her brother, ordered her to return to her husband; and, probably for the purpose of discovering some of those political intrigues which at the French Court in all ages have been mingled with personal vice, sent a troop of archers after her, who stopped her on the road, searched her carriage, and carried off some of her attendants. Henry, as King of Navarre, affected to be indignant at the attack, and remonstrated by Du Plessis, but in vain. He next sent

D'Aubigné. The service might have cost him the Bastille or his head. But, with his habitual daring, he went. The French King was arrogant and impetuous. The envoy met him with a spirit as fearless as his own. "Go tell your master," said the King, "that if he comes this way, I shall lay such a burden upon his shoulders as the Grand Signior himself would not be able to bear." "Sire," was the calm and plain reply, "my master was reared, and has grown in honour under the very burden with which you threaten him. Do him justice, and he will serve you with his life, his fortune, and his friends; but his honour he will never sacrifice to you, sire, nor to any prince alive, so long as he has *an inch of sword in his hand*." His boldness astonished or awed the King so much, that he suffered him to leave the palace unmolested. But this mood soon gave way to that dastardly revenge, which had so frequently quieted the objects of royal wrath. A party of horse were sent to waylay him on his journey. But this danger was fortunately evaded. Parties were so mingled in France, that but few state secrets could be kept. Two of the Court, friends of the envoy, gave him notice of the ambush, and, by turning in another direction, he arrived at headquarters in safety. His embassy had there been looked on as so dangerous, that his friend the Baron St Gelais had pledged himself never to let his beard be shaved, until he saw him return. On his first announcement Henry showed the unceasing pleasantry of his character, by immediately sending an attendant to the long-bearded baron, to tell him, that "now he might call in his barber."

Henry himself had a still narrower escape soon after. Intelligence had been brought to him that he was to be attacked by an assassin, who had lately been presented with a fine horse, worth 600 crowns. Nothing more than this was known, and the King's sagacity was thenceforth left to protect itself. The opportunity was at hand. One of his officers having given him notice of the quartering of a company of recruits in a town at some distance, Henry proposed to visit them in person, and

took care that his intention should be universally known. Next morning he rode there, attended only by D'Aubigné and two other gentlemen. When about half way, and while riding at speed, they observed a gentleman coming towards the party on a peculiarly handsome horse. The rider was M. Gavaret, known as a Huguenot. The King, unwilling to charge a man of his appearance with so atrocious a crime, still unproved, and yet having a strong suspicion that he was the man, immediately fixed upon this simple, but perfectly sufficient test. Riding straight up to Gavaret, and thus taking him by surprise, the party surrounded him; when passing some compliments on the beauty of his horse, Henry asked if he were as good as he was handsome. Gavaret launched out into praises of the animal, "Oh, then," said the King, "I should like to mount and try him." Whatever reluctance his rider might have felt at the moment, was put an end to by the evident determination of the party that the trial should be made. His countenance betrayed that he was alarmed, for he grew pale and hesitated. However, he dismounted, and the King sprang into the saddle. Then, reining up the spirited animal, he drew from the holsters two pistols, which he found not only loaded, but ready cocked. Gavaret, who naturally expected to have had them discharged into his brain, saw the generous King turn round and fire them into the air, then gallop off to the quarter of the recruits, crying out to him, that if he went there, he might have his horse again. It subsequently appeared that the intended assassin, though nominally a Huguenot, had gone over to the League, and had intended to give effect to his introduction, by the honour of first shooting the King of Navarre.

The history of the Protestant Church in France remarkably exhibits the moral, that Providence never deserts the Church till the Church deserts itself. Every hour of its existence now seemed full of ruin. The power of the kingdom, the wild prejudices of the countless majority of the population, the angry ambition of the great military leaders, the sleepless virulence of the Papal throne, the inveterate determination

of the Popish sovereigns to extinguish it utterly, was heaping a weight of hostility upon it which man was incapable of resisting. But the spirit of Protestantism was still incorrupt in France, and, among the irregularities almost habitual to a life of warfare, there were virtues worthy of their cause, and among the reckless sons of the camp there were to be found men of sincere piety, manly conviction, and pure principle;—statesmen and patriots fit to adorn and sustain the noblest interests of men and nations. Their history bears frequent resemblance to the vicissitudes of the early Christians. "Cast down but not destroyed," broken, but incapable of being undone, they might be pictured in almost the language of the apostle. In the midst of their deepest dejection, some strange chance, if chance it must be called, nerved them with new vigour, changed their dejection into confidence, and sent them forth to contend once more for the right, until the contest closed in victory.

The human means of those singular changes were the feuds in the enemy's councils; the King's jealousy of the Guisards, the Guisards' jealousy of the Queen-Mother, and the general distrust with which every leading man regarded his fellow, in a country where treachery had become a rule of action: assassination kept every life in fear, and the only alternative of the inferior multitude was treason or slavery. Perhaps no government of a civilized nation ever exhibited more helpless perplexity than the government of this proud, brilliant, and powerful country in 1585, as no population, in any period from the Barbarian invasions, suffered more substantial misery. The French Republic was alone to exceed the Monarchy of this era, and the distinction lay only in the sweeping superiority of massacre in the hands of the populace, to the devastation of the sword in the hands of the soldier. Peace had been frequently made by the alarms and dissensions of this divided court, at the moment when a continuance of the war must have ruined the Huguenot hopes. And now the French King actually solicited the alliance of Henry, when the strength of that prince was reduced to a few follow-

ers, and when a single vigorous effort might have extinguished him for ever. The Lorraine family had become the virtual sovereigns of France. The Duke of Anjou, the next heir to the throne, had died suddenly. The name of Guise was irresistible with the whole Romish multitude, with the priesthood, and with the vast body of soldiery which then formed the moving principle of French politics. The King felt himself thrown totally into shade by those towering subjects; and to restore a portion of its earlier beams to the royal person, he determined to shine by the lustre of the King of Navarre. The conferences were long, in which he pronounced Henry the hope of the kingdom, his heir, and the bulwark of the throne against the ambition of a daring family of domestic usurpers. But there was one fatal condition—Henry must turn Roman Catholic. The French King, though a consummate profligate, was a consummate bigot; violating all religion, he was violent for the honour of Popery, and scolding the very name of morals, he pledged soul and body to the universal supremacy of the mass. The succession to the throne shook Henry; he first shrank from the proposal of changing his religion, he then promised to consider the subject; it was at length announced that he had determined to visit the King in Paris.

The intelligence struck the Huguenot chiefs with astonishment and alarm. But here the solid sense and rough honesty of D'Aubigné were conspicuous. Knowing that M. Ségur was the chief royal adviser to this kingly defection, he stopped him as he was passing through a crowded apartment of Henry's quarters, and suddenly forcing him towards a window which opened on a rocky depth below, said to the startled Minister, "Sir, I am commissioned by all the brave and honest gentlemen whom you see in this hall, to tell you, *that this is the leap you must take*, the day your master and ours sets out for the court of France."

The conversion of Henry was delayed; yet the Huguenots saw the French King, without farther stipulation, throwing his weight into their scale. Their cause was thus suddenly raised into the rank of arbiter of

France. The Leaguers, already determining to alter the succession, and give the crown, on the King's death, to the Cardinal of Lorraine, published a manifesto against the monarch, under the old pretence of reforming the national abuses. Henry raised an army to protect the rights of the King, and the crown figured on the standards of those who, a month before, had been pronounced rebels to the throne. The new state of affairs required new councils, and Henry convened the Huguenot chiefs to decide on the important question, whether they should join the King's troops, as private inclination might dictate and in a private capacity, or call the whole Huguenot force to arms, under the Huguenot banners, and take their part in the contest, as the public body of Protestantism. The discussion was long and anxious, twenty of those brave men out of the sixty assembled coincided with the Viscount de Turenne, a name of high authority and military distinction, in the proposal of waiting for events; of avoiding publicity, and of leaving every man to adopt his own course for the royal aid. But D'Aubigne with more spirit, more sagacity, and more high mindedness, strongly protested against this opinion. His speech has been partially preserved, and it is so little like the fantastic style of his countrymen, so untheatrical, yet so ardent; so simple, yet so solid, that it might have been spoken by a Greek philosopher, or an English statesman, before sophistry stained the one character, or faction perverted the other. The national peculiarity is completely sobered and purified by the dignity of a religious mind. "Sire," exclaimed this gallant example of a champion for the faith, "it is impossible for me, as the servant of our great cause, as a native of our country, and as a soldier of your majesty, to adopt the advice which has now been given. By the oath, sire, that I have taken to God, to His cause, and to yourself, I pronounce this day, that to throw a doubt on the justice of our former wars, would be to trample under foot the ashes of our martyrs and the blood of our brave fellow-soldiers; to cover with ignominy the tombs of our princes and heroic chieftains; and to involve in

the guilt of traitors those who survive, and who have dedicated their lives to God. What would this be but to call in question His justice who has so far blessed their arms with success, as to enable them to treat with kings on the common rights of mankind, to curb the violent persecutions with which they were afflicted in all places, and to obtain some times of peace for their church and country. But I talk no more of the past. This is no time to talk of periods which can present us with nothing but churches, towns, and families ruined by the perfidy of our enemies and the pusillanimity of those who sought to excuse themselves from the labours and the dangers to which God is sometimes pleased to call his servants." To the argument, "the array of the Huguenot forces would inspire the King with suspicion, and suspicion be the parent of hate," his answer was rational and powerful. "Would to Heaven that his hate were only now to begin. But, we are told, if he hates you he will destroy you. What have we to fear? If we have not yet felt the full strength of that hate, are we not to congratulate ourselves on having been able to create the fear which has sheltered us from its effects? Happy are those, who, by teaching fear to their enemies, can thus prevent their own ruin.—Miserable are those who draw it on themselves by inspiring contempt. We are soldiers. Are we alone to remain unarmed, when all France besides is calling to arms? Are we to allow our troops to forget us and our command, by mingling in the ranks of a party essentially hostile to our cause? But let us look to a still higher consideration. If we suffer our soldiers to take service, as chance or interest may guide, we tempt them to total change of principle. In the ranks of the other armies they fight for their pay. In ours, the cause is all; they fight for the reward of conscience, the conviction of their having defended the right, and been soldiers of the true religion; even, in the most common point of view, the desire of martial honour. Shall our young nobles see among us only examples of inglorious inactivity? We may sink their

courage below the lowest of the vulgar. But how shall we again kindle the flame of heroism within their hearts? Or what is to become of our princes of the blood, and the principal men of our side? Shall they give up to their hereditary enemies the troops and the authority which they have gained by intrepid conduct in the field?" After this striking and natural appeal, which must have gone deep into the bosom of every man capable of comprehending the dignity of the Huguenot cause, he slightly, but with true knowledge of the national heart, turned the master-key that opens every intricacy of the native Gaul. "But," said he, "one remark is still to be remembered.—We have been publicly called on to show our *humility*;—Our humility! Well, let us show it, but let not its proofs be accompanied by meanness. Let us place ourselves in the position in which we may be capable of serving the King of France when his distresses shall call upon us. Yes, and of serving ourselves too when we shall be distressed. Let us swear fidelity to him, but let it be with our gauntlets on our hands. Let us lay, not our fears, but our victories at his feet. It is our destruction which the Leaguers have not hesitated to avow as their pretence for shaking off the royal authority. What compromise can we have with them? Our swords alone must awe those whom the sceptre is unable to control. One word more. Let us remain unarmed, and the King of France will despise us. If he despise us, he will join our enemies. If he join them, both will fall upon us; and, unarmed, disunited, and forgotten, we shall be ruined. On the other hand, if we arm, we shall become of importance in the King's eyes. This importance will lead him to rely on our help, and thus united, we shall inevitably be able to reduce our enemies to reason."

This address was heard with infinite delight by Henry, to whom the coming of war was as the sound of the trumpet to the war-horse. The Viscount de Turenne's pacific advice was instantly and justly overruled, for however the original assumption of arms by the Huguenots had been contrary to the true prin-

ciples of a religious cause, their now abandoning them would have had the direct result of public and personal destruction. All was the arbitrement of the sword, and no man could sleep on his pillow in safety without that sword hung above his head for protection. Henry issued commissions on the spot to the principal chiefs to raise regiments in their provinces, and Saintonge and Poitou were the districts appointed to D'Aubigné. He set out without delay, hoisted the standard of the Faith among the brave gentlemen of his kindred and cause, and was soon surrounded by a band of gallant comrades ready to attempt any enterprise that could be achieved by high hearts and vigorous hands.

But D'Aubigné was essentially a partisan officer; capable of bearing the severest fatigue, delighting in a life of adventure, personally daring to the highest degree, active of frame, and singularly skilled in all exercises of arms, he was made for the midnight march, for the dexterous surprise, and for those sudden and furious assaults of posts and ramparts, which call forth all the bodily and mental qualities of the individual. Those formed his marked distinction; those his talent; and those too, in some degree, the source of all his military faults. He found an irresistible temptation in the prospect of an enterprise, let the object be what it might. With the spirit of the hunter, he could never resist the hearing that the game was nigh. He was on foot instantly, and he pursued his dangerous enjoyment often to the height of the most unproductive hazard. But there must be all orders of character in a cause which summons all the daring spirits of a nation; and if others were designated to lead armies and achieve campaigns, he often rendered those important services with a flying column, or with a few squadrons of active cavalry, which baffled the great army, and changed the face of the campaign. One of those slight, but desperate and interesting exploits, made his name resound through France immediately on his resumption of arms.

His drums were sounding and colours waving through the fields of the Augoumois, when he heard that

a force of four Romish regiments had been despatched to extinguish his ambition in the shape of raising levies for Navarre. Those troops were under the command of La Motte, an officer of reputation among the Leaguers. D'Aubigné, with his usual rapidity of movement, proposed to attack him at once, and, with his usual disdain of difficulties, proposed to make the assault direct upon the headquarters of his brigade, in the town of Contre. He communicated immediately with his tried and gallant friend, St Gelais; and leading out a handful of men, 120 infantry and 15 horse, but all on whose discipline, in that early stage of their equipment, they could rely, set forth privately on the expedition. If glory is to be measured by disproportion of odds, few actions of the war were more entitled to the name of glorious. His difficulties began with the very first step of the movement. A change had already taken place in the positions of the enemy, of which, by some ill luck, he had not obtained any information; and when his advanced guard were hurrying through the thickets in the full hope of surprising La Motte in his sleep, they suddenly found themselves in front of two of his regiments, which had been posted half way, and had intrenched themselves in the town of Maude. In those days of perpetual war, every village was a fortification, and every town a place which required a regular siege. The skirmishers in front were first aware of the presence of an enemy by a heavy fire which fell on them from all sides. But they were brave, and the fire only urged them to rush on; partially driving in their opponents, they reached the intrenchments, and there the heaviness of the fire convinced them at last that they had to deal with a force altogether superior to their own. D'Aubigné, who had been till now in the rear, came up, and saw, that to achieve his object by surprise was no longer possible. He took his determination at once. To retreat might have been prudent in ordinary circumstances, but this his higher objects forbade. A repulse, in the beginning of a war, might have paralyzed his efforts for the whole campaign, and would probably have

driven him from the province. He put himself at the head of his men, and, by a daring effort, broke into the trenches, and drove their defenders into the town. But here his difficulties thickened. He found every house fortified, each requiring an assault, his troops falling, and the enemy, in expectation of succours, disputing every inch of ground. Time was now every thing, for the firing had roused the country, and La Motte, with his whole force, might be looked for every moment. Additional difficulties soon crowded on him; for a large party of his soldiers, first sheltering themselves from the shower of fire that poured from the windows and roofs, and next scattering, to plunder in the skirts of the town, had left him to fight the battle nearly by himself. On looking round, at the moment when the enemy's commandant had collected a body of troops to regain his lost ground, he could see but about twenty of his men. The enemy, thus encouraged, rushed on, and drove him from the principal house in which the commandant had fixed his headquarters. All was now on the point of ruin. Gathering the few that remained to him, he pointed to their only hope of safety. He then sprang forward into the fire; burst in the door of a house adjoining the commandant's, broke through the wall, and, followed by his brave comrades, in another moment threw combustibles into it, and saw it a sheet of flame. This manoeuvre was successful. The officer and troops who had taken possession of the house, were so terrified by this new enemy, that they threw down their arms.

But the affair had become more doubtful than ever. The firing had already continued two hours, and La Motte, with a detachment of his brigade, numbering twice the original force of D'Aubigné, was coming, full speed, to the succour of the town. His friend, St Gelais, who had remained with the cavalry to cover the attack, saw him coming, and unable to reach him, sent him instant notice of this overwhelming danger, and implored of him to retire as fast as possible. But this was now hopeless. The messenger found him bringing out of the burn-

ing house, La Grange, the captain and soldiers whom he had taken. He sent them to St Gelais, and had scarcely led them through the flames, when he himself, with his eighteen men, had no alternative but to surrender to the enemy's fresh column, which came pouring through the gate, or be burned alive. Death or disgrace was the choice. Without an instant's hesitation, he rushed into the burning building, and, with the flames gushing round him, threw his devoted soldiers into the casements, and poured such a discharge on the advancing column, as brought it to a stand. But where noble hearts exist, they will always show themselves, and a slight trait of his conduct on this occasion, might place him among the highest ranks of human magnanimity. The whole number of the troops who had previously driven him out of this post, had not been taken prisoners, and when D'Aubigné rushed in a second time, he found that no less than thirteen of the Leaguers had remained. They were thus nearly equal in number to his own men. They had either refused or eluded a capitulation. Life with him and his seemed nearly at a close; and a few minutes more would probably see this bravest of the brave and all his comrades, crushed under the falling beams of the pile. The first cry of his men was, that the Romish soldiers should be put to the sword. But he had learned even his soldiership in a nobler school. He would not suffer a hair of their heads to be touched; but taking away their weapons, made due use of them, by sending them to the upper apartments, under a guard, to assist in keeping down the flames. The conflagration, however, soon became so powerful, that their only resource was a large store, or appendage to the building, into which they retreated, and where, the door being already burnt down, its only barricade was two dead bodies! La Motte now made a determined assault upon this forlorn hope. D'Aubigné, on this sight, gave up all hope of retreat, and taking a pike in his hand, and ordering some of his companions to do the same, exclaimed, "Die we must, but let us die nobly," and rushed forward. The

pike, one of the most formidable of all weapons in the hands of determined men, produced effects to which the musket might have been unequal. The enemy coming up in a narrow front, were driven back hand to hand, with the loss of nine slain. They made the attack a second time, and left seven more on the ground. La Motte, furious at this discomfiture, ordered a third; but his troops hung back, and left the flames to finish the day, exclaiming, "The fire will do the business. Let them burn in their hole like foxes."

Still D'Aubigné refused all offers of surrender, and on another assault, in which he ran the two foremost through with his pike, having failed, the little garrison were given up to the effects of the fire and stones which were falling upon them from the adjoining building, and which placed them in such danger of suffocation, that they were compelled, one by one, to creep into a little court to take a gasp of fresh air, and then return to light and die.

Yet, in the midst of war, the French have often distinguished themselves by a chivalric generosity, and La Motte, pitying the situation of brave men, who were evidently resolved to perish rather than yield, sent them some bread and wine; telling them at the same time, that their condition was hopeless, and that their friends under St Gelais had been defeated in every attempt to make an impression on his forces. This was the fact, for St Gelais had concluded that they were hurried to death, and had remained in the neighbourhood of the town only for an opportunity to avenge their death. But a soldier of the Leaguers calling out accidentally to an acquaintance among his troopers that the besieged "could hold out no longer," revived his hopes; and, making a sudden attack on La Motte's outposts, he alarmed that officer so much for the safety of his rear, that he proposed to exchange La Grange and his men, for D'Aubigné and the survivors in the town. The messenger was sent into the house, but D'Aubigné's mind was made up, never to retreat with a stain upon his honour. Though half dead with fatigue, heat, hunger, and thirst,

for the fight had lasted eleven hours, he refused to acknowledge any capitulation. "If he ever left this spot, he must leave it, as he came, free." At length, it was arranged that La Motte should march half a league from the town, until D'Aubigné had carried off his killed and wounded, and then La Motte might return and carry off those lost on his side. The Huguenot Captain then marched out, to the astonishment of all who saw his small force, leaving 160 of the enemy—a number exceeding his whole force—dead in the streets—a melancholy monument of the effects of civil war, yet giving resistless testimony to the indomitable courage of the great partisan by whom a defence so desperate had been achieved.

But a signal change was soon to take place in the Huguenot fortunes. The King of France had, at length, broken off his alliance with the Guises, and joined Henry. Their united armies, amounting to 30,000 good troops, marched to storm the rebellious capital, and the provinces were at their mercy. But the spirit of superstition had another champion in reserve. Jacques Clement, a monk of the order of Jacobins, stimulated at once by the love of glory and of revenge, determined that his countrymen should owe their deliverance to his single arm. The King was in his tent at St Cloud, when, at an early hour in the morning, he was informed that a monk earnestly desired to see him. His nature was singularly superstitious, and to him evil could not take the colour or covering of the Romish priesthood; though notoriously profligate, he was anxious to be thought a saint, and he knew that popularity with the friars was the grand channel to the hearts of the multitude. He ordered that the monk should have entrance. Clement was brought in, advanced to the King, presented a letter to him, and while he was in the act of looking over it, drove a dagger into his bosom. The King sprang from his seat at the blow, and plucking the weapon from the wound, stabbed him in the face. But the outcry had now spread through the camp, the royal attendants rushed in, and the monk was cut

to pieces among them in a moment. All the chiefs of the army assembled, with the King of Navarre, in the royal tent, but the wound was borne with such apparent fortitude by the monarch, that they soon separated. At night, however, his pain became agonizing, and the King sent an express to Henry at Mardou to tell him, that he must come instantly if he expected to find "Henry of France" alive! As they entered the tent, they found him dying, and in a few minutes he breathed his last, declaring the King of Navarre heir to the French throne (Aug. 1, 1589).

Catherine, the Queen-Mother, had expired early in the same year (January 5). This daring and profligate, yet most remarkable woman, had died of a broken heart. Governing her sons by corruption, subduing her enemies by perfidy, and ruling over her people by terror, she successively gained all the objects of power, yet only to exhibit all the miseries of ambition. Gifted with singular abilities, she wasted them on the profitless toils of political intrigue. Capable of raising France to the highest rank of European prosperity, she turned it into a place of blood and ruin by her remorseless spirit of persecution; and endowed by nature with every faculty for fame, she transmitted only a memory whose vices, cruelties, and treacheries still make her a proverb among mankind.

The exultation of the Papists on the King's murder was scandalous and universal. The Parisians proposed to erect a statue to the assassin in the cathedral of Notre Dame. The priests from the pulpit proclaimed him a martyr!—his image was actually placed on several of the altars, to be worshipped by the people!—and when the King of Navarre drew off his forces, the people poured out in crowds to St Cloud, to bring away fragments of the clay which had been marked with his blood. His body they could not turn into relics, for it had been instantly consumed to ashes. But the most scandalous and profligate act of this whole scene of abomination was perpetrated by the highest authority of all—the Head of the Romish Church!—the Popish God of this

world! the great Infallible! *—Pope Pius V., immediately on receiving the account of the royal murder, declared his rejoicing by a studied and public panegyric on the monk by whom it was done, pronounced the act "sublime, and so far above human suggestion or power, that it must have been the direct impulse of the saints in heaven;" and finished this tissue of brutality and blasphemy by pronouncing the unfortunate victim of the Popish dagger unworthy to be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers. Has Popery changed since then? Is it not the boast of Popery that it is incapable of change? If it thus triumphed in the use of the dagger then, why shall it not equally applaud assassination in every other age? Is it not to the innate influence of that hideous corruption of Christianity that we owe the perpetual tendency to secret murder in every Popish country, where the influence of the popular superstition is not kept down by the strong hand of a military despotism? Of what are the murderous habits born, that make Spain a country of assassins,—that make murder a profession in Italy,—and that sanction it as a political principle in Ireland? Of what but the furious bigotry of a false religion, which, pronouncing all men heretics except the slaves of Popery, and all heretics devoted to eternal flames, sows an eternal enmity between the brotherhoods of mankind, strips human life of all respect, and justifies the breach of the first law of society—"Thou shalt do no murder"—by a hypocritical zeal for the honour of heaven?

D'Aubigné was still in the vigour of life—for he was but forty-three—in the fatal year when Henry, abandoning all his principles, accepted the crown of France on the guilty condition of changing his religion. D'Aubigné remonstrated against this apostasy boldly, powerfully, and even pathetically; but the King of Spain's proposal to place the Infanta Clara Eugenia, or one of the Guises, on the throne—the persuasions of his mistress, Gabrielle, created Duchess of Beaufort, who

hoped that Popery would supply him with a divorce, and thus enable him to make her a queen—and the unsettled religious feelings of a mind stained and dissolved by perpetual libertinism—made Henry risk all for a diadem. He apostatised at the Romish altar, July 25, 1593.

If mankind still required the evidence of the *fruitlessness* of a crime against conscience, the fate of this prince was destined to furnish it in the amplest manner. His accession did its work of good in the establishment of the Edict of Nantes (April, 1598), which gave Protestantism a measure of toleration. But his reign was disturbed with conspiracy—his life was attempted by assassination—his domestic peace was tormented by the revelries of women—and, finally, at the moment when a long prospect of national renown seemed to open on him, in the grand federation of Europe, with himself at its head, and in the festivity for the coronation of his new queen, Mary de Medici, he was stabbed to the heart by one of the professors of that fatal faith for which he had abandoned his own. The hand of the Jesuit Ravallier extinguished at a blow all his pleasures, his prospects, and his ambition (May 14, 1610).

During the long course of those transactions, D'Aubigné showed himself the same man of sincerity and virtue. He left the court, and joined himself to the assemblies of the Huguenots, then struggling for the existence of their church. But he was occasionally summoned by the King; and there exhibited all the firmness and fortitude of a pure and noble mind. Henry, one day, when no one was present but Gabrielle d'Étrec, showed him the scar on his lip, from a wound which had been lately given him by an assassin—Jean Chastel. "Sire," said this intrepid Christian, "you have yet renounced God only with your lips, he has therefore suffered only your lip to be pierced; but if ever you renounce him with your heart, in your heart will the wound be

* Those monstrous facts are distinctly and unanswerably stated by the most impartial and authentic of all French historians, De Thou.—V. P.

given." The King said nothing to this bold speech; but Gabrielle cried out, "A thought finely expressed, but ill applied." "True, madam," said D'Aubigné to her gravely, "because it will have no effect." Shortly after, at the siege of La Fere, the King was seized with an illness, which alarmed him so much that he again sent for D'Aubigné, and ordering the chamber door to be locked, and after they had twice joined in prayer, he asked him to say plainly, in that hour of his extremity, whether he thought that "he" (the King) "had ever committed the unpardonable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost?" D'Aubigné would have declined the office as above his learning, and advised the summoning of a Huguenot minister. But the King insisted on his answer, and he then described the sin by *four nouns*, which say more for his sincerity than his theological erudition. Those were, the commission of the sin with knowledge—the wilful adoption of religious error—the absence of compensation—and the despair of mercy. Some of those points struck hard on Henry's apostasy,—and the conference lasted four hours, during which they joined in prayer not less than six times. But of all temperaments a volatile nature is the least fitted for true impressions of religion. Henry's illness took a favourable change next day; he rose from his bed, galloped to the field, reviewed his troops, danced among his mistresses, and with the old moral of the penitence produced by fear, was the most brilliant, and most incurable of kingly profligates once again. The war with Spain was discussed in the Council, and D'Aubigné advised an invasion of the country. Henry replied with the adage, which has been so strikingly true in every subsequent war.—"Whoever enters

Spain with a small army will be beaten—and whoever enters it with a large one will be starved." But their old conferences were not forgotten, and, on parting, Henry said, "D'Aubigné, deceive yourself no longer. I am persuaded that my temporal and spiritual life is in the hands of the Pope, whom I sincerely acknowledge as Christ's Vicar on earth." Astonished and shocked at this final declaration, he left the royal presence, and from that moment solemnly pronounced the King undone. The whole narrative has almost a *judicial* impression. "I now see," said he to all his friends, "that the King's great designs will pass away in vapour. I even dread danger for his life, since he has trusted to a mortal for its preservation." The prognostic was too speedily fulfilled; and so strong was D'Aubigné's confidence in the nature of this calamity, that when he was told that Ravallac's knife had struck the King's throat, "No," said he, recurring to his remark on the wound by Chastel, "I am sure it was not in the throat. It must have been in the *heart*."

His own career was now rapidly approaching to a close. The Huguenot cause in France rapidly decayed, with the renewal of national luxury and the dependence of the Huguenot nobles on the Court. The bold spirit died with its purity; the Popish power became irresistible; and D'Aubigné was glad to find an honourable retreat in Geneva, where he had been summoned to aid in the defence of the little Protestant republic. There he lived in peace and peculiar honour till his death in 1630, after eighty years of the life of a brave soldier, a wise counsellor, and a sincere, powerful, and successful champion of the Protestant cause.

FANNY FAIRFIELD.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

"This is the prettiest low born lass, that ever
Ran on the greenward."

Walter, T. the

FANNY FAIRFIELD was as pretty a girl as you should see on a summer day; and as good a girl—and as clever a one. Alas!—but for *that*—that fatal gift of an uncommon capacity, she might have been as happy as she was fair and good.

That "*fatal gift*," did I say? The words were hastily, unwisely spoken. Who giveth power of whatever nature but God only? And can his gifts be evil? It is of us—and through us—by our unthrift, or unworthy use of them alone, that they ever become such in the application; working out our woe, instead of the happiness they were designed to promote.

Yet is it undeniable, that superior endowments, whether personal or mental, may become a snare to the possessor, the ruling principle of whose heart and mind is other, or less, than the love and fear of God.

Great and serious indeed is their responsibility, on whom nature, or circumstances, or, more properly speaking, Providence, has devolved the guidance of highly gifted youth! And yet how thoughtlessly, how recklessly do we see it oftentimes assumed, in cases of peculiar difficulty; over young, and ardent, or tender spirits, in whom the predominance of the imaginative faculty, combined with acute sensibility, requires the mental tonics, rather than the cruel forcing of injudicious encouragement, and unwholesome stimulants.

How much especially does it behove the discoverers and fosterers of early genius in the lower classes of society, to take thought for the future, before they assume the responsibility of patronage; to consider well how far it may be for the real welfare of the youthful object of their solicitude to bring forward intellectual qualities of a refined and imaginative character, the high cultivation of which may be incompatible with the cheerful fulfilment of

humble duties in that station of life in which it has pleased Providence to place them. And if, in the fervour of benevolent enthusiasm, they assure themselves that they shall be influentially successful in transplanting the lowly flower from its cottage shade and shelter to expand in the full sunshine of public notice and favour, do they even then make provision for the uncertain duration of that sunshine—for the fleeting nature of popular encouragement—the instability of fashionable favour? Alas! even for the slackening of zealous kindness—the cooling of generous impulses—and that revulsion of feeling into which they commonly lapse, resulting in weakness, indifference, and neglect? Do they make provision for the uncertainty of such patronage, and for that of their own lives? And if, on all these deplorable points, they can satisfy themselves that they are justified in adhering to their purpose; are they even then quite confident, that in awakening new tastes, new feelings, and new desires in the heart of the young cottager, they shall bestow an equivalent for the contented simplicity, and homely happiness, she was born to under the roof of her poor parents? And above all, do they—*do* they take upon themselves the far more important spiritual guardianship of the inexperienced creature, whom they are about to place in the front rank of exposure to trial, temptation, and danger?

Oh! pause, and reflect on all these things, and consider well, as those who must give an account hereafter, ye who are about to take upon yourselves a responsibility, involving consequences of such serious moment to the temporal and eternal welfare of a fellow-creature.

The early benefactress of Fanny Fairfield (true and fitting *Helpmeet* to the venerable Rector of Holywell) had well and wisely revolved

these matters in her mind; and though she failed not to notice with discriminating interest the indications of peculiar intelligence, and even early poetic talent, in her little scholar—almost the youngest child of the parish school, of which, before the general organization of national schools, Mrs Clifford was the unwearied and judicious superintendent, and most efficient patroness—she repressed the impulse which would have led her to indulge her own taste and feeling by drawing forth and encouraging the uncommon powers of the lovely and engaging child, whose lot in life had been appointed by Providence among the lowly—the poor—and the laborious.

But though Mrs Clifford, so actuated, abstained from all but the most cautious encouragement of her young pupil's imaginative powers, far from her was the narrow-minded prejudice, which supposes safety in ignorance alone, and refuses the means of acquiring useful and saving knowledge to any rational and accountable creature. To imbue the mind of the little Fanny with that wisdom from above, the highest and holiest, adapted to all states, and attainable by all capacities, was the first and most strenuous aim of her kind benefactress; her endeavour, in the second instance, to induce habits of order, neatness, and industry; to which valuable qualifications, it must be confessed, the small damsel's natural propensities did by no means "seriously incline." And although Mrs Clifford did not think it expedient to exclude all instructions in writing from her system of teaching the children of the labouring poor, she was of opinion, that a slight knowledge of penmanship was sufficient in most cases; and especially in little Fanny's she judged it requisite to repress for a time the scribbling propensities of which she gave early indication, having indeed contrived to frame a set of characters of her own peculiar fashion, partly imitated from printed letters, and partly from the copy-books of her older schoolmates, that served to commit the teeming fancies of her busy brain to such scraps of paper—whity brown and other—as she could make prize of; and in default of that

article, to the slates of her school-fellows, and the blank leaves and margins of her school-books.

It had cost Mrs Clifford more than one effort of self-denial to look severely serious, instead of delighted, on detecting these outbursts of precocious talent. But if, from an overruling sense of duty, she forbore to give mischievous encouragement to the fanciful essays of the little maiden, neither did she feel it incumbent on her to repress them with harshness or ridicule, or, while she inculcated lessons of humility and homely usefulness, to refuse herself at all times the enjoyment of listening to some little hymn, or simple ballad, recited in those sweet infantine tones which (modulated by feeling) thrill to the heart with such peculiar pathos.

There were times when the lovely and engaging child stood thus bashfully before her, or when in the course of her circumscribed lessons she evinced feelings and capabilities of a more refined and higher order than fell to the share of her companions and schoolmates, that the kind lady, to whose long and happy union with a beloved husband Providence had refused the crowning gift of children, could not repress the thoughts and wishes that stole into her heart. Thoughts of the rich source of interest she might open to herself by taking the little peasant girl to be to her even as a daughter; and training her up, not only to be the comfort of her own declining years, but possibly to adorn some station in life where the mental gifts with which nature had so eminently endowed her might blossom more kindly, and bear fruit more abundantly than in the stinting soil of laborious poverty. But Mrs Clifford suffered not these floating reveries to assume a more definite form. On the life preferment of the good vicar (her senior by many years) depended the far greater part of their confined income; and had her pecuniary means been less restricted, scruples of a more serious nature would probably have withheld her from the indulgence of her natural longing. But she promised herself, in compensation, the pleasant task of promoting the best and highest interests of the little Fanny,

and her well-doing, in the humble sphere appointed for her.

And happy had it been for the young cottager, if the kind and judicious patronage, to which her childhood owed so much, had been prolonged to the more trying season of early womanhood. But it was otherwise decreed. The good vicar died; and his widow, bidding a final adieu to the home no longer hers, and the scene of her past happiness and usefulness, departed to seek a distant and humble asylum in the neighbourhood of her own kindred. Bitter and passionate was the grief of the little Fanny at parting with her kind and beloved instructress. Almost she could have cried out in the bitterness of her heart—clasp the knees of her benefactress—"Oh! take me with you to be your servant." But Fanny was a good and dutiful, as well as a tender-hearted child, and she loved her poor parents, and her two young brothers, and her old blind grandmother; and now, in her thirteenth year, she had become in many ways useful and helpful in the little household, and—all was as it should be in her young heart. She would have followed her benefactress over the world, cleaving to her as Ruth to Naomi, but for those whom nature pleaded for still more powerfully, binding her to her home and to her duty.

The new incumbent of Holywell, a young unmarried man, entered upon his pastoral charge with a becoming sense of the responsibility he assumed with it, and seriously purposing faithfully to discharge its duties. But the zeal of the inexperienced is not often according to knowledge, and the loss of their late pastor, and his excellent helpmate, was long felt in the parish of Holywell, and comparisons, for the most part envidious and unfair, were instituted to the disadvantage of his amiable and well-meaning but inexperienced successor. Among the results of the ministerial change one of the most to be regretted was the falling off, which was soon apparent, in the conducting of the parish schools, and especially in the order and system which had been so admirably kept up in the girls' school, under Mrs Clifford's management; and the

young vicar, aware of the deterioration, and anxious, by every means in his power, to arrest the growing evil, took, as he conceived, the most effectual measures to that end, by enlisting a number of the neighbouring ladies as patronesses, visitors, &c. &c. His canvass was most successful, and the young minister, whose interesting exterior, of course, assisted not in the slightest degree his powers of persuasion, soon found himself in a situation of delicate embarrassment among the number of fair aspirants, all suddenly inflamed with educating zeal, and as eager to preside over the classes of the village school as female fashionables of a still later day are to turn shopwomen at fancy fairs, exhibiting their pretty persons as liberally as their tawdry wares; fleeing their friends, and ruining those whose humble situations they usurp; and all for charity! Truly if charity covereth a multitude of sins, it serveth also for a cloak to all imaginable and unimaginable devices.

Little Fanny continued to attend the school as regularly as during the late management; but the effects of the altered system were soon apparent in the child's unsatisfactory progress and imputed change of character. Her name was now perpetually inscribed in the *black book* for idleness and carelessness at her task of needlework—for heedlessness, and forgetfulness, and inattention—for scriawling over the blank leaves of her school and copy-books with nonsensical verses; and for the daring impertinence of hitching into rhyme the name of one of the lady visitors, whose misinterpretation of Scripture texts made little Fanny at once sensible of her teacher's deficiency and her own superior knowledge. But no real change had in fact taken place in the child's character and disposition. Change of circumstances it was, that had drawn forth those harmful propensities, of which Mrs Clifford had been well aware, and incessantly on the watch to detect and discourage. She was vain, heedless, and idle; but affectionate and gentle-hearted; open to reproof—grateful for kindness—and, withal, beautifully true, if we may so literally render the French idiom—withal, the crea-

ture of impulse, imagination, and feeling. Alas! for this poor little cottage maiden. A woful day for her was that which removed from her her best friend and monitor.

But with all her "sins of omission and commission," Fanny Fairfield contrived to pick up more information than any other girl in the school. Her lessons were learnt (at least the substance of them), *somehow*; one would have thought by conjuration, for she was accused of not looking in her book half the time she should have been intently poring over it. And her memory was admirable—for *some things*; for every thing she liked and admired: as the Psalms, and all the most strikingly poetical passages in Holy Writ.

Her penmanship might have been excellent, if she could have been kept long enough to round text and double lines; but, next to flourishing away on her slate at Breddingianian capitals and nondescripts, nothing delighted her so much as to let her pen wander over the paper in what *she* called "a *craving hand*," in contradiction to the epithet of "vile scrawl" bestowed by her teacher on the *fine specimen*.

Little Fan was better *loved* than *liked* by her schoolmates. They could not choose but love, or regard with good-will akin to love, one so sweet tempered, so gentle, so ever ready to do a kindness and forget an injury. But then, she was "such an *odd* little thing." "Half-a-fool," some of them thought, "for all she could learn so fast, and make verses as good as those upon the tomb stones. But what was the good of that? Better by half be a good hand at blindman's buff, and a merry game of rumps, than know all about what nobody cared for." So Fanny's company was little sought, though her advice and assistance was often asked, and never refused. She was the friend of all, while in a manner companionless; and in her own poor home, a blessing and a joy; dutiful, loving, and docile; dear alike to her venerable grandmother, to whom she was indeed as "eyes to the blind;" to her parents, and her young brothers, who would do more for one of "Sister Fan's

soft words, than for mother's scolding, or father's licking."

Mark Fairfield, though he could boast of no more learning than just enabled him to spell through the easiest portions of his Bible and Common Prayer-Book, was proud of his "clever little maid," perhaps too proud of her; often boasting that she could read "better than the clerk, and almost as well as the parson: and as for her pen, he would back her at that work with the schoolmaster himself—though to be sure he was no great judge of such matter: seeing he could only read print."

It was a pleasant thing to look into Mark Fairfield's cottage on the evening of the Sabbath day, immediately after the family had finished their frugal supper. The aged woman, as bescreamed her years, in the seat of honour; an old high-backed arm chair, its voluted oak legs and framework blackened by Time, which had turned to orange-tawny the once gorgeous scarlet covering of the stuffed back and sides. The two little fair-haired boys, nestling on each side the venerable parent—her withered hand often resting on one of their young heads—and each in the accustomed place; the father and mother, dwelling with deep and delighted attention on the accents of their little daughter's youthful voice as, standing with reverential stillness in the midst of the kindred circle, she read aloud the portion of Scripture selected by her father, after he had done catechising his younger children. Then that small sweet pipe, modulated to a more thrilling sweetness, gave out, with distinct seriousness, the verses of the Psalm or Hymn, and every voice chimed in, making the melody,

"Compared with *which* Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, wi' our Creator's praise."

And last of all, when the general devotional exercise was concluded, little Fanny, at a well-understood smile of encouragement from her fond father, would steal close up to his side, and leaning her glowing

cheek against his shoulder, whisper out in tremulous accents, becoming more firm and articulate as she forgot *herself* in her subject, some little hymn of her own composing; sweet and pleasing, because hallowed by devotional feeling and modulated by a musical ear. But such tempered eulogium of Fanny's verses would have fallen far short of their deserts in Mark's opinion, who, but for fear of irreverence in the comparison, would have lauded her poetic genius above that of Sternhold and floppin'.

Time and the march of intellect progressed, and little Fanny, now a tall slender girl of fourteen, had been long advanced to the dignity of class-teacher in the Sunday school, but her week-day schooling had been discontinued for the last year, partly because her parents thought there could be nothing left for her to learn, and partly because the mother could now ill spare the assistance of her helpful little maid; and the grandmother's increasing infirmities clung with a more endearing helplessness to her whom she delighted to call "the staff of her old age."

About this time a great change came to pass in the retired and hitherto quiet and unmodish parish of Holywell.

The old Squire—Holywell had its *Squire par excellence*—died, and was gathered to his fathers. The Dowager Squires retired to her jointure-house at some distance, and the young Squire, with his fair, fashionable, noble, and talented wife (talented is the approved epithet, we believe), Mr and the Lady Gertrude Lascelles, returned from a continental tour to take possession of the old manorial house of Lascelles Court and its noble domains—to *settle there*, in the modern sense of the phrase, which implies, being interpreted, to flutter down with a swarm of fashionable midges, at certain interregnums, between London and Brighton, and other modish watering places; to exercise British hospitality and enjoy the country—which, according to the present approved reading, includes a round of Christmas festivities, of which *batteaux*, billiards, private theatricals, *tableaux vivants*, &c. enacted among

the *élite*, and stared at by the natives, constitute the winter selection; and a fortnight's elegant retirement at Easter, with some half score of exclusive *ennuyés*, the summer ruralities.

Mr Lascelles and Lady Gertrude were, however, really amiable persons—in *their way*. Good-tempered and kind-hearted, as far as was compatible with the ever encroaching worldliness which had crested over the finer and nobler feelings of their nature. Charitable—in *their way*—when some work of charity, requiring no sacrifice, presented itself. Neither insolent nor fastidious among their country neighbours; in fact, perhaps a thought too affable, approaching to the impertinence of condescension.

In short, they were, as they intended to be, popular characters. (Mr Lascelles was looking forward to the next general election, though the Lady Gertrude was merely as well as fashionable, and already stamped for immortality in the pages of sundry Annals, magazines, &c. &c., besides being the suspected authoress of one fastidious Novel, and the declared editor of another. Among other *vanities*—(every person was a *van* with the Lady Gertrude)—she had a rage for patronising. No matter *who*—no matter *what*—no matter *where*—in town or country—from the prime lion of a London season to the small prodigy of an obscure village—from the affairs of Almack's to those of a rural parish, nothing came amiss to Lady Gertrude's all embracing philanthropy, provided she might but overshadow the favoured object or individual with her *Queen's protection*. She patronised the farmers' wives, whose bee-hives and dairies were "so nice and interesting!" She patronised the labouring poor—only wishing she could persuade them "to give up those horrid pigs, and keep sheep instead, which would be so much more picturesque and profitable." She patronised the poultry woman's gawky daughter, who reminded her of Madame de Maintenon, as she met her one day driving a flock of turkeys. She patronised the Miss Tomkineses, and the Miss Simpkinses, who worshipped her as "the glass of fashion;" and the senti-

mental Mrs Walsingham Potts, who was sure "dear Lady Gertrude's sensibility was too acute for her happiness." She patronised the Dorcas Society, and the Friendly Society, and the Branch Bible Society, and the parish school, and the handsome Vicar. Could it be supposed that our poor little Fanny, the rose of the village, and its acknowledged genius, should escape such liberal and discriminating patronage?

On the very first Sunday that "the polished modern squire and his gay train" occupied "the squire's pew" in Holywell Church, Lady Gertrude's attention was arrested by the picturesque effect of a little family group of cottagers, who respectfully made way for her to pass on, as she walked slowly, after divine service, through the churchyard to her carriage.

"What a lovely little creature that is leading the old blind woman!" she exclaimed, loud enough to crimson the downcast face of the youthful object of her admiration, as, looking back towards her, she addressed herself to the gentleman on whose arm she leant, and who followed her into the carriage, while Mr Lascelles joined the walking party.

"What a lovely little creature!—and what an interesting looking family—I must positively get acquainted with them." And before the carriage drove off, she commissioned one of the footmen to enquire the names of the persons she pointed out to him, and their place of abode. A smile of somewhat equivocal expression curved the lip of the gentleman to whom her observation was addressed, as he replied:—

"Ah, Lady Gertrude!—ever the same—ever on the watch for objects of benevolence!—ever alive to all that is beautiful in nature and improvable by art! Confess now—are you not already devising some fanciful costume for that little rustic?—arranging her appearance as a Swiss peasant, or an Italian Contadina, or something equally picturesque and effective, against the first rural fête destined to startle the Dryads and Hamadryads of Lascelles's old paternal woods?"

"Perhaps I am," was Lady Ger-

trude's laughing rejoinder; for she was really good-tempered, as well as good-natured, according to the common acceptance of the term.—It is wonderful how much mischief, *some* good-natured people do! "Perhaps I am," she rejoined, with infinite good-humour:—"But at least, if I do get up a Swiss *châlet* and surrounding dairy scene, the little rustic shall be my *belle Laitière*; I will not emulate old Albinia, and milk the cows myself. But seriously—provoking wretch!—that smile is so odiously cynical, I will not tell you one word of my plans for the benefit and improvement of all the poor people about Lascelles Court; but you shall see!"

A few days after this little colloquy, Lady Gertrude's pony carriage, with its pair of beautiful white ponies, a groom attendant, and a fancifully habited page, was seen at the low garden wicket of Mark Fairfield's humble abode, with the inmates of which (true to her professed purpose) her ladyship had already made herself acquainted, and was condescendingly seated, at the time being, beside the venerable grandmother, in a chair carefully dusted down by dame Fairfield's checked apron;—while little Fanny stood before her, blushing and curtseying, as she half whispered her hesitating reply to questions rapidly put, and scarcely comprehended, though the great lady meant to be most perspicuous, as well as condescending; and though her smile was encouragement itself, yet did the little maiden's eyes fall bashfully before it under a sense of awkward shyness that had never oppressed her in the presence of Mrs Clifford.

But then the Lady Gertrude was a stranger, besides being such a *very grand lady*; and while she turned to talk with her grandmother, Fanny had time to recover herself, and steal a sidelong look at the beautiful face of the fair speaker; and then she listened to the silvery tones of a voice, so sweetly modulated, that it seemed to find its way to her heart, and charmed away so much of her timidity, that when the lady again addressed her, she was able to reply with modest readiness, and even to meet with a half smiling upward

look, the steadfast gaze so smilingly bent upon her.

"And so, you really make verses, little damsel, as well as knit those nice warm stockings for your grandmother?"

Little Fanny's peach coloured cheek flushed into rich crimson, and her fair eyelids fell as she tried to articulate the required answer.—But the old blind woman, stretching forth her withered hand, drew the bashful child to her bosom, and speaking for her, said:—"Yes, my lady! she has a pretty knack at poetry, as they call it, and sometimes it does me good to listen to one of my little Fanny's hymns of her own making; but I love still better to hear her read holy David's songs, and God's own blessed words, and teach her little brothers to read their book. And then, my lady, I tell her too she must not give her mind too much to useless vanities, but remember she is a poor man's child, and born to get her bread hardly, in a humble station." Oh wise and wholesome teaching!—Well for the little cottage maiden had she been left to that homely, venerable teacher!

But it was ordered otherwise. From that day forth she was taken into especial favour by the Lady Gertrude, and her small services were put in frequent requisition at Lascelles Court in a variety of ways, infinitely more congenial to her taste, it must be owned, than the home drudgery which hitherto (undreaming of hardship in the task) she had performed with a willing mind and cheerful spirit, and still returned to without a murmur, though with a secretly growing repugnance, the cause of which was scarcely defined as yet in her young heart; and while busy at the wash-tub, or mending the coarse family linen, or scouring the brick floor, she could not help often thinking with a sigh, how much pleasanter it would be to be arranging the bouquets in Lady Gertrude's boudoir, or gathering roses for them in the beautiful flower garden, or following her with a basket into the wild grounds in quest of field flowers, when the rural and scientific was her ladyship's prevailing mood; or assisting her to arrange the dried

specimens in her herbal—(Jean Jacques! what was thine compared to that splendid depository?)—or inserting scraps and fragments, of all descriptions, graphic and literary, in one of those modern abominations, the dread of the lack-wits—the pride of the small wits—the loathed of the large wits—*yclept* an album.

Such small services were among the many pleasant labours devised by the patronising ingenuity of the Lady Gertrude, to furnish employment for the young protégée, in her now frequent attendance at Lascelles Court:—and the lady, not being blessed with children of her own, on whom to practise her system, or systems, of mental culture, and growing weary of teaching her bullfinch to pipe, her parrot to talk, and her poodle to fetch and carry, applied herself with enthusiastic fervour to the cultivation of little Fanny's genius, often expatiating, with infinite self-complacency, on her own discernment in the discovery of the lowly flower, born, but for her,

"To bide unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

and on her well-concocted plans of *patronous* culture and *discriminating* protection. "Above all," was her ladyship's emphatic observation to the young vicar—"Above all, I make it my endeavour to impress the mind and heart of my young favourite with moral and religious feeling"—(Lady Gertrude seldom spoke of *principle*)—"and to train her to habits of devotional fervour, and graceful piety. You have no idea how sweetly she recites the Hebrew Melodies and other sacred lyrics, with which I make it a point to begin our poetic readings, though when I found her out, poor little thing, she could actually repeat nothing of that sort, but the morning and evening hymn, and two or three other old commonplace things of that description. *Cela faisait pitié*, with her poetic genius—"Mais nous avons changé tout cela." I have great projects for my little cottage maiden."

And these projects, whatever they might be, were so far consistently

pursued, that Lady Gertrude took up the broken thread, after every absence from Lascelles Court, as systematically as she resumed her other rural amusements. But those absences were frequent and long, and it followed that the larger portion of Fanny's time was still left free for the performance of her humble duties, and unrepiningly, if not gladly, devoted to them; while her young heart still clung with all its warm affections to her poor home and its beloved inmates, and as yet even to many of the simple pleasures of her happy childhood.

It has been observed that little Fanny, though generally beloved by her schoolmates, was less liked and sought for as a playfellow than other children of a more ordinary class. And after she left school and became the protégée of the great lady of Lascelles Court, and was known to be admitted not only to frequent attendance on herself, but on various occasions to the notice and favour of her brilliant circle, the affectionate familiarity with which she had been hitherto treated by her young companions, gradually changed to a shade of shyness and reserve, which was not long (in some unamiable natures) in growing to a more unkindly feeling; and poor little Fanny, as guiltless of assumption and presumption, as before she had tasted the sweets of patronage, and been enlightened as to her pretensions as a genius, soon found herself not only companionless, but unwelcome: not only unwelcome, but to some an object of spiteful and malicious mockery; and so often had she been driven to shrink away with a full heart and brimming eyes from unkindness, whose keenest taunt never provoked her to a sharp retort, that at length she ceased to intrude herself into the merry group where no hand was stretched out to meet hers with friendly greeting; and except when sent on some errand by her mother, or on her way to the Great House, she seldom stirred beyond the wicket of her father's garden.

One friend, however, still remained to her, besides those of her own kindred—one faithful and true, whose generous nature was stimulated to a more affectionate kindness for

the unoffending favourite by the sort of outlawry to which she was so unjustly sentenced by the envy and jealousy of her former companions; and he stoutly maintained that though to *his* mind "Fanny Fairfield might have been quite clever enough, and good enough, and just as happy may be, though my lady had not taken her into such grand favour, she was not a bit the prouder for it, nor the less sweet-tempered and willing to be every body's friend, if they would but be friends with her."

Frank Lovel, little Fanny's doughty champion, was nearly three years her senior; the son of a rich grazier, whose wife having survived the birth of her infant but a few weeks, the motherless little one was consigned, a sickly babe, to the tender nursing of Dame Fairfield, a lately married servant of the Lovels, whose first child had died about the same time with his late mistress. To the maternal care of this good woman (under the blessing of Providence) little Frank was indebted for more than the mere preservation of a frail and sickly life: for the strengthening of his constitution into a frame of such perfect health and hardihood, that at five years old there was not in the whole village so fine and promising a boy as the sturdy, sun-burnt, curly-pated little fellow, who was still an inmate of Dame Fairfield's cottage, and proud, above all things, of the manly office intrusted to him, of leading about the "toddl'ing wee thing" of two years old, whom he had learnt from his birth to call "*his little Fan*." And he was to her as an elder brother, even after his father (with whom resided a maiden sister) had taken him back to his own home at The Grange. And there were few days in the week in the course of which Frank did not contrive to look look in, for a few moments at least, at Dame Fairfield's cottage, or to meet Fanny on her way home from school, and entice her away with him to pick primroses in the lanes, or mushrooms in the dewy meadows, or berry-brown clusters of ripe nuts in the Grange copse. There was no love lost betwixt Frank and Fanny. The little girl had always loved him with an entire affection; and when from her friend

and playmate he became her protector and champion—defending her with generous warmth against the unkindness and ill nature so innocently incurred, her young heart repaid him with an overflowing gratefulness; in proof of which she felt that she could make any sacrifice he might require of her, even to the renouncing of all those precious privileges to which she was admitted by favour of the Lady Gertrude.

"Indeed, indeed, dear Frank! I will give it all up, and go there no more, though my lady is so very good to me, and I see and hear such beautiful things, and learn so many. I will give it all up if it vexes you, and you would rather I staid at home entirely—only, you know, my lady is so good, too, to father and mother, and poor old grandmother—and father and mother like me to be at the great house, though granny shakes her head sometimes, and says her mind misgives her no good will come of it.—But what harm *can* come of it, dear Frank? You know I shall never grow proud and foolish upon my lady's favour, or forget I am a poor cottage girl; and my lady says that if I am but guided by her—and—and 'cultivate the talents I have received from nature, under her direction'—those are my lady's words—not mine, Frank!"—hesitated the blushing speaker, looking down with bashful consciousness—"she says, I may be able in time to provide for my dear parents in their old age, and keep them without work, like gentle-folks."

This long speech (the longest little Fanny had ever made) was uttered on one of those occasions when Frank, having waited about the lodge gates of Lascelles Court to escort her home, after a whole day spent at the great house, had felt his patience fairly exhausted by her long tarrying, and received her, when she appeared at last, with a vexed and reproachful expression in his clouded looks, and in the tone of the few abrupt words with which he returned her affectionate greeting. For, truth to tell, notwithstanding the generous warmth with which he took her part, whenever her favour at the great house was sneeringly or invidiously spoken of in his hearing, *he, as well as "granny,"* had his mis-

givings on the subject—his doubts, not uninfluenced perhaps by a slight admixture of jealous feeling, whether it would not have been quite as well on the whole, for herself and others, if she had never been distinguished by the particular notice of my lady and the grand folks up at the Court. "For after all, Fan," he had once or twice gone so far as to remark, on her launching out in some enthusiastic description of the elegances of Lascelles Court, and the wonders of refinement, taste, and fancy which had opened upon her, as it were, a new world, in that enchanted region—"After all, Fan, what is the good of it for the like of us? I know well enough that you're a deal cleverer than e'er another lass in the village, besides being twice as pretty and good natured; and no wonder my lady and the gentlefolks should take to you, and set you up so mightily—not that you *are* much set up *yet*—I'll always maintain *that*—but will they give you a fortune, Fan, to keep you without work like a lady—sitting all day in your silks and satins on your sofa, reading poetry books? And, Fan," he went on in a more subdued tone, and looking away from her as he spoke—"will any of them love you better than they that nursed you and dawdled about with you when you was a bit of a babby no bigger than Tib's kitten there? And all their fine ways won't make you merrier nor happier, I've a notion, than you used to be when you was *quite* my own little Fan, and liked nothing half so well as our holyday rambles after nuts or blackberries, or to sit with me making baskets by Rushbrook pool, repeating verses like a book: and you know, Fan, I always listened as long as you liked, and loved to hear you, for the matter of that, though I'm no great hand myself at such things."

It was in reply to some such ebullition of feeling on Frank's part that Fanny had spoken the "words of power" recorded in a preceding page—and if a soft answer turneth away wrath, still more easily did that gentle appeal allay the transient irritability, many degrees short of anger, that contracted his open brow and deepened the tone of his cheerful voice, as he walked by her side

the first few yards of their way homeward. But these little scenes recurred oftener as Fanny's visits to the Court became more frequent; and more than once Frank's remonstrance had wellnigh amounted to reproach, and Fanny's reply to a charge of injustice and unkindness; and they had parted, if not in anger, with wounded feelings on both sides; as yet, however, without conscious diminution of affection in either.

Such had been the progress of affairs in the humble household of Mark Fairfield with little Fanny and her foster-brother, till the former, a fair, sweet-looking girl, with the softest hazel eyes in the world—the reddest lips and sunniest smile, varying at times into a pensiveness of expression more intellectually beautiful—had attained her seventeenth year,—and Frank, a fine grown handsome youth as ever found favour in village maiden's eye, had completed his twentieth.

And Frank and Fanny, in spite of occasional differences, were still, though not declared lovers, tenderly attached to each other; and perhaps Frank would already have asked his father's consent (of which there was little doubt, for Farmer Lovel, though an opulent man in his station, was not a proud one) to his union with Fanny Fairfield, but for certain half-dimmed feelings of jealous doubt and painful self-depreciation, which, working together in his mind during their too frequent and prolonged separation, sometimes led him to question the possibility of Fanny's perfect attachment to one so deficient as himself in all the graces and acquirements she had learnt to prize so highly, and in which she herself had made so great proficiency under the patronage of the Lady Gertrude.

Yes; Frank felt, even more than Fanny, that an intervening something, untaught, undefinable, but still a barrier, had been growing up between them; and there were moments when Fanny's heart reproached her with temporary forgetfulness of Frank,—or, worse still, when her thoughts recurred to him in the midst of the brilliant circle of Lascelles Court, in the form of unfavourable comparison.

"But what does it matter, after

all?" was the mental conclusion with which she now impatiently repressed the invidious suggestions, "Frank is handsomer than any of them—dear Frank!—and would look as well as the best, if he was dressed as fashionably; and I am sure, if he had had as much learning, he would be *quite* as clever."

Simple Fanny! she little dreamt how much *teaching* had been bestowed without producing the fruit of *learning* in some of those aristocratical craniums, of which the exquisite outward arrangement so ill corresponded with the disorderly or unfurnished interior. And as little did she dream (unsophisticated innocent!) that the graces of manner, tone and expression, so captivating to her quick sense of the graceful and attractive, the bland suavity and polished softness, so winning to her gentle and grateful nature, had, in most cases, as little connexion with any moral source of *true* refinement and benevolence as one of Vickary's best spring wigs has vital community with the bald surface it so becomingly covers.

It is not to be inferred that the Lady Gertrude's partiality to Fanny had gone the length of introducing her into the brilliant circles of Lascelles Court otherwise than as a rustic genius, a village prodigy, an interesting *protégée* of the "*talented* hostess," a picturesque appendage to her state—whether attending her in fanciful costume on some festive occasion, or brought forward (ever, it must be observed, with painful reluctance on the poor girl's part) to *loungé* and be stared at in her poetic capacity, or deputed to show off the rare and splendid contents of innumerable cabinets, portfolios, and albums, for the relief—the amusement, we should say—of morning loungers, and evening *déshabillés*.

But the young girl's situation was perhaps one of more danger to her heart and principles, from the very circumstances which, according to the Lady Gertrude's judicious system, precluded all risk to either.

"You are very good to my little *protégée*," she would observe in Fanny's hearing, when her poetic talent or personal graces were made the subject of extravagant encomium, or flattering notice. "But you

must not make her vain or conceited. I cannot allow that, though I do take *some* merit to myself for snatching so gifted a creature from the squalid obscurity in which I found her, and giving her advantages that may lead to—I will not say what; but—Fanny, recite those lines you composed at my suggestion in the Spenserian stanza, on the moulting of my pet bullfinch."

Whatever impression the Lady Gertrude's speeches on these occasions might make on the persons to whom they were addressed, or on the blushing object of remark, it is certain they were so entirely satisfactory to herself, that she had thoughts of committing the substance of her ideas to paper, in the form of an "Essay on the Education of the poor," or "Hints on the Development of the Imagination among the Labouring Classes." And, in the mean time, the *habitués* of Lascelles Court found their account, or their pastime, in distinguishing Lady Gertrude's protégée with pernicious notice—alas! not always by merely injudicious kindness, or for the sake of the Lady Gertrude. The youthful prettiness of the little cottager had blossomed into loveliness of no common order, and the flattering speeches whispered in her ear by many a male loungeur of the boudoir were not always a tribute to her genius, nor uttered in mere unmeaning compliment, nor from the purely contemptible motive of paying court through her to her patroness. And who can wonder that those whispers—of little meaning, but mischievous tendency—were listened to by the simple maiden with a thrilling consciousness, at least as pleasurable as embarrassing? And who can marvel, that, as her ear and mind became

more and more habituated to the sweetness of those glozing whispers, more and more attuned to the language of educated refinement, she learnt to crave for the accustomed incense, and to shrink disgusted from the vulgar coarseness of those in her own station—to wish even that "dear Frank was a *little* more genteel"—and "skilled in the language of compliment," she would have adled; if she had perfectly understood and candidly expressed her secret feelings? It was too true: Fanny Fairfield was no longer Frank Lovel's little Fan; nor the Fanny whose sweet voice and sweeter smile made sunshine in her father's cottage—who hid down to sleep at night after a day of cheerful industry, varied by snatches of simple but heartfelt enjoyment, with words of thanksgiving for the goodness of Providence yet breathing on her lips—and who awakened with the dawn from her untroubled slumbers with the same thankful heart, in the same cheerful spirit, prepared for all the duties of the day, happy in the returning light, glad with the gladness of the lark, and disposed to impart to every one of the overflowing contentedness of her own spirit. Alas! that "the stranger," the selfishly unreflecting, the rashly speculative, should dare to "intermeddle with such joy"—should dare to interfere with and alter the course of the living stream, without calculating, not only the cost and labour, but the danger of the experiment! The chances that diverted from their natural channel the limpid waters may become turbid and impure, or run to waste in stony places, or sink engulfed in quicksands, instead of flowing on in humble usefulness, through green places and quiet ways, to their final destination.

REPORT OF SELECT COMMITTEE ON ORANGE LODGES IN IRELAND.

We remember to have read somewhere, not in the "Century of Inventions," of a contrivance for measuring time, more complicated and enterprising than any of those pieces of rich and rare machinery for which the ingenuity of our modern age has been distinguished. The hours were to be announced by reports of artillery. Trains of gun powder were so arranged, and burning-glasses so aptly placed and adjusted, that the pieces of cannon might reasonably be accounted refractory if they did not perform their parts with due discretion, and tell distinctly *how* time was proceeding. It was urged as an objection, the only one, to this happy invention, that in the night season, so long as the sun continued to withhold his influence, a good clock would be better; and that even by day, should an unceremonious cloud interpose, at the unseasonable moment in which an hour was expiring, so as to cast a shadow over the heralds who were to announce its departure, their lips must be closed at the time when their voices should be heard, and the avords of thunder perhaps be spoken when only confusion could result from the utterance of them. The inventor admitted that some such inconvenience was not altogether unlikely to occur, but insisted that there was an obvious remedy; for, said he, it is necessary only that watchmen shall be appointed, who shall discharge the guns during the night, and shall be ready to perform a similar duty at any hour of the day when the sun is not in a condition to release them from their cares of office. An unprejudiced man conversant with the history of Ireland may be pardoned for thinking the ordinance chronometer no unfaithful type of its condition, in which, because of the constant faintness and frequent obstructions of the power of law, government is forced to employ, in aid of its more acknowledged administration, Orange Societies, or Ribbon Societies, Catholic Associations, or Brunswick Clubs, as a kind of irregular, but permanent and indispensable, supplementary.

It is not unreasonable to affirm, that

the character and conduct of these formidable auxiliaries demand no little attention from all who would solve the problems suggested by the anomalous condition of Ireland. In the history of the performances of that ambitious and warlike time-piece to which we have referred, there can be no doubt that due notice would be taken of the services rendered by those individuals whose lighted matches corrected the uncertainties occasioned by atmospheric change and compensated the sun's deficiencies, and we see no reason why at least an equal attention should not be bestowed on those confederations in Ireland, which exercise as constant an influence over the condition of that country, and which also display an authority peculiarly their own over the course of legislation, and over the forensic procedures in which British law and Irish justice are compulsorily reconciled.

We are well pleased to have documents of authority placed within our power, by which we are enabled to acquire a fuller knowledge of the state of Ireland, and the influences by which its condition is affected, than had heretofore been afforded us; and we have good hope our readers will not consider their time misspent in perusing some extracts from evidence taken before Parliamentary Committees on subjects to which the attention of all reflecting persons in the kingdom has become recently awakened. The religious condition of Ireland, and the character of the religious confederacies into which the great mass of the population in that country is divided, are the topics of engrossing interest to which our article shall be devoted.

The circumstances under which a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to enquire "into the nature, character, extent, and tendency of Orange Societies in Ireland," should be briefly noticed. It was conceded, on the motion of Mr Finn, a Roman Catholic member, and it was solicited at the same time by a petition from the Orangemen themselves. Mr O'Connell, Mr Stiel, and Mr Finn were, of the Roman Catholic

members, the most eager in procuring and prosecuting the enquiry. They desired an enquiry into the state of the Orange Society alone. The Orangemen solicited an investigation which should be extended to *all secret societies* for political purposes. So far as concerned their own body, and as accorded with the views of Mr O'Connell and Mr Finn, the enquiry was conceded.—A more enlarged investigation was not granted.—The results are before us in the shape of three folios of evidence. On the character and purport of that evidence the Committee have expressed no opinion.—The reading public should be enabled to form one.

The constitution of the Committee was certainly not favourable to the Orange body. It consisted of five Roman Catholic members, nine adherents of the present Coalition Ministry, eleven Tories, or Conservative Whigs, and two Orangemen. It was composed, in its original formation, of the following gentlemen:—Messrs Finn, O'Connell, Shiel, Wyse, O'Loughlin, *Roman Catholics*; Lord Ebrington; Messrs Pease, E. Buller, C. Ferguson, E. J. Stanley, F. Maule, Baumerman, Ward, S. Rice, Maxwell, Jackson, W. Patten, Nicholl, A. Pringle, Shaw; Colonel Percival; Messrs Bethel, Wood; Lord Castlereagh; Sir J. Y. Buller; Sir J. Graham; Colonel Conolly. Of these, on the one side, Messrs O'Loughlin, Ferguson, Stanley, Maule, and Rice, withdrew from the Committee, and were succeeded by Lord Milton, Messrs Divett, Ponsonby, Gisborne, and Poulter:—on the other side, Col. Percival, Mr Shaw, and Col. Conolly, withdrew, and were succeeded by Messrs Finch, G. Price, and Sir Edmund Hayes—Mr Gisborne subsequently made way for Mr M'Leod, and the character of the Committee, as originally composed, was preserved to the end. It is necessary, farther, to bear in mind, that many of the Conservative members, although friends to Protestantism, were decidedly opposed to the Orange Association.

Witnesses were summoned by Mr Maxwell on behalf of the Orangemen; on the part of their accusers, by Mr Finn. In support of the complaint against Orange Societies,

the following witnesses were examined:—Earl of Gosford; Earl of Caledon; Sir F. Stoven; W. J. Crawford, Esq.; Mr James Christie; Mr W. Suaton; James Sinclair, Esq.; Randall Kernau, Esq.; W. J. Handcock, Esq.; J. Gow Jones, Esq.; Robert Muller, M.D.; Mr Patrick M'Connell; Mr Richardson Bell; Captain David Duff; Major-General Sir J. M'Donnell. In addition to this list of witnesses, as we learn from Parliamentary debates, officers of the Orange Society were produced at the request of Mr Finn and his friends, and delivered in the books in their custody. The officers examined were:—Col. Verner, M.P. Wm. Swan, Esq.; L. Blacker, Esq.; W. R. Ward, Esq.; H. R. Baker, Esq. The witnesses, members of the Orange Society, not summoned as officials, were Col. Blacker and the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan. Many other witnesses had been summoned and were in attendance, but it was not thought convenient to examine them.

It is proper here, in justice, to observe, that a strong complaint has been made by the Orange Institution in Ireland of the manner in which the enquiry was conducted. That body has recently published its annual report, and whatever may be thought by politicians of the merits or demerits of the Society, it must be acknowledged that the report has been well drawn up, possesses no ordinary merit as a literary composition, is well reasoned, and is conceived in that temper of steadiness and moderation which never fails to command attention and respect. We shall copy from it the account it gives of the Parliamentary Committee.

"You are aware that a motion by Mr Finn, the member for Kilkenny, for a Parliamentary enquiry into the origin, character, and effects of the Orange Institution, was instantly met by a petition from the Grand Lodge, having a similar object.

"A committee was accordingly appointed, but not one from which impartiality could have been expected. It consisted predominantly of those who had repeatedly prejudged our case, and to whom the very excellences of our Institution, its Protestant character, its uncompro-

misgiving loyalty, and its tendency to consolidate the union of Great Britain and Ireland, must naturally have been a cause of offence, or a ground of objection. Not the less zealously, however, did we address ourselves to the business of our defence, for we had good reason to know that such facts would have been adduced on our behalf, as, if they did not overcome the prejudices and the predeterminations of our avowed enemies upon the committee, would justify our institution in the eyes of every impartial observer in Great Britain and Ireland.

"When the committee assembled, it appeared that our adversaries were not prepared to enter upon their case, and we were therefore placed in the singular predicament of accused persons called upon to make their defence before they were made acquainted with the crimes of which they were accused, or the nature of the evidence by which the charges against them were to be supported.

"It but remained for us, therefore, to lay before the committee a plain statement of the origin, the character, and the objects of our institution, to show them that its end was honourable, and its organization lawful—to prove that it arose out of absolute necessity—that at the period of its origin the laws of the land were altogether inoperative for the protection of Protestants, from a remorseless and implacable conspiracy organized under the title of defenders; and that by the combination which was effected amongst Protestants, by means of the Orange Institution, security was at length obtained, and the career of Papist terrorism arrested.

"We were enabled to put upon record some facts illustrative of the dreadful state of the country before our institution arose; and also to show the fearful extent of the confederacy which had for its object the extirpation of the Protestant race and name, and to which isolated and defenceless Protestants so often fell obscure and unpitied victims.

"We proved (a fact still further corroborated by the witnesses against us) that those parts of Ireland in which our system prevails are singularly contrasted with the other parts for the order and tranquillity

by which they are distinguished; that Ulster is conspicuous for the absence of those offences by which, in Connaught and in Munster, life and property are rendered so perilously insecure; and that for the quiet and security for which it is at present remarkable, it is indebted to our organization. We showed from authentic documents that Ulster, before the introduction of our system, was the most disturbed and the most disaffected part of Ireland; and that since the establishment of our system, so great has been the change, that there has never been occasion to call for the application of the provisions of the insurrection act.

"Our laws and regulations were referred to in proof of the Christian spirit by which we are actuated; instances were brought forward of individuals having been expelled from our body whose only offence was a violation of that law which enjoins universal charity; and we defied our enemies to produce a single instance to justify the very erroneous impressions which prevailed to our prejudice, by which intolerant and persecuting sentiments were ascribed to us—sentiments directly opposed to the spirit of our order, and most abhorrent to the feelings of our members.

"And here our adversaries upon the committee interposed, by intimating that, as they were then prepared to go on with their case, the further examination of our witnesses should be for a time suspended. Our friends expostulated against this, as being not only unfair, but contrary to what had been expressly agreed on; but they were silenced by the proposition, that after the evidence against us had been heard, we should be permitted to make a rebutting case—that our witnesses, who were then dismissed, should be resummoned—and that we should be at liberty to adduce any further evidence which might be available for the defence of our institution.

"The brethren are, we believe, aware that this pledge, on the part of the committee, was never redeemed. The remainder of the session was consumed in the examination of a host of witnesses, the known enemies of the institution, whose object it was to blacken our

character, and criminate our principles; and the committee closed their labours without having given us any opportunity of correcting the error or refuting the calumnies of our ill-informed or malevolent accusers; and thus debarring us of the privilege of making known the whole of our case, and leaving untouched many points which would have satisfied even the most prejudiced of the excellency and utility of our institution.

"We were prepared to prove, by the most indisputable facts, that Protestant emigration in this country has been materially checked by means of our organization.

"We were prepared to prove, that individuals who were, when disconnected with us, turbulent, became, by their connexion with us, peaceable and mild; and that the spirit of order wrought a change in their demeanour the most gratifying to the promoters of national concord.

"We were able to show that in many instances individuals have personated Orangemen, in order, by their own misdeeds, to bring obloquy upon our institution.

"We were prepared to prove that many outrages, in which Orangemen were said to have taken a part, were altogether to be laid to the account of individuals not connected with our body, and which, had those individuals been in connexion with us, would in all probability never have been perpetrated; and were prepared to show, that in all these cases where members of our body were concerned in acts of violence, either grievous provocation or self-defence might be pleaded in their justification. We were prepared, by the most unquestionable evidence, to give the committee an insight into the diabolical system of Ribbonism, by which this country is at present distracted.

"We were prepared to show the atrocious and treasonable character of this conspiracy, the dreadful nature of its oaths, and the blood-thirsty malignity of its denunciations. We were prepared to show that this confederacy is not confined to the lower orders, but extends to individuals holding a respectable place in society, and in some instan-

ces lays claim to a connexion with Members of Parliament. We were prepared to prove that individuals of great consideration have availed themselves of the organization of this band of miscreants for the purpose of forwarding their views at contested elections; and that, again, the leaders of the Ribbonmen have availed themselves of the countenance thus afforded for the purpose of consolidating and extending their system until it has now reached the length and the breadth of the land. All this we had witnesses in readiness to prove; and when it is considered, that, to many, these facts would have afforded a most complete justification of our institution, and that much of our adversaries' case consisted in attempts by indirect second-hand and hearsay evidence to prove that either the Ribbon system had no existence whatever—that it was confined entirely to the lowest class of the peasantry, and that no person of the rank of a gentleman ever was connected with it, we do think that we have much reason to complain of having been debarred the opportunity of putting upon record a plain statement of indisputable facts, by which the most confident among our enemies would have been confounded.

"After all, the only thing in the shape of an imputation which could be fastened upon us was, that warrants were issued to hold lodges in the army. No attempt was made to show that mischief had arisen from the practice—no attempt was made to show that it had not been productive of good; but the mere fact of a discrepancy between what was our practice, and a private and confidential communication from the Horse Guards to commanding officers of regiments, of which we were utterly ignorant, and of which very little seems to have been known by those who ought to have been officially acquainted with it, was laid hold of for the purpose of attempting to exhibit us as the subverters of military discipline, and dangerous tamperers with the fidelity of the soldier. Upon this subject we shall only say, that we are wholly unconscious of the guilt with which we are charged, and that those by whom the accusation has been made

must not in this instance judge of others from themselves, as they are very little able to appreciate, or even to conceive the reverence with which Orangemen regard the obligations imposed upon them by the oath of allegiance.

"We may add that the committee concluded their labours without making any report, except that which appears in the publication of the evidence, and when it is considered that our enemies constituted the majority upon that committee, and that few things would have gratified them more than to be able to make a report to our prejudice—when it is considered that their witnesses consisted, in some instances, of our most virulent opponents, one of them being an individual who had been employed for a series of years by the Roman Catholic Association to conduct prosecutions against us; and others, apostate Orangemen, who would have been but too glad to justify themselves for their desertion of us, as well as to gratify their new patrons by any exposures which might depreciate us in the eyes of the public—we think that we do not go too far in asserting that this fact alone must go a great way in convincing every unprejudiced mind of the unexceptionable character of our institution."

The report from which this extract has been taken, was read, we perceive, by Henry Maxwell, Esq., M.P., secretary to the Orange Institution in Ireland, and a member of the Parliamentary Committee. We have not been unobservant of Mr Maxwell's public conduct, and have been induced to carry our enquiries into the circumstances of his private life. We have seen much reason to admire the ability and temperance by which he has been uniformly distinguished, and are confident we do him no more than justice in affirming that he is a gentleman whom any party must rejoice to rank among its leaders or friends, and whose opposition, adversaries confess, has never betrayed him into an unjust or dishonourable action. We cannot refrain from attaching much weight to the circumstance that so upright and able a man read the passage we have quoted, and thus, as it were, doubly subscribed

his attestation to its truth; and we believe, therefore, firmly, that the facts regarding the examination and postponement of witnesses were such as have been stated.

Before offering any remark on these facts, we think it advisable to propose to the reader a brief outline of the testimony borne in behalf of the Orange Society, and against it. The accusation generally stated was, that the Orange system created religious bitterness and contention; the defence was, that of this contention it was not the parent but the offspring, or, to state the matter less antithetically, that the persecution which Protestants underwent compelled them to associate for mutual protection, and that the wisdom of the form of association adopted was vindicated in the tranquillity induced in all districts in which the Orange system became established. It would appear that the defence thus made has been very generally accounted valid. The committee, although numbering a clear majority of Mr O'Connell's friends, a very large majority of members originally adverse to the Orange Society dissolved without reporting any opinion on the subject or the evidence; and we have been given to understand, that the testimony reported has had the effect of producing a change of opinion favourable to the Orange system in minds which had entertained, previously, very strong prejudices against it.

All the witnesses, as well as all historical notices, concur in dating the origin of the Orange Association so late as September of the year 1795. Colonel Blacker's account of the incident which furnished the occasion of forming the first lodge, is as follows:—"A large body of persons called 'Defenders,' had made an irruption into a district of the county Armagh, near Loughgall—the Protestants of that district assembled to oppose their progress. I believe their principal intention was to disarm the district—the Protestants assembled to oppose them, and there came to their assistance Protestants from other districts of the country, particularly from the neighbourhood in which I reside." Before proceeding with Colonel Blacker's statement, we shall cite from another part

of the minutes of evidence an account of the origin of the body called "Defenders," as given by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan. "The commencement of the system Defenderism was apparently of a local and personal character, rather than religious or political. At a fair in the north of Ireland, I think the fair of Port Norris, there was a pugilistic encounter between two individuals, both of them Presbyterians; a Roman Catholic was the second of one of these men, and, it was said, by some unfair assistance given by him to the person whom he seconded, the antagonist was overcome, and severely beaten. In consequence there was a challenge given by the vanquished party to have a second encounter. They met at another fair, numbers crowded in on either side, and that which had been at first a duel, became enlarged into a general fight. After various encounters and outages, associations were formed of a parochial nature, parish against parish, and were called Fleets—the naval war was then in its pride. As yet there was no visible religious distinction; the associations formed were Presbyterian, and Roman Catholics conjointly, but gradually one of these parties became subject a good deal to Roman Catholic influence, and religious or sectarian acrimony gave a new character to the factions. What I have stated is matter of history. I am about to add a circumstance which assisted much in creating divisions among the districts, and which, I believe, is simply traditional. The associations were, as I have already said, called 'Fleets.' At first they were distinguished by local denominations. One was the Bawn Fleet—one the Nappuck Fleet; one in which two districts were united, and which certainly was not exclusively Roman Catholic, called its members Defenders. Some alarm and suspicion appear to have been caused by a title given to one of those Fleets, which consisted exclusively of Roman Catholics; it was the *Brass Fleet*. In the north of Ireland, the vowel *e* is pronounced broadly, and from the result of my enquiries, I have no doubt that the name was regarded as a corruption of "the Brest Fleet," and as indicating the

agency of French influence. It would appear that there was a great falling off of the numbers of the Presbyterian party; and that to prevent or allay suspicion, the nomenclature of the Roman Catholic associations was changed, the name *Brass Fleet* was given up, and that of *Defenders* adopted." We now proceed with Colonel Blacker's statement. "The parties skirmished, if I may use the expression, for a day or two, without much harm being done. Mr Atkinson on one side, and the priest of the parish on the other, did their best to reconcile matters, and thought they had succeeded, as the Defenders had engaged on their parts to go away, and the Protestants to return to their homes. I believe both parties were sincere at the time in their wish to separate; and that they were going home to their respective homes. At that time, as I understand, a large body of Defenders, not belonging to the county of Armagh, but assembled from Louth, Monaghan, and I believe Carrick and Tyrone, came down, and were much disappointed at finding a truce of this kind made, and were determined not to go home without something to repay them for the trouble of their march. In consequence, they made an attack on the house of a man of the name of Winter, at a place called the Diamond, where there are only three or four houses. Word was brought to the Protestants, who were on their return home, of what had taken place. They returned to the spot, attacked the Defenders, and killed a number of them," &c. "Was the first Orange Lodge formed then?" "It was."

The account thus given by Colonel Blacker of the circumstances which led to the formation of the first Orange Lodge, agrees with the representations of other witnesses, and possesses the merit of being the statement of one who, though very young at the time when the occurrence took place, was old enough to have a distinct remembrance of them, and was sufficiently near the scene of conflict to have actually witnessed its termination. The country was in a state of frightful disorder, and the perfidy in which the truce was violated, supplied the last compulsion upon the Protestants to form

combinations for their defence. The statement of a single outrage, which we shall take from the evidence of Colonel Verner, may serve to show of what nature were the dangers against which they had to guard, and what was the nature of the spirit by which their enemies were animated.

"Can you state, from your knowledge, the occasion—the origin—and the period of the Orange Societies?"

"The first formation of the society was in 1795. Previously there were other societies existing—one under the name of Defenders, consisting exclusively of Roman Catholics. They were in the habit of taking arms from the houses of Protestants, and bodies of men, called Peep-of-day boys, went, generally early in the morning, for the purpose of recovering their arms, and from that circumstance derived their name. I think the first occasion on which the opinion became general, that there existed a decided hostility on the part of Roman Catholics towards the Protestants of the country, was a circumstance which occurred at a place called Fork-Hill, in the county of Armagh."

"Can you state the date of that?"

"It was in the year 1791. The circumstance made an impression on my mind. I heard it related by my father several times, who was on the Grand Jury when the trial took place. A gentleman of the name of Jackson died, and demised his property to religious and charitable purposes; and required, by his will, that a Protestant colony should be established upon his property in that part of the country—it adjoins the county of Louth. In attempting to do so, his agent was frequently shot at, and upon one occasion had a horse killed under him. Mr Jackson required by his will that there should be four schools established for the purpose of the education of the children of all denominations and persuasions. In the attempt to establish this colony, the persons who came to reside there were frequently threatened by the Roman Catholics, and told that they should not come into that part of the country. One of the schoolmasters had also been frequently threatened. One evening his house was entered. I am not

sure whether the door was forced, or if he opened it at the persuasion of a neighbour. A body of men came in. The man, aware from their threats what their object was, concealed his wife in the bed-curtains. They threw him down, put a cord round his neck, and forced his tongue out, which they cut off, and then cut off the joints of his fingers joint by joint. His unfortunate wife screamed out—they took her, and cut off with a blunt instrument the joints of her fingers—they then cut off her breasts—seized her son, a boy of thirteen years old—cut out his tongue, and cut off the calves of his legs. The unfortunate man asked if he had ever injured them. They replied not—but this was the beginning of what all of his sort might expect. I knew the boy afterwards; he lived for some years on my property, and was a yeoman in the corps which my father commanded," &c. &c.

"Was the country in which it was proposed to establish the Protestant colony a well populated, or a wild and desolate country?"

"A wild and desolate country," &c. &c.

"Are you not aware that the mountainous districts in the north of Ireland are inhabited by Roman Catholics?"

"I think the majority are Roman Catholics."

"The Protestant colony was to be planted in that mountainous district?"

"So I understood."

"For that purpose was it necessary to effect what is called a clearing?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"That would naturally be a source of great exasperation?"

"I have not said that it was so. It might have been, and I believe was, for the purpose of establishing a colony upon land which was then unoccupied."

The character of the people by whom such an outrage could be perpetrated, and a solemn treaty so flagrantly violated, affords, as it is contended on the part of the Orangemen, a sufficient justification for their union. The argument on their part is stated more at large by the Rev. Mr O'Sullivan, from whose evidence we shall transcribe it.

"I saw that the north of Ireland, in which the Orange Societies extensively prevailed, was tranquil, and I saw reason to believe that its tranquillity was owing to the Orange institution. As to the general fact, that the north of Ireland has been tranquil, that life and property are more secure there than in other parts of the country, and outrages far less frequent and revolting, it need not rest on the testimony of any interested individual. Any honourable member who will do the Irish Protestants the justice to enquire into their case, can satisfy himself. He can ascertain what is the amount of military force required in the north, what is the strength of the police; he can ascertain the state of the calendar of crime, of coroners' inquests, of judges' charges; and if it be apparent that Ulster is almost wholly free from outrage, and that there has been a species of tacit recognition of the tranquil and peaceable state of that province in the small military and police force stationed in it—a recognition conceded not only by those Governments which might be considered as favourable to Protestants, but by Whig Governments as well as the Tories—the tranquillity of Ulster cannot any longer be disputed. That such testimonies have been offered in its favour, it is in the power of any honourable member to satisfy himself. I not only saw the country tranquil, but had reason to believe that its peacefulness was mainly owing to the conduct and the combination of the Orange Societies. I found that, from the year 1760, when, after the landing of Thurot, the first disturbances commenced in Ireland, up to the year 1798, Ulster was very much disturbed and disaffected. Its character was at the time such as may be known from a passage in one of Wolfe Tone's papers, contained, I think, in a paper found on Jackson, who was appointed as delegate to France. 'The forces necessary may be not more than 20,000, nor less than 10,000 men. Suppose them 10,000; 7000 should land in the west, and, having secured and fortified a landing place, should advance into the middle of the country. At the same time 3,000 should land immediately at the capital, and

seize on all the stores, and such persons as might be troublesome. In that event the north would rise to a man.' Such was the character of Ulster in 1794. Towards the close of the year following, the Orange Society was formed. The Rebellion took place in 1798; and in 1803, when Russel, a man of very popular manners and strong claims upon the good-will of the people, went down to try whether he could excite insurrection in the North, to second Emmet's attempt in Dublin, his utmost efforts were not able to procure more than fourteen followers. When the Orange institution became organized, the character of the North altered, and from that time to the present, thirty-four years from the date of the union with England, notwithstanding the various tumults and disturbances which have taken place in different parts of Ireland, there never has been an application of the Emancipation Act to the North, nor a necessity for it. I looked, therefore, upon the tranquillity of the North, and the power of the Orange Society, as not merely co-existing, but as connected to a great degree in the relation of cause and effect; and having found in the Society, after the strictest enquiry, no ground of offence, either from the disposition of the members on the character of the system, I looked upon it that the critical circumstances of the times demanded of me the joining myself with the body. I do not at all mean to say that I consider it unfit for a clergyman to take part in politics of a certain description. I look upon it, that where the permanency of a religious ministration is threatened, he is bound to take his place in the defence of the Church, and give such assistance as he can render; but my pursuits had been so widely estranged from every thing of a political character, that it was with great difficulty I consented to their being interrupted. There were various manifestations of danger to the Protestants of Ireland; there were many instances in which they were waylaid and assaulted, in which their clergy were murdered; there were some instances in which the clergy were driven from their glebes, and, in short, a repetition of

the same species of atrocities by which the south of Ireland has been disordered at the time when the Whiteboy system prevailed; Protestant clergy were murdered, they were assaulted, they were impoverished. The fact of a man's being a Protestant clergyman was considered a sufficient reason why he should not be permitted to recover his debts, and his being the creditor was held a sufficient reason why the debtor should not be permitted to pay. This seemed to indicate clearly enough a hostile purpose. But there were warnings of a still more striking character. It may be in the remembrance of many of the members of the Committee, that in the summer of 1832, signals were systematically conveyed throughout all Ireland with very alarming circumstances; lighted turf was carried from the house of one Roman Catholic to another, and the whole country was affrighted at the excitement and the order with which in the dead of night these symbols were borne and some mysterious message conveyed. In any neighbourhood where Protestants and Roman Catholics dwell near each other, it frequently happened that the signal was given at the door of the Roman Catholic, the Protestant's door being next to it."

"In what county was that?"

"In the county of Tyrone. This occasioned a very considerable alarm: a door was knocked at, at midnight, individuals were heard hastily rising, and then there was a person from that house despatched to convey the signal further. The rapid movements of parties along all the roads kept the alarm of the Protestants alive; their doors were scarcely in any instance knocked at, perhaps in none; and this, where the houses are very close and numerous, and where those of Roman Catholics and Protestants are very commonly joined, required considerable skill and arrangement: the consequence was what might be expected—universal alarm. In the house of every Protestant in the county some one person kept watch during the night, and apprehensions were felt that there would be an attempt at a general massacre. An evasive answer from one of my Roman Catholic parishioners quick-

ened my suspicions; he was a very intelligent person, and one from whom I would have expected prudent conduct. I spoke to him about these signals, and expressed my surprise that a man of his good sense would lend himself to the raising such alarms in the country. It was not possible for him, he said, to disobey, when the priest had given him an order to perform this duty. On the following Sunday, the Roman Catholic clergyman not only disclaimed having any part in the affair, but pronounced a strong censure on those who were said to be engaged in it; and when I asked my informant why he had deceived me, I found from the hesitation of his manner he was concealing much more from me than he had made me acquainted with. I was not surprised, therefore, that among my Protestant parishioners the greatest possible alarm should prevail, or that from the rumours they heard, and the conduct of their Roman Catholic neighbours, they were goaded almost to madness. In such a state of things, in a district where there were scarcely any resident gentry, and no magistrate, I thought it an indispensable duty that I should take a decided part in advising with the most influential members of the Orange Society, and I soon found it was my wiser course, and that it involved no impropriety to secure the fullest claim upon their confidence by becoming one of their body," &c. &c.

From these extracts may be gathered the nature of the arguments which Orangemen advance in their justification. When their society was instituted, the country was disordered, the mass of the people disaffected, the influence of a foreign enemy powerful, and the Government weak. Having been called into existence under so difficult circumstances, the Orange Society affirms that it has been a means of preserving peace and maintaining British connexion. By its officers, especially in the evidence of Hugh H. Baker, Esq., it is boldly and with authority stated, and letters produced in confirmation from individuals of high respectability, that even in districts where the Roman Catholics infinitely outnumber Protestants, the

introduction of Orange lodges has been eminently serviceable. They have been a restraint on general outrage—they have created security for life and possessions—and they have checked the melancholy drain of Protestant emigration. The habits of Protestants have improved, and the violence of their assailants has been hushed. From Mr Baker, too, and from Stewart Blacker, Esq.—from whose candid testimony all matters relating to the Orange system can be understood—we learn the unsuspicious circumstances under which military warrants were issued; that, in truth, at one period of Irish history, Orangeism in the army had been very strongly encouraged; that warrants had recently been granted in utter ignorance of the confidential military order, by which soldiers were prohibited from receiving them; and that as the circumstance having become known, steps should be taken to correct the evil arising solely from ignorance and inadvertence. When it is taken into account, that all which was known of military lodges was learned from Orange witnesses frankly stating all that they knew, and producing all the books* belonging to their institution, it will be conceded that if there were error in allowing the military to hold lodges, the Orange society was not aware that it had been betrayed into error.

It is very remarkable, that the statements advanced by the members of the Orange society were in no instance contradicted by the witnesses produced against them. In many and most important particulars they were confirmed. That previously to the institution of the Orange society, Ulster was the most lawless and distracted part of Ireland; that its condition has become totally altered since; and that, while the provisions of the Insurrection Act have been repeatedly applied to every other part of the country, Ulster, for which it was originally passed into a law, has never been in a state to require it; that, in short, previously to 1797, the year in which the

Orange society assumed an effective organization, disorders the most fearful, and crimes the most revolting, afflicted the northern counties, and that, subsequently, order, tranquillity, submission to law, and security for property and life, have distinguished them, are facts established by witnesses of the Orange society on the testimony of impartial or adverse historians, and which opposing witnesses have confirmed. On what, then, does any question remain? It, wherever the Orange institution in Ireland flourishes, crime is little known; in districts in which it has taken root date their tranquillity from its institution, and remember their disorders as having subsided in the same proportion as it has grown in strength; if these things are admitted, what ground of enquiry remains? It remains to ascertain whether, at the present day, the tranquillity would not be more complete if no Orangeism existed. This is the assertion of those who testify against the society. We shall see whether their representations bear it out.

And here, in the first place, it is necessary to observe, that, in common justice to an accused party, the statements of their adversaries should be carefully and jealously examined. An advantage rarely if ever conceded to those who criminate, was secured to them. They were privileged to examine such witnesses on the part of the Orangemen as they thought it advisable to summon; they had the opportunity of contradicting their testimony if it were in any particular defective or incorrect; they denied to the accused a similar opportunity of rebutting the testimony of the witnesses they produced against them; they did this, as the Orangemen assert, in a report of which Henry Maxwell, M.P., a member of the Committee, was the mover, and of the truth or falsehood of which he must have been cognizant, in violation of a clear and positive pledge or understanding; their statements, therefore, in accusation of the Orange system, must be re-

* So scrupulous was Secretary Swan, that in complying with the order to produce the books of the Association, he brought with him such works as were used for occasional reference.

garded with suspicion, and with a recollection of that portion of evidence which the accused party had in reserve, and were denied the opportunity to produce. It is not as on behalf of the Orange society we make this observation. It is necessary to be made in order to a due consideration of the subject.

Another observation, also, is necessary. We learn from the Parliamentary Reports, that when it was proposed to place the honourable member for the county Armagh, Colonel Verner, on the Committee, an objection was made on the ground of his party prejudices. Mr Shiel, we believe, was one of those by whom the objection was made, and we perceive that, although the enquiries of the Committee were directed to matters of which Colonel Verner must have considerable knowledge, the objection was successful. The consequence was that witnesses produced to depone upon various occurrences in those districts of which the honourable member had personal knowledge, were protected from his cross-examination. The reader should, so far as he has power, supply the deficiency, and he should also take in as among the elements of his judgment on the entire conduct of the Committee, the exclusion of so upright an individual as, even by his political opponents, Colonel Verner is acknowledged to be. If the rejection of him were accidental, or justified by the reasons assigned for it, a careful attention, it may be supposed, on the part of the Committee, might compensate the disadvantage of not having what would have proved a valuable assistance; but if the reasons for rejecting Colonel Verner are not even specious, and are proved to be such as the Committee itself thought inapplicable, the circumstance casts a shade of more than ordinary suspicion over all their proceedings.

There are two aspects, in either of which the Parliamentary Committee appointed to enquire into the Orange system could be regarded. It was a jury before which and by which the case was to be tried, or it was a miniature Parliament in which contending parties had their representatives. It is difficult to determine in which of these lights the late Committee would have itself regarded.

The rejection of Colonel Verner would seem to imply that the Parliamentary character is disavowed; the admission of five Roman Catholic members belies the notion that the impartiality of a tribunal or a jury is asserted. Perhaps this is rash. The day has come when religious opinions are not to be held as essentially connected with certain party politics? Perhaps. But a passage from a speech of one of the members of the Committee, Mr O'Connell, was placed on evidence, which suggests another ground for exception than even religious prejudices. It is taken from a speech delivered by that gentleman to an association in Ireland, subsequently to the appointment of the Committee, and to his having commenced acting as a member. After drawing a frightful picture of the condition of Ireland, and the almost intolerable sufferings of the people, he says, "It is in such a state of things that the fell fiends of Orangeism exult. That infernal faction, gloating upon the vitals of the country, rejoice in seeing farms belonging to Popish inhabitants converted into sterile wastes, &c. &c. Such is the future prospect of Ireland from the Orange faction." "The Orange faction will not relax," &c. &c. These passages are to be found in the evidence of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, delivered on the 26th of May. In such terms Mr O'Connell, acting as a member of the Committee, spoke of the party whose case he was trying. It does not appear that the notice of the Committee was at all directed to them. It is certain that Mr O'Connell did not feel it necessary to withdraw from the Committee in consequence of having spoken them. It is also certain, that in the capacity of a judge or a juror, in a cause still pending, he could not have so prejudged the case. It remains to determine why Mr O'Connell, having uttered such language, was permitted to retain his place in the Committee, and why Colonel Verner was excluded. We see no mode of accounting for the discrepant decisions except this, that the good old plan sufficed the Committee, and the party which recognised Mr O'Connell as their leader and the Orangemen as their adversaries, was the party which had the power. It is right that the reader

should be apprised of the circumstances. He will pass his own judgment upon them.

The Committee having been so constituted and so disposed, refusing to hear the reply of the Orangemen to charges advanced against them—refusing to admit Colonel Verner as a member of their body, and thus losing the benefit of his assistance, and his local knowledge in the examination of witnesses—made progress in the work of collecting proofs that, owing to the prevalence of the Orange system, the tranquillity of northern districts was not so wholly uninterrupted as it might otherwise have been. The evidence to this effect commenced with transactions in the year 1795, and continued to the present day. It contains the hearsay testimony of one individual, who remembers to have heard his aunt say that a Roman Catholic, of the name of Daniel Conegan, was murdered forty years ago—of another who remembers the execution of a Protestant named Bell for an attempt to commit murder in 1801—of another who remembers that a man named Riley was hanged for murder, and that a Presbyterian congregation (who believed him innocent, and who thought their minister had betrayed him by promising him a character before he had surrendered to take his trial, and then, when the trial came, deserting him, and refusing to keep his promise) closed their church against one whom they accounted unworthy to be their instructor;—and of another witness who had been an agent in conducting prosecutions on behalf of the Roman Catholic Association, who tells of one or two outrages, but describes himself as “having a bad memory, a shocking bad memory,” and whose judgement of himself we respect too highly to deny his evidence the benefit of it, even had it such qualities, which it has not, as might otherwise debar it from the shelter of oblivion. Such are the records of crime in the province of Ulster during the forty years in which the Orange confederation has existed. What a mockery it must have seemed to Mr. Shiel, who, during one of the months in which the Committee was sitting—we name at random the month of August—learned, or could learn, that twelve murders

were perpetrated in the county he represents—perpetrated, no doubt, by Roman Catholics, and exceeding, in a four-fold proportion, all that had been committed by Protestants throughout the entire province of Ulster, and during the troubled period of the last forty years. What a subject for a political moralist to descant on! No wonder that Roman Catholic members should have allowed the repeated allusions to the state of crime in the south and west of Ireland to pass without comment or question.

But there was one wholesale measure of religious persecution with which the Orangemen are chargeable. To them is attributable the expulsion of Roman Catholics from Ulster in the year 1795. Against them were directed the invectives of Lord Gosford, in that year governor of the County Armagh, invectives which have frequently been cited as having the Orange system for their object. We suppose that the hardest adventurer in criminality will not again adduce these invectives as evidence. The son of the nobleman who uttered them was examined at length. With every good disposition to convict the Orange system, his evidence was made conducive to its complete exculpation. The address of his lordship's father was shown, and proved to have no reference to the Orange system, which had barely begun to exist when it was spoken—which had been called out by the very circumstances of the times which gave occasion to the address, and which became so effectual in correcting the evils of which the occasion for the noble lord's complaint arose, that the Orangemen can now appeal boldly to the address of Lord Gosford, as showing what Ulster *was* before the institution was framed, and to the condition of that province for the last forty years, as attesting the character of their society.

It would far exceed our limits to transcribe the document to which we allude. A few extracts from Lord Gosford's evidence relating to it, may not prove unacceptable.

“Your lordship was examined yesterday respecting a speech reported to have been delivered by your father in the year 1795; will your lordship have the goodness to

take the book in which that speech is reported; there was a series of resolutions adopted by the magistrates, and signed by the names of several persons. Your lordship gave evidence respecting the gentlemen whose names were signed, some who, you stated, were staunch Protestants, and others who became bishops—does your lordship find any Presbyterians among them?"

"I cannot speak positively to the fact," &c. &c.

"Does your lordship see in that the names of any who either were Orangemen at that time, or became Orangemen afterwards?" "I do, I rather think Robert Bernard Sparrow was an Orangeman."

"He was a connexion of your lordship's?"

"He was a brother of Lady Gosford's."

"Does your lordship perceive any other who afterwards was an Orangeman?"

"James Verner, I think—but I am speaking from conjecture—and Stewart Blacker," &c. &c.

"In that speech of the late Lord Gosford, your lordship's father, there was the passage, 'A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency. Does your lordship imagine the persons pointed at in that passage, the lawless banditti, were Orangemen?'"

"I believe I stated before that I cannot say they were Orangemen," &c. &c.

"Your lordship did not mean to intimate that the parties pointed at in that speech were Orangemen?"

"No—I am sure I did not intend to give any such evidence; I merely stated that they were Protestants; and I stated that I did not know whether Orangemen had extended so far—I spoke to the impression I had," &c. &c.

"Is your lordship aware of the fact, that the Orangemen were Churchmen at the institution of the order?"

"I have understood originally that the Orangemen were composed of Churchmen," &c. &c.

"Does not your lordship think it improbable that Mr Sparrow, your relative, the father of Col. Verner and Dean Blacker, and those gentlemen would have become Orangemen

themselves, if they had thought the Orange Association was properly to be designated a lawless banditti?"

"I certainly would be a very surprising thing if they did, after signing such a paper as that."

"Taking all these circumstances into consideration, and the fact that there never was an Orange Lodge in Ireland till September 1795, that the speech in question delivered by your lordship's father was delivered in December 1795, three months after the first Orange Lodge was formed, and considering, that upon this occasion to the resolutions were affixed the signatures of the three gentlemen referred to, does not your lordship think the great probabilities are that the reference by your lordship's father to this lawless banditti must have been to the Peep-o'-day Boys, and not to the Orange Institutions?"

"I have stated, that I could not speak positively to the Peep-o'-day Boys; my belief is, that it alluded to Protestants, but under what name or title they were, I cannot say."

"Is it probable, taking into consideration the circumstances referred to, that the reference could be to the Orange Institution?"

"If so, there is a great inconsistency in it certainly," &c. &c.

"Your lordship was pressed yesterday with a question, whether the persons who did this were not considered to be Orangemen; your lordship's answer was:—'I should think they were considered Orangemen?'"

"If I said they were considered Orangemen, I meant the violent Protestant party," &c. &c.

"What your lordship meant to convey was, that they were considered to be Protestants who had done this?"

"Yes," &c. &c.

"The fact is, that there was a great deal of commotion in Ireland in matters of this sort, and that the term was applied to persons who were not Orangemen at all?"

"That may be the case."

"Do not people frequently impute transgressions supposed to be committed by Protestants to Orangemen, calling them the Orange faction?"

"Yes."

This cross-examination, we conceive, requires no comment. As to the fact, the compulsory flight as it was called of Roman Catholics,

it was explained in the Irish House of Commons by Mr Verner, whose speech was given in evidence by Col. Verner, his son, from which it appeared that fear of the law had much more to do with the flight than dread of Peep of-day Boys or Orangemen. The fact seems to have been, as indeed Wolfe Tone's Memoirs make abundantly clear, that multitudes of Roman Catholics in Armagh were implicated in a treasonable conspiracy, and their flight was no more than an endeavour to hide from justice. Our country made an unhappy acquisition of many who became denizens of Glasgow - others betook themselves to the west of Ireland and joined the French troops at their landing, but no challenge was effectual to overcome the prudent caution of parliamentary and popular declaimers on Protestant violence, so as to extort the name of even one aggrieved fugitive. So perilous was the undertaking to advocate their cause—so peculiar the circumstances of the clientship.

Lord Gosford's admission, that Orangemen are frequently unjustly accused, had a remarkable fulfilment in a Parliamentary paper produced and alluded to on the Committee before which his lordship was examined. The paper is headed, "Copy of the proceedings had at an investigation at Armagh, on the transactions which took place in that town and neighbourhood on the 10th January last, and the following week, during which period several houses in that town were attacked, and fourteen Catholic houses" (')—the reader may stare, but the words are so—"Catholic houses burned in the neighbourhood by a body of Orangemen: together with the several papers connected therewith." Such is the heading of these papers; and, *memorable dictu*—we have entitled ourselves to speak by entering the perusal of them—throughout the entire there is nothing which casts a shadow of suspicion on the Orangemen as concerned in the sacrilege upon the "Catholic houses."—

On the contrary, the only witnesses who spoke upon the subject with any distinctness, swore that they did not believe the parties who were engaged in the outrage to be Orangemen, and gave good reasons for their unbelief. But the framers of the motion which produced the papers thought little of the inconsistency between the book, the title, and Lord Gosford, who, in his letters to the Irish government, which appear in the same returns, adopts language similar to that of the accuser who moved for returns, and spoke so sensibly of Orange outrages and Catholic houses, would, no doubt, had he had the advantage of a good cross-examination, thankfully have corrected his unadvised and unmerited accusation, and said, that although he wrote Orangemen, he meant no more than Protestants. The reader may be pleased to suppose the change effected, and to think this one of the cases in which the Orange body are confessed to have been accused unjustly.

We dismiss this subject. We assent to the opinion expressed by Mr Colquhoun,* and firmly believe, that if the Orangemen of Ireland are desirous of defending themselves against every aspersion in a manner which shall be most effectual, they need only publish the evidence of the most uncompromising enemy of their system, the noble Lieutenant of the County Armagh. His constrained and ample acknowledgments of their individual worth, his eulogy on the excellence of the rules of the society, his confession of the tranquillity of the districts in which they prevail, would be invaluable to their cause; but there are other circumstances also to be gathered from his lordship's evidence, which are of no little moment in deciding the question as to the necessity of Protestant organization. The noble lord is asked whether he is aware of processions of Ribbonmen, and he declares, that he "has no doubt of their marchings and meetings on St Patrick's Day." He is asked if he is aware of the practice of bon-

* See the tract published under the direction of the Protestant Association in Glasgow, by J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. of Killermount. It consists of but forty pages, and contains a mass of matter which we rarely remember to have found compressed and distinctly stated within so narrow a compass.

fires and rejoicings on St John's day also, and he replies, "Yes, that has been as long as I recollect any thing." He is asked, "Is your lordship aware of an instance in which they have been interfered with by Protestants?"—and his answer is "No." So much for the abstinence of the Orange body.—For the disposition of those whom they have reason to dread:—Lord Gosford was examined with reference to an outrage perpetrated on a man suspected of a design to become a Protestant.—"Did your lordship hear that he was set upon and stabbed for going to church with his wife, because she was a Protestant?" The answer is—"I did hear that, but I afterwards heard some explanation about it; it appeared, to the best of my impression, and satisfied me, that there was some other cause that *might* be a part of it, for any thing I can say," &c. "Can your lordship state what that was?" "No, indeed, I cannot." We learn from the evidence of Mr Jones, that the crime respecting which Lord Gosford gave these answers, was committed during an investigation into party riots, at which his lordship presided, and where Mr Jones assisted him. We learn that Mr Jones went to see the wounded man, but neither from the noble lord nor his assistant do we learn that the case received that consideration which its great importance merited, and which was necessary in order to satisfy Protestants that their wrongs, as well as their offences, were objects of attention to the government of the country. Lord Gosford confesses that a magistrate of his county suffered his temper so to prevail over all sense of decency, as to be guilty of an assault on a clergyman, and he has not stated that any notice was taken of this grave offence; but he declares, that simply for the crime of being in the street where Protestants burned in effigy, this (were we writing where Romish law prevailed, we should say sacrilegious) violator of the peace, a magistrate, otherwise void of offence, was deprived of the commission of the peace. Assuredly, if this be the species of countenance and protection afforded to Protestants and their church, the time for dissolving the Orange confederation is not yet clearly discernible.

In truth, the solitary ground of complaint against the Orange system which has been insisted on is, that it occasions those processions by which the peace of the country is said to be disturbed. As men and citizens entitled to, and receiving, warm eulogies from their adversaries, including even Lord Gosford, who confesses that they are a body of men of whom any government ought to be proud—it is only as members of an institution by which public processions are encouraged, that they are to be condemned. We do not at present enter into an examination of this difficult part of the subject. We by no means admit that the policy of discouraging processions is clear, while, yet, we are alive to their injurious consequences. It is, however, rather unreasonable to impute them to the Orange system. It has been proved that formerly there were three anniversaries publicly celebrated by Irish Protestants, while there is now but one. It appears, also, that the Orangemen, instead of adopting as their public day that of their own triumph over treachery and violence, September 21, selected a day which Roman Catholics were in the habit of commemorating, and which was thus proved to be inoffensive. It has been established beyond controversy, that they are not in the habit of opposing the demonstrations which Roman Catholics make on the days in which they think proper to assemble, and it might have been reasonably conjectured, that if they, on their festive occasions, are opposed, it must be because there is a hatred to the principles they display, such as cannot easily be appeased. Those who now assault Orangemen in their public displays, and who conduct their own processions without molestation, might carry their violence farther, and attack in their houses those whom they had persecuted, until they gave up all that was once pronounced offensive, and whose very existence in the land would soon be proclaimed the unpardonable offence.

But admitting for a moment that the processions ought to be given up, can it admit of a doubt that the gentlest means, consistent with the execution of a severe duty, ought to be those employed to make a new and rigorous law reasserted? A body

of men, who are confessed to have saved Ireland from revolt and ruin, commemorate a day of proud triumph in the manner they have been taught and encouraged to celebrate it from their earliest days to the declining years of life. Surely some respect should be paid to their natural prejudices, when they are required to forsake the once honoured custom. But who were the individuals selected for the delicate task of such dissuasion. One is accused, on oath, of ostentatiously pirating ensigns of treason for the cruel purpose of irritating Orangemen, and the charge remains uncontradicted. He is constrained to confess that he rushed, unprovoked, into an indecent altercation with a Protestant clergyman, and when offended by the reply he extorted, actually proceeded to the barbarous rudeness of striking him in the public street. He was known to the Lord lieutenant of his county to have perpetrated this enormity, and he sees, and the country sees, two magistrates, acknowledged to be impartial gentlemen, dismissed from their office on frivolous pretences, and he, the striker of the clergyman, is seen to be a magistrate still. Surely it is not on a temper like this we can rely for judicious management of a difficult commission. This person's name is Undercock. Another individual Inspector of Police, Sir Frederick Staven, murmurs against the moderation of a magistrate who prefers advice to the wanton employment of force—Sir Frederick would make use of cannon to disperse a party who yield to reason and withdraw—Sir Frederick is no conciliator—Captain Duff, chief constable, having felt mortified at a casual expression of Colonel Verner, deliberately goes to his lodgings, provides himself with pistols, comes forth to throw himself in the way of the gentleman whose cool rebuke appears to have maddened him, and boastfully proclaims, even after passion had time to subside, that had Colonel Verner resented by a blow the language he used, "by the living G—, he would have shot him." Another of these gentlemen has the office assigned to him of taking down a flag from the church, and actually proceeds on his mission at the time

of public worship, enters the church while the congregation are engaged in prayer, to alarm and insult them. It would be tedious to enumerate the acts of intemperance and insult by which the Protestants and Orangemen have been wantonly provoked. These instances are inadequate samples.

On the whole, the impression left on our minds is, that the Orange institution, or some similar confederation of Protestants, is necessary in the circumstances of Ireland. That country is not in a state to be governed by British law. Neither the character, nor the religion, nor the opinions of the people, are favourable to its operation; and the consequence inevitably follows, that loyal men must fall victims to the confederacy by which law is overborne, or must combine to maintain their own rights and in their own collected strength seek their protection. They have done so in Ulster, and God has prospered their endeavours. They dwell in a country in a state of distraction—they instituted the Orange Society, and Ulster has been converted into a province which vies with England in order and security. The Orange system has of course attracted the enmity of England's enemies. O'Connell first flattered its members in terms of most obsequious adulation. He was taunted with this in the House of Commons by Colonel Verner, and by his silence admitted the truth of the accusation. When he found they were not to be rajoled, he sought their overthrow, and he has established beyond controversy their title to be respected and cherished. It would to us be a source of rejoicing to think the hour come when all political societies might be merged in one, that in which all subjects felt a common interest in upholding law—but we are sure the time for such general amalgamation has not come—and we therefore sincerely desire that the Orange institution, or some equally effective Protestant organization, will spread and be established, in Ireland at least (and we doubt whether it be not in all parts of the kingdom desirable), as a necessary supplement to the British constitution.

THE TROJAN HORSE; OR SIEGE OF TROY EXPLAINED.

THERE is not a record of antiquity that has puzzled the learning, the learned, or the unlearned of mankind, more than this "Tale of Troy divine." Philosophers, historians, antiquarians, politicians, geographers, have all in vain attempted to crack the nut, but none have reached the kernel. Yet this tale has mainly influenced, or, indeed, brought about the great transactions of the world. It has formed the character of sage and warrior. Have we not every reason to believe, that it alone effected the conquests of Alexander, and that it sent, fresh from its pages, its quota of heroes to Waterloo? The universal interest has caused keen enquiry and deep research. Volumes have been written upon the results, yet nothing but perplexity of opinion remains. Though the great Latin poet and historian tells us plainly "Troy was" (*Troja fuit*), yet its very existence has been doubted by some, and denied by others.

I will say nothing of the absurdity of those who maintain that, with the classics generally, it is a monkish forgery, nor of those who would treat it as the worthless legend of an old almanack. There are many who make a boast of wisdom, that will deny assent to any thing but what comes from their own brains; Anaxagoras was not the only philosopher who swore that snow was black. But I do enter a protest against the wholesale cutting and slashing, maiming and mutilating, that the wondrous relics of antiquity are subjected to in the German schools of historical reform; and I flatter myself, I shall deserve more than thanks at the hands of the literary and unliterary world, if I can recover for the ancient Homeric and Virgilian almanacks their legitimate Troy-weight. I have, to my own entire satisfaction, established a theory that solves every difficulty. I have tied by it the most plausible and specious objections; and though they have been beautiful, and precious to the eyes of critics as Cleopatra's pearl, they have left not a film behind them in the solution.

This theory will have little charm

for the unintelligible school. Jeremy Bentham, if he were living, would not look at it, nor will any of the Benthamites; and this, I say, is its recommendation—for it is simplicity itself, and palpable to every understanding. But why dwell upon its merits, and forestall the praises it will most assuredly receive? There is little need to solicit admiration.

I begin then at once, as most theorists do, by begging the question, and assert, in limine, that "Troy was." "*Fuit Ilium*." It granted; and more, the "*Agens Gloria Dardanidum*." This being admitted, whereon to rest the lever of theory, I shall boldly put one of the points of the compass at once in Troy, and thus draw a magic circle around it, "*pericul' esse profani*." None shall enter herein to poke amid the ashes, and publish that he can neither find pot nor pipkin. None need pretend to follow Alexander's footsteps thither, who are not prepared to be Alexanders, and if they are, they will find all they would look for in Homer—geography, topography, and ichthyography. Troy was—

"*Mais l'envie de la pensée
Est une si belle et si noble idée.
Le Temps a sauté sur la cendre
Des murs, qu'aux rives du Scamandre
C'est haït l'ami d'Ephestion.
Mais quand tout meurt, peuples monarque,
Hercule triomphe des Patrocles,
Qui triomphèrent d'Ilium.*"

Well—*Fuit Ilium*. But the Greeks,—how did they levy their armies? how build, man, and victual their fleets? how was their commissariat provided? who was "paymaster to the forces?" and how were the supplies obtained? And then the ten years' siege! Ay, run on, run on, as many more questions as you please, and all upon impossibilities; they all lead inevitably to the theory. All these were an allegory, representing, indeed, real events, but of a home character. The internal feuds and parties of Troy are herein figured. Troy was not destroyed by foreign enemies. The Greeks and Trojans are but the two great political parties

of Troy. Their struggles were the only war to which it was exposed; and if Troy fell, it fell by one of these parties. How then came the real history to be so concealed? There may have been many reasons. But we have only to imagine that any direct and specific publication of political acts and of parliamentary speeches was prohibited, and that, in consequence, the *Chronicles*, the *Globes*, and the *Couriers*, and *Standards* of that day—and, till of late years, our own parliamentary debates are a parallel case—were obliged to cover truth with invention, and we shall at once comprehend the adoption of wars, and battles, and sieges. We shall see the noted leaders of parties in the heroes of fight. It is not now my business to scrutinize how these papers made their appearance, nor if they used printing, or writing, or painting; but as they had steam vessels, which is proved in the ships of the *Puracians*, they may have had a printing press; but, perhaps, they had not, and much was done by writing, and probably more by painting—the very origin of political caricature—which we have every reason to believe, in those days, was without its ludicrous feature, and their *satires* are well known. But this very method of communicating facts would necessarily lead to those distinct and separate pictures of antagonist pitted against antagonist—and allegorical scenes—which subsequently became embodied in the more distinct fables, which it is the fashion to call *Homeric*. Yet, observe, I do not say that there are no events represented really as they took place; for no one will doubt that Troy was actually destroyed, ruined, burned; but the agency of the perdition is a metamorphosis from the facts, and the agents figure in a mythologically true, and poetically false history, under the disguise of foreigners and warriors. *Enemies*, indeed, they were to the peace and welfare of Troy, and with their very strong foreign bias, the manner in which themselves and their actions were treated by the fabulous historians, must cease to be a matter of surprise. I am perfectly aware that in coming to the detail, and minute parts of that wondrous tale, the

theory may not be palpable to the perception of every reader, whether critic or not, and thus a door may be opened to much valuable discussion, from which further light may be thrown upon this and every other ancient history. I am persuaded that this manner of painting events in the annals of nations has led to considerable and important errors; for had I left the wars we read of from the creation of the world taken place, the wonder would have been, that any were left to bury the dead—as was the case with the *Kilkenny rats*, there would have been nothing left but the tails; yet we find the world peopled in flat contradiction to their really figurative records—peopled even to the terror of political economists and the great *Malthusian* nun. But I am sure of the pith and marrow of the theory, and that, with the addition of this key, all general, and much particular, ancient history will be palpable to every understanding. Trying its power upon the tale of Troy, every one will be certainly struck with some curious coincidences. These, I confess, upon the first examination, led me to look upon these records as prophetic, in which light I have already considered our old *Nursery Rhymes*, but I very soon abandoned the idea, and accounted for the coincidences by the universality and unchangeableness of the features of human nature in all ages and circumstances. This universal resemblance might well justify me in using the known phrases, and very party distinctions of our own day; and it is difficult to avoid even the common appellations of *Whig* and *Tory*; for there were two such great parties in the Trojan state, and as with us, it was by the one of those two calling in the vulgar or third party that the final mischief was effected. Indeed, we seem fancifully enough to read the very names, for Troy was not the legitimate name, but *Pergama*; but, in process of time, assumed that name from its more constant defenders and conservators; and it is curious, that Troy is *Tory*, with the transposition of but one letter. So the *Gial*, as the opposite faction was long called, cannot fail to bring to mind the *Greys* of modern date; who may be said, for a

much longer period than ten years, to have besieged our Pergama, that, it is feared, will ever bear the evil marks of the "*gesta Græcorum*." And, taking an equally fanciful view, who will not be struck with the coincidence, that they, after a time, lost this appellation, and, for some cause or other, probably taking the name of another leader, they were denominated *Dan-ai* or Dan's men, and that the *Troy* or *Tory* men, as those who detested and defied this new leader, were known as *Dare-Dans*, and, for shortness, *Dardans*, *Dardanide*. There are the allowable sports of literature, that tend to relieve the mind in its laborious search after truth; and, placing no great value upon them, I am yet tempted to note them, as a navigator would amuse the world on his return with accounts of certain pleasant and sunny islands he may have met with, though they have little to do with the main purpose of his voyage. Having premised thus, I may perhaps be pardoned if I pick up a few observations and circumstances in the outskirts of the fabulous land; and for a while entertain the reader by analogies to culvise the truth, which would be otherwise bare, when stripped of its metaphorical and allegorical dress; and as I have found in them amusement amidst the toil of digging for recondite facts, I offer them as schuapps by the way, to be taken in a moment of rest, and for refreshment at the door-way seat of the public-house of history; or, to use our more eloquent parliamentary language, "to be drunk on the premises," by no means, however, recommending the intoxication those noted words have been construed by the vulgar to encourage—for I would not have the reader staggered in his very first attempt to advance in the debateable ground of history.

I consider the constitution of *Troy* or *Pergama*, to be represented by *Helen*; nay, start not at the supposition, there are many reasons that lead to the conclusion. She certainly was at least the pretended object of either party: both claimed her, and endeavoured to get hold of her. And it was the enmity caused by her transferring herself to the *Trojan* party from the *Greeks* or

Graii party, to whom it was boasted she originally belonged, that produced the violent struggles in the state. Nor does *Helen* unaptly represent a constitution; for, with some failties, she was exceedingly beautiful, and preserved her complexion and youthful charms to such a wondrous age, that that circumstance alone has altogether proved her to be a fictitious character. Then though represented of so fascinating a beauty, it appears, from her interview with *Priam* and his aged counsellors on the wall, that her real merits were more revered by the very old than the young, which would hardly have been the case, were it not that some hidden virtues, discernible to the wisdom and experience of the old, were figured under her personal beauty. It is undoubted that *Helen* must have been an ideal representation. For the *Helen*, the actual wife of *Meneclaus*, was, it is well known, at the supposed time of the *Trojan* war, in *Egypt*; and to account for the change of perplexities, her ubiquity, her age, and numerous suitors (all clear enough by the new construction), and to screen the absurdity of the marriage as a matter of history, it has been asserted that it was only her image that went to *Troy*. Then, again, in the oath of allegiance to her, or to him who should legitimately possess her, which her father is said to have made all her suitors take, who does not see the usual homage paid to, and oath sworn to the observance of, a constitution?

That she did not stay with *Meneclaus*, whose very name implies that he was one who would rather stay by and court the people than her, is in entire accordance with the view taken, and we must not be surprised, then, to find her taste inclining to the *Parisian*, nor that she sometimes showed an inkling to return to her former spouse—not that she should have found such good and sure shelter in the regal court of worthy old *Priam*—nor that, in their love and loyalty, the true *Trojans* should have fought for her to the end, and to have her unchanged. Poor, good old *Priam*, all the generous, not the liberals, love his name; many's the tear I have shed over it

in early youth. But the name, like every other representing any thing good, has been usurped, misused, and abused. The original signification is doubtless the same with Priamus; it means the first, or the Prime; and since the days that legitimate royalty has become weakened, and taken, as it were, the second place, many a minister, that should be but the servant, has seized the reins of government, without either approbation of, or nomination from, as good a king as Priam, and appropriated that name of distinction to himself.

To go a little farther.—Who was Agamemnon? Not a king certainly in the sense in which Priam was king—we must not be misled by later and more improper use of words. He is indeed called the *Ἀγαμέμνων Ἀγαμέμνων*; but *ἄναξ* is not king—*ἄναξ* is but a common sailor; and, in more vulgar parlance, may but have signified the “cock or the walk.” Agamemnon was the leader of the party, and had he been dead and buried, the Whigs of Troy would have drunk to his memory as ours do to Fox’s; and so the whole armament may be said to have been the marshalling, according to the present custom of the Graft or Whig party, against the Troy or Tory party. And then again, in confirmation of what has been asserted, his title, *Ἀγαμέμνων*, is very observable—a sort of representation of the “Sovereign People,” so early is that assumption to be dated; the *ἄναξ*, then, were nothing more than “the people,” though afterwards, in the Athenian republic, it was addressed by the orators and demagogues in flattery, and to imply a consequence, after they had assumed the whole power of the state; though indeed the *ἄναξ* *Ἀγαμέμνων* were the most notorious rabble-soundrels that ever infested a state. Then we do not find good old Priam called the people king, or the citizen king, but the “shepherd of his subjects;” *πάσας*, not *ἄναξ*, implying that he loved them and took care of them; and the *ἄναξ* *Ἀγαμέμνων*—which means “every inch a king.”

The incident of Agamemnon sacrificing his own daughter is not very difficult of solution—and here it must be remarked that the phraseo-

logy of the Greek and our own language is so similar, that literal translations will often surprise us with our own vulgar slang expressions; this by the way, for I will not stop for examples—so we find it in this well-known incident.—What was his object? the immediate answer is—“to raise the wind.” To raise which, indeed, many a statesman has sacrificed his most favourite schemes, the very off-spring of his brains, like the “absolute wisdom” that was beat out of Jupiter’s, the very child of his thoughts, that he had cherished, dry-nursed; has even eaten his own words, which was the sole meaning of Saturn devouring his own children.

And who was Ulysses? A crafty eloquent Whig of Troy, allegorically said to have stolen into the temple and filched away the palladium. He must have been some church plunderer, a remover of test acts, which test acts protected the Trojan church. He is to be found in every fraudulent measure taking a leading part, or it would be better said an underhand part. He was a principal, too, in the matter of the wooden horse, the true meaning of which I intend to disclose.

The character of Achilles, I must confess, excites astonishment and surprise. He appears really not to belong to the party to which history has attached him, the greatest of warriors and a consummate statesman. During the greater part of the siege he either resists the Whig-Greeks, for so I must call the party, or obstinately keeps back his full power, and yet the moment he arises, scorning the very faction with whom he sides, he effects the very measures at a single blow, which they never could bring about with their united forces, whether in or out of Parliament. He is a noble and sublime character; and I suspect some one act of his, accordant to the views of the Whig faction of Troy, has placed him, in the records, on the side he never could have chosen by his taste or any one feeling of his nature. If I am obliged to compare him to any politicians of modern history, I should say that in the former part of his character, when he broke away from his party, he resembled Burke: and in the latter

part of his doings, Wellington. And his statue, now pointing to the residence of the hero of Waterloo, seems to claim kindred on the score of manly strength and virtue. He was a minister of singular energy and straightforwardness.

To drop from the highest to the lowest depth—is not Thisites the very beau-ideal of a Whig-Radical, ever, as Homer tells us, railing at kings with his foul mouth? and this shows us that this genus turpissimum infested poor Troy, as well as other places.

There is an amusing anecdote in the old rhapsodies, which I would not pass over, of one Glaucus (a Grey by translation), who was foolish enough to be cheated into an exchange the most stupid; the very armour of defence, worth I don't know how many bulls' hides, for one worth nothing—gold for iron, which famous exchange became a proverb to express a foolish bargain, "*Diomedis et Glauci permutatio*." He was one of those silly fellows that ever think new lamps better than old—a Birmingham manufacture, as we should say, superior to the old regalia.

But I must not be tempted to review all the characters of the splendid blind, not even the amiable Hector, that prototype of a true Conservative, shall lead me into further discussion on the merits of the

Trojan Toris, though from the very depth of the heart I love and admire them, or to use the Virgilian phrase, "*Exanimatque Toris animosum pectus*." My business shall be more particularly with the events immediately preceding the fall of Troy, and then with the fall itself. And in endeavouring to give a rational account of them, I shall be guided solely by the narrative, as it is related in the *Æneid*, simply applying to it the hypothesis, that it describes the struggles of political parties in the state, and not any actual foreign warfare. And I shall not be, I trust, less intelligible, if I adopt, as occasion may offer, and as I have hitherto done, the denominations of parties known among ourselves.

Melancholy indeed was the catastrophe; and if there be a resemblance of incidents or characters with those of our own days, let us all hope at least that the evil of the omen may be averted; and let "*Troja fuit*,"—"*Puimus Troes*," be a warning, as all history ought to be, to successive generations. It must be observed, however, that Maca herself has, from the commencement of the evil times, uttered her warning voice, as did Cassandra, and, like her, has not been believed. May not posterity have to relate of us as *Æneus*, or Virgil through him, did of the unfortunate Ilium?

"*Trojana: ut opes, et lamentabile regnum
Evulsiunt Danai.*"

The narrative commences with a summary of the state of parties immediately preceding the final and fatal struggle, and then proceeds to the wicked schemes of the Whigs of Troy; nor is it without a loathing horror the tale is told.

"*Quonquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit:
Incipiam. Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Doctores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis equum, divina Palladis arte
Ædificant: sæctaque intexunt abiete rostras.
Votum pro reditu simulant: ea fama vagatur.
Iluc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim
Includunt cæco lateri: penitusque cavernas
Ingentes, utrumque armato milite complent.*"

I shall, though it is not as forcible as it should be, quote Dryden, merely substituting the names.

"I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last, and fatal night befel.
By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Whigs grew weary of the tedious war,

And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of mountain height appear'd;
The sides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it made
For their return; and this the row they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their party hide;
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode."

I have given Dryden's translation for rhyme; I will give a somewhat more paraphractical one for reason. Dryden had not the key, or he would have done it more to the spirit of the truth of the original. I should say, then, that the Whigs of Troy, being quite broken in spirit by the glorious termination of a war they had always opposed, and undertaken by the Tories, the issue of which was so contrary to their expectations and prophecies, plan a monstrous scheme, a Bill, which under the name of Reform, is to effect all sorts of changes, which scheme had long been the Hobbyhorse of the Grays, or Greys, and now was to be their stalking-horse, to cover their, the Whigs, return to office, under a pretence indeed of a return to the old constitution. It is called a monster, *Instar Montis*, strong of "the mountain." They boast of it as a contrivance of the very Goddess of Wisdom (the most pugnacious in the mythology), which means nothing more nor less than the modern cant of the "march of intellect." The scheme is full of promises, which

they take care to have promulgated every where; but they concoct the detail, furtim, secretly, and wonderfully they kept the secret. Thus secretly they cram their Bill, or Bills (for I am by no means sure one only is meant, for the monster was moveable, wheel within wheel), with commissions, to be filled by (*delecta sortiti corpora*) choice Whigs, to fulfil their ulterior measures; so they are said to be thoroughly armed. And the event showed that this Whig Hobbyhorse was not, as most are, stuffed with straw, but with stout bill men, and bludgeon-men, and fagot-men, with the intent indeed to overthrow the Tories, though they destroy Troy itself. The history here so awfully suddenly turns to another point of the compass. The attention is directed to an old theatre whereon the Whigs of Troy had for many a year played their pranks, till they had brought it into a sad state. It seems there was an island, formerly a part of King Priam's dominions, situated probably pretty much as Ireland is with regard to England:—

"Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant.
Nunc tantum sinus, et statio malefida carinis."

Its notorious character is not omitted, "*notissima fama*," and there is noted a remarkable feature, its prosperity, when the substantial power of Priam remained, and subsequently its utter ruin—the bad faith of its inhabitants—and it is represented as just that sort of place for a wreck, and where the evil-disposed might drive the vessel of the state.

"In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle,
While fortune did on Priam's empire smile,
Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
Where ships exposed to winds and weather lay."

The Whigs do not fail to keep this island in sight, as a point from which they might do the greatest mischief with the greatest impunity to themselves; they might have boasted that it was indeed ever "*in conspectu*," for they never lost sight of it; it was almost their pet island—Island, I am almost tempted to call

it Ireland, a name very expressive of its condition as a place of deposit for party wrath, where it would not be lost, but be in a constant state of fermentation, a choice scene for experimentalizing, and for treachery of every kind, the "*statio malefida*." It is observable that hitherto the Whigs, who had been termed

Grail, are now denominated "Ductores Danaum," as if they were the originators of the introduction of the Danites to the privileges of the constitution of Troy, from which they had been excluded. But these Danites being once admitted, would have no leaders, and so domineered, that who but they; and at length all distinction is lost between them and

the Whigs, and thenceforth all are called Danaal. But we must not forestall events—to this island they direct all their energies for the present, and by stealth stir up some old grievances that had either been nearly removed or forgotten; which is well enough expressed by their hiding themselves, or at first secretly lurking about and agitating.

"Huc se proceri deserto in littore condunt."

The Tories are deluded, thinking, that if they yield to their opponents in this matter of the island, they would be content therewith. In this too fond hope they consent to introduce the Danites into the constitution. The doors of the legislature are imprudently thrown open. "Pauduntur portæ." There is a false joy upon the occasion.

"Ergo omnis longo solvit se Teuceria luctu
Pauduntur portæ."

It is now that the Whigs bring to view their great stalking-horse, this "mountain" fabrication (certainly a Bill of general Reform); there is no end to their boasting of its wisdom; it is the gift of very wisdom deified; and it is curious to note the epithet applied to this new wisdom divinity, "innuptæ," unwedded; that wisdom which has no alliance with the state by church bond—unwedded to what the Whigs would call religious prejudices, carrying with it a

system of education called liberal, because excluding religion. The historian may well call it a destructive gift, for all the destructives were delighted with it. The foolish people stand agape at the wonder, while part of the rabble enter the Parliament House with the Danaï, and wonder how they should find themselves, where their betters "certare solebant." Then all cry up the Whig hobby.

"Pars stupet innuptæ domum exitiale Minervæ,
Et molem mirantur equi."

The Whigs of Troy take advantage of this state of popular stupefaction; by one means or other get possession of the public press (not the Minerva, as some might suppose), and by fallacies, and lies, and very vulgar abuse, brutally attack the Tories of Troy, till themselves publicly boasted, in nearly the words of the Latin historian,

"Fudimus insidiis totaque agitavimus urbe."

They had then their *Chronicles*, and their *Times*, as I have before shown, but now we may in justice happily add, "*Tempora mutantur.*" The *Times* changed. The dictatorial exhortative style of the leading journal is well marked.

"Primusque Thyestes, (or, as some editions have it, Timæus)
Duci intra muros hortatur, et arce locari."

And it is with pain we are compelled to add the succeeding line—

"Sive dolo, seu jam 'ojæ sic fata ferebant."

"Timæus first ('tis doubtful whether Lired,
Or so the Trojan destiny required)
Moved that the ramparts might be broken down,
'To lodge the monster fabric in the town."

Yet are there some of the public press that make an honest stand, and in the name of the constitution of Troy, command the whole Reform Bill to be sifted, and all its lurking fallacies and iniquities exposed, and its secrecies laid open.

" At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti,
Aut pelago Danaum insidiis suspectaque dona
Præcipitare jubent, subjectisque urere flammis;
Aut trebachare cavas uteri et tentare latebras."

" But . . . and the rest of saunder mind
The fatal present to the flames designed;
Or to the watery deep; at least to bare
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore."

And even in this state of things, the mass of the people are as yet divided, and thus the whole peace of society is broken up.

" Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus."

" The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide."

How well is the vulgar oratory of public meetings hit off. But this state does not last long, when the rabble are taught to understand that there is to be to them, in particular, a great bone. They are all up, on one side. It is then "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing else but the Bill."

Very soon after this, the danger to the Established Church of Troy becoming manifest, the clergy to a man, with their Archbishop of Troy at their head, and a great number of the best men of character and property, proclaim to the people the imminent danger, and point out forcibly their growing madness and delusion, and thus the church's conduct is described.—

" Primus ibi ante altaris, magna comitante caterva,
Læcon ardens summa decemit altare,
Et precor. O, miser! que tanta inanis, eyes!"

Then a bribe to some portion of the church is spoken of, as being offered, under the pretence of a liberal care for them, but actually with intent to have a hold upon them, and so having them, as it were, by the collars, to rob them, and that at the special instigation of the Danites. Thus the church proceeds:

" Creditis avertos hostes, aut alla putatis
Dona carere dolis Danaum sic notus Ulysses."

Then follows an eloquent appeal to the good sense of the people, showing that the greatest danger is to themselves, that the "roving commissions" concealed within the measure will in time inspect their very houses, and overthrow the state.

" Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi,
Aut hæc in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi;
Aut aliquis latet error: equo ne credite Teucri.
Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

Though Dryden falls, I give his translation:

" The hollow fabric either must enclose
Within its blind recess our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town
To o'er-look our walls, and then to batter down;
Somewhat is sure designed, by fraud or force,
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse."

The historian bitterly laments that this church-blow to the measure was ineffectual; had it been otherwise, says he,

" Trojaque nunc staret, Priamique aux alta maneres."

" And had not heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done to inspire a better mind,
Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood."

Next follows a character I scarcely know how to deal with. The execrable Sinon—whether he represents any individual character, or traitors in general, “*id genus omne*,” I will not decide. All lying traitors have a strong family resemblance. I am, however, inclined to think that several real personages are hinted at in this one. Every word he utters is false; he is introduced with his hands tied, voluntarily tied, and that is a very common thing with mean statesmen, who are as fast bound and tied, with their hands behind them as it were, to particular measures. He makes a great parade about enemies to both him, is very glib about patriotism, and such usual rhodomontade. He is forced by the Greeks into the presence of good old Priam, who in his honesty, and to his credit, believes every lie he tells.

“*Linguis placastis ventos,
Sanguine querendi reditus.*”

There is no enumeration here made of the murders per diem, but they were probably not much fewer than those allowed in our days in the sister kingdom. They greatly increased with the introduction of the Danites.

“*Quum prima Hecce, Danaï, venistis ad aras.*”

The consummate scoundrel tells how his enemies had caught him at fault, and had him in their power, and confesses that he was in danger.

“*Eripui (lateo) leto me, et vincula rupi.*”

Though the fact was, the escape was entirely the act of the Whigs of Troy, for the advancement of their own wicked purposes—and he is rewarded—nay, perhaps some particular royal grace and precedence is noted in the following—

“*Ipsè viro prius matineas atque meta levavi
Vincula jebat Pelamus.*”

Nor was there any need for the good King to add, as he did—

“*Quisquis es, amisses hinc jam obliviscere Græcos,
Noster eris.*”

Such a one was sure to forget his friends soon enough. Nor should he perhaps have asked about the Bill in that quarter; but some say the questions were not asked by the King himself, but by some of his confidential servants, who assumed the power to confer the royal patronage, and make a compact with the villain. “*Quæ Religio.*” “*Touching Religion,*” shows clearly that there was something about that in the compact. The words are remarkable, and will bring to the reader’s mind the questioning on similar matters before committees of our House.

“*Quidve petunt—quæ religio, aut quæ machina belli?*”

His reply, commencing with an oath, is very characteristic; but why appeal to the “eternal fi—s” (*vos eterni ignes*)? This must have been in allusion to some general incendiarism, at that time rife in the land. He calls emphatically too on the altar and the pike—

“*Vos aræ ensæque nefandi.*”

The new party to which he binds himself, appear to be successors to the Greys or Grail, for he abuses them unequivocally and without mercy.

"Fas mihi Gralorum sacrata resolvere jura;
Fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras,
Si qua tegunt."

"And grant I may
Without a crime th' ungrateful (Greys) betray;
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate."

With what cool audacity the scoundrel talks of breaking his oaths. One would think there had been Papists in those days, maintaining that oaths are not to be kept with heretics; and, with what cowardice he tells the Grey Whigs he has them in his power, and threatening them with betraying their secrets. Who will be surprised if such a fellow is not bound by any laws, not caring a rush for his country—as if he should say to his new allies, "you do my work, and I'll do yours."

"Feneor Patrie nec legibus ullis.
Tu modo promissis maneat,
Si magna repellant."

The compact being as it were signed and sealed, he enters into all the ulterior views of his new allies, to be carried out in as short a time as possible; and has the extraordinary impudence to assert, after he had entered into a contract by which the established church of Troy was to be destroyed, that the Whig Radical Hobby alone would preserve the people under their old religion, some have thought, ambiguously laying a stress on the word "old,"

"Populum Antiqui sub Religione tuam."

The consequences of these "sayings and doings" are made manifest as the history proceeds. The church, it will be recollected, was to be sacrificed. This is told under a very bold and singular imagery. As I showed, the church is signified by her high priest or Archbishop, Laocoon. Through him the hostility of the church to all the mischievous measures had been marked. How is the mutilation of the church painted? We see two serpents, coming too across the channel, from Teucros, and intertwining themselves round

the archbishop and his two sons, the dearest of his family, and positively murdering them—and just, too, at the very time the priesthood were about to sacrifice a "bull." What can be meant by that?—it puzzles me. Perhaps it was something analogous to the Pope's Bulls of our times, which the Established Church of Troy may have been on the point of annihilating by their peculiar energy. Hinc illæ lachrymæ!

The sea serpents, the monsters, and the tails, are surprisingly described.

"Ecce autem genui a Teu-do tranquilla per alta
(Horresco referens), immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad littora tendunt.
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exasperant undas; pars cætera pontum
Pons legit, sinuantque immensa volumine terga."

"Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide;
Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below,
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the dying billows force."

The uproar, the foam, their taking possession of the land—the blood, the fire, the hisses, wonderfully express the utter malignity, recklessness of blood, fury, and frenzy of the leaders of a deadly faction, who, coming

from Tenedos, had determined upon the utter destruction of the Established Church, which they had perhaps sworn not to molest.

"Fit sonitus spumante salo: jamque arva tenebant,
Ardentemque oculos suffert sanguine et igni,
Sibila lambentibus linguis vibrantibus ora."

"And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were filled;
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that spitted flame."

It is easy to see in the monsters feeding on the priest and limbs of the priesthood, represented by the sons of Laocoon, that the revenues of the spoliated church are the food, the great sop—the limbs containing the thews and sinews, as revenues undoubtedly are of an establishment.

"Et misera morsu depascitur artus."

There is something very strange in the escape of the serpents and their tails.

"At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones
Effugiant, sequeque petunt Tritonidis arcem:
Sub pedibusque Deæ, clypeique sub orbe teguntur."

"Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the virgin's shrine they make their way;
Couch'd at her feet, they lie, protected there
By her large buckler."

Here is ablation and refuge in the Holy Virgin, after the most brutal murder and sacrilege. And how strange is the "large buckler," large enough to shield any inquiry. All this I must leave to those conversant in such mysteries, to the initiated. The shielding, however, seems to have been pretty sure, and doubtless preconcerted. The history farther tells us, that the people thought

the church herein justly punished for their opposition to the favourite measure, and instantly raised the cry, out with the Bishops, and in with the Bill, and all its ulterior measures. Accordingly the great idol, the Juggernaut Reform proceeds,—The Trojan Horse—in it must come, and be forced by the mobs into the very citadel of Troy. Nothing else will do—

"Dividimus muros, et moenia pandimus urbis."

The great wall of defence is forced, broken down, and all laid open to the rabble rout clamouring along, with the "mountain" monster. The rope to drag it forward is put round its neck (Oh, would it

had been round the necks of the first promoters of "the movement") which shows the pulling together of the unions,—the wheels are under its feet—in it comes.

"Scandit fatalis machina muros,
Fœta armis."

"The fatal monster mountain mounts the walls,
Big with armed scoundrels."

The great Bill, the measure of mischief, designated by the Horse, is fully admitted into the Trojan Parliament. It is forced onwards by Unions and their mobs, and their rabble of boys and girls, usually put forward as those who may commit the greatest riot with the greatest impunity, and do the work of the wily.

"Pueri circum innuptæque puellæ
Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent."

Had Dryden possessed the key to this history he would not have thus translated "pueri innuptæque puellæ:"—

"Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins sing and dance around."

Every one knows how well the Latin describes the evil population of cities, let loose indeed to make an uproar, but very unlike choirs of virgins, ever ready for every iniquity, and in the strong expression may be borrowed, "to sin as it were with a cat rope." The *sacra* canant, shows their oaths and imprecations, in mockery of religion in setting up their idol, and no doubt it was with energy and delight they took hold of the rope. "*Illa subit.*" It is brought in, and not without threats,

"*Mediæque minans illabitur urbi.*"

"It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town."

The poet in this place breaks off to apostrophize his deluded country, contrasting her unhappy condition with her former glory.

"O sacred city, built by hands divine."

No less than four times, as the monster stood as it were on the threshold of the constitution, did it feel a check, and for a while did not advance; and as often did internal combustion threaten arms.

"*Atque utero scintilla quater anima dedere.*"

"Four times it strook; as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groan rebound."

Does this alarm the people?—not a whit. Their folly, their madness stands recorded—

"*Instans tamen incensum est, cæcique furor,
Et monstrum infelix atque infans ausus arce.*"

"Yet mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We hied along the horse in solemn state;
Thou place the dire portent within the tower."

"Instans." The "pressure from without" succeeds—regardless, reckless, and blind with rage, the people drag it on—and it is placed in the *sacra arce*.

There was no lack of prophecy to warn the people. I have before pointed out what may be meant by the personification, Cassandra.

"Cassandra cried, and cursed th' unhappy hour—
Retold our fate; but, by the gods' decree,
All heard, and none believed the prophecy."

Then follows an account of the foolish rejoicing and feasting, and fatal security. And now it is the "*Phalanx instructis Navibus ibat a Tenedo*" all previously prepared—and Sinon lets loose the concealed scoundrels. Were there no guards? None upon the watch? There were; but they had been threatened, and are now annihilated. I will not stop to enquire who these guards were, or what the precise meaning of their annihilation. It is spoken of by the historian as equivalent to a slaughter. "*Cæduntur Vigiles,*" and what is the immediate consequence?

"*Portisque patentibus omnes
Accipiunt sociæ, atque agmina conscia jungunt.*"

The gates that should have been sacredly closed are forced open—and how expressive are the words "*conscia agmina.*" I omit the personal history which here follows, to pursue the general thread. Mob tyranny becomes impatient of the slightest delay; they are now determined to show that they are "the sovereign people," and begin to take the matter into their own hands. Treason no longer lurks in holes, but stalks abroad, calling up incendiaries to the work of revolution.

"*Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
Insidie.*"

The frauds and practices of the Danites are made manifest. How like is one democratic revolution to

another! The infuriated boast of their "glorious days," and history records them, fires in all quarters

By the name "Deiphobus" (meaning one who feared God), whose palace was burnt, I am inclined to think the popular fury was more particularly directed against the clergy. Deiphobus was probably a Bishop of Troy, whose palace was burnt. The conflagrations are described, as by an eyewitness, and

how exactly do they resemble those which revolutionary excitement produced amongst ourselves. We may imagine the description to belong to the fires of Nottingham, Derby, and more particularly to those of the "Three glorious days of Bristol." I will therefore only give the translation of the passage from Dryden.

"Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.
The noise approaches, though our palace stand
Alone from streets, encompass'd with a wood
Loudly and yet more loud I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers, I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, to see the town-savvy,
And hearken what the fruitful sunn's convey.
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it roll, and mows the smoking corn,
Or deluges descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow ear, destroy the palms
Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains;
Uproot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and tents, an undisturb'd herd prey.
The shepherd rinds the dill, and scatters from far
The wasteful savage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd,
And Dardan troops in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus appears
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ulegion burns next; the seas are bright
With splendour not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
New clamours and new clamours now arise—
The sound of trumpets mixt with fighting cries;
With frenzy seized, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolved on death, resolv'd to die in arms."

There is nothing figurative in these fires—they so naturally arise from the preceding political condition of affairs, and general "movement," that no doubt can remain as to their reality. From this point the great public measure, whatever it was, is to be considered established, carried, fixed with the horse in the very citadel, and bearing within it, as the horse is figured to have borne, the means of ample future tyranny. Henceforth the events are probably to be considered real as they are described; and I am afraid, poor good old Priam's death

is not only an annihilation of his kingly office, but the fatal termination of an infuriate democracy, in the unfortunate Troy, successful throughout. And now follows at least a partial Episcopal overthrow. One of the ejected Bishops, Pantheus, is the first to show the altered state of things. By his bearing in with him his sacred paraphernalia, sacra, his conquered gods (victor's Deos, and child), whom he would have educated in the national faith, "parvumque nepotem," the awful change is shown. Such is his account.

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniæ. Fulvus Troes—taut Hium, et ingens
Gloria Teucerum. Fumus omnia Jupiter Argos
Transstult: lucens à Danni dominantum in urbe.
Arduus armatos mediis in menibus astans
Fundit equum, victorque Sinem incendia vides
Insultans."

"Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town;
The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Danaan hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands,
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and fues for entrance press without."

Dire indeed is the "pressure from without," and it immediately follows that under it the principal warders of the state, whoever they may be, make but faint resistance.

"Vix primi prœlia tentant
Portarum vigiles, et cæco Marti resistunt."

"The wardens of the gates but ill sustain
Th' unequal conflict, and resist in vain."

The revolutionary tumult becomes hourly more successful—a list is given of many a brave defender of the good old constitution put *hors de combat*, whose places were doubtless supplied by the ruffians said to be hidden in the monster's belly. The poor old good king Priam is in danger—and stout are the hearts and hands ready to be raised for his succour.

"Protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati,"

"Now clamours from th' invested palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the king."

A curious fact is mentioned, yet showing what often takes place in the confusion of political parties. A whole band clothe themselves in the arms of their enemies, as a disguise, and in that condition are slaughtered by friend and foe. And, whether by accident or design, the great houses of audience and public council are destroyed

"Auratusque, trabes, ætæna decora cetera parietibus
Devolvunt."

"The gilded roofs, came tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty."

I must stay my hand, and refer the reader to the last scene, as described by Virgil, to the conclusion of the second *Æneid*. It is truly appalling. The fears of the aged, the wretched Hecuba, Hecuba the mother of slaughtered princes, consort of the venerable Priam, to be slain before her, did not then move the hearts of the Danaï to pity; nor will the Danan heed them. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

Thrice miserable was she, for she did survive. "Stand apart, and look at me," says Hecuba, in the play of Euripides, "as at a picture, and see if there ever was a more wretched woman." But Priam—he had sworn to defend the church of Troy to the last; and the king keeps his word. Feeble is the blow he aims—and he dies as he should, still clinging to the altar.

"Hæc finis Priami fatorum, hic exitus illum
Sorte tulit: Trojam incensam, et prolapsum videntem
Pergamæ, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
Regnatorem Asiæ. Jacet ingens littore truncus
Avulsamque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus."

"Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate,
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state.
He who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves, obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king—
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing."

Oh wretched, ever to be remembered King of Troy! Pergama gone—and all your Asiatic dominions—and you yourself now but a sad ghost! Oh, why did you trust to Sinon, why did you take the traitor by the hand! Oh, why did you drag in the Fatal Horse, pregnant with destruction!

Pyrrhus, in this tragical history, is the one to give the death-blow to the venerable monarch. It shocks the reader that the son of the noble, the grand, the sublime Achilles should plunge his sword into the heart of the helpless king. This has much puzzled me, and I will offer the reader the consolation I have drawn from it—the hope, that the king's blood was not actually shed, or if it was, that no real son of the great hero of the Drama was the perpetrator of the horrid act. I would suggest that Pyrrhus may be but the cold poetical personification of political incendiarism (which indeed the very name implies), the natural consequence or offspring of some fatal measure, which with a manifest aversion, as the *Iliad* shows, the great Achilles had been destined to accomplish.

Poor Troy! How deep is the interest we yet feel in its fate! There is a secret mystery in that interest, for which it is difficult to account. Cities innumerable have been sacked, burned, demolished—empires have crumbled into dust, with the great Babylon and Nineveh, and who thinks of them, who cares for them? None but some solitary traveller, scraping their ashes with his mattock, as if he would dig their graves anew, rather to divert his own *ennui*, than move him to any touch of tenderness. Even the genius of Martin, grasping in his hand, by a perverse fatality, the beam of desolation for the pencil of light, with all his rage and range of art, cannot revive one feeling for them, nor remove the veil of oblivion, which his efforts do but thicken into impenetrable darkness. But Troy has a hold upon our affections ever. How much more should it engage our thoughts, when, the key having unlocked the mystery of the fatal chamber, we read the incantations of the fiend of rage, and can trace the plotting, the disloyalties, the

treacheries of the factions that rent the splendid robe of its monarchy, and trampled its honours in the dust. Troy, then, still flaming to the imagination, is a beacon and a warning.

I have now, I trust, as I undertook to do, satisfactorily explained this curious history; that is, not only cracked the nut, but given a taste of the kernel; if it be bitter, it is but such as kernels in a hard case generally are. Were I professor of history at either of our universities, how would my discovery be lauded! but I have no right to contemplate any such personal advancement—and this is a doubting age. If there be any, then, that will not accept this as a serious development of a most precious fragment of ancient history, let them at least give me credit for an invention which they may apply elsewhere to their own more entire satisfaction. The invention at least is new, and that is something now-a-days, when nothing but what is new goes down; though I think, by the by, I have fully shown that there is “nothing new under the sun.” If my object had been simply to amuse the idle, I might have treated the subject ludicrously, yet perhaps as truly; but it would have been less worthy of the solemnity of truth. Temptations, indeed, easily fall in the way. I might have rivalled JB. in my written caricature of the Trojan Horse—have ridiculed the idea of the wooden “mountain” subverting an empire. I might have raised a “horse laugh” at the expense of a certain Ministry—have shown the assuming head, with one ear forward to receive rumours, the other backward to receive orders from the tail, the whole head, indeed, inclining that way; the nostrils neighing sedition, the open mouth as if instinctively ready to be bitted. I might have shown, that if the head had little capacity, that of the belly was enormous—have joked upon the inflation within being mistaken for the “pressure from without.” I might have taken hold of the tail, and shown all its purposes,—a rudder to the head, to hold the crupper, without which the rider might not keep his seat, and as a whisk to blind the public eyes with its filty sweep. I might have shown the unions in the legs, and

the democracy in the hoofs—the fore-feet ready to start on any movement, the propensity of the hinder to throw out. I might have shown the natural use of the fore-lock and fetlock. I might, indeed, have made such a beast of it as would have outdone the great Parisian elephant, intended to water all Paris. I might have stuck a horn in his head, and have exhibited him as the veritable unicorn fighting with the old lion for the crown. Then, again, with regard to Achilles, had I been drawn aside from the gravity of my purpose by the common fascination of a joker or punster, I might have shown that he never would have done as he did, nor roused himself to the fatal act, had it not been for his friendship with one whose name began with Pat—indeed whose name was strangely compounded of Pat and Rock—Patrocklus—and have inferred that he was the undoubted Hibernian captain. I might have indulged largely in such matters of mimicry, but I scorn to trifle when nothing is to be gained by it. Besides, unfortunately for me, the field is occupied—the champion chosen. If the King be entailed of his jester, his Ministers are not. Theirs has succeeded to the emoluments of the office, and they take care, in the spirit of the age, it shall not be quite a sinecure; and I could not have been

a candidate, though three hundred per annum is a tempting bait for any endeavour. But I have never shocked decency, religion, and morality, and loyalty, by balderdash, ribaldry, and lampoons upon royalty, and these things are now everything, and obtain £300 per annum. It is good pay—but the fool is ever the cleverest fellow of the company, and receives the largest salary; and so every thing advances. "*Можетъ ли онъ?*," say the great ones,—that is, give him £300 per annum. "*Почто, тисъ дое.*" "*Почто можетъ ли онъ?*," say they again, with another meaning, and off he goes his round to amuse with his buffoonery, and interline his wit with the praises of his employers. Well, the fool is not amiss, though he write *Можетъ* to his name, and the King gives him his escutcheon; and let him wreath it with his motto, "Tom Foolery for ever," and he shall not have my envy, though he gather golden opinions, dangle a patronised and patronising appendage to the peerage, and ride in the same coach with the King's Minister; but then he must dine with the rabble, and act low buffooneries for their amusement! That is a horrid penalty—so I am well content with my more serious employment in writing this Key to the "Trojan Horse," and forewear motley.

A CHAPTER ON THE TROUBADOURS.

WHILE but little was known of the Troubadours it was scarcely to be expected that they should be properly appreciated; it was but natural that having no sure guides to direct them, numbers would speak of them from imagination rather than knowledge, and at that time it would probably have been a subject of surprise to many had it been demonstrated to them, as has since been done, that this class of poets, whose local habitation and nature seemed to depend so much upon the imaginings of their admirers, were in reality to be considered and judged of as the creators of a national literature, which burst into life, flourished and withered away in a shorter time

than most literatures have taken to struggle through a sickly and blossomless infancy. The origin, progress, and decadence of this literature, all of them marked with very peculiar features, entitle it assuredly to no inconsiderable share of our attention; and the Troubadours themselves deserve to be better known than they are, even since perseverance and talent have broken the bonds of their long sleep, and they now speak to us as they spoke to their contemporaries, whether in sorrow, in anger, or in the passionate accents of devoted love. They deserve to be better known, not only as the successful exemplifiers of the rules by which the literature they

had created was distinguished, but also on account of the influence which they exercised over their own age, and the peculiar character they impressed upon it, and because the form, and sometimes the spirit, of their poetry may still be recognised in the poetical literature of the South of Europe. Their poetry is not a mere collection of songs in praise of beauty, nor fanciful repetitions of a lover's prayers and complaints; they lived for the world as well as for their mistresses, and many an indignant satire, many a bold remonstrance do they address to the great ones of the earth when they overstepped the bounds of moderation and reason; often do they lash the vices of their age, and they tear the veil as unsparingly from the faults of the proudest prelate and the clergy, as from the meannesses and ticks of the poorest joglar. They lay before us the times in which they lived, in their strength and in their weakness: their love, their pride, their constancy, their valour; their desire of fame, the luxury of the princes and nobles, the recklessness of the knights, the ambition of some, the injustice of others, and the superstition of all, rise up before us, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, when we read their animated and natural descriptions. The chief part of the poetry that has descended to us is essentially lyrical, not only in its form, but because it is the expression of the feelings of the heart; the detail of the love and anger, the joys, the hopes, the fears of the singer, all of which are presented to us with little or no extrinsic ornament, and depend for their success on the natural and vivid expression of the feelings themselves. They owe nothing to classical literature as to form, and there are very few passages in which they can be supposed to be indebted to it for an allusion. Nor is this ignorance of classical literature to be regretted, it is surely far better that they should have spoken as their heart prompted them—that out of its fulness should have gushed those strains which found a ready echo in the bosom of every one of their countrymen, than that they should have engaged in a vain struggle to imitate that which they could never hope to rival, and

which, instead of wafting them in a bolder flight through a purer ether, would probably have caused them to sink into slavish imitators, or mere distorters, instead of standing forth fair and free, as the creators and fosterers of a new and national poetry. One of themselves has said,

"That song can be of little worth,
Which has not in the heart its birth."

And accordingly it is by addressing themselves to the heart that they seek to produce the desired effect; and many of their pieces, without doubt, owed their reputation very much to the delicacy and tenderness with which the natural feelings of the mind were portrayed. Many of them, and especially Bernard del Ventadour, have drawn some very beautiful comparisons and striking illustrations from objects in nature; but even in the amatory poems in which such ornaments might be supposed to be in their fittest place, they seem rather to trust to a faithful and vivid picture of their own feelings, than to any lustre they might have derived from other sources; and to this very cause we may probably attribute that uniformity in the contents of their poems, which cannot fail to strike even the least observant, and which has often been adduced as one of the faults and deficiencies of the whole literature.

We are not entitled to find fault with the simplicity of their ideas, nor with the peculiar views they may take on particular subjects, to blame them, for that would be in fact to assume that we had a right to expect from them more than what the times they lived in rendered possible. We can therefore, in justice, only find fault with that which was at variance with those rules of art which form the first principles of all poetry, and which were, in consequence, as much binding on them as on the poets of an age of the highest mental culture. It is, for example, looked upon as necessary, according to these principles, that a poem should express an idea, and that all its portions should contribute to the representation of it, in order that an harmonious whole may proceed from the artful blending of several separate parts. This appears to be

founded on principles on which the existence of poetry depends, and is a law, therefore, common to all times and countries; the troubadours consequently acknowledge this law also, and in the majority of instances are extremely rigid in their observance of it, with exception, of course, of the *Tornada* or *Envoi*, as the *Trouvères* called it, and which must be excused as a departure from acknowledged rules, indeed, but one which was sanctioned, or rather rendered necessary, by custom. However remarkable many of their poems are for this artist-like blending of parts, to form, as it were, a spite of harmony for the proper expression of the idea which pervaded them all, it must be confessed that examples do occur in which the mixing up of extraneous matter troubles and disturbs the necessary unity of idea; this is particularly remarkable in some cases where the poet, without any apparent necessity at all, suddenly strikes off into another unconnected subject, and thus occasions the greatest confusion in the whole poem. It cannot, for example, be considered otherwise than faulty, when *Pierre Vidal*, in the midst of a song dedicated to the expression of his feelings as a lover, at once bursts from his amorous contemplations, and endeavours to excite the kings of Spain to make war against the Moors; and then, having given vent to his warlike enthusiasm, returns again to busy himself with the praises of his mistress. It may indeed be advanced, that this erratic mode of composition was known by a peculiar name, and thus, in some degree, sanctioned; but as the rules of good sense and good taste are immutable, the name of *Sirventes-chanso*, though it might give the semblance of a legal stamp to the composition, never could in reality make it any thing better than base metal. However various the opinions of different persons may be as to the poetical merit of the remains of the Troubadours, there can be but one as to their utility in an historical point of view; for it may be confidently asserted, that whoever wishes to investigate thoroughly the history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, will find it of the very greatest importance to possess a sufficient knowledge of the

works of these poets, especially that part of them which treats of the events which happened in their own time, and in which they very often bore no inconsiderable share. Of the Troubadours some are the ancestors of families which now occupy a distinguished place among the nobility of France, others belong to families now extinguished, but formerly illustrious and powerful; many, such as *Bertiand de Born*, and *Folquet de Marseilles*, played an important part in the politics of their time; and the boldness they showed in their writings was not put to shame by their conduct in the field. It is remarkable, that in an age in which the barrier between the nobly born and those of ignoble birth seemed insurmountable, even to valour, that such should be the admiration for the Troubadour, and such the value set on his strains, that the ignobly born poet—and there are many instances of it—walked among princes and nobles, in many respects on the footing of an equal, often revered as their instructor in the art of song, and that the noblest and most lovely ladies were proud to number among their suitors men whom, but for the fame of their poetry, they would have passed over with disdain. From its origin, as well as in its essence, this literature is chivalric, knights and nobles were its creators, kings and sovereign princes its patrons. We cannot trace it from its first fountain, but the earliest of its productions which have descended to us, though not equal in intricacy of rhyme or excellence of language to the strains of the most finished masters, betray, however, no signs of a language or literature struggling into light, but wear the appearance rather of having already attained to a very great degree of elegance and stability.

Indeed, though later poets do no doubt surpass the earliest in their management of a more artificial and elaborate system of versification, and move somewhat more easily in their self-assumed fetters, yet the language itself appears to be in all respects the same, and the only difference is in the manner in which more experienced poets manage materials in almost every respect exactly similar to those which their predecessors had at their

command. It is certainly possible to trace the language for nearly 300 years previous to the appearance of the first troubadour whose poems we possess, but it is from him that we must date the first origin of a national literature; it had before been collecting its resources, and concentrating its energies, betrayed occasionally only by some bright gleams, but at length it bursts out, river-like, at once with multitudinous smiles from the place of its hidden nativity, and flows on in a broad and deep stream from the first moment it reaches the broad light of day. The literary history of the troubadours has of late years received its share of attention from men well qualified to adorn and illustrate every subject of which they treat, and thus has the history of the language been investigated, as well as that of the literature, and both have been relieved from a vast deal of uncertainty and obscurity, which, though not impenetrable to the man of patient research, was yet extremely forbidding to the general reader. If we divide France into two unequal portions, by drawing a line from between La Rochelle and Lyon, to the end of the lake of Geneva, we shall then have a pretty accurate idea of the extent of the provinces in which the *Langue d'oc* and the *Langue d'oïl* were respectively spoken. In the southern division, the *Langue d'oc* was the national language, and there we find the birth place of almost all the troubadours. Nor was the language confined to France exclusively, for it was prevalent in Aragon, Catalonia, Murcia, and Valencia, and the Balearic isles, and, according to the assertion of Bastero, was preserved there in a certain degree of purity even in his day (1724). The troubadours themselves always call their language *lengua romana*, or simply *romans*; but when speaking of it, as contradistinguished from that language used by the Trouvères, it was not unusual to designate them as *Langue d'oc* and *Langue d'oïl*, as may be seen from the lines of Bernat d'Auriac, which are also remarkable in the original for the lively and harmonious measure in which they are written; they

form the first stanzas of a *sirventes*, composed on occasion of an expedition of the French into Catalonia in the 13th century, and may be rendered as follows:—

“ Our King, whose fame is bright as day,
Will now display
His flag on high:
By sea and land shall, by my say,
The * Flowers have sway.
Well pleased am I,
For Aragon shall see aright
How France can fight.
And Catalans, mean but polite,
Shall see the Flowers, Flowers of a root
of glory,
And they shall hear in Arago,
Oil and unil instead of oc and no.”

The name troubadours, which we give indiscriminately to all the poets who wrote in this language, was in fact an appellation only belonging properly to a class of them; they were divided into *trobadors*, nom. sing. *trobador*, from *trobare*, to invent, as *trobar* from *trobar*—and *joglars*, a corruption probably of *joculatores*, used in the Latin of the middle-ages in the sense of a kind of actor or buffoon. If, therefore, we make poetry a criterion, in one respect all troubadours must have been upon an equal footing, since, to entitle them to that name it was necessary that they should compose their poems themselves; *joglars*, on the contrary, though they did sometimes compose and repeat poems of their own, were not by any means obliged to do so, and fulfilled their calling more effectually by repeating, not only the *sirventes* or other poems of celebrated troubadours, but all kinds of histories and adventures, of which a great number were current, and formed a sort of common good, and at the same time a distinct and very important part of the literature of the country. One or more of the *joglars* usually attached themselves to some celebrated troubadour, and acted in a manner as his publishers, by travelling about the country and repeating his newest or most popular poems. They were obliged to possess a certain knowledge of music, as it often fell to their lot to set to music the verses of the troubadour who happened not to be himself conver-

sant with the art; and it was also necessary that they should play on several kinds of instruments, as no poem, long or short, was ever repeated without an accompaniment, and particular instruments were probably looked upon as forming the most appropriate accompaniment for particular kinds of poems.

Indeed, in a poem still extant on the duties of a joglar, an enumeration of at least ten different kinds of instruments is made on which he was expected to play, besides a long catalogue of romances and histories which he was to be ready to repeat. Of joglars there were many gradations, from him who trode close on the heels of the troubadour, to him who, a professed buffoon and mountebank, was accustomed to imitate the singing of birds, to tumble, to jump through hoops, who carried apes about with him and made them dance, omitting nothing which might give him popularity amongst the lowest rabble, and whose life was generally as disgraceful as his calling was ignoble. From such as these, and the ignominy which attached itself to them, the term joglar came to be considered as one of reproach, and the troubadours were particularly anxious to eschew the term, which in the time of Guiraut Riquier, who flourished between 1250 and 1299, and consequently when the sun of the literature was already beginning to go down, had begun to attach itself to the whole race of poets. In a poem composed about the year 1275, he addresses himself to the King Alphonso, the 10th of Castile, beseeching him to interpose his authority on this very subject; and, after giving a short account of the origin of both classes, and the essential differences which he considers to exist between them, he says, speaking of the poets of his own time—

“But in Provence they are
Called each and all joglar,
For which great, causeless shame
The language is to blame.”

There was, without doubt, a great difference among troubadors, if we measure them by worldly circumstances. The kings, princes, and powerful nobles, who both patronised the *art de trobar*, and exercised

themselves in it, were unquestionably, as men, though not as poets, vastly superior to those persons of bright minds, but slender means, who looked to their bounty for their subsistence; but such dependence, the cause of honour to the patron, cast not the shadow of disgrace on him whose sweet strains repaid a thousand fold whatever gifts might be lavished upon him. In allusion to the common custom of attaching the name of joglar to all who occupied themselves with poetry, as also in reference to the opinion that there were gifts which might be accepted without causing dishonour, Sordel says, in a poem against a person whose name is not mentioned,

“That he calls me joglar with wrong is
fraught,
He follows others, but crowds follow
me—
I give and take not—he takes and gives
nought,
But spends it on himself, whatever it be.
Nothing I take which could cause me
dishonour,
But spend what mine is, seeking for no
gifts.”

We can define three very essential points in the history of this poetry with tolerable accuracy, the periods, namely, of its development, its bloom, and its decadence. The first may be fixed from 1090 to 1190, from which latter period till 1250 it attained its highest degree of excellence, and from 1250 it continued to decline, till the song of the troubadours ceased entirely about 1290. It is certain that the Provençal language was still used for poetry long after this last period, but about that time it ceased to be the vehicle of a poetry formed according to rules of art, such as the poetry of the troubadours ever had been. The first half of the second period may with justice be called the golden age of the troubadours. Bernard de Ventadour, Bertrand de Born, and Arnaut Daniel represent its spirit in the various directions which it took. The poetry of that period was remarkable for the enthusiasm of its spirit and the excellence of its form; the poet also filled a more honourable place in the estimation of his contemporaries than at any subsequent period in the history of his art.

Bernard of Ventadour, though of ignoble birth, was rendered so celebrated by his songs, that Eleanor of Guenue and other noble ladies, received his homage with pleasure, and in the genius of the poet forgot the lowly condition of the man. Bertrand de Born was a warrior and a politician as well as a poet, and the hand that could confer immortality with the pen was not less ready to wield the lance in the field as a knight should. Turbulence and strife were to him as the breath of his nostrils, and Dante has given him a place in his *Inferno*, as the disturber of harmony between the son and the father. He turned not aside from his path even before our lion-hearted Richard himself, but withstood him to the uttermost, though deserted by his confederates and exposed alone to his fury. This excellence both as a troubadour and knight could not be disregarded by one who was himself so celebrated in both capacities, and a reconciliation took place, which ended in an enduring friendship between these congenial spirits. To Arnaut Daniel accrued the signal honour of great praise both from Dante and Petrarch. It would be most presumptuous to pretend to dissent now from the opinion of such men, but at least this much may be confessed, that though his poems could not have been passed over without notice, on account of his remarkable manner, yet, to judge from those which have descended to us, we should scarcely have raised him so highly above many of his contemporaries whose labours have not been rewarded with such a meed of praise, the more especially as he cannot even be looked upon as the inventor, though he may claim honour as the perfecter of that peculiar manner of writing.—That there is much beauty in those pieces which we do possess, it would be vain to deny; but there is a perpetual recurrence of enigmatical expressions, newly-formed words, strange quibbles, and forced constructions, which too often obscure the thought; besides, there are alliterations carried to excess, singular and difficult rhymes, hard forms, and verses of one syllable, which throw great difficulties in the way of the reader's enjoy-

ment, and detract proportionably from his enthusiasm for the poet. He particularly prided himself in the use of the most difficult and unusual rhymes, and in the complete mastery which he possessed over them; and though he was reproached for this by some of his contemporaries, it cannot be doubted that many, probably the majority of them, looked upon this very faculty as the corner-stone of his fame, and were content to lavish that praise on the somewhat cumbrous garment which a more correct taste would have taught them to reserve for the living beauty of the thought alone. Let us not forget, however, in this, as in every other case in which we sit down to pronounce judgment on the poetry of the troubadours, that their works must of necessity appear before us under the most unfavourable circumstances,—it is like looking through a theatre by day-light, the illusion has vanished, the music sounds no more, the lights are extinguished, the excitement cannot be recalled, the gorgeous dresses appear as tinsel, the fairy bowers, the splendid palaces, where are they? We see daubed scenes and rent canvasses, and turn from them with disgust. Let us be more just to the troubadour; let us remember that we judge of his poetry stripped of every thing that could conceal a fault or interest our sympathies in its behalf—that we are ignorant of the pronunciation of the language—that the language itself presents difficulties which continually arrest our progress—that we view these productions sternly, and calmly, and coldly, which were first chanted forth before the noble and the brave and the beautiful, enhanced by all the aid that appropriate music and a practised voice could give them—that, in short, they cannot speak to our hearts as they did from their own to those of their contemporaries. As one of themselves has said, "They are now come to the cold time, to the season of frost, and snow, and hail, and every bird is mute, and every bough in the thickets is dry, nor shall flower nor leaf grow there, nor the nightingale sit and sing till the year awakes in May." For them the year cannot awaken in May; we have the boughs

dry and hard, but there is sap in them, and life, which only requires our fostering care and some warmth of enthusiasm to reward us with leaves, and blossoms, and fruit. It is certain that the great Dante did admire Arnaut Daniel in the highest degree; he calls him the poet of love, as he had called Bertrand de Born the poet of arms; and after pointing out many of his songs as deserving of praise for different excellences, he acknowledges that he himself was his imitator in that particular disposition of rhymes which is known by the name of *sestina*. Accordingly, in the *Purgatorio* Guido Guinicelli not only calls him *il miglior fabbro del parlar materno*, but talks slightly of them who think that *quel di Lemosi*, namely, Guiraut de Bornell, surpasses him. We must, however, observe, that when Dante praises him, he does so not only for the pre-eminence of his *versi d'amore*, but also for that of his *prose di romanzi*. Of the worth of these latter, we have unfortunately no means of forming an opinion. On these, however, a very great part of his fame was undoubtedly founded. They were not, as the name would seem to import, prose romances, but poems partaking more of the epic than the lyric character; they were histories or narratives in verse of more simple quality, both as to form and language, than that used in the *versi d'amore*; and, therefore, better calculated for the narration of events. There is a conjecture, but it is fortified by a considerable body of circumstantial evidence, that Arnaut Daniel was the author of the romance of Lancilotto, and that he narrated *come amor lo strinse*, and was thus the means of discovering to Francesca de Rimini and her lover Paolo the ardent love they bore each other. Another romance of his, which had for its subject the adventures of Rinaldo, is mentioned by authors, which proves, that though lost to us, it must have existed very long after the age of the poet himself. It may be right to mention, that the opinion which so long confined the literature of Provence and the efforts of the troubadours exclusively to lyrical poetry is quite erroneous. The investigations of learned men have proved

quite satisfactorily that what are called romances, probably both in prose and verse, were most acceptable to the people at large, were eagerly listened to by audiences both high and low, and formed a very considerable and favourite part of the literature of the country. Several of these still exist in manuscript, and Raynouard has given a list of many, which can be proved to have existed at one time, though probably they have long since perished. One, *Li Romans de Ferabras*, was published not long ago from a manuscript in the Wallerstein library by Immanuel Bekker; and the best of the others will probably also find some learned knight, undismayed by dust or darkness, to break their long sleep and usher them forth into life and light. It was as necessary for the jocular who wished for popularity, to be able to repeat these romances, as to commit quickly to memory all the new love duties or suzerainties of the troubadour to whom he had attached himself; even these long poems were recited with an accompaniment of music. It would be vain to enter here into the enquiry, whether the merit of originality in this department belongs to the *trouvères* or the troubadours; we have not the means of forming a well-founded opinion at present, from the want of published materials; and the mere coincidence of title, or the probability that both drew many of their adventures from some common stock, would hardly suffice to entitle us to award the palm to either of the parties. For example, in this very romance of *Ferabras*, there are many passages strikingly similar to others contained in the *epopees* of the literature of Northern France; but such similarities might very easily occur when the poets were treating of subjects which formed a sort of common good to poets of all countries, without making it necessary for us to tax either the one or the other with servile imitation. It can answer no very good purpose to make out the pedigree of every poetic image, or of each event in a poem, as if all such inventions must have sprung from one root only, and as if it was as necessary or agreeable to know the age of a metaphor, or of an adventure, as to be assured of

that of our wines or our families, as is beautifully said in the preface to *Christabel*, "There is amongst us a set of critics who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in another man's tank." As might be expected, in a literature in which form was looked upon as so essential to poetry, there were a great many different kinds of poems, each appropriated to some peculiar subject, and the form of which it was necessary, or at least more proper and usual, to observe when treating of that subject. The three great divisions are the love song, or *chanço*, the *serventes* and the *tenzo*. The *serventes* was either used as a vehicle for satire, politics, or moral admonitions; but, as has been observed, the boundaries are not always attended to, and the poet sometimes mixes up the story of his love with his satire or abuse of his enemies, or even with his political diatribes. The *tenzo*, as the name denotes, was a contest, a sharp encounter of the wit between two poets. It assumed the name of *torneyman* when there were more than two disputants. Any subject gave rise to it, as there is probably none on which two people who set their minds to it may not dispute. They were probably often composed on the spur of the moment; nor is it wonderful that two practised poets should be able to do this with ease; but they were also very often composed by the contending parties, the one answering the stanza of the other by one similar to it in metre, and almost always ending in the same rhymes, in which he endeavoured to rebut or ridicule the arguments of his antagonist. The judgment on the merit of the performance of the contending parties was pronounced sometimes by a single judge, sometimes by a sort of tribunal consisting of several persons, either men or women. There is, however, nowhere any mention of a court consisting of more than three members. The questions which formed the subject of the *tenzo* were often such as these: Which are the

greatest, the joys or the sufferings of love? A noble knight loves a fair lady, who returns his love, but he has neglected to visit her for such a length of time, that he knows for certain that if he does visit her again, she will renounce his friendship. Should he remain in this condition, or see her again to lose her?—A husband is aware that his wife has a lover. The lady and her lover are acquainted with this fact. Which of the three is in the most difficult position?—Such is the spirit of many of the questions which formed the subject of these poetical disputes. Some there are which evince much laxity of morals, and which would not bear translation. The following is a specimen of a *tenzo* between Blacatz and Rambant, who flourished about the beginning of the thirteenth century; it may serve to show more plainly how this sort of poem was constituted.

" Say, Rambant, shall a noble dame,
In secret, love you tenderly,
Or for your greater fame, shall she
Before the world confess her flame;
But give naught but the name of lover?
Acknowledge your defeat, unless
From what you hear the truth you
guess,
And what is best at once discover.

" Blacatz, I can with ease decide,
What in such case the best would seem,
Like a true lover I should deem
It happier far than all beside
To taste delight with her I cherish,
All silently unaid of quite;
The fame is nought without delight,
For unrequited love must perish.

" Of men with sense, Rambant, each man
Will hold this a most foolish scheme,
To fools alone it wise may seem;
Sincer, for enjoyment's sake alone
You spurn fame which would last for
ever.

For this at least you can't deny,
That fame will often soar so high,
That actions could approach it never.

" Blacatz, I feel the liveliest bliss,
When, brilliant with a thousand charms,
My lady nestles in my arms;
And when she greets me with a kiss
The world has not a greater pleasure.
Ah, how then can a foolish lie
Hope all my reasons to defy?
Fact excels fancy beyond measure.

" Ah, Rambant, when upon the sword
One in fair course has cast a knight,

Avails it if there be in sight,
None to praise or to reward?
Honour when hid is useful never,
Nor is a noiseless blow, I ween,
Nor a carbuncle without sheen,
Nor sightless eye, nor tongue mute ever.
"Blasatz, in truth this is my mind,
I love the fruit and not the flower,
And that the great gifts on me shower,
Rather than pay me with the wind.
No promises will long detain me,
Ever with her I most adore;
Unless the time of trial o'er,
With love's whole bliss she seek to gain
me."

Such was the *tenzo*, varying of course in its subject, and receiving its colour from the taste and talent of the disputants, being sometimes conducted with spirit and wit, at times playful, at times sarcastic, and at other times being filled with vain conceits, and carried on in a manner as little calculated to arrest the attention as if it had been a real lawsuit, carried on before no imaginary tribunal. The judges, to whom the decision as to the merits of the pleadings of the parties was referred, were accustomed, we are told, to give a formal deliverance, which was to be acquiesced in without appeal by the parties, of the decisions of these judges. One example only has been handed down to us, and it in truth seems probable enough, that on the greater number of *tenzos* no solemn judgment ever was pronounced at all, either because the nature of the subject did not in all cases require it, or that the interest taken in the contest was not sufficiently vivid to render a formal appeal necessary. The judgment which we do possess was given in a contest between Guillem de Mur and Guiraut Riquier, and the subject of their *tenzo* was this, "which of two mighty nobles most deserve commendation, he who distributes largesses to his vassals and allies, to the exclusion of strangers, or he who gives every thing to strangers, and forgets his own people?" After the pleadings on both sides have been concluded, the judge gives his decision as follows:—

"Guillem and Guiraut have given to me
in charge
Of the *Tenzo* to judge, just ended now.

Alike ingenious both your reasons flow,
For the two lords whose gifts alike are
large.

"Guillem lauds him who gives to strangers more
Than to his own, and has good reasons
shown;
And Guiraut, him who does good to his
own,
But on the stranger sets right little store.

"We have ta'en thought that we may
judge aright,
And therefore say it should to all be
known,
That bounty merits praise where'er it
light,
But is most noble 'mongst our own men
thrown."

All the poetry of the troubadours which we have hitherto had occasion to mention, was divided into stanzas, subject to particular rules of versification, and assuming a prescribed form as it were when treating on particular subjects. The words chant — chantar — chanso — sonnet, and coblas, were all employed to signify a love ditty, which was to be set to music and sung. The *planh*, or complaint, was usually composed in lines of ten or twelve syllables, was divided into stanzas, and was apparently sung as well as the other. It was employed to lament the loss or celebrate the memory of a friend, a lover, or a benefactor. Of the *tenzo* we have already spoken, it was written in lines of various lengths, but still never less than eight syllables. The title of *partimen*, *jocx partitz*, and *partia* was applied particularly to those *tenzos* which took their rise from some question concerning love. Having pointed out the more prominent features and principal divisions of the poetry of this literature, it would exceed the bounds of so brief a notice as this to enter more particularly into the minute sub-divisions which a more extensive illustration would render necessary. The most minute and successful investigations into the mechanism of the poetry, and the nature of the language have been conducted to a happy termination by Raynouard, Schlegel, and Diez, whom it is sufficient to name to call forth expressions of admiration and delight; admiration for the manner in which they have discharged the very diffi-

cult labour they undertook, and delight that the troubadours and their works should have excited the attention of men, who, to the very highest reputation as critics, unite the accurate and patient research of the historian, and the genius and fancy of the poet. The love of the troubadour as such, was in many cases very much what a Frenchman of the present day might call *un amour de convenance et de raison*; it was an affair rather of the understanding than the heart. The poet sought out for himself a lady whose beauty would form a fit subject for his verses, and enhance their value. The lady, however high her rank, or however brilliant her beauty, would not be unwilling that both should be enshrined in the lays of the poet, which were dispensed far and wide, which were eagerly sought after and treasured up by her own and the neighbouring countries, and gifted her with immortality in return for her smiles. Jaufre Rudel celebrated the charms and painted his admiration of a lady whom he never saw, except, as the story goes, when at the point of death; and many others, no doubt, were, in the first instance at any rate, as much moved by the acknowledged beauty and high station of the objects at whose feet their songs were presented, as by the irresistible workings of that passion which is said to make a play of confounding ranks and levelling all distinctions. If this supposition be correct, it will account in some degree for the uniformity and strange quibbles and conceits which pervade many of these ditties; because in these cases it is probable that the author was rather employed in imitating the convolutions of passion than actuated by any headlong and irrepressible feeling. There is a class of songs, however, which, though perhaps not always of an origin as innocent as many of the others, are yet remarkable for great simplicity, both of form and expression, and for the vein of real tenderness which runs through them. These were called *albas* or morning songs, and were peculiar in their form, inasmuch as every stanza had a burthen or refrain of one line, in which the word *alba* (early dawn)

never failed to occur. They were consecrated to one particular object, a nocturnal meeting of two lovers, and in some cases are supposed to be sung by the lady mourning that the approach of day should tear her lover from her arms, or by the lover, who was as emphatic in his lamentations at the rising of the day-star; and sometimes by a friend who watched over his friend's safety, warning him to fly from the embrace of his mistress, for of a certainty the light in heaven was breaking. In these pieces we find a mixture of tender sentiment and unaffected melancholy which but rarely occurs in the same degree in other compositions of the troubadours. In the following specimen the first stanza is part of the prayers which the watchful friend afterwards says he had been offering up all the night long for his friend's safety; in the other stanzas he wakens and warns his friend, and in the last the friend himself speaks, apparently so intoxicated with happiness as to be disposed to bid defiance to any jealous interruptions, and to disregard the warnings of his vigilant friend.

“ Oh! glorious King, oh, true and
changeless light;
Almighty Lord, who rulest day and night!
May it please thee to shelter and defend,
For since 'twas night I have not seen my
friend,

And soon will break the dawn.

“ Whether, sweet friend, thou'rt sleeping
or awake,
Rouse, rouse thee now, for soon the day
will break;
For I can see the star that brings the day
Shine in the east with still increasing
ray,

And soon will break the dawn.

“ Singing, sweet friend, I bid you sleep
not now,
The glad birds carol, and from bough to
bough
Through the wood flutter, seeking out
the morn;
Ah, lest the jealous come, I fear and
warn,
That soon will break the dawn.

“ Oh haste, sweet friend, and to the
window fly
And scan yourself the appearance of the
sky,

Thus how untired my watch it will be
known,
Neglect it, and the danger is your own,
For soon will break the dawn.

" My gentle friend, e'er since we parted
there

I have not slept, but knelt in ceaseless
prayer,
And still the Virgin Mother have be-
sought

That back in safety you might soon be
brought,
And soon will break the dawn.

" Ah, my sweet friend, at that stone seat
hard by

You bade me stand, nor ever close an eye,
But watch untiringly the whole night
long,

And now you hate my presence and my
song,
For soon will break the dawn.

" Sweet, gentle friend, such happiness is
mine,

I would no dawn, no day night ever
shine ;

The loveliest she that woman ever bore
Lies in my arms, and thus I care no more
For jealousy nor dawn."

These albas, as well as many mo-
ving incidents in the eventful his-
tories of the troubadours them-
selves, will serve to show but too
well, that however in some cases
the poet may have been rather
allured by interest, or incited by
vanity in his choice of an object
to whom he could consecrate his
poetry, it is very apparent, that in
numberless others the voice of pas-
sion alone was listened to, and that
the lax morality of the age, the burn-
ing sun of the south, and still more,
the wildly throbbing hearts and boil-
ing blood of its children, hurried
both knight and lady into impruden-
ces, if not into sins, which, in our own
age, and in our colder clime, many
a ready enough to condemn, but all
do not refrain from imitating. The fol-
lowing alba is supposed to have been
written by a lady, whose name has
not been preserved. Raynouard has
given a translation of it in the second
volume of his collection of the re-
mains of the troubadours, and praises
it for its delicacy and tenderness, as
well as for its plaintive tone. The
following is a translation in rhyme.
The first stanza is a sort of intro-
duction to the scene by the poet, in

the others the lady speaks, but in the
last the poet again appears, and eulo-
gizes the beauty and constancy of the
matchless lady.

" In a fair garden 'neath the hawthorn
tree,

A lady clasps her lover tenderly.

Hark ! the watch cries, the dawn, the
dawn I see !

Oh God ! Oh God ! why comes the
dawn so soon ?

" Ah ! would that night for ever here
would stay,

And from my arms nought tear my love
away ;

And thus the warder see no dawn nor
day,

Oh God ! Oh God ! why comes the
dawn so soon ?

" We'll kiss, sweet friend, as slow we walk
along

That mead, where birds for ever vie in
song ;

Joy, joy is ours, spite of the jealous throng,
Oh God ! Oh God ! why comes the
dawn so soon ?

" In the lone garden a new spot we'll
make,

Where birds with ceaseless song the echoes
wake,

Until the warder the sweet spell shall
break,

Oh God ! Oh God ! why comes the
dawn so soon ?

" The gentle breezes of the Summer night,
Blow o'er my love's fine form and face
of light,

And from his breath I quaff draughts of
delight,

Oh God ! Oh God ! why comes the
dawn so soon ?

" Matchless the lady, beautiful and
kind ;

No eye that sees her to her charms is
blind,

But one alone is in her heart enshrined,
Oh God ! Oh God ! why comes the
dawn so soon ? "

Bertrand de Lamanon flourished
about the beginning of the 13th cen-
tury. The Provençal notice of his
life is brief enough, as it only in-
forms us that he was the son of Pons
de Brueiras, that he was a cour-
teous cavalier and of pleasing con-
versation, and that he composed
many excellent and agreeable love
poems, and also many sirventes. Of

one of the former we shall give a translation. He mingled much in the politics of his time, for he was a baron of considerable power, and his *sirventes* are directed, sometimes in praise, oftener in reproach and discontent, to the Count Raimond the Fourth, who was his overlord. The following poem by this warlike baron is also an *alba*; the lover hears the warning voice of the warder, and tears himself from the arms of his lady-love, how reluctantly, he himself shall say.

"A knight was sitting by her side
He loved more than aught else beside,
And as he kissed her, often sighed,
Ah, dearest, now am I forlorn,
Night is away—alas! 'tis morn.

Ah, woe!

Already has the warder cried—
Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away.

"Ah, dearest love! it were a thing
Sweet beyond all imagining,
It nought could day or dawning bring
There, where, caressing and caressed,
A lover claps her he loves best.

Ah, woe!

Hark! what must end our communing!
Up and begone—'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away.

"Dearest, whate'er you hear, believe
That nothing on the earth can grieve
Like he who must his true love leave;
This from myself I know aright.
Alas! how swiftly flies the night.

Ah, woe!

The warder's cry gives no reprieve—
Up and begone—'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away.

"I go! farewell, sweet love, to thee,
Yours I am still where'er I be.
Oh, I beseech you, think on me,
For here will dwell my heart of hearts,
Nor leave you till it's life departs.

Ah, woe!

The warder cries impatiently—
Up and begone!—'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away.

"Unless I soon to you can fly,
Dearest, I'll lay me down and die,
So soon will love my heart's springs dry.
Ah! soon will I return again,
Life without you is only pain.

Ah, woe!

Hark to the warder's louder cry!
Up and begone—'tis now bright day—
The dawn is past away."

Such are specimens of a peculiar species of poetry among the troubadours, which, if we err not, is of a very pleasing description; another kind, which also has been much praised by the admirers of this literature, is the romance, of which, however, unfortunately, very few specimens have been preserved. One of those which still remain is from the pen of Marcabrus, who was for a time supposed to belong to the later poets, but has now been restored to his proper place by Diez, who agrees with the two Provençal lives in fixing his career as poet from about 1110 to 1185. He was, when an infant, found at the door of a rich man, and never was it known who he was nor whence he came. He studied long under a troubadour called Cercamon, till he himself also began to compose poems. He was feared every where on account of his malicious nature and propensity to satire, and was killed in consequence, by some noblemen whom he had traduced. According to the second account of his life, he was the son of a poor woman, called Maria Bruna, and came from Gascony. It is worthy of remark, that, contrary to the spirit of his age, and the essence of the poetry which he cultivated, this poet not only made no secret of his aversion to the fair sex, but openly boasted that he had never loved nor been loved by any woman. The romance in question shows us the Crusades in a light quite different from that in which the poets of his age usually viewed them; we see here not the glory to be reaped by the brave, not the religious enthusiasm that hurried them away, regardless of every tie—the poet speaks not of this; but he paints the wreck of the affections, the fearing, longing, hoping, but still withering hearts which they left behind. The Crusade mentioned is that which was undertaken by Louis VII., moved by the eloquence and piety of St Bernard. The poet finds a young lady by the side of a clear fountain, sitting under a tree covered with blossoms and full of singing birds; he thinks she is enjoying the scene and the fresh spring, but is undeceived, as the translation of the romance itself will show. The last stanza may recall to some the passionate exclamations of

Bürger's Leonora, in answer to the plous admonitions of her mother.

"Where the fount falls in crystal showers
On greenest grass and opening flowers,
Beneath a tree's wide-spread shade,
In springtide's richest bloom arrayed,
And filled with birds of sweetest tone,
I found her all at and alone
Whose heart for me seems turned to stone.

"A maid with every beauty stored,
The daughter of that castle's lord,
And when I thought she would rejoice
At the fresh green and glad birds' voice,
And that young spring once more drew near,
And she my merry tale would hear,
At once and sadly changed her cheer.

"Hot tears gushed quickly from her eyes,
And her fair bosom heaved with sighs;
'O, Lord, she cries, this world's great king,
From you, alas! my sorrows spring.
The shame you suffered makes my ill
For this world's best and bravest still
Go to serve you—but 'tis your will.

"For yonesake leaves me my best friend,
In whom my joys beg'n and end;
Ah! what a but wo is left me here,
The pining heart and frequent tear?
Ah! wo to thee, King Louis, wo!
From whom the cruel mandates flow
That gave my heart so rude a blow.'

"I, when I heard her make such moan,
Approached the fount so pure and lone,
And, 'lady, too much grief,' said I,
'Will pale the cheek and dim the eye;
Despair not, grieve not, sink not now,
He who with verdure clothes the bough
Can give you peace and joy enow.'

"Sweet sir,' she said, 'I surely feel
That God can all my sorrows heal
In that new life beyond the grave,
For sinners he delights to save;
But still on earth my love I lose:
The dear one even can I excuse
That he so far to roam should choose.'"

Among the many great names which add lustre to the poetry of the troubadours, none makes the heart thrill and beat like the mention of the lion-hearted Richard; he, the first among knights, the bravest among the soldiers of the cross, bears also a high rank among the poets of his time. Two *serventes* only are extant, which are said to have been composed by this patron of song and light of chivalry, and as both of them

are written in the *Langue d'oïl*, but one in Provençal also, it becomes difficult to decide in which language they were originally written. That Richard should have written in Provençal, as he without doubt often did in French, has no improbability in it; that the patron and friend of the troubadours should have made use of their language, is, on the contrary, a very likely event, and Richard in doing so, was but adding one bright name to a list of kings and princes, under whose fostering care the literature, like the orange-trees of their own climates, bore the richest fruits, at the same time that it was covered with the most delicate blossoms. In the *servente* which exists in Provençal, Richard does not appear before us as the hero, before whose strength and valour a host might have quailed—he sings not as the enamoured knight, rejoicing in the woes he was enduring for the sake of his lady's love—nor as the mighty monarch, making even his poetry answer some political end—he writes not amid the flower of the world's chivalry, with bright eyes and lovely faces raining influence upon him—he is no longer the gay, the ambitious, the proud, and the fortunate—he writes from a prison in a foreign land; the iron has entered into his soul. Hope deferred, though it could not break his mighty spirit, has cast a veil of sadness around it; and his great heart, disdaining all useless complaints, without reproaching his lukewarm friends, or execrating his remorseless and narrow-minded enemy in the second winter of his captivity, pours forth its sorrows in a strain extremely simple and plaintive, and only the more touching from the absence of every thing like exaggeration, either in ornament or expression.

"Ah! certes no prisoner will tell his tale
Fitting, unless as one whom woes befall;
Still as a solace song may much avail—
Friends I have many, yet the gifts are small—

Shame! that because to ransom me they fall

I've pined two years in thrall.

"But all my liegemen in fair Normandy,
In England, Poitou, Gascony, know well

That not my meanest follower would I
Leave for gold's sake in prison-house to
dwell—

I reproach neither kinsman nor ally,
Yet I am still in thrall.

"Alas! I may as certain truth rehearse,
Nor kin, nor friends, have captives and
the dead;

'Tis bad for me, but for my people worse,
If to desert me they through gold are led:
After my death 'twill be to them a curse
If they leave me in thrall.

"No marvel, then, if I am sad at heart,
Each day my lord disturbs my country
more;

Has he forgot that he too had a part
In the deep oath which before God we
swore?

But yet in truth I know, I shall not smart
Much longer here in thrall."

Where the talent for poetry, and the admiration of its professors, was so widely diffused, it was not to be expected that no female hand should be stretched forth to pluck the laurels which all deemed so honourable. It could not be that they who so universally inspired the song should themselves fail, if, stepping down from the lofty pedestal on which the admiration of their countrymen had raised them, they too struggled for the honours of which all were ambitious, and to the beauty and fascination of the woman sought to add all the fame of the poet. Accordingly, we find, in more than one instance, that ladies composed poems in a manner which called forth the applauses of their countrymen, and that they rivalled some even of the best of the troubadours. Of these the Countess of Die is one, and by no means the least celebrated. The song of hers, of which we shall give a translation, has had the good fortune not only to have been admired by her contemporaries, but also to have attracted the well-merited praise of those who are best acquainted with this language and literature. This elegy is certainly remarkable for the tender and passionate manner in which the feelings of a wounded and susceptible heart have been poured out. Where so much depends on the grace and delicacy of the expressions themselves, as well as on the sentiments which they

clothe, a translation offers a poem to the readers under the very greatest possible disadvantages. The principal and prominent features may indeed be transferred, but all the slight shades, the delicate touches, which constitute the very essence of beauty in such compositions, must inevitably be lost, or, at the very best, so faintly rendered, as to be almost entirely deprived of their effect. Acknowledging these difficulties, which we can indeed see, but alas! not hope to overcome, we present the elegy on the bad faith of a lover, composed by this lady. We have preserved the same form of stanza as the original, and have disposed the rhymes in the same manner; but in this poem, as in almost all the more carefully written pieces of the troubadours, all the stanzas terminate in the same rhymes, and in the same order as those of the first. We have avoided this additional difficulty, which we could not well cope with.

"Of that I would not, I alas! must sing,
He whom I love has caused me such deep
pain;

For though I love him more than earthly
thing,

My love and courtesy but meet disdain,
And beauty, merit, wit, are all in vain.
But I must mourn as hopelessly and long
As if I wittingly had done him wrong.

"It comforts me, sweet friend, to think
that never

Have I 'gainst you in word or deed
transgress'd;

More than Seguis Valens* I loved you
ever,

And that my love surpasses yours I'm
bless'd,

For you are worthier far, O dearest, best.
You're proud to me in conduct, speech,
and air,

But to all others kind and debonaire.

"It marvels me, sweet friend, that you
can feel

Towards me that pride which cuts me to
the heart;

All wrong it were that any dame should
steal

Your love from me, what'er may be her
art;

And never let the memory depart
Of what our love once was: Mother divine!
Forbid that coldness spring from fault of
mine.

* Seguis and Valens were the hero and heroine of a romance of that day.

"Your prowess, which all others hold so dear,
Your fame, disquiet me with their bright shine,
For not a lady, whether far or near,
But will, if e'er she love, to you incline.
But you, sweet friend, ah! well might you divine
Where beats the heart more tender than them all:
Forget not former vows, whate'er befall.

"Much should pure fame, much should desert avail,
My beauty much, but truth and love far more;
Therefore send I this song to bid you hail,
And in your ear my thoughts and hopes to pour.
I fain would know, O friend that I adore,
Why you to me are ever harsh and cold;
Is't pride or hate, or think you me too bold?
All this my message bears, and this beside,
That many suffer from excess of pride."

We have already had the opportunity of showing, by specimens of some poems, that illicit love was a vice not foreign to the age of the troubadours. In the life of the poets which we are now about to give from a Provençal original, we shall see that in their vengeance as well as in their love the men of that time were souls made of fire, and children of the sun, with whom revenge was virtue; so much so, that in this instance at least, the atrocity of the revenge makes us forget the faults, and pity the fate of the unfortunate and erring victims. There are two accounts of the life of Guillem de Cabestanh, both written in Provençal, and in the principal points agreeing well with each other. We follow the longer notice, both because it is more circumstantial in some particulars, and because it almost seems to have been worked up into a kind of novella, which, both in prose and verse, were very frequently related by joglars or others, at the entertainments of the great, and even to assemblages of the people. The old Provençal account of the life and tragic fate of this troubadour begins as follows:—

"Raimon of Rousillon was a noble knight, as you well know, and had to wife the Lady Margarida, of all bright dames at that time living the

most lovely, and the most renowned for pure fame, manifold excellences, and all courtesy. It so happened that Guillem de Cabestanh, the son of a poor cavalier who owned the castle of Cabestanh, came to the court of Raimon, and presented himself to him to see if it should please him to receive him in his court as page. Monseignor Raimon, who saw that he was handsome and amiable in appearance, bade him welcome, and prayed of him to dwell at his court. He therefore took up his abode there, and comforted himself so agreeably, that great and small loved him; and so much did he ingratiate himself with all, that Monseignor Raimon commanded that he should be page to the Lady Margarida his wife, and so it was done. On account of this Guillem endeavoured to distinguish himself both by word and deed; but, as it frequently happens with regard to love, it came to pass that love began to lay rude siege to the heart of my lady Margarida, and heated her fancy; and such was the delight that she took in Guillem's appearance, and in every thing that he said and did, that one day she could not resist saying to him—Tell me now, Guillem, if a noble lady appeared to love you, would you dare to love her in return? Guillem, who was already in some degree aware of her passion, answered her quite frankly—Yes, by my troth, lady, if I were sure that the appearance was true. By St John, said the lady, well have you answered, and as a man of noble mind should; but now I would fain prove you whether you will be able to know and to distinguish of these appearances, which are true and which not? When Guillem heard these words he said—Lady, according to your good pleasure so be it. And he began to muse deeply on this occurrence; and presently love got dominion over him, and infused into his heart those thoughts which he imparts to his votaries, and from that time forth he became a servant of love, and began to compose ditties most pleasing and merry, and abounding in the tenderest songs, with music, most delightful to her in whose honour he sang. And love, who gives those who serve him their rewards when it happens to please

himself, chose to recompense him for the service he had performed; and he filled the heart of the lady so entirely with thoughts of love, that she never ceased by night nor by day from recalling to herself and thinking over the excellences and accomplishments which had been so abundantly lavished upon Guillem. And one day it happened that the lady being alone with Guillem, said to him, 'Tell me now, I pray you, Guillem, have you yet been able to judge of my looks whether they be true or false?' Guillem answered, Lady, as I trust in God, I assure you that from the moment I devoted myself to serve you, there never entered into my heart a thought but that you were the best that ever was born, and most full of all truth, both in words and looks; that I believe now, and shall believe all my life. And the lady made answer, I tell you, Guillem, as God shall succour me, that never by me shall you be deceived, nor shall your hopes be in vain: and so saying, she stretched out her arms and sweetly embraced him in the chamber where they were both sitting, and from that moment their mutual love gained fresh strength. But no very long time elapsed before malicious people, whom may God, I wish, began to talk about this love affair, and to give their interpretations of the songs which Guillem composed, saying that he wrote them to gain the favour of my Lady Margarida. And they went about talking so long backwards and forwards, that at the last it came to the ears of Monseignor Raimon. Sorrowful was he, but at the same time in grievous anger that he should thus lose the companion he so dearly loved, but most of all on account of the dishonour laid to his lady's charge. It one day happened that Guillem went out to hawk, and took no one with him but a single squire, and Monseignor Raimon enquired for him and asked where he was, and a varlet belonging to the castle told him that he had gone out to hawk, and the same, as he knew it, told him in what direction. Instantly went Raimon and armed himself with concealed weapons, and having caused his horse to be brought, he rode away towards the spot where he had been told that

Guillem might be found; and after he had ridden for some time he found him. And when Guillem saw him approach he marvelled greatly, and began to forbode evil; but he went forwards and met him, and greeting him, said, My lord, this is a welcome meeting, but what make you thus alone? Because, said Monseignor Raimon, I have been seeking for you that I might divert myself along with you. Have you taken ought? Little, my lord, for I have found but little; and the proverb, as you well know, says, that he who finds but little should not expect to take much. Let us pass from this subject, said Monseignor Raimon, and by the allegiance you owe me, give me a true answer to all the questions that I shall put to you. By my word, said Guillem, if it be possible for me to answer you, my lord, you shall certainly hear the truth. I wish you to make no reservations whatever, said Monseignor Raimon, but that you should tell me exactly in every particular that which I shall ask you. My lord, since it so pleases you, said Guillem, ask me, and I will tell you the truth. And Monseignor Raimon asked him and said, Guillem, as you trust in God, and would preserve your good faith, tell me if you have a lady in honour of whom you sing, and the love of whom fills your heart? Guillem answered, how, my lord, could I sing of love if my heart were not full of it? Know then, for a certainty, that love has me entirely in his power. That, said Raimon, I can readily believe, for otherwise no man could sing as sweetly as you do; but I would willingly know, if it pleases you to tell me, who your lady is. Ah! my lord, for the love of God, said Guillem, consider what it is that you ask of me; know you not that it is a man's duty to conceal the object of his affection; have you not heard what Bernard de Ventadour says,—

In this, at least, my sense I show,
That when one asks my true love's name,
I lie to him and feel no shame.
It is no proof of sense, I know,
But of childishness and madness,
When a man enjoys love's gladness,
That he should lay his heart to any bare,
Who cannot serve nor aid the wishes
there.

But Monseignor Raimon would not

be contented, and swore that he would aid him in all things concerning his love to the uttermost of his abilities; and so much and so constantly did he press him to confide in him, that at last Guillem, who was placed in the most embarrassing situation by the other's importunity, after much reluctance, said to him, Know then, my very good lord, that I am enamoured of the sister of the Lady Margarida, your wife, and that we have already interchanged pledges of affection. My heart is now laid open to you, and I therefore beseech you to aid me as you best may, or at the least, not to allow ought that I have said to work to my prejudice. Take my faith and my hand, said Raimon, for I swear to you, and willingly renew my pledge to aid you to the utmost extent of my abilities; and he most solemnly pledged himself. And when this was done, Raimon said, Come, Guillem, let us go together and visit your lady-love, for she is near at hand. Most willingly, said Guillem; I pray you let us go thither at once. And upon this they struck into the road that led to the castle of Liet, and when they arrived there, they received a warm welcome and a merry frolic from Robert de Tarascon, who was the husband of the Lady Agnes, the sister of the Lady Margarida. And the Lady Agnes herself greeted them most kindly; and Monsegno Raimon took the Lady Agnes by the hand and led her into her chamber, and they both sat down together on the bed, and Monsegno Raimon said to her, Tell me now, I pray you, my fair sister, by the faith you owe me, do you feel love towards any one? And she answered him that she did. And who is it? enquired he. Then she said, you shall never hear from me, the more especially as it concerns you in no wise. At last, however, his importunity was so great, that she confessed to him that she loved Guillem de Cabestanh; and this she said because she saw that Guillem was troubled in aspect and lost in sad thoughts; and as she well knew how entirely he and her sister loved each other, she trembled lest Raimon should have discovered the whole affair, and be cherishing evil intentions towards Guillem. This answer, however, elevated Raimon to the height of happiness; and the lady

told her husband how she had conducted herself in this matter; and he approved of it highly, and told her that she had done well, and gave her his permission to do or say every thing that might be needful to release Guillem from his present embarrassing situation. That did the lady right willingly, and called Guillem into her chamber by himself; and he remained so long with her that Raimon fancied she was now recompensing him for his long devotion to her. And well pleased was he that it was so; and he began to think that the reports concerning Guillem which had come to his ears were devoid of foundation, except in the malice of those who first spread them abroad. The lady and Guillem came forth from the chamber, and supper was prepared, and right merrily and with much pleasure did they all sup together. And after supper the lady caused beds to be prepared for them both, near the entrance to her chamber, and by the dexterous management of Guillem and the Lady Agnes, Raimon was more and more convinced of their mutual intelligence. On the morrow they breakfasted in the castle with great merriment; and after that they took their departure homewards, after an affectionate leave taking. As soon as Raimon had it in his power he left Guillem and went to his wife, and told her all that had taken place, as he had seen, between Guillem and her sister, which grievously afflicted the lovely lady the whole night long; and the next morning she summoned Guillem to her presence, and received him ill, calling him false and treacherous; and Guillem right humbly besought her to hear him, and to pardon what he had done; and when he had in some degree appeased her, he told her all that had happened, word for word, concealing nothing from her. But, notwithstanding all that he could say or do, love had too great sway over the heart of the Lady Margarida to allow her to rest contented till she sent for her sister Agnes, and found that her story agreed in every particular with what Guillem had already told her; and then she acknowledged that in this matter he was without blame. After this the lady told him and commanded him to compose a song which should show that he loved no

lady saving only herself, and, in consequence, he composed the song which begins as follows:—

“ The thoughts of mirth
That love so oft gives me,
Lady, give birth
To many songs for thee.”

Raimon thought that this song applied more particularly to his wife, on account of the stanza which ends with these lines—

“ All that I do from fear,
Take in it's better sense,
Even when I'm far from hence ”

And while he was brooding over his dishonour, and in gloomy silence meditating plans of revenge, he recalled various circumstances and the many reports of curious and evil minded people, so that the thoughts of the daughter of the world, which he would have to encounter by reason of the tricks which had been put upon him, wound him up to such a pitch of ungovernable fury, that he sent for Guillem to come to him outside the castle, and when he saw him, without giving him time for defence or supplication, he rushed upon him, and with one revengeful blow of his sword killed him on the spot. Not was his revenge even then satisfied, but having cut off the head he put it into a basket, and he tore out the heart from the body of his victim, and put it along with the head. He then went in to the castle and commanded that the heart should be roasted, and he caused it to be served up to his wife for her mid-day meal, and made her partake of the dish, all ignorant as she was of its nature. And when she had eaten of it, Raimon rose up and told his wife that what she had been eating was the heart of Guillem de Cabestanh; and he showed her the ghastly head, and asked her if she had made a delicate repast. And she heard what he asked her, and recognised the head of her lover; and then she made answer, and told him that it was so delicate and savoury that never should either meat nor drink pass her lips, lest she should deprive her mouth of that taste which the heart of Guillem de Cabestanh had left in it. And Raimon rushed upon her with his steel reeking sword; and she, who, from the horrors she had suf-

fered, was scarcely conscious of what she did, flew to a window, and casting herself out, was dashed to pieces in the court below. These dreadful deeds were bruited far and wide through the whole of Catalonia, and through all the dependencies of the King of Arragon; and the King Alphonse, and all the barons of those countries, made great moan, and were in deep sorrow for the death of Guillem and the lady whom Raimon had so foully done to death. And the friends and relations of Guillem and of the Lady Margarida made alliance together, and all the lovers in those countries joined themselves unto them, and they made war against Raimon with fire and sword; and the King Alphonse himself came into the country when he heard of the lamentable death of the lady and of the gentle knight, and took Raimon prisoner, and destroyed his castles, and ravaged his possessions. He then caused a monument to be raised to Guillem and to Lady Margarida, before the entrance of the church at Perpignan, which is a town in the plain of Roussillon and Cerdagne, and belongs to the King of Arragon. And it was customary for long that all the knights of Roussillon, Cerdagne, Colofen, Ripules, and Peralada, as well as those from the territory of Narbonne, should keep the anniversary of the death of Guillem and of the Lady Margarida; and all true lovers, knights as well as ladies, prayed to God for the repose of their souls. The King of Arragon, who had taken Raimon prisoner, deprived him of all his possessions, and let him die in prison; and all his lands he gave to the relations of Guillem and to those of the lady who died for his sake.”

The poems of this unfortunate troubadour do not throw much light on his history. They are full of allusions, however, to the dissimulation he was obliged to submit to, and to the difficult position in which he was placed, since, in order to escape “ a present ill,” he was obliged to feign a love foreign to his heart. An allusion to this occurs in the following lines:—

“ Lady, the day thou first didst greet my
sight,
When thou wert pleased that I those
eyes should see,

From out my heart all other thoughts
took flight,
And hopes, fears, wishes, center'd all in
thee.

Lady, such root took love within my
breast

From one sweet look and from one gentle
smile,

That I forget all else that is the while.

"Thy wondrous beauty and thy sweet
discourse.

Thy gracious manners, and the loving
mien

Thou then did'st wear, stole from me
with sweet force

Reason which since in me has never
been.

I give it thee, to whom my heart ad-
dress'd

Such guileless vows, that none can better
love,

To raise thy fame all other fame above.

"Lady, so wholly is my fond heart thine,
It has for other love nor power nor will;
Ah! if it seem to others to incline,

'Tis in vain hopes to shun a present ill;
When I but think of thee, the first, the
best,

All other love as worse than vain I see,
And fond, unchanged, my heart returns
to thee.

"Ah! ne'er do thou that covenant for-
get,

Whisper'd at parting by thy gentle voice,
Which makes my heart all gay and joyful
yet:

For the reward thus promised I rejoice,
And bear my present evils undepress'd;

For I shall have that good when thou
look'st down,

Prayers, hopes, and wishes, by thy love
to crown.

"Not e'en thy rigours strike me with dis-
may,

If I may hope that some time in this life
Thou with enjoyment will'st all pains
repay.

Thus rigours e'en with joy for me are
made,

Because I know that love will give no
rest,

'And a fond lover must forgive the past,
When after wo he gains relief at last.

"Ah! lady, when will dawn that day so
blest,

When through thy grace, doubts, sadness,
shall depart,

And I alone be shrined within thy
heart."

In the next piece, the poet seems to be seized with that capriciousness and those undefined desires, of the origin or end of which the mind cannot give any good account to itself, and which are very often painted as the premonitory symptoms of the bursting out of a passion which has been cherished in the heart, though the victim himself is unconscious of it, till the long smouldering fire, fanned by some casual circumstance, bursts out into a bright flame, which can no longer either be mistaken or subdued. The very metre of this short poem partakes of the spirit which dictated it,—partly defiance, partly consciousness of the danger for which he neither sees nor wishes to find an escape, but endeavours to comfort himself under what he, in other places, calls "a sweet evil," and here "a sweet grief."

"I never thought that I
Through joy should cease to sing,
Through love from sports should fly,
Or weep for any thing.
All in love's power I lie,
Who in me hath created
Such pleasures, that I dream
I am a god, and seem
By them o'er earth elated.

"I oft to blame begin
Whom I to praise am fain,
And they my praises win,
Of whom I should complain.
Deceit is not my sin,
But he whom love entices
Must suffer often times,
Since truly in all climes
Wrong oft the right oppresses.

"So much is each thought thine,
That even when I pray,
I see thee in the shrine.
I think so night and day
On thine eyes' gentle shine,
That I remember never
Aught else, whate'er it be.
Yet this sweet grief to me
Gives joy and solace ever."

The next poem is in praise of his mistress, like the others, but, to judge from its contents, appears to have been written before the Lady Margarida had stretched out her arms and sweetly kissed him in the lone chamber, where they sat together. He makes many allusions in it to the hopeless passion which consumed him, and for which he apparently

expects never to be rewarded. His praises of the beauty of his mistress, and the vows of constancy which he makes, are conceived in the tenderest spirit, and worthy of a poet who might have taken for his motto two of his own lines, of which this is the purport,—“The evil I suffer is sweet and delightful to me : a little happiness is manna on which I feed.”

“I see the days are long and glad,
On every tree are countless flowers,
And merry birds sing in the bowers,
Which bitter cold so long made sad.
But now up on the highest hills,
Each amid flowers and sparkling rills,
After his manner takes delight.

“And therefore I rejoice once more
That joy of love should warm my breast,
And lay my sweet desires to rest.
As serpent looms the sycamore,
I from false colour fly it even :
Yet, for love's sake, which cheers me
never,
All other joys seem vain and light.

“Never, since Adam plucked the fruit,
Whence thousand woes our race oppress,
Was seen on earth such loveliness.
The body, it would that face to suit,
Is polish'd more than amethyst ;
Her very beauty makes me trust,
Sin as she of me takes little heed.

“Ah ! never shall there come a time
When love, that now inflames my heart,
Shall struggle to constrain her to depart.
As plants, even in a wintry clime,
When the sun shines regain new life,
Then her sweet smiles with gladness
live,
Deck me with love like plants with
flower.

“I love so molly, many die
From less, and now my hour seems near.
For though my love's to me most dear,
In vain for help or hope I sigh.
A fire upon my heart has fed,
The Nile could quench no more, than
thread
Of finest silk support a tower.

“Alas, that I must still lament
The pains that from love ever flow ;
That baffled hope and ceaseless woe
All colour from my cheek have sent.
But white as snow shall be my hair,
And I a trembling dotard, ere
Of my best lady I complain.

“How oft, from lady's love we see
The fierce and wicked change their mood ;
How oft is he most kind and good,

Who, did he not love tenderly,
Would be each passion's wayward slave.
Thus I am meek with the good and
brave,

But haughty to the bad and vain.
Thus with delight each cherish'd woe I
dree,
And sweet as manna seems slight joy to
me.”

The next poem is in a different strain. He there seems to allude to happiness enjoyed, and to people who were envious of his success, and striving to advance themselves in the good graces of the lady of his love. He alludes to the malicious and the envious by whom he is surrounded, and of whom the troubadours generally took every occasion to record their detestation. This poem is more obscure than almost any other of Cabestani's. The two last lines of the stanza do not seem well connected with what precedes them ; but indeed these violent and rapid transitions are by no means uncommon in this country, especially when the poet would appear hurried away by the excess of his passion, and considers himself, therefore, probably as less amenable to rule. We have translated it as it stands, without attempting to supply a connexion which, in the original, does not appear to exist. The opening stanza has often been quoted for its beauty by those conversant with this literature. He alludes in it to the manner in which, from a thousand other ladies, he chose out her to whom he dedicated his heart ; and he there takes occasion to praise her extreme beauty, as well as her other good qualities, in very emphatic, if not in very pious language.

“Like him who casts the leaf aside
And only takes the loveliest flower,
So chose I the whole garden's pride
'Mid countless buds that deck'd the bower.
She was from God's own beauty made,
And brightly shines she not the less,
That in a veil of humbleness
Her excellence he has array'd.

“With a sweet look her gentle eyes
Made me a lover fond and true.
But never, though from love arise
Tears, that, heartsprung, my face bedew,
Thus that love been divulged to any.
But now I sing for very joy,
That she with none has deigned to toy,
Though wou'd and flatter'd by so many.

"I praise her not, nor dare to feign,
For envious eyes are all around,
None what I wish each strives to gain;
And she, like love's own lance, can wound

The stoutest heart, even to the core,
With all the joys from love that flow.
But I, who tasted of that blow,
When I sleep beat, wake up the more.

"Oh, joy! If she would tame her pride,
And bid my fond heart grieve no more.
To paint its woes I oft have tried,
Have pray'd for pity o'er and o'er,—
For woes that fill my heart I ween—
But gnawing care is still my guest,
And love, for I adore the best,
Lerida and the Pery between."

In his longest, and according to the Provençal life, his last poem, *Castanh*, swanlike, sings with even more sweetness, and seems more carried away by his passion than even his wout was. The short but unequal lines, and the peculiarities of the rhythm and the rhymes all contribute to render this poem no unfitting vehicle for the expression of the ardent and impetuous passion which has gained such complete mastery over his heart. It is this peculiarity in its form which prevents us from giving a metrical translation of it; the more especially as from its length our limits will only allow us to notice one or two stanzas. He alludes in this poem also very particularly to the passion he had been forced to feign for another, and ends his lamentations on this subject by the lines we have quoted in the life, bidding her to take in good part all that he did from fear, even when he was far away. He tells her afterwards how delightful to him is the remembrance of all her beauties, of her lovely face and sweet laugh. Had I been, he says, as devoted to my God as I have been to thee, he would without doubt have taken me up quick into paradise. At another place he says, "O sweet love, can it be, that I shall never obtain any favour of you, though by night and by day on my knees I supplicate the holy Virgin to inspire you with some love for me! I was brought up near you while yet a child, that I might devote myself to your service, and may God desert me if I wish for any other lot. O amiable, O adorable

lady, permit me to kiss your glove, for I can scarce deem myself worthy of a greater favour."

There is certainly nothing in this poem which would lead us to suppose that by its means Raimon could have been made certain of the intrigue which had been carried on. There is a great deal of passion, and many protestations of inviolable respect and fidelity, which in this case, as probably in very many others, were merely a sort of cloak, in order to hide the capture of triumphant love from prying eyes; and we are therefore led to suspect that the writer of the life knew indeed that a poem had occasioned the discovery, but made a mistake in the poem which he gives as that which betrayed the secret of the lovers. We have a fragment of another *chanso*, in which Guilhem makes this remarkable observation:—"If you wish me to tell you her name, I say to you, that you will never find doves' wings on which you will not, without fail, find it written." And though this seems very much of a ridicule to us, it may perhaps have been more easily soiled by his contemporaries, and thus have led to the act of vengeance which the life relates. With regard to the story of the serving up the heart of the lover to the unconscious object of his passion, we must observe, that this aggravation of marital vengeance seems to have been no unusual termination to similar stories, as the well-known adventure of the *Châtelain de Coucy* and la *Dame de Fayel* would of itself serve to prove; but a somewhat similar event is the ground-work of one of the *Fabliaux* in Le Grand's collection; the only difference there being, that twelve ladies eat the heart of a common lover, which their husbands had served up to them, and never taste meat again, after they find out what the horrid meal consisted of. Nor are these the only instances of such cruelty; so that it is possible that an old tradition may have been the foundation of them all; the more especially as any additional horrors would be eagerly received by a public but too much disposed to look with the most unfriendly eyes on any interference of the husband, however much it might have been

required, and to aid the lovers during their life, and embalm their memories, and strew flowers over their graves when dead ! The tale, however romantic it may appear, agrees, in the most essential points, very well both with geography and history, and perhaps the above mentioned coincidence with the history of the Chatelain de Coucy is the only reason that could be adduced for doubting its authenticity. Boccaccio in the Decameron, mentions nearly the same circumstances, though he has given somewhat different names to the heroes of his

tale, and Petrarch, in the Trionfo d'Amore, speaks of the subject of this notice, when he says that he saw

“ — quel Guglielmo,
Che p' unta balia ha de son disdono ”

We may therefore hope that he who was not considered as undeserving of notice by such men as these, will not fail to interest us in some degree also, perhaps those who can not for the poet may pity the lover and those who have no sympathy for the lover may admire the troubadour

WINTER SKETCHES

BY DELTA

No I

BLOOM AND BRIGHT

THE scene is desolate and bleak,
Dim clouds, presaging tempest, streak
The warring fields of air,
In sombre shade the valleys lie
And funny breezes sigh
Through leafless forests bare !
The rank grass rustles by the stone,
With danky lichens overgrown

The drooping cattle cower below,
While on the beech's topmost bough
The croaking raven sits,—
The tumult of the torrent's roar,
That, rain swollen, rushes to the shore,
Is heard and lost by fits,
Now with a voice overpowering all
Now sinking in a dying fall

How vanishes our time away !
Is like the circuit of a day,
Since last, with devious feet,
This lone, sequester'd path I trod,
The blooming wild-flower gem'd the sod,
And made the breezes sweet,
The hues of earth, the tints of sky,
Were rapture to the heart and eye !

I listen'd to the linnet's song,
I heard the lyric lark prolong
Her heart exulting note,
When, far removed from mortal sight,
She, soaring to the source of light,
Her way through cloudland sought,
And, from ethereal depths above,
Seem'd hymning earth with strains of love !

The wild rose, arch'd in artless bowers,
The purpling thyme, the heather flower,
The whin in golden bloom,

Smiled forth upon the shining day,
 As if they joy'd in their erray
 Of beauty and perfume;
 And, from the heart of every grove,
 Was heard the cushat's coo of love.

And now I listen to the breeze,
 That whistles through the leafless trees,
 And to the pattering rain;
 Down roars the stream with foamy surge,
 And from the marsh the curlew's dirge
 Comes wailing o'er the plain;—
 Well may such alter'd scene impart
 A moral to the thinking heart!

In youth, ah! little do we think
 How near the torrent's crumbling brink
 The flowers of pleasure grow;
 How fickle Fortune's gale; how far
 From gleam of Duty's guiding star,
 Life's bark may sail below;
 What chance and change Man's fate may brave,
 Betwixt the cradle and the grave!

Change is impress'd on all we see—
 'The budding, blooming, blighted tree;
 The brightening waning sky;
 The sun that rises but to set;
 He dwells with its glowing coronet;
 Disease with sunken eye;
 And Childhood passing, stage by stage,
 Through Manhood to decrepit Age.

What read we thence? That not for us
 In ruin Creation preacheth thus,
 By growth and by decay.—
 That Man should lift his mental eye
 Beyond Earth's frail mortality,
 And, in the endless day
 Of Heaven behold a light display'd,
 To which Our sunshine is like shade!

• No. II.

THE SNOW-FALL.

In darkness closed the evening; cloud on cloud,
 A dreary congregation, sealed from view
 The sparkling beauty of the stars; and wailed,
 Through the dark pine trees, and the leafless elms,
 The melancholy winds, at midnight deep:—
 Like spirits at the lattices they moaned;
 Sighed o'er the house-top with a dreary sigh;
 Creaked the old gate; and, from his drowsy lair,
 Scared the gaunt mastiff. Straightway all was still:
 The woodland murmurs melted into peace,
 As foambells melt upon the ocean sand;
 And the wide world, as weary of the strife,
 Subsided into slumber calm and deep.

At dawn how changed seemed all! In hoary white
 The earth was garmented; thick lay each roof,

And wall ; the lake scowled dark, amid the gleam
 Of the engirding storm ; the stirless boughs
 Of the near laurels, underneath their load,
 Bent down ; while, overhead, the lingering stars
 Waned, one by one, in the engulphing blue.*
 Faintly wakes Morning o'er the southern hill ;
 And Lucifer, in the pale, twilight air,
 Like the Archangel of the stellar host,
 Bright to its latest twinkle, gorgeously
 Into the portals of the West withdraws.
 Slowly gains Day the mastery over Night,
 Nor long endures the silence : Chanticleer
 Winds his loud clavier ; and, from off the boughs,
 Leafless and gnarled, of yon old sycamore,
 A wild, sweet hymn the half-seen robin pipes,—
 And disappears anon,—and then resumes,
 Even on the window-sill, its household song.

How silent and secluded is the scene !
 The world is wrapt as in its winding-sheet,
 And life seems half extinct. The verdant hills
 (Their verdure hid from view), lift up on high,
 Upon the fair horizon's verge, their scalps,
 Dismal, and white, and cold ; and, from the rocks
 Less distant, down whose clefts the summer streams
 Gushed murmurously, a thousand icicles
 Reflect, with sparry light, the earliest beams
 Of sunrise. Dreary Winter reigns, and rules
 External nature, and the heart of man ;
 For feelings take their colour from the hour,
 And ice, and snow, and storm surround the soul.

Whither, swift Fancy ? Lo ! the freezing seas
 Of Greenland, where on icebergs high up-piled
 Breaks the rude polar wave. The eider-duck,
 That, through the summer's endless sunshine, sought
 And found, upon these half-forsaken shores,
 Shelter, and home, and sustenance, hath winged
 Its long, long way to southern waves ; but still,
 Master and tyrant of the drear domain,
 Growls the brown famished bear uncouth, and paws
 In search of prey the snowy waste ; the morse
 Dives floundering, and the silver-vested seal
 Cold-blooded slumbers on the icy shelf.

Wrapt in the changeful vision, on the view
 Widen the desolate Lapland plains, where life
 Is dwarfed ; and through the half unmelted snows
 Shows the green juniper its early leaves.—
 Can these be human dwellings ? Yes, within
 These cabins, low and rudely thatched, from which
 Ascends the yellow smoke, beat bosoms warmed
 By kindest sympathies.

Around them feed
 The timid reindeer, with their antler'd heads,
 Wide-scattered ; and the docile-looking dog
 Watches, from lichen'd brace, their dappled fawns
 Cropping the new-seen herbage of the glen.

No. III.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

A SAPPHIC HYMN.

Where is the blue calm, that mantled old Ocean,
In the halcyon June days, when no breeze was blowing;
When by the idle mast hung down each loose sail,
And the Sailor slumber'd ?

Where is the garland green of September's forest—
With song of bird, and hum of bee, musical and murmurous ?
Where are the flowers and the fruits of that bright time,
Where are the odours ?

Dream-like they perished all—perish'd and pass'd away;
And to the harvest moon, where the wheat sheaf nodded,
From the bare stubble-field pipes the widow'd partridge
For her slaughtered young ones.

Gloomy and drear is thine aspect, Oh Winter wild !
With thy staff of icicle, with thy cloak of frost-fog,
Yearly to blast all the beauties of Nature, thou
Com'st like a Night-mare.

Yet let us think not, savage though thy looks be,
That of his handwork mindless is the Maker;
Twas 'mid the season of storm that the sky-born
Came to redeem us !

When in guilt and misery sunk was the wide world,
A recreant, a lost, a perishing creation,
From the celestial abodes of his glory
Jesus descended.

Sunk had the sun, and the raven wings of darkness
Brooded o'er earth; when, beautiful in brightness,
Shone the promised star, and eastward descending
Led on the Wise Men.

Watching their night flocks lay Judea's shepherds,
Mantle-enwrapt, beneath the stately palms, when
Glory burn'd o'er them; and, mid chattering music,
Thus spake the Angel :—

“ Fear not,—good tidings I bring to you,—fear not;
This day is born to you Christ the Redeemer:
Haste ye to Bethlehem, and see the world's Saviour,
Laid in a manger.”

To the city of David journey'd up the Wise Men;
Up went the Shepherds; and lo ! the infant Jesus,
The gracious, the glorious, the son of the Eternal,
As the Angel told them.

Rattle and rave, then, tornado and tempest,
O'er the joyless roof-tree bluster and beat ye loud;
But Man has a home, where the arm of your fury
Never can reach him.

DRAMA—BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Is there, or is there not, love of poetry in the hearts of the rising and risen generation?—and if there be, is it impassioned and profound? We feel as if we were somewhat too old to answer such questions; and remembering the days of our prime, relapse into dreams and visions, and are mute. Certes the youth of this age seem not so imaginative to the eyes of our mind as the youth of an age long gone by; and where, we ask with a sigh,—where are the young poets? The “mighty orbs of song” have set, or are setting; and compared with them, how dim and small the few luminaries now in ascension! In ten years the lips of the “tuneful brethren” of Scott, and Crabbe, and Coleridge, and the Shepherd—will all be sealed for ever; and who then will be privileged to sing “A Lament for the Death of the Makers?”

Not but that there is poetical genius among our young aspirants—the Tennysons, the Trenchers, the Alford, and others, whom we have delighted to praise; and whom we should rejoice to see shining as fixed stars of the first magnitude in the poetical firmament. Fixed stars of the first magnitude! Why, it was debated in a sporting society at Cambridge—“Is Alfred Tennyson a GREAT POET?” Shakespeare, Homer, Milton, and Wordsworth are Great Poets; and it might have been thought that the mere mention of such names would have silenced the most statulent of all the praters. The “bare imagination” of such a debate must bring the blush of shame on the face of every man of common sense; and Mr Tennyson himself must have wept with vexation at the ineffable folly of his friends who maintained the affirmative. Let him lay to heart the kind counsels of Christopher North, who alone has done justice to his fine faculties, and the laurel crown will ere long be placed on his head. He has yet written but some beautiful verses—a few very charming compositions, that are in truth little poems—not great ones—his feeling

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is exquisite, and so is his fancy—but oh! how feeble too often his Thought! Feeble because he is a wilful scribbler—flattery has made him so—but would he but scorn his sycophants, his strength would be restored, and nature would be glad to see him, what she designed him to be, a *true* poet.

Compare the best strains of the most gifted of the younger sons of Apollo with those of our great living poets who they too were “in life’s morning mirth,” “and oh! the difference to me.” Those were indeed “golden exhalations of the dawn;” and at meridian hour magnificent grew the sky! All the world felt “this morning gives us promise of a glorious day;” what other era of our poetry was brighter than that which has nearly reached its close? Hope looks not now on the future as she did some forty years ago; she sees no far-extending vista closed up with gorgeous cloud imagery that is hanging there for a while till it shall dispart and show the glory of a new heaven and a new earth which genius has revealed or created. The weather-wise discern no such celestial phenomena symptomatic of a burst of light. If there is to be a descent from above, not yet can we say, “far off its coming shines.” To speak the plain truth at once, not one of our young poets—and some of them are full fledged—has taken a single sustained flight higher than the cock on the spire of a village church. Not one of them has written a poem that has taken possession of the nation’s heart. Each bardling has his admirers, who commit bits of him to a treacherous or tenacious memory—but when they quote a response of their oracle, it falls dead on the ears of the groundlings—and all are groundlings, in their estimation, who will not fall down and worship such “despicable gods.”

Accordingly, they all find it uphill work—though few of them have the modesty to exclaim,

“Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb

The height where Faun’s proud temple shines afar.”

Were it not for Us, where would they be? Nowhere. Out of Cambridge and Cockneydom, how many scores of Christian creatures have ever seen either of Alfred Tennyson's Volumes? Not fourscore. In *Maga* many of his best compositions have been perused with delight by tens of thousands—and as sympathy is what every poet most fervently desires, how deep ought to be—and how deep must be—his gratitude to Christopher North! "His audience find though few," was a sentiment all very well at the time—for the Poet of *Paradise Lost*. But a young lyrical poet of the present day cannot, do what he will, be satisfied with the applauses of a coterie of under-graduates, though graced with the countenance of the Wooden Spoon of the year, shining in the gloss of novelty almost like horn. He longs for "a waking empire wide as dreams," and he finds it in the most beneficent of perennials whose smile is fame, and whose praise is immortality. Christopher North is the tutor, the guardian, and the patron of the young poets. As they reverence him, they prosper—wanting the light of his countenance, they sicken in the shade, and prematurely die.

But none who deserve it want the light of the countenance of the old man benign. And see what a genial spirit his example has infused into our periodical criticism—the only criticism good for any thing in English literature. Young poets need not now fear the foolish face of him who sits in the chair of the scorner. He is himself the object of general scorn, and feeling that he is so, draws in his horns, and with a hideous yawn pretends to sink into supercilious sleep. A crying evil of an opposite kind too often assails our ears, and we desire to put it down with the crutch. Praise poured out to the utmost pitch of extravagance by thousands of tiny tongues on the heads of mere versifiers, who twenty years ago would have buzzed away unheeded, like multitudes of common flies; and if some gaudier insect comes dancing into the sun, though known to all Entomologists to be the reverse of rare, he seems magnified in the eyes of Cockney critics into the Emperor

of Morocco. No wonder that the ears of the aged get intolerant of such a hum, and are closed to listen to the songs of the Swans heard like echoes in the distance—as they seem to rise from the lakes and circle round the mountains of imagination—gleaming and towering in the regions of the Past—a spiritual world! Therefore we love to go back to the poetry of what may be now called even the olden time. "That strain I heard was of a higher mood," is the feeling awakened by the music consecrated by associations that soften every dying fall, and exalt every deepening swell that triumphantly wins its way up into the very heart of the heavens. Now-a-days there are no such sweet singers as these! All mocking birds. Then the woods and groves did indeed resound with innumerable voices—"alike, but oh! how different"—each with its own peculiar and characteristic tone—yet all together making such melody—and such harmony—as heaven and earth unite to listen to, when nature cannot contain the "venial delight and joy" within her heart at the dewy hour of prime.

The young poets must not be angry with the old critic far thus posing away about the Peers. Some of them may yet be raised to the Upper House—but mean while they must not forget that they are Commonsers. There were Giants in those days, and in peace, not war, they scaled the heavens from the top of Parnassus. We do not say that in these days there are but dwarfs; but we do say that on the slopes of the sacred hill they seem of ordinary stature, and that a vast distance intervenes between their path and the sky.

We behold floating on the cerulean vault a fair cloud that assumes a human shape, and we think of Joanna Baillie. All that a poetess should be that lady is: pure, gentle, serene and stately.

"And yet a woman still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

Tighe, and Hemans, and Mitford, and Bowles, and Landon are all names pleasant to the soul and not to be forgotten; but hers is the greatest of them all—hers the con-

tral orb, round which, at different distances, they revolve—all bright, but that the brightest, though seeming unconscious of its superior splendour.

It is true that in our day the genius of dramatic poetry has not soared so high nor taken so wide a sweep as during the Elizabethan age, and that which succeeded the reign of the Virgin Queen. Yet had we no other dramas to show, we might point with pride to the Seven Volumes of Joanna Baillie. They are of the same order with those wonderful productions, and exhibit the same mastery over the emotions and passions of the human heart, embodied in action. They transcend all other Tragedies produced by contemporary genius, though some of our highest poets have attempted the Drama, and with success; and yet, owing to some defect in their construction which it requires wiser eyes than ours clearly to perceive, it would seem that they are not destined ever to be effective on the stage. Their illustrious author has herself given up that hope, dear as it was to her heart, nobly ambitious; but imagination builds her own airy stage, and sees her own phantoms passing along its enchanted floor. In reading a Tragedy of Joanna Baillie's—which experience has perhaps proved unfit for representation before our eyes—we behold it acted in a theatre where no noisy acclamations disturb the on-goings of events, and we enjoy in silence the uninterrupted flow of passion bearing on the agents to the catastrophe of their fate. Charles Lamb—may he now be blest!—thought Hamlet, and Othello, and Lear, and Macbeth, ought never to have been brought on deal boards—that 'twas a profanation and an impiety; and though that may have been one of his profound paradoxes, out of which beamed recondite truth, we know what he meant by thus expressing the impracticability of giving adequate outward form and gesture, to those beings of the imagination, whom Shakspeare spiritually embodied in breathing words on which the soul looks in silence, and sees life that dies the moment it is encased in visible flesh.

Elia had higher creations in mind

even than the highest of this gifted lady's, when he spoke of tragic things unactable on a material stage. But pass from that paradox, and try Joanna Baillie's dramas by the common test, and they will be found far better acting plays than the best of her contemporaries—excepting always those of that true dramatic genius, Sheridan Knowles. Coleridge's, Byron's, Scott's, Croley's, Mitford's—on the stage how heavy all! Milner's Fazio is affecting—at least the O'Neil made it so; but it is little more than an ingenious and powerful imitation of the old drama by a man of fine talents and high accomplishments, and as such should be read. We have been gravely told that Mr Talfourd's Ion *would act*. He knows better; he wrote it for the brown study, or the green grove—and dreamt over in either seclusion it is “beautiful exceedingly,” and excels the spirit by august or fair processions of pure sentiments and elevated thoughts. Philip of Artevelde is a historical romance, in blank verse, and a very noble one. Would it too *act*? About as well as Ion. Knowles alone can write stage-plays. He has triumphed with ease over all the dramatists of the day; but we must not thus let him go by, though in such goodly company, and hope soon to carry our long-cherished purpose into effect—to write a long article or two, teeming with specimens that never can be stale, on his rare and felicitous genius. Now for another drama of Joanna Baillie's.

You will all remember as vividly as if you had read it yesterday, the very full account in our last number of Henriquez. Is it not a fine Drama? It cannot be truly charged against the unhappy Henriquez that his jealousy was groundless—for there seemed to be damning proofs of Leonora's guilt—and he was a Castilian in an age when such a passion was fatal. Jealousy in its very nature is infatuation; and of all passions most “wants discourse of reason.” Believing that Juan had seduced his wife, it was natural that he should kill him on the way to the adulteress. That he did not kill her too, was because he could not at once find

heart to do it, believing that all wicked arts had been used to corrupt her virtue. Nor was it inconsistent with the natural dignity of his character that he deigned to be with her in presence of the King. To avoid being suspected of murder—and such a murder—it is natural that even the proudest Spanish noble should have played the hypocrite, and waited for a fit revenge. His horror of world-shame at no time inspired him with a ruthless purpose to sacrifice Antonio, on whom rested suspicion of the murder; his confession of his own guilt to the friar was voluntary; bitter his remorse; sincere his penitence; and if his were not Christian resignation, in its stead there was heroic fortitude.

"Some noble minds do from misfortune rise,"

Yes, even from guilt, more noble than before."

And though, perhaps, there are some expressions near the close rather too daring, we compassionate him with an unforbidden pity, and we feel as if forgiveness were not withheld from a sinner in the hour of his expiation.

The characters of Leonora and Menchia are, to our minds, very naturally drawn; and our interest in their trials is strong, without withdrawing our more passionate emotions from the agonizing conflicts of the sinner and sufferer, whose guilt and doom darkens the whole drama, and makes it tragic. This is true, likewise, of Antonio; and Carlos is one of those men of modest worth, "so tender and so true," whom Joanna Baillie loves to describe—another Rothenberg—we mean him who was the friend of that Count Basil who died for the loss of honour caused by his passion for the fair Victoria.

Jealousy is the subject of "Romero," who is represented as naturally jealous—we fear offensively so; and since as it is, this tragedy is far from being equal to "Henriquez." In some of his moods, Romero is almost like a madman; yet not being insane, he then separates himself wholly from our sympathies, and we can feel towards him but contempt, disdain, or indignation—not the truly tragic passions of pity or terror. The chief character in

a tragedy should, we think, never be undignified—never mean and low—whether self-deluded in his own weakness, or practised on by the wickedness of others, he should never sink below zero on the moral and intellectual scale; or if so, but for a moment—and we should see him by his native power reascend, in very shame of such degradation, to his natural level, which should surely be somewhat above mediocrity, and in the vicinity of those heights to which in his nobler hours he may aspire, and in his noblest attain. But a truce to criticism, and let us follow the plot.

The scene is in or near the castle of Romero, by the sea-shore of the Mediterranean—time, during the reign of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, towards the middle of the fourteenth century. Act first opens on the sea-shore after a storm, with the masts of a wrecked vessel seen above the water at a distance, and casks and various chests, boards, &c. floating on the waves. Enter shipwrecked mariners and passengers, followed by Sebastian, who keeps apart from the others. Sebastian is a noble Spaniard, who had entered into a conspiracy against the king.

"On his throne

He meant to place a nobler prince,
whose hand

Had even justice to his subjects dealt.

He meant to place on Pedro's worthless brow

That which became it better than a crown."

Having been betrayed by a lurking Judas, he effected his escape in a boat, and had been taken up at sea by the ship that had now foundered near the castle of Romero, the husband of his daughter Zorada. She has come down to the shore to look after the wrecked mariners, and discovers her father through his mean disguise.

"Zor. My lord did write to me some distant hints

(Of your sad story. When he shall return,
He will protect you. Cherish'd here
with us,

You shall in secret live, till fair occasion
Shall offer to convey you where you
would—

Some land of safety.

Seb. Thy lord's return! No!—no!
Beware of that!
He may not be my friend. Nay, it is
said

That he and others, from their kindred
ties

Suspected as abettors of our treason
To clear themselves, have sworn unto
the King,

Dead or alive, wherever they may find us,
Our bodies to deliver to his power.

Zor. 'Tis false! Thou wrong'st
Romero.

Do not believe it. Some false Judas also
Hath, in this point, deceived you. No—
he did not—

He swore no oath so cruel, and so base.
Do not believe it. Hark! the castle bell!
(*Bell sounds.*)

Seb. Some traveller of note must be
arrived.

Zor. And I must quit my dear and
honoured parent,
With heartless ceremony to receive
A most unwelcome guest."

She bids him meet her, at fall of
eve, beneath the castle wall, near to
the northern postern, and hurries
away. It is Romero who has arrived
at his castle from the court, and
enters his hall in a hurried impatient
manner—saying

"Not yet returned! Go, Jerome, to the
wood,
That is her favourite walk."

From a short previous conversa-
tion between Jerome and Pietro, we
learn that their lord had been much
agitated on missing Zorada from the
castle—and that he is given to fool-
ish fancies. Pietro says sagely,

"What changes weller make,
That Don Romero should be so possess-
ed!

He should have wedded earlier, as I think,
Or not so young a bride. For, as they say,
Let all things be in right and due pro-
portion.

Let not the hart play gambols with the
fawn.

Plant not a sapling olive by the side
Of the broad oak. Link not the bony
staghound—

Jer. Truce with thy wisdom, now!
See, he is coming."

The scene then changes to Zora-
da's apartment, and we hear Ro-
mero lavishing almost a doting fond-
ness on his lovely young wife, who
replies to his endearments,

"Nay, good my lord, these words are
full of fondness,
And yet they please me not. What shall
I say?

Speak to me as a wife, companion, friend,
Not as a petted darling. Art thou well?
How has it fared with thee since last we
parted?

*My father too! What dost thou know of
him?"*

We could wish that Zorada had
not asked that question—yet having
resolved on concealment, and believ-
ing that her father would not be
safe in her husband's hands, perhaps
it was natural, or unavoidable—
though we believe that such words
would never have escaped the lips of
Desdemona. She, again, deceived
her father! And which is the holier,
filial or conjugal love? Romero
confesses, reluctantly, that he has
sworn—

"Zor. What hast thou sworn?"

Rom. I cannot tell thee now.

Zor. Then it is true!—(turning from
her with violent gestures of distress
and disgust to the end of the cham-
ber, then returning and looking in her
face approvingly).

How couldst thou? Oh! how couldst
thou

Swear to deliver to the tyrant's vengeance,
Dead or alive, wherever thou shalt find
him,

My father, thine old friend, the brave Se-
bastian?"

Romero, in justification, pleads that
the oath is nugatory, as Sebastian is
far hence in safety, and that had he
refused to take it "thou w'er hadst
seen thy husband." But Zorada will
not, after some ineffectual tenderness
on his part, be pacified—waves him
off with her hand—and retires to her
closet to give vent to her passion of
fear, and pity, and grief. Romero,
it must be acknowledged, has some
reason to be disturbed, and thus
soliloquizes on his worse than cold
reception on his return—by his wife.

"An absent father and a present hus-
band,

If the scales are put, and to all outward
seeming

The last doth kick the beam. Is it for
this—

For this that I have given my freedom up,
Drawn every strong affection of my heart
To one dear point!—and this the poor
return!

My life in such a perilous circumstance,
And now restored to her and to my home,
This is of small account. O woman!
woman!

One corner of a gallant's passing fancy
Pleaseth thee well; the whole devoted
heart

Of man matured is to thee as a yoke;
A cumbrous weight from which thou
wouldst escape;
And friendship, filial duty, every tie
Defrauds thy husband of his dear-earned
rights.

I am a fool! I knew the heart of woman—
Knew what she had to give, and oh! too
well,

What might, at price of many an inward
pang,

To her be given; yet, ne'ertheless, for-
sooth,

I murmur at my lot."

He is now joined by his friend
Guzman, who unintentionally feeds
and fans the flame that is beginning
to consume him; Maurice, a youth
in love with Beatrice, the friend of
Zorada, comes in for a share of his
angry disquietude—the symptoms
and the workings of the disease are
skillfully, but perhaps too minutely,
too elaborately, and too painfully
paintcd, and we turn for relief to
the meeting of Zorada with her
father—for the appointed hour is
come.

Seb. My child! my dear Zorada!

Zor.

Dear, dear father!

Seb. And thou must meet me as a man proscribed;
Child of a parent rest of name and honours,
Bann'd by the church, and by the laws condemn'd
Ev'n to the traitor's death of degradation:
One whom to name were pain and insult to thee;
One now despised of all, forgot, accurst.

Zor. O not accurst! for I will bless thee, father,
Though every other tongue should blast thy fame.
O not forgotten! I'll remember thee:
Ay; nightly, daily, hourly, in my thoughts
Shalt thou have place; more cherish'd—more endear'd
For that all hearts besides have shut thee out.
O not despised! for I will honour thee,
And in my pious thoughts, as now in act,
Kneel at thine honour'd feet in faithful duty.

Seb. Rise, dearest, kindest, best, mine own Zorada!
Yes, child, thou shalt be all the world to me,
But it must be a faint, ideal world.
I may in dreams, in thought, in musing fancy
Behold thy face, thy form,—may hear thy voice—
But many a league of ocean and of land
Must lie between us. Ev'n my dying day
Will not be lighten'd with one look of thine.

Zor. (after weeping on his neck). We do not know what Heaven appoints for
us.

Seb. Has Don Ramiro spoken aught to thee
Respecting my sad fate?

Zor. He has: 'tis true—the horrid tale is true.
The king has bound him by the horrid oath
Which thou dar'st mention to me.—Base compliance!

Seb. Nay, blame him not; he took it in the faith
That I was safe, beyond the reach of power.
But this being so, I needs must rest in hiding
Secure and close, till thou canst find a vessel
To take me from the coast.

Zor. There is within the precincts of this wood
An old abandon'd chapel, where the dead
Rest undisturbed. No living tenant there,
But owl hooting on the ruin'd tower,
Or twittering swallow in his eye-screen'd nest,
Will share the dismal shelter: for a time
Thou mayst be there secure. My good old Nurse
Has all things duly stored for food and rest,
And will conduct thee to it. Come, dear Nurse!

Greet thine old master in his time of sorrow,
And take of him good care.

Nurse. Yea, that I will; for unto me and mine
He hath been ever kind and bountiful.
O wo the day! that I should have occasion
To do him such a service!

Seb. Ay, Nurse; there be sad changes in men's fortunes.
The day when first I saw thee to thy breast
Lay this dear child, a little toothless infant,
Whilst o'er ye both bent with fond beaming eyes
The best and fairest lady of the land,
For so she was—that was indeed a day—
A day of brightness. Ah! how different
From this most dismal hour!

Nurse. She was a noble lady, fair and gentle!
This wicked world did not deserve to hold her,
And so her time was short. And for her babe—
My babe;—I call'd her mine, and still will call her—
A very cherub, peeping from the clouds,
As our fair pictures show them, is less beautiful
Than she half-covered with her cradle clothes,
When waking from her morning's sleep, appear'd.
Ah me! the pleasant days that I remember!

Zor. (*alarm'd*). I hear a noise.

Seb. Thou art, my dearest child, alarm'd for nothing.

Zor. Yes; I fear every thing. But, right or wrong,
Go instantly, nor linger longer here.

Nay, go: we do not part: I'll see thee soon.

Seb. Heaven bless thee, then! Come, Nurse, I'm now thy child,
Cherish me kindly.

Nurse. Ay, bless your honour! I will do my best.
I'd give the life-blood in this poor old heart
For you and yours.

[*Exeunt SEBASTIAN and Nurse, ZORADA goes by the opposite side
meeting JEROME, who enters at the same time, and hurries along
covering her face as she passes him.*]

Jr. Who's that who starts aside with guilty haste?
(*Following her.*) Ho! damsel, mistress, who-so'er you be,
Let me have words of thee. I swear, good faith!

I'll take thee safely to thy rendezvous,
If thou wilt trust me. (*Following her off the stage, and then returning.*)

What have I done? What have I seen? No face,

For that was closely cover'd, but the figure,

The robe, the air—if it be not Zorada,

I am a fool—a purblind, mazy fool,

And do not know my right hand from my left.

What brings her here? Were't any other woman,

It were an easy thing to guess her purpose.

Well, who lives long may see strange things, they say;

And if I needs must give my thoughts the rein,

I'll curb my tongue.

[*Exit.*]

Mean while Romero is walking to and fro in a distracted manner, in an outer room in the apartments of Zorada—he then rushes hastily from it to the front of the stage (Miss Baillie is always very careful, you know, in her directions) and bends his ear to listen—but no soft sound of Zorada's foot-step!

“So late! the first night too of my return!”

Is it the tardiness of cold aversion?

'Tis more than that—some damned conference

Elsewhere detains her. Ay, that airy fool

Wore at the supper board a conscious look,

Glancing in concert with the half-checked smile

That moved his quivering cheek, too well betraying
 His inward triumph: 'twas a cursed smile;
 I would have cast my javelin at his throat,
 But shame withheld me.

Zorada enters, and stops short to wipe the tears from her eyes, as if preparing to appear composed, while Romiero, in the shade, after eyeing her suspiciously, bursts suddenly upon her, and, with great violence, upbraids her for her want of conjugal affection. The conversation that ensues is very affecting, Zorada showing that she is conscious of what must have seemed unkindness, yet never for a moment suspecting that her fidelity is suspected, and thus, in her innocence, alternately soothing and exasperating the passion of her moody lord.

Rom. Where hast thou been so long?

Wilt thou not answer me?

Zor. You frighten me, Romiero, as I reckon
 'Tis little past our usual hour of rest.

Rom. Thou dost evade the question. Not the time,
 Where hast thou been?

Zor. Have patience! oh! have patience,
 Where I have been I have done thee no wrong,
 Let that suffice thee.

Rom. Ha! thou'rt quick, methinks,
 To apprehend suspicion. Done no wrong!
 What call'st thou wrong? Yes, by that sacred band,
 Which linketh soul to soul in wedded love,
 Pure, fervent, and confiding—every thought,
 Fancy, and consciousness, that from thy husband,
 Unfitting for his ear, must be withheld,
 Is wrong to him, and is disgrace to thee.

Zor. Then wo is me! Since wives must be so perfect,
 Why didst thou wed Zorada de Modinez?

Rom. Dost thou upbraid me for it? Then too well
 I see the change. Yes. I will call it change,
 For I must still believe thou loved'st me once.

Zor. Yes, yes, I loved thee once, I love thee now,
 And will for ever love thee, dear Romiero,
 If thou wilt suffer me.

Rom. Suffer thee, dear Zorada! It is paradise
 To think thou lovest me, hell to doubt of it.

Zor. Then doubt it not. If I am cold and sad,
 I have a cause—I must repeat my words—
 Which does to thee no wrong. Some few days hence
 Thou shalt know all, and thou wilt pity me.
 Did I e'er tell thee that which afterwards
 Thou foundest to be untrue?

Rom. Thou never didst.

Zor. Then why suspect me now?

Rom. Give me thy dear, dear hand, my own sweet wife.
 Yes, I will trust thee, and do thou the while
 Think charitably of my stern rebuke.
 Love can be stern as well as tender, yet
 Be all the while most true and fervent love.
 But go to rest, dear child! and I will follow thee,
 For it indeed is late.

All this is very beautiful—and we love Zorada; but the calm is dispelled by a sudden storm—

“Thou'rt right as an
 Ara to the jealous confirmation thou'rt
 A proof of holy writ,”

and a few harmless words of Zorada's about Maurice, that seem inconsistent and contradictory, again rouse the demon within the breast of Romiero—Zorada is no longer his “dear child.”—

“ Go to bed ;
Go, go ; my hour of rest is distant still ,
Linger not here I say—retire to rest.”

Zorada obeys—and then he gives vent to the infernal fury that is gnawing his heart.

“ A half-corrupted woman !
If it be come to this, who shall restrain
The hateful progress, which as rapidly——
Restrain it ! No ! to hell's profoundest pit
Let it conduct her, if she hath so far
Debased her once pure mind, and injured me.
I dare not thluk on't, yet I am compell'd ;
And at the very thought a raging fire
Burns in my head, my heart, through every vein
Of this distracted frame. I'll to the ramparts,
And meet the chillness of the midnight wind ;
I cannot rest beneath this hateful roof.”

Like a troubled ghost he wanders round and through the castle during midnight, and at last is driven by his restless agonies to the chamber of his friend, Guzman, whom he finds sleeping on his chair, and awakes by the loud and vehement utterance of his anguish. Don Maurice, mean while, misinterpreting the jealousy of Romicro, and

thinking it suspicion of his own love of Beatrice, and repugnance to their union, has prevailed on her to leave the castle with him, and “ for life to share his lot.” Their whispering in the dark had been overheard by Guzman, who seems to have suspected that the lady was Zorada !

Guz. What has befallen ? Why wert thou so alarm'd ?
Or was it some sharp pang of bodily pain ?

Rom. No, no ! it was not that ; and I am here
Only to share thy chamber for the night.

Guz. And why ? I am amazed.

Rom. I've paced o'er ramparts, halls, and galleries,
Till I have need of rest.

Guz. And thou wouldst find it here ? What strange caprice
Debars thee from the fair Zorada's chamber ;
That place which gives the rest of paradise ?

Rom. Ah ! so it did to me. It was a pleasure
Where every lovely—very sweetest thing
In seeming shelter, bloom'd i' th' early sun,
Till the first sultry breath of southern winds
Blasted its freshness, leaving naught behind
But tainted fragrance—sere and faded flowers.
It was the magic palace of a dream,
Changed in an instant to some dismal den :
It was a bower of healthful innocence,
Changed to a lazar's vile and loathly ward
't was——Oh, oh ! I know not what I say.
Thinking of what I was and what I am.

Guz. Nay ; give thy ruffled thoughts a little pause ;
Be well assured things are not as thou fear'st.
She did appear so good.

Rom. Alas ! she did.
If I but droop'd or look'd a little pale,
The stroke of her soft hand, her kindly words,
Her sweet breath on my cheek,—O ! it did turn
The hour of pain to bliss !—And all this happiness
Was but delusion—but a hovering vapour
That covers for a while the sunny pool.

Guz. No, say not so ! Is it not far more likely
That the delusion rests with thee, my friend ?

Rom. (after musing; and without heeding what GUZMAN has said).
 Ay, if I did but droop, her look of sympathy
 Went to my soul. Or if I parted from her,
 Though only for a week—a day——

Guz. Cease, cease!

Be well assured it is not as thou fear'st.
 Try to compose thyself: what are thy proofs
 That she has been unfaithful?

Rom. No; what a worldly judge would deem unfaithful
 I trust she has not been; but what avails it?
 He whom her fancy follows, he who pleases
 Her secret thoughts and wishes, is her Lord,
 Let who will, by the power of legal right,
 Her body hold in thralldom.—Not unfaithful!
 If I have lost her heart, I've suffer'd all.
 No further outrage can enhance my wretchedness.

(Turning quickly and taking hold of him).

But thou believest that, ev'n in this, my fears
 Are mere extravagance. (Pausing and looking earnestly in his face).
 Dost thou not think so? Dost thou not, Don Guzman?

Guz. I hope they are.

Rom. That hope implies a doubt;
 Ay, and a doubt which, when I saw thee last,
 Did not exist. Speak, speak! If thou mistrust her,
 It is on no slight grounds.

Guz. Be more composed, and I will tell thee all.

Rom. There's something then to tell; some damned thing.

Guz. Nay, think not so; for, when I've told thee all,
 'T will make no certain proof against Zorada.
 And since thou think'st her love for thee is changed,
 Caring but for her love, thou mayst the better
 Endure to learn the worst, if such should follow.

Rom. (in a faint voice). I understand thee.

Guz. Two hours since, perhaps,—
 I've been asleep, and cannot say how long ——

But pause we now. Thy quiv'ring lips are white,
 Thine eyes are fix'd. I lean upon me, my friend.

Rom. A sickly faintness passes o'er my heart.

Guz. (supporting him to the chair). Lean here a while; thou canst not bear me
 yet.

Rom. I'm better now.

Guz. But we will pause a while.

Rom. Proceed, proceed! I'll listen, though thy words
 Were each the spiked tooth of a martyr's wheel.

Proceed:—Some two hours since ——

Guz. Some two hours since, as, not disposed to sleep,
 I was perusing that old book of stories,
 I heard, and, as I judged, close to the door,
 Two persons speaking in the gallery.
 The voice of Maurice I could recognise,
 The other was a woman's.

Rom. (starting from the chair). And Zorada's.

Guz. Use not such frantic gestures of despair;
 I say not it was hers: perhaps it was not;
 Perhaps 't was Donna Beatrice.

Rom. No, no!

It was Zorada. Absent from her chamber
 I found her at that time. When she return'd,
 At a late hour, we had some wrangling words,
 Glozed o'er, but poorly glozed, with female fraud,
 Which soon betray'd itself, and then I left her.

Guz. 'Tis very strange; and what I heard them say ——

Rom. Ay, ay! proceed with that; and make no pause

Till thou hast told the whole, though it should make me
A very fiend of agony and shame.

Guz. Thou graspest my throat so hard, I cannot speak.

Rom. Well, well then! Out with all their damned words,
Till they have proved the blackest tint of guilt,
And then will come the fatal end of all;
The sabre clutch'd in strength; the stroke of vengeance;
The horrible joy, that lasteth for a moment!
Let all this be; let horror be unstinted!
Let every misery light upon the head
Of that most wanton — No, the word would choke me;
I will not utter it.

Guz. Thou art beside thy wits; thou canst not hear me.
The words they spoke, prove against her nor no one
An act of guilt, but only the intent.

Rom. Intent! O monstrous! foul deliberation!
If life blood warin his heart another day,
I am bereft, debased, and brutified,
Unmeet to wear the outward form of manhood.

Guz. Wilt thou not hear my story?

Rom. I have heard it,
Knowing the cursed purport; un'orthelous,
Tell it all, as minutely as thou wilt,
I'll listen to the end.

Guz. I drew close to the door, and heard these words
Distinctly spoken in Don Maurice's voice:

"Thou knowest I fear Romero's apt suspicion;
Delay were dangerous; therefore, by the dawn,
Meet me beneath the grave of pines, prepared
To quit the castle. We will fly together: "—
Or words to this effect, which indistinctly
I fell into softer whispers, till, alarm'd,
As I suppose, they left the gallery.
'T was my intent to give thee early notice;
Therefore I shunn'd that tempting couch, and sought
Here, in my chair, to snatch a little sleep,
And be in readiness ere break of day.

Rom. Thou hast done well. (*After a pause*).
Come to this pitch of secret profligacy,
Who was so modest and so timid once!
Was I a tyrant, that she is so ready
To doff the virtuous and respected wife—
For the base mistress of that minion too?
Some spell, some devilish witchery, hath subdued her,
Ere it could come to this.

Guz. Ay, so I think, if that in verity
It be Zorada.

Rom. O 'tis she! 'tis she!
Think'st thou I am a fool to be deceived
By such asserted doubts, in pity utter'd?
Speak truly, plainly, treat me as a man.
Call them—yea call that woman, an' thou wilt,—

Guz. Fy, fy! Zorada is not yet a—

Rom. (*putting his hand on the lips of GUZMAN*). Hold!
Speak not the word; I'm weaker than I thought.
Is it not near the dawn?

Guz. I think 'tis distant still.

Rom. Surely it is not.
We'll to the eastern turret, and look forth:
Should they escape!—My brain burns at the thought.

[*Exeunt.*]

Romero and Guzman enter a through it, and lie in wait for their
Grove of Pines, while the sky of expected prey. The lovers ap-
proach, and Romero mutters—

"Ay; smile with lips that shall, within
an hour,
Be closed in death; and glance your
looks of love,
From eyes which shall, ere long, in cold-
ness glare,
Like glassy circles."

He then rushes upon them with
his sword—when, lo! Maurice and
Beatrice! Romero is much re-
lieved—in his joy sanctions the
union—and hurries off in shame—
and in love to his Zorada. We
fear that this *avez-vous* would not do
in actual representation on a stage.

It belongs, we fear, to comedy
rather than to tragedy; but Miss
Baillie was resolved to prove that
inveterate jealousy is an incurable
disease.

Mean while Zorada, though sorely
distressed by the strange behaviour
of her lord, whom she has not seen
during the night, is soothing her
sad heart by talking with her
good old Nurse, who is preparing
to carry a basket of provisions to
her father in his concealment in the
ruined abbey. How sweet, simple,
and natural is this scene!

The Apartment of ZORADA.—She enters with Nurse, who carries a basket in her hand.

Zor. (speaking as she enters).
And see, good Nurse, that where the cold wind enter'd
Thou stop the crevice well. Oh! that his head,
His dear and honour'd head, should so be laid,
While I am couch'd on down! Thou sayst his face
Look'd not so sadly as before.

Nurse. Indeed I thought so, madam: he spoke cheerily,
And listen'd to my stories of past days,
As if he lik'd to hear them.

Zor. Alas! the very sound of human words,
Address'd to him in peace, is now a solace
Enjoy'd but rarely.—I wot talk and smile,
And keep my station at the social board,
While my sad heart is thinking of his silent
And lonely state.—There is my picture then,
Since he desires to have it. (Giving her a picture which she puts into the basket.)

Nurse. Yes, Madam, he doth earnestly desire it.
He bade me say to you, no lover ever
Gazed on the features of a plighted mistress,
With such intense and yearning love as he
Will gaze upon this image.

Zor. Yes; he will look, and think that in return
It looks with love on him; but 'twas me!
He cannot know how dearly in my heart
His image is impress'd. I call to mind
His kind caresses in my infant years;
His noble form in warlike harness braced,
When he returning caught me to his heart,
And heard my simple welcome with delight,
Filling his eyes with tears. I well remember—
Dost thou not also, Nurse? the voice of fondness
With which, ev'n when I cross'd his graver mood,
He call'd me little Zada. O 'twas sweet!
I thought so then; but now it haunts mine ear
Like part of some broken melody,
Which mocking bird is so enamour'd of,
He will not learn the whole.—And say, good Nurse,
That I will surely see him ere he go,
If it be possible.

[Exit Nurse.

(After a thoughtful pause.) "My little Zada! tush, my little fool!

I will not have thee for my playfellow,
If thou art so perverse."
No more than this; this was my worst rebuke.
He set no heartless stepdame o'er my head,
Though many ladies strove to win his love.
He was both sire and mother to his child,

Gentle as her I lost.
 Then for his sake I'll willingly endure
 The present misery. O my Romero!
 Wilt thou not trust my conduct for a day?—
 Absent all night! To what a state of passion
 His brooding fancy must have work'd his mind!
 Alas, alas! 'tis his infirmity.

While Zorada is in this pitying and forgiving mood, Romero enters her apartment, and craves pardon on his knees. She wonders to hear him speak of "fears" and "discoveries;" and is at first alarmed lest he may have found out Sebastian. But when he alludes, in unintelligible terms, to the concerted elopement of Maurice and Beatrice, she is utterly lost in amazement, and says,

"Thy words are wild, I do not comprehend them."

Thrown off his guard, he narrates the story, and tells her how glad a sight it was to him to find it was but—
Beatrice.

Zorada is indignant, but grants pardon, and the Nurse re-enters, busily arranging her basket, and then looking up, starts on seeing Romero. He puts his hand into the basket, and is puzzled and perplexed to find it full of delicate viands—and, concealed beneath leaves—a picture of Zorada. The Nurse prevails—and Romero's madness comes back on him in fearful force—and he now *knows* that Zorada is criminal. Soon after he says to Guzman,

"I'll tell thee more

When I have breath to speak.

My dame, my wife, she whom I made my wife,

Hath secret mysteries—hath a beldame nurse—

Hath one concealed to whom she sends—

O shame!—

Outrageous, frontless shame! the very picture

Which I have gazed upon a thousand times,

Tears in my eyes, and blessings on my lips.

How little thought I once—vain, vain remembrance!

It is a thing most strange if she be honest!"

With the assistance of his ever-ready friend, Guzman, Romero, in his uttermost abasement, resolves

to bring out the secret from the Nurse—and the worthy old woman, doing her best to baffle all enquiries, happens to allude to a son of hers who, when an infant, "with fair Zorada played like a brother."

Rom. (*looking upon her*).

Vile wretch, thou liest; but thou shalt tell the truth.

I'll press the breath from out thy cursed body,

Unless thou tell me where thy son is hid!

Nurse. My son, my lord!

Rom. Ay, witch; I say thy son;
 The ugliest hound the sun e'er looked upon.

Tell me, and instantly, if thou wouldst breathe

Another moment. Tell me instantly."

Here he shakes her violently, while Guzman interposes, and Romero struggling with him, falls to the ground, and Nurse escapes off the stage. On the ground he lies, cursing the Nurse's son—

"This hateful, vulgar, shapeless creature—
 Fy—Fy!"

whom he believes in his insanity to be the paramour of Zorada!

"Not please her! Every thing will please a woman

Who is bereft of virtue, gross, debased.

Yea, black deformity will be to her

A new and zestful object."

It was here intended to picture the meanest, most abject, unnatural, and worse than brutish, state of the passion, and it is done; but is the object legitimate? Does it come within the limits of tragedy, wide as they are in nature and in Shakespeare? Zorada enters—says a few words—is accused of shameless sin—and wringing her hands, disappears from the presence of her infuriated husband.

But poor Zorada's visits to the Abbey have raised suspicions of her virtue, even in the minds of her faithful domestics. And here comes the catastrophe:—

SCENE III.

An old Gothic Chapel. SEBASTIAN and ZORADA are discovered in earnest conversation.

Seb. And wilt thou bear these lessons in thy mind?

Zor. I shall forget to say my daily prayers
When I forget to think of thee, dear father!
And when I think of thee, thy words of kindness,
And words of counsel too, shall be remember'd.

Seb. Sweet child! stand back and let me look upon thee.
Ay; so she look'd. O! it is sweet in thee
To look so like thy mother, when mine eyes
Must take their last impression, as a treasure
Here (*his hand on his heart*) to be call'd for ever. Many looks
Thy varying face was wont to wear, yet never,
But in some sad or pensive mood, assumed
The likeness of that countenance;—to me
Thy loveliest look; though, to all other eyes,
Thy mother's beauty never equall'd thine.

Zor. I still remember her; the sweetest face
That e'er I look'd upon. I oft recall it,
And strive to trace the features more distinctly.

Seb. Be good as she was; and when I am gone,
Never again let mystery and concealment,
Tempting the weakness of thy husband's nature,
Which but for this were noble, break the peace
And harmony of marriage.—For this oath—
This fatal oath—he was constrain'd to take it.
Then so consider it, nor let it rankle
Within thy gentle breast; that were perverse.
When I am gone, all will again be well,
And I will write to thee and comfort thee.
Our minds shall still hold intercourse, dear Zorada,
And that should satisfy.

Zor. Alas! alas!
When I shall read thy letters, my poor heart
Will but the more yearn after thee, dear father!
And pine to see thee. Suffer me to hope
That we shall meet again.—Call it not vain,
But suffer me to think——

Enter NURSE in alarm.

What is the matter?

Nurse. You are discover'd: Don Romero comes:
I heard his voice approaching through the trees.
I heard the hollow tread of many feet.

Zor. (to SEBASTIAN). O fly! farewell!

Seb. Farewell, my dearest child!
Heaven bless and guard thee ever! O farewell!

[*Embraces her, and exit.*]

Zor. If he should be discovered!

Nurse. Fear it not.
He knows the nearest path, and on the beach
The Captain will receive him. Ere 'tis light,
He will be safely in the vessel lodged.
O all good saints of heaven! he's here already.

Enter ROMERO.

Rom. Most wretched and degraded woman! Now
Thy shameful secret is discover'd. Now,
Vice unveil'd and detestable must have
Its dreadful recompense. Where is thy minion?

Zor. O cease! you frighten me with such fierce looks.
I have done thee no wrong.

Rom. Provoke me not with oft-repeated words,
Which I do know are false as his who fell

Apostate and accursed. Where is thy minion?
(In a still louder voice and stamping on the ground.)
 Tell me without delay: speak briefly, truly,
 If thou hast hope to live another hour.

Zor. O pity, pity! be not so enraged!
 Thou shalt be told the truth a few hours hence;
 Then, to that time, detest me as thou wilt,
 But spare my life.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, while ROMERO has, in his rage, strode to the front of the stage. ZORADA, uttering a shriek, runs to her father, and throws her veil over his face, endeavouring to push him back.

Seb. What! fly and leave thee in a madman's power?
 I heard his stormy voice, and could not leave thee.
(ROMERO turns round, and, running furiously at them, stabs ZORADA in aiming at SEBASTIAN, GUZMAN, who enters in alarm, followed by MAURICE and BEATRICE, endeavouring, in vain, to prevent him.)

Guz. Hold! hold! thou wilt not strike a covered foe!

Zor. *(still clinging round her father.)* Strike me again: I will not quit my hold.
 I'll cling to him; within my dying grasp
 I'll hold him safe: thou wilt not kill him there.

(Sinking to the ground, while the veil drops from the face of SEBASTIAN.)

Rom. Her father!

Zor. Yes; my father, dear Romero!
 Thou wilt not slay us both. Let one suffice.
 Thou lovedst me once; I know thou lovest me now
 Shall blood so dear to thee be shed in vain?
 Let it redeem my father!—I am faint,
 Else I would kneel to thee.

(Endeavouring to kneel, but prevented and supported by Nurse and BEATRICE.)

Nurse. Do not, dear murder'd child!

Bea. My dear, dear friend, forbear. He heeds thee not.

Guz. Romero, dost thou hear her sad request?

Rom. I hear your voices murmur'ing in mine ear
 Confused and disual. Words I comprehend not.
 What have I done? Some dreadful thing, I fear.
 It is delusion this! she is not slain:
 Some horrible delusion.

Zor. *(aside to SEBASTIAN.)* Fly, fly, dear father, while he is so wild.
 He will not know and will not follow thee.

Seb. No, dearest child! let death come when it will,
 I'll now receive it thankfully. Romero,
 Thou wretched murder' of thy spotless wife—
 Romero de Cardona!

Rom. Who is it calls me with that bitter voice?
(Gazing on him, and then with a violent gesture of despair.)
 I know thee;—yes, I know what I have done.

Guz. Forbear such wild and frantic sorrow now,
 And speak to her while she is sensible,
 And can receive thy words. She looks on thee,
 And looks imploringly.

Rom. Zurada, my Zorada! spotless saint!
 I loved thee far beyond all earthly things,
 But demons have been dealing with my soul,
 And I have been thy tyrant and thy butcher,
 A wretch bereft of reason.

Bea. She makes a sign as if she fain would speak,
 But her parch'd tongue refuses. *(To MAURICE.)* Fetch some water
 To moisten those dear lips and cool that brow.

[*Exit MAURICE.*

She strives again to speak.

Rom. *(stooping over her.)* What wouldst thou say? What means that gentle motion?

Zor. Come close to me; thou'rt pardon'd, Love, thou'rt pardon'd.

Rom. No, say that I am blasted, ruin'd, curs'd,
Hateful to God and man.

Re-enter MARIANO with water, which she tastes.

Zor. Thou art not curs'd ; O no ! then be more calm.

(Endeavouring to raise herself up.)

Look here : he is my father ; think of that
Thou'rt pardon'd, Love ; thou'rt pardon'd

[*Dies.*

Rom. She call'd me *Zor.* Did she not call me so ?

Guz. Yes, most endearingly.

Rom. And she is gone, and I have murder'd her !

(Throws himself on the body, and moun- tains pite- ously, then starts up in des- pair, and looks furiously at SEBASTIAN.)

Thou restless, selfish, proud, rebellious spirit !

Thy pride has work'd our ruin, been our bane ;

The bane of love so bless'd ! Draw, wretched man,

I've sworn an oath, which I will sacred hold.

That when Sebastian and myself should meet,

He should to royal justice be deliver'd,

O, failing, that, one of the twain should die.

(Drawing his sword fiercely upon him.)

Guz. (holding him back). Hold, madman, hold ! thy rage is cruel, monstrous,
Outraging holy nature.

Rom. (breaking from him). O ! think'st thou to restrain or bind despair

With petty strength like thine ?—Proud rebel, diabolical,

I am thy daughter's murderer, and thou

Destroyer of us both.

Seb. Yes, Don Romero, we are match'd in ruin,

And we will fight for that which cures despair.

He who shall gain it is the conqueror.

(They fight, each exposing himself rather than attacking his adversary.)

Rom. No ; to't in earnest, if thou would'st not leave me

Deliver thee a felon to the law.

Defend thine honour, though thou scorn thy life.

(They fight again, and ROMERO falls.)

I thank thee, brave Sebastian—O forgive

Harsh words that were but meant to urge contention.

Thou'rt brave and noble ; so my heart still deem'd thee,

Though, by hard fate, compell'd to be thy foe.—

Come hither, Guzman : thou hast sworn no oath.

Give me thy hand ; preserve Sebastian's life,

And lay me in the grave with my Zoraida.

[*The Curtain drops.*

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SWAN'S SELECT VIEWS OF THE LAKES OF SCOTLAND.

OUR walking days are over; and as we could never bear the thought of journeying after any other fashion, we cannot help consoling ourselves with our land-tortoise, at this moment sunning himself in our back green, nor ever wishing to quit the enclosure in which his old age finds a home. A cloud conceals the sun—and he crawls to his couch—we to our chair. But there ends the similitude. No sooner shuts he his eyes than he is sound asleep in his shell. No sooner shut we ours, than we are broad awake as an eagle rustling his wings at the glimpse of morn. We envy him not his wings, eight feet from tip to tip, and storm-proof though they be; for swifter and stronger far are the wings on which we cleave the sky. We envy him not his eyes, sun-starer as he is, for they would blink in the blaze where ours brighten—and what to us is day to him would be night. It would hurry him to fly from Cruachan to Cape Wrath in a couple of hours—we could “put a girdle round the globe in forty minutes.”

Yes! all we have to do is to let down their lids—to will what our eyes shall see—and, lo!—there it is—a creation! Day dawns, and for our delight—in soft illumination from the dim obscure—floats slowly up a visionary loch— island after island evolving itself into settled stateliness above its trembling shadow, till, from the overpowering beauty of the wide confusion of woods and waters, we seek relief, but find none, in gazing on the sky—for the east is in all the glory of sunrise, and the heads and the names of the mountain are uncertain among the gorgeous colouring of the clouds. Would that we were a painter! Oh! how we should dash on the day and interlace it with night. That chasm should be filled with enduring gloom, thicker and thicker, nor the sun himself suffered to assuage the sullen spirit now lowering and threatening there, as if portentous of earthquake. Danger and fear should be made to hang together for ever on those cliffs, and half-way up the precipice be fixed the restless cloud

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ascending from the abyss, so that in imagination you could not choose but hear the cataract. The Shadows would seem to be stalking away like evil spirits before angels of light—for at our bidding the Splendour should prevail against them, deploying from the gates of Heaven beneath the banners of morn. Yet the whole picture should be harmonious as a hymn—as a hymn at once sublime and sweet—serene and solemn—nor would it not be felt as even cheerful—and sometimes as if there were about to be merriment in Nature's heart—for the multitude of the isles would rejoice—and the new-woke waters would look as if they were waiting for the breezes to enliven them into waves, and wearied of rest to be longing for the motion that is already beginning to rustle by fits along the silvan shores. Perhaps a deer or two—but we have opened a corner of the fringed curtains of our eyes—the idea is gone—and Turner or Thomson must transfer from our paper to his canvas the imperfect outline—for it is no more—and make us a present of the finished picture.

These great masters, were their eyes to fall on our idle words, might haply smile—not contemptuously—on our ignorance of art—but graciously on our knowledge of nature. All we have to do, then, is to learn the theory and practice of art—and assuredly we should forthwith set about doing so, had we any reasonable prospect of living long enough to open an exhibition of pictures from our own easel. As it is, we must be contented with that Gallery, richer than the Louvre, which our imagination has furnished with master-pieces beyond all price or purchase—many of them touched with her own "golden finger," the rest the work of high but not superior hands. Imagination, who limns in air, has none of those difficulties to contend with that always beset, and often baffle, artists in oils or waters. At a breath she can modify, alter, obliterate, or restore; at a breath she can colour vacuity with rainbow hues—crown the cliff with its castle—swing the drawbridge over the gulf profound—through a night of woods roll the river along on its moonlit reach—by fragmentary

cinctures of mist and cloud so girdle one mountain that it has the power of a hundred—giant rising above giant, far and wide, as if the mighty multitude, in magnificent and triumphant disorder, were indeed scaling heaven.

To speak more poetically, every true and accepted lover of nature regards her with a painter's as well as a poet's eye. He breaks not down any scene rudely, and with "many an oft repeated stroke;" but unconsciously and insensibly he transfigures into Wholes, and all lay long, "from morn till dewy eve," he is preceded, as he walks along, by landscapes retiring in their perfection, one and all of them the birth of his own inspired spirit. All non-essentials do of themselves drop off and disappear—all the characteristics of the scenery range themselves round a centre recognised by the inner sense that cannot err—and thus it is that "beauty pitches her tents before him"—that sublimity companions the pilgrim in the "waste wilderness"—and grandeur for his sake keeps slowly sailing or settling in the clouds. With such pictures has our Gallery been so thickly hung round for many years, that we have often thought there was not room for one other single frame—yet a vacant space has always been found for every new *chef d'œuvre* that came to add itself to our collection—and the light from that cupola so distributes itself that it falls wherever it is wanted—wherever it is wanted not how tender the shadow! or how solemn the gloom!

At this rate we might prose or poetize for pages; but here are some fifty quarto pages of "Remarks on the Scenery of the Highlands," by Professor Wilson, prefixed to a new edition of "Swan's Views of the Lakes of Scotland;" and many of these are so congenial with our own feelings, and expressed, indeed, in a style so similar to our own, that perhaps the readers of *Maga* will not be dissatisfied with our presenting them with a few extracts. The writer, after a short comparison between the scenery of the north of England and the Highlands of Scotland, with that of the Alps, observes, that it is not for him to say, whether our native painters, or the "old Masters," have shown

the higher genius in landscape; but that if the palm must be yielded to those whose works have been consecrated by a reverence, as often, perhaps, superstitious as religious, their superiority is not to be attributed, in any degree, to the scenery on which they exercised the art its beauty had inspired. Whatever may be the associations connected with the subjects of their landscapes—and we know not why they should be higher or holier than those belonging to innumerable places in our own land—assuredly in themselves, they are not more interesting or impressive; nay, why should we hesitate to assert, that our own storm-loving Northern Isle is equally rich in all kinds of beauty as the sunny South, and richer far in all kinds of grandeur, whether we regard the forms or colouring of nature—earth, sea, or air,

“Or all the dread magnificence of heaven.”

It would serve no good purpose, he afterwards says, to analyze the composition of that scenery which in the aggregate so moves even the most sluggish faculties as to make the “dullest wight a poet.” We can indeed fix our mental or visual gaze on scene after scene to the exclusion of all beside, and picture it even in words that shall be more than shadows. But how shall any succession of such pictures, however clear and complete, give an idea of that picture which comprehends them all, and, infinite as are its manifestations, nevertheless is embued with one spirit?

“Try to forget that in the Highlands there are any lochs. Then the sole power is that of the mountains. We speak of a sea of mountains; but that image has never more than momentary possession of us, because, but for a moment, in nature it has no truth. Transitory movements envelope them; but they themselves are far ever-steadfast and far ever still. Their power is that of an enduring calm no storms can disturb—and is often felt to be more majestic, the more furious are the storms. As the tempest-driven clouds are frantically hurrying to and fro, how serene the summits in the sky! Or if they be hidden, how peaceful the glimpses of some great mountain's breast! They disregard the hurricane that goes crashing through their old woods; the cloud-thunder disturbs not them any more than that of

their own catenacts, and the lightnings play far their pasture. All minds under any excitation, more or less personify mountains. When much moved, that natural process affects all our feelings, as the language of passion awakened by such objects vividly declares; and then we do assuredly conceive of mountains as endued with life—however dim and vague the conception may be—and feel their character in their very names. Utterly strip our ideas of them of all that is attached to them as personifications, and their power is gone. But while we are creatures of imagination as well as of reason, will those monacles remain invested with the purple and seated on thrones.

“In such imaginative moods as these must every one be, far more frequently than he is conscious of, and in far higher degrees, who, with a cultivated mind and a heart open to the influences of nature, finds himself, it matters not whether for the first or the hundredth time, in the Highlands. We fancy the mophyte wandering, all by himself, on the ‘Longest Day,’ rejecting to think that the light will not fail him, when at last the sun must go down, for that a starry gloaming will continue its gentle reign till morn. He thinks but of what he sees, and that is—the mountains. All memories of any other world but that which envelopes him with all its still sublimities, are not excluded merely, but obliterated: his whole being is there! And now he stands on table-land, and with his eyes sweeps the horizon, bewildered for a while, for it seems chaos all. But soon the mighty masses begin arranging themselves into order; the confusion insensibly subsides as he comprehends more and more of their magnificent combinations; he discovers centres round which are associated altitudes towering afar off, and finally, he feels, and blesses himself on his felicity, that his good genius has placed him on the very centre of those wondrous assemblages altogether, from which alone he could command an empire of realities, more glorious far than was ever empire of dreams.

“It is a cloudy, but not a stormy day; the clouds occupy but portions of the sky,—and are they all in slow motion together, or are they all at rest? Huge shadows stalking along the earth, tell that there are changes going on in heaven; but to the upward gaze, all seems hanging there in the same repose; and with the same soft illumination the sun to continue shining, a concentration rather than an orb of light. All above is beautiful, and the clouds themselves are like celestial mountains; but the eye forsakes them, though it sees them still, and more quietly now it moves along the pagentry below that endures for ever—till chained on a sand-

den by that range of cliffs. 'Tis along them that the giant shadows are stalking—but now they have passed by—and the long line of precipice seems to come forward in the light. To look down from the brink might be terrible—to look up from the base would be sublime—but fronting the eye thus, horrid though it be, the sight is most beautiful;—for weather-stains, and mosses, and lichens, and flowering plants—conspicuous most the broom and the heather—and shrubs that, among their leaves of light, have no need of flowers—and hollies, and birks, and hazels, and many a slender tree beside with pensile tresses, besprinkle all the cliffs, that in no gloom could ever lose their lustre; but now the day though not bright is fair, and brings out the whole beauty of the precipice—call it the hanging garden of the wilderness.

"The Highlands have been said to be a gloomy region, and worse gloom than theirs might well be borne, if not unfrequently illumined with such sights as these; but that is not the character of the mountains, though the purple light in which, for usual, they are so richly steeped, is often for a season tamed, in for a short while extinguished, while a strange nightlike day lets fall over them all a something like a shroud. Such days we have seen—but now in fancy we are with the pilgrim, and see preparation making for a sunset. It is drawing towards evening, and the clouds that have all this time been moving, though we knew it not, have assu-
really settled now, and taken up their rest. The sun has gone down, and all that unspeakable glory has left the sky. Evening has come and gone without our knowing that she had been here; but there is no gloom on any place in the whole of this vast wilderness, and the mountains, as they wax dimmer and dimmer, look as if they were surrendering themselves to a repose like sleep. Day had no voice here audible to human ear—but night is murmuring—and gentle though the murmur be, it filleth the great void, and we imagine that ever and anon it awakens echoes. And now it is darker than we thought, for lo! one soft-burning star! And we see that there are many stars; but not theirs the light that begins again to reveal object after object as gradually as they had disappeared; the moon is about to rise—is rising—has arisen—has taken her place high in heaven; as the glorious world again expands around us, faintly tinged, clearly illumined, softly shadowed, and deeply begloomed, we say within our hearts,

"How beautiful is night!"

"There are many such table-lands as the one we have now been imagining, and it requires but a slight acquaintance with the country to conjecture rightly where they lie. Independently of the panoramas they dis-

play, they are in themselves always impressive; perhaps a bare level that shows but bleached bunt, and scatterings of stones, with here and there an uncountable rock; or hundreds of fairy greenward knolls, fringed with tiny forests of fern that have almost displaced the heather; or a wild withered moor or moss intersected with pits dug not by men's hands; and, strange to see! a huge log lying half exposed, and as if blackened by fire. High as such places are, on one of them a young gorcack was stricken down by a hawk close to our feet. Indeed, hawks seem to haunt such places, and we have rarely crossed one of them, without either seeing the creature's steady flight, or hearing, whether he be alarmed or preying, his ever-angry cry.

"From a few such stations, you get an insight into the configuration of the whole Western Highlands. By the dip of the mountains, you discover at a glance all the openings in the panorama around you into other regions. Follow your fancies fearlessly wherever they may lead; and if the blue aerial haze that hangs over a pass winding eastward, tempt you from your line of march due north, forthwith descend in that direction, and haply an omen will conduct you—an eagle rising on the left, and sailing away before you into that very spot of sky.

"No man, however well read, should travel by book. In books you find descriptions—and often good ones, of the most elaborated scenes, but seldom a word about the vast tracts between; and it would seem as if many Tourists had used their eyes only in those places where they had been told by common fame there was something greatly to admire. Travel in the faith, that go where you will, the cravings of your heart will be satisfied, and you will find it so, if you be a true lover of nature. You hope to be inspired by her spirit, that you may read aright her works. But such inspiration comes not from one object or another, however great or fair, but from the whole 'mighty world of eye and ear,' and it must be supported continuously, or it perishes. You may see a thousand sights never before seen by human eye, at every step you take, wherever be your path; for no steps but yours have ever walked along that same level; and moreover, never on the same spot twice rested the same lights or shadows. Then there may be something in the air, and more in your own heart, that invests every ordinary object with extraordinary beauty; old images affect you with a new delight; a grandeur glows upon your eyes in the undulations of the simplest hills; and you feel there is sublimity in the common skies. It is thus that all the stores of imagery are insensibly gathered, with which the minds of men are

filled, who from youth have communed with nature. And it is thus that all those feelings have flowed into their hearts by which that imagery is sanctified; and these are the Poets.

"It is in this way that we all become familiar with the mountains. Far more than we were aware of have we trusted to the strong spirit of delight within us, to prompt and to guide. And in such a country as the Highlands, thus led, we cannot err. Therefore, if your desire be for the summits, set your face thitherwards, and wind a way of your own, still ascending and ascending, along some vast law, that seems almost a whole day's journey, and where it is lost from your sight, not to end, but to go sweeping round, with undiminished grandeur into another region. You are not yet half way up the mountain, but you care not for the summit now; for you find yourself among a number of green knolls—all of them sprinkled, and some of them crowned with trees—as large almost as our lowland hills—surrounded close to the brink with the purple heather—and without impairing the majesty of the immense expanse, enlivening it with pastoral and sylvan beauty;—and there, lying in a small forest glade of the lady-fern, ambitious no longer of a throne on Benlomond or Ben-nevis, you dream away the still hours till sunset, yet then have no reason to weep that you have lost a day."

Our Highland Mountains are of the best possible magnitude—ranging between two and four thousand feet high—and then in what multitudes! The more familiar you become with them the mightier they appear—and you feel that it is all sheer folly to seek to dwindle or dwarf them by comparing them as they rise before your eyes with your imagination of Mont Blanc and those eternal glaciers. If you can bring them under your command, you are indeed a sovereign—and have a noble set of subjects. In some weather they are of any height you choose to put upon them—say thirty thousand feet—in other states of the atmosphere you think you could walk over their summits and down into the region beyond in an hour. Try. We have seen Cruachan, during a whole black day, swollen into such enormous bulk, that Loch Awe looked like but a stullen river at his base, her woods, bushes, and Kilchurn no bigger than a cottage. The whole visible scene was but he and his shadow. They seemed to make the day black, ra-

ther than the day to make them so—and at nightfall he took wider and loftier possession of the sky—the clouds congregated round without hiding his summit, on which seemed to twinkle, like earth-lighted fires, a few uncertain stars. Rain drives you into a shieling—and you sit there for an hour or two in eloquent confabulation with the herdman, your English against his Gaelic. Out of the door you creep—and gaze in astonishment as on a new world. The mist is slowly rolling up and away, in long lines of clouds preserving perhaps a beautiful regularity on their ascension and evanescence, and between them

"Tier above tier, a wooded theatre
Of stateliest view,"

or cliff-galleries with strange stone images sitting up aloft; and yet your eyes have not reached the summits, nor will they reach them, till all that vapoury mile-long mass dissolve, or be scattered, and then you start to see them, as if therein had been but their bases, the mountains, with here and there a peak illuminated, reposing in the blue serene, that smiles as if all the while it had been above reach of the storm.

"But the best way to view the mountains is to trace the Glens. To find out the glens you must often scale the shoulders of mountains, and in such journeys of discovery, you have for ever going on before your eyes glorious transfigurations. Sometimes for a whole day one mighty mass lowers before you unchanged; look at it after the interval of hours, and still the giant is one and the same. It rules the region, subjecting all other altitudes to its sway, though many of them range away to a great distance; and at sunset retains its supremacy, blazing almost like a volcano with fiery clouds. Your line of journey lies perhaps, some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seldom dips down to one thousand; and these are the heights from which all above and all below you look most magnificent, for both regions have their full power over you—the unscalable cliffs, the unfathomable abysses—and you know not which is the more sublime. The sublimity indeed is one. It is then that you may do well to ascend to the very mountain top. For it may happen to be one of those heavenly days indeed, when the whole Highlands seem to be reposing in the cloudless sky.

"But we were about to speak of the Glens. And some of them are best entered

by such descents as these—perhaps at their very head—where all at once you are in another world, how still, how gloomy, how profound! An hour ago and the eye of the eagle had not wider command of earth, sea, and sky, than yours—almost blind of now by the superincumbent precipices that imprison you, and seem to shut you out from life.

‘Such the grim desolation, where Ben Houn And Crag on Torr, by earthquake shatterings Dejected with horrid chasms pierc’d, enclose What superstition calls the Glen of Glacots.’

“Or you may enter some great glen from the loch, where it widens into vale or strath—and there are many such—and some into which you can sail up in arm of the sea. For a while it partakes of the cultivated beauty of the lowlands, and glen and vale seem almost one and the same; but gradually it undergoes a strange wild change of character, and in a few miles that similitude is lost. There is little or no arable ground here; but the pasture is rich on the mountain-cloves plan—and here and there are enclosures, near the few houses or huts standing, some of them in the middle of the glen, quite exposed, on eminences above reach of the floods—some more happily placed on the edge of the ripples, that sprinkle the steep sides of the hills, yet hardly mountains. But mountains they soon become; and leaving behind you those few warren habitations, you see before you a wide black moor. Beautiful Inthorn had been the river, for a river you had inclined to think it, long after it had narrowed into a stream, with many a waterfall, and in one chasm a cataract. But the torrent now has a wild mountain-cry, and though there is still beauty on its banks, they are bare of all trees, now swelling into multitudes of low green knolls among the heather, now composed but of heather and rocks. Through the very middle of the black moor it flows, yet are its waters clear, for all is not moss, and it seems to wind its way where there is nothing to pollute its purity, or tame its lustre. ‘Tis a solitary scene, but still sweet; the mountains are of great magnitude, but they are not precipitous; vast herds of cattle are browsing there, on heights from which fire has cleared the heather, and wide ranges of greensward upon the lofty gloom seem to lie in perpetual light.

“The moor is crossed, and you prepare to scale the mountain in front, for you imagine the torrent by your side flows from a tarn in yonder cove, and forms that series of waterfalls. You have been all along well pleased with the glen, and here at the head, though there is a want of cliffs of the highest class, you feel, nevertheless, that it has a character of grandeur. Looking westward, you are accustomed to see them ranging away on either side of another reach of

the glen, terrific in their height, but in their formation beautiful, for like the walls of some vast temple they stand, roofed with sky. Yet are they but as a portal or gateway of the glen. For entering in with awe, that deepens, as you advance, almost into dread, you behold, beyond mountains that carry their cliffs up into the clouds, seamed with chasms, and hollowed out into coves, where night dwells visibly by the side of day; and still the glen seems winding on beneath a purple light, that almost looks like gloom; such vast forms and such prodigious colours, and such utter stillness, become oppressive to your very life, and you wish that some human being were by, to relieve, by his mere presence, the insupportable weight of such a solitude.

“But we should never have done were we to attempt to sketch, however slightly, the character of all the different kinds of glens. Some are sublime in their prodigious depth and vast extent, and would be felt to be so, even were the mountains that enclose them of no great majesty; but these are all of the highest order, and sometimes are seen from below to the very crannies on their summits. Now we walk along a reach, between astonishing ranges of cliffs, among large heaps of rocks—not a tree—scarcely a shrub—no herbage—the very heather blasted—all lifelessness and desolation. The glen gradually grows less and less horrid, and through its sides are seamed with rifts and chasms, in the gloom there are places for the sunshine, and there is felt to be even beauty in the repose. Descends suddenly on either side a steep slope of hanging wood, and we find ourselves among verdant mounds, and knolls, and waterfalls. We come then into what seems of old to have been a forest. Here and there a stately pine survives, but the rest are all skeletons; and now the glen widens, and widens, yet ceases not to be profound, for several high mountains enclose a plain on which armies might encamp, and castellated clouds hang round the heights of the glorious amphitheatre, while the sky-roof is clear, and as if in its centre, the refulgent sun. ‘Tis the plain called ‘The Meeting of the Glens.’ From the east and the west, the north and the south, they come like rivers into the sea.

“Other glens there are, as long, but not so profound, nor so grandly composed; yet they too conduct us nobly in among the mountains, and up their sides, and on even to their very summits. Such are the glens of Athol, in the neighbourhood of Ben-y-gloe. From them the heather is not wholly banished, and the fire has left a green light without quenching the purple colour native to the hills. We think that we almost remember the time when those glens were in

many places sprinkled with huts, and all animated with human life. Now they are solitary; and you may walk from sunrise till sunset without seeing a single soul. For a hundred thousand acres have there been changed into a forest, for sake of the pasture, indeed, which was dear of old to chieftains and kings. Vast herds of red-deer are there, for they herd in thousands—yet may you wander for days over the boundless waste, nor once be startled by one stag bounding by. Yet may a herd, a thousand strong, be drawn up, as in battle array, on the cliffs above your head. For they will long stand motionless, at gaze, when dappled in the wood—and then their antlers to unpractised eyes seem but lion-like grotesque, or are invisible, and when all at once, without a sound at signal from the stag whom they obey, they wheel round towards the cottages, you think it but thought, and look up to the clouds. Fortunate if you see such a sight once in your life. Once only have we seen it; and it was, of a sudden, all by ourselves.

* Ere yet the hunter's starting horn was heard
Upon the golden hill."

Almost within rifle shot, the herd occupied a position, high up, indeed, but below several ridges or ridges, running parallel for a long distance, with slope between of toward and backward. Standing still, they seemed to extend about a quarter of a mile, and as with a loud clattering of hoofs and antlers, they took more open order, the line at least doubled its length—and the whole mountain-side seemed alive. They were not now going at full speed, but the pace was equal to that of any chase of a cavalry; and once and again the flight passed before us, till it overcame the ridges, and then deploying round the shoulder of the mountain, disappeared, without dust or noise, into the blue light of another glen."

Professor Wilson says but a very few words—and he might have said many—of those sweet pastoral seclusions into which one often drops unexpectedly, it may be at the close of day, and finds a night's lodging in the only hut. Yet they lie, sometimes, embosomed in their own green hills, among the rugged mountains, and even among the wildest moors. They have no features by which you can well describe them; it is their serenity that charms you, and their cheerful peace; perhaps it is wrong to call them glens, and they are but dells. Yet one thinks of a dell as deep, however small it be; but those are not deep, for the hills close down gently upon them, and

leave room, perhaps, between for a little shallow loch. Often they have not any visible water at all—only a few springs and rivulets, and you wonder to see them so very green; there is no herbage like theirs,—and to such spots of old, and sometimes yet, the kine are led in summer, and there the lonely family live in their shieling till the harvest moon.

We are pleased to see that Professor Wilson speaks with due praise of one of the charming notes by Sir T. Dick Lauder to his admirable edition of Gilpin's Forest Scenery, in which that fine observer says, "The gradation from extreme width downwards should be thus arranged—strath, vale, dale, valley, glen, dell, ravine, chasm. In the strath, vale, and dale, we expect to find the large, majestic, gently flowing river, or even the deeper or smaller lake. In the glen, if the river be large, it flows more rapidly, and with greater variety. In the dell, the stream is smaller. In the ravine, we find the mountain torrent and the waterfall. In the chasm, we find the roaring cataract, or the bill bursting from its haunted fountain. The chasm discharges its small tribute into the ravine; while the ravine is tributary to the dell, and thence to the glen; and the glen to the dale." These distinctions are indeed admirably expressed, and perfectly true to nature; yet we doubt, with the Professor, if it would be possible to preserve them in describing a country, and assuredly they are often indeed confused by common use in the naming of places. In these "Remarks" there is nothing said of Straths—but our Edinburgh friends have now an opportunity of seeing a glorious one in the Exhibition (the best by far that has yet been) of the Scottish Academy, by Horatio McCulloch, who, yet some years under thirty, has taken his place in the highest order of our British landscape painters.

"And now we are brought to speak of the Highland rivers, streams and torrents; but we shall let them rush or flow, murmur or thunder in your own ears, for you cannot fail to imagine what the waters must be in a land of such glens, and such mountains. The chief rivers possess all the attributes essential to greatness—width—depth—clearness—rapidity—in one word, power. And

some of them have long courses—rising in the central heights, and winding round many a huge projection, against which in flood we have seen them dashing like the sea. Highland droughts are not of long duration; the supplies are seldom withheld at once by all the tributaries; and one wild night among the mountains converts a calm into a commotion—the many-murmuring voice into one roar. In flood they are terrible to look at; and every whirlpool seems a place of torment. Winds can make a mighty noise in swaying woods, but there is something to our ears more appalling in that of the fall to waters. Let them be united—and add thunder from the clouds—and we have heard in the Highlands all three in one—and the aching need not care that he has never stood by Niagara. But when ‘though not overflowing full,’ a Highland river is in perfection; far better do we love to see and hear him rejoicing than raging; his attributes appear more his own in calm and majestic manifestations, and as he glides or rolls on, without any disturbance, we behold in him an image at once of power and peace.

“Of rivers—comparatively speaking—of the second and third order—the Highlands are full—and on some of them the sylvan scenery is beyond compare. No need there to go hunting the waterfalls. Hundreds of them—some tiny indeed, but others tall—are far ever dawning in the woods; yet, at a distance from the cataract, how sweet and quiet is the sound! It hinders you not from listening to the cuckoo’s voice; clear amidst the mellow murmur comes the bleating from the mountain; and all other sound ceases, as you hearken in the sky to the bark of the eagle—rare indeed any where, but sometimes to be heard as you thread the “glummer or the gloom” of the unbraced overhanging the Garry or the Tummel—for he used to build in the cliffs of Ben-Brackie, and if he has shifted his eyrie, a few minutes’ waftage will bear him to Cairn-Gower.

“In speaking of the glens, we but alluded to the rivers or streams, and some of them, indeed, even the great ones, have but rivulets; while in the greatest, the waters often flow on without a single tree, shadowed but by rocks and clouds. Wade them, and you find they are larger than they seem to be; far looked at along the bottom of those profound hollows, they are but mere slips of shimmering light in the sunshine, and in the gloom you see them not at all. We do not remember any very impressive glen, without a stream, that would not suffer some diminution of its power by our fancying it to have one; we may not be aware, at the time, that the conformation of the glen prevents its having any water-flow, but if we feel its character aright, that want is among

the causes of our feeling; just as there are some scenes of which the beauty would not be so touching were there a single tree.

“Thousands and tens of thousands there are of nameless perennial torrents, and in number without number numberless those that seldom live a week—perhaps not a day. Up among the loftiest regions you hear nothing, even when they are all aflow; yet, there is music in the sight, and the thought of the ‘general dance and minstrelsy’ enlivens the air, where no insect hums. As on your descent you come within hearing of the ‘liquid lapses,’ your heart leaps within you, so merrily do they sing; the first torrent—all you meet with you take for your guide, and it leads you perhaps into some fairy dell, where it wanders awhile in waterfalls, and then gliding along a little dale of its own with ‘banks o’ green bracken,’ finishes its short course in a stream—one of many that meet and mingle before the current takes the name of river, which in a mile or less becomes a small woodland lake. There are many such of memorable beauty; living lakes indeed, for they are but pauses of expanded rivers, which again soon pursue their way, and the water-lilies have ever a gentle motion there as it touched by a tide.”

Certainly we shall not let many more months pass over our heads, without an article in *Maga* on the last edition of Gilpin’s *Forest Scenery*. Gilpin understood well the character of our Highland forests—but his editor understands it still better—and the Professor is indebted to the Baronet for some of the best things in the following characteristic description:

“The Tree of the Highlands is the Pine. There are Scotch firs, indeed, well worth looking at, in the Lowlands, and in England, but to learn their true character you must see them in the glen, among rocks, by the river side, and on the mountain. ‘We for our part,’ says Lander very finely, ‘confess that when we have seen it towering in full majesty in the midst of some appropriate Highland scene, and sending its limbs abroad with all the unrestrained freedom of a hardy mountaineer, as if it claimed dominion over the savage region round it, we have looked upon it as a very sublime object. People who have not seen it in native climate and soil, and who judge of it from the wretched abortions which are swaddled and suffocated in English plantations, among dark, heavy, and eternally wet clays, may well call it a wretched tree; but when its foot is among its own Highland heather, and when it stands freely in its native knoll of dry gravel, or thinly covered rock, over which its

roots wander afar in the wildest reticulation, whilst its tall, furrowed, and often gracefully sweeping red and grey trunk, of enormous circumference, rears aloft its high umbrageous canopy, then would the greatest sceptic on this point be compelled to prostrate his mind before it with a veneration which perhaps was never before excited in him by any other tree.' The colour of the pine has been objected to as murky, and murky it often is, or seems to be; and so then is the colour of the heather, and of the river, and of the heath, and of the sky itself thunder-laden, and murkiest of all are the clouds. But a stream of sunshine is let loose, and the gloom is confounded with glory; over all that night-like reign the jocund day goes dancing, and the forest revels in green or in golden light. Thousands and tens of thousands of pines are there, and as you gaze upon the whole mighty array, you fear lest it might break the spell, to fix your gaze on any one single tree. But there are trees there that will force you to look on themselves alone, and they grow before your eyes into the kings of the forest. Straight stand their stems in the sunshine, and you feel that as straight have they stood in the storm. As yet you look not up, for your heart is awed, and you see but the stately columns redbounding away into the gloom. But all the while you feel the power of the umbrage aloft, and when thitherwards you lift your eyes, what a roof to such a cathedral! A cone drops at your feet—not other sound nor other stir—but afar off you think you hear a cataract. Inaudible your footsteps on the soft yellow floor, composed of the autumnal sheddings of countless years. Then it is true that you can indeed hear the beating of your own heart; you fear, but know not what you fear; and being the only living creature there, you are impressed with a thought of death. But soon to that severe silence you are more than reconciled; the solitude, without ceasing to be sublime, is felt to be solemn and not awful, and ere long, utter as it is, serene. Scorn from afar, the forest was one black mass; but as you advance, it opens up into spacious glades, beautiful as gardens, with appropriate trees of gentler tines, and ground-flowering in the sun. But there is no murmur of bee—no song of bird. In the air a thin whisper of insects—intermittent—and wafted quite away by a breath. For we are now in the very centre of the forest, and even the cushat haunts not here. Hither the red deer may come—but not now—for at this season they love the hill. To such places the stricken stag might steal to lie down and die.

"And thus for hours may you be lost in the forest, nor all the while have wasted one thought on the outer world, till with no other

warning but an uncertain glimmer and a strange noise, you all at once issue forth into the open day, and are standing on the brink of a precipice above a flood. It comes tumbling down with a succession of falls, in a mile-long course, right opposite your stance—rocks, cliffs, and trees, all the way up on either side, majestically retiring back to afford ample channel, and showing an unobstructed vista, closed up by the purple mountain, that seems to send forth the river from a cavern in its breast. 'Tis the Glen of Imaes. Nor ash nor oak is suffered to intrude on their dominion. Since the earthquake first shattered it out, this great chasm, with all its chasms, has been held by one race of trees. No other seed could there spring to life; for from the rocks has all soil, ages ago, been washed and swept by the tempests. But there they stand with glossy boles, spreading arms, and glittering crest; and these two by themselves on the summit, known all over Badenoch as 'the Giants'—'their statuares reach the sky.'

"We have been indulging in a dream of old. Before our day the immemorial gloom of Glenmore had perished, and it ceased to be a forest. But there bordered on it another region of night or twilight, and in its vast depths we first felt the sublimity of loneliness fear. Rothiemurchus! The very word blackens before our eyes with necromantic characters—again we plunge into its gulf's desolations of what we deem—again in 'pleasure high and turbulent,' we climb the cliffs of Cairngorm.

"Would you wish to know what is now the look of Glenmore? One now dead and gone—a man of wayward temper, but of genius—shall tell you—and think not the picture exaggerated—for you would not, if you were *there*. 'It is the work of the ancient forest which arrests all the attention, and which renders Glenmore a melancholy, more than a melancholy, a terrific spectacle. Trees, of enormous height, which have escaped, alike, the axe and the tempest, are still standing, stripped by the winds, even of the bark, and like gigantic skeletons, throwing far and wide their white and bleached bones to the storms and rains of heaven; while others, broken by the violence of the gales, lift up their split and fractured trunks in a thousand shapes of resistance and of destruction, or still display some knotted and tortuous branches, stretched out, in sturdy and fantastic forms of defiance, to the whirlwind and the winter. Noble trunks, also, which had long resisted, but resisted in vain, strew the ground; some lying on the declivity where they have fallen, others still adhering to the precipice where they were rooted, many upturned, with their twisted and entangled roots high in air;

while not a few astonish us by the space which they cover, and by dimensions which we could not otherwise have estimated. It is one wide image of death, as if the angel of destruction had passed over the valley. The sight, even of a felled tree, is painful: still more is that of the fallen forest, with all its green branches on the ground, withering, silent, and at rest, where once they glittered in the dew and the sun, and trembled in the breeze. Yet this is but an image of vegetable death. It is familiar, and the impression passes away. It is the naked skeleton bleaching in the winds, the gigantic bones of the forest still erect, the speaking records of former life, and of strength still unshaken, vigorous even in death, which renders Glenmore one enormous charnel house."

"What happened of old to the aboriginal forests of Scotland, that long before these later destructions they had almost all perished, leaving to hear witness what they were, such survivors? They were chiefly destroyed by fire. What power could extinguish chance kindled conflagrations, when sailing before the wind? And no doubt fire was set to clear the country at once of Scotch firs, walves, wild-boars, and outlaws. Tradition yet tells of such burnings; and, if we mistake not, the pines found in the Scottish mosses, the logs and the storks, all show that they were destroyed by Vulcan, though Neptune harried them in the spunges, storms no doubt often levelled them by thousands: but had millions so fallen they had never been missed, and one element only—which has been often fearfully commissioned—could have the work. In our own day the axe has indeed done wonders—and sixteen square miles of the forest of Rothiemurchus 'went to the ground.' John of Ghent, Culpin tells us, to avenge an insult, set twenty four thousand axes at work in the Caledonian Forest."

"Yet Scotland has perhaps sufficient forests at this day. For more has been planted than cut down: Glenmore will soon be populous as ever with self-sown pines, and Rothiemurchus may revive; the shades are yet deep of Loch Arkalg, Glengarry, Glennoriston, Strathglass, Glen-Serathar, and Loch-Sheil; deeper still on the Endorn—and deepest of all on the Doe, rejoicing in the magnificent pine woods of Invercauld and Braemar."

"We feel that we have spoken feebly of our Highland forests. Some, perhaps, who have never been off the high-roads, may accuse us of exaggeration too; but they containondrous beauties of which we have said not a word, and no imagination can conceive what they may be in another hundred years. But, apparently far apart from the forests, though still belonging to them,

for they hold in fancy by the tenure of the olden time, how many woods, and groves, and sprinklings of far trees, rise up during a day's journey, in almost every region of the North! And among them all, it may be, scarcely a pine. For the oak, and the ash, and the elm, are also all native trees; no where else does the rowan flush with more dazzling lustre; in spring, the alder, with its vivid green, stands well beside the birch—the yew was not neglected of yore, though the bow of the Celt was weak to that of the Saxon; and the holly, in winter emulating the brightness of the pine, flourishes, and still flourishes, on many a mountain side. There is sufficient silvan scenery for beauty in a land of mountains. More may be needed for shelter—but let the young plants and seedlings have time to grow—and as for the old trees, may they live for ever. Too many millions of larches are perhaps growing now behind the Tay and the Tilt; yet why should the hills of Perthshire be thought to be disfigured by what immobles the Alps and the Apennines?"

We were told "to try to forget that in the Highlands there are any Lochs;" and we have been doing our best to obey that somewhat unreasonable injunction—Unreasonable at any time, and we cannot help thinking more especially so, in an introduction to "*Swan's Views of the Lakes of Scotland.*" Professor Wilson tells us he too had been doing his best to forget them, while imagining scenes that were chiefly characterised by other great features of Highland landscape. A country so constituted, he says, and with such an aspect, even if we could suppose it without lochs, would still be a glorious region. Perhaps it might; but we confess that the supposition is a feat of fancy above our powers. He also says, that it would be idle, and worse than idle, to describe any number of the Highland Lochs, for so many of the finest have been seen by so many eyes, that few persons probably will ever read his "*Remarks*," to whom such descriptions would be, at the best, more than shadowings of scenery that their own imagination can more visibly recreate. And this he says immediately after having at great length described Loch Lomond—and with much earnestness vindicated her from a charge strangely brought against the Queen of having

"too great a proportion of water." Of Loch Katrine he says not a word—because "genius has pictured and peopled it and the surrounding regions in colours that will never fade." He therefore quotes a very picturesque passage from the Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland by the brothers Anderson, lately published by Murray—descriptive of the peaceful Vale and Loch of Killean, a mile or two above the Fall of Foyers, and then goes on to speak of lochs less known, but hardly less beautiful or sublime than the most famous.

"There is a loch of a very different character from Killean, almost as little known (our view of it is given in the book), equal to any thing in the Highlands, only two miles distant from Loch Lochy, in the Great Glen—Loch Arkaig. We first visited it many years since, having been induced to do so by a passage in John Stoddart's 'Remarks on the Lord Seenery and Manners of Scotland;' and it was then a very noble oak and pine forest loch. The axe went to work and kept steadily at it; and a great change was wrought; but it is still a grand scene, with a larger infusion of beauty than it possessed of old. The scenery of the valley separating it from Loch Lochy is very similar to that of the Frosachs, though it there are two approaches to the loch, and the *Mile-Dubh*, or the Dark Mile, according to our feeling, is more impressive than any part of the approach to Loch Katrine. The woods and rocks are very solemn, and yet very sweet; for though many old pines, and oaks, and ashes are there, and the wall of rocks is immense, young trees prevail now on many places, as well along the heights as among the knolls and hillocks below, where alders and hawthorns are thick; almost every where the young are intermingled with the old, and look cheerful under their protection, without danger of being chilled by their shade. The loch, more or less silvan from end to end, shows on its nearer shores some magnificent remains of the ancient forest, and makes a noble sweep like some great river. There may be more, but we remember but one island—not large, but wooded as it should be—the burying-place of the family of Lachiel. What rest! It is a long journey from Loch Lochy to Kinloch Arkaig,—and by the silent waters we walked or sat all a summer's day. There was nothing like a road that we observed, but the shores are easily travelled, and there it is you may be almost sure of seeing some red deer. They are no better worth looking at from a window than fallow—no offence to fallow, who are fine crea-

tures; indeed we had rather not see them so at all; but on the shores or steep of Loch Arkaig, with hardly a human habitation within many, many miles, and these few rather known than seen to be there, the huts of Highlanders contented to cultivate here and there some spot that seems cultivatable, but probably is found out to be so after some laborious years—there they are at home; and you, it young, looking on them feel at home too, and go bounding, like one of themselves, over what, did you choose, were an evitable steep. Roe, too, frequent the coves, but to be seen they must be started; grouse sprang up before you oftener than you might expect in a deer forest; but, to be sure, it is a rough and shaggy one, though lovelier lines of verdure never lay in the sunshine than we think we see now lying for miles along the margin of that Loch. The numerous mountains towards the head of the loch are very lofty, and glens diverge in grand style into opposite and distant regions. Glen Dessary, with its beautiful pastures, opens on the Loch, and leads to Loch Nevish on the coast of Knoidart—Glen Pann to Oban—a-Cave on Loch Morar, Glen Cannagorie into Glenhuan and Loch Shiel; and Glen Kingie to Glengarry and Loch Quoich. There is a choice! We chose Glen Kingie, and after a long climb found a torrent that took us down to Glengarry before sunset. It is a loch little known, and in grandeur not equal to Loch Arkaig; but at the close of such a day's journey, the mind, elevated by the long contemplation of the great objects of nature, cannot fail to feel right, whatever it may be, the spirit of the scene, that seems to usher in the grateful hour of rest. It is surpassing fair—and having lain all night long on its gentle banks, sleeping or waking we know not, we have never remembered it since but as the Land of Dreams.

"Which is the dreariest, most desolate, and dismal of the Highland Lochs? We should say Loch Erioch. It lies in a prodigious wilderness with which, perhaps, no man alive is conversant, and in which you may travel for days without seeing even any symptoms of human life. We speak of the regions comprehended between the Forest of Athol, and Bennevis, the Moor of Rannoch, and Glen Spean. There are many Lochs—and Loch Erioch is their grieved Queen. Herdsmen, shepherds, hunters, fowlers, anglers, traverse its borders, but few have been far in the interior, and we never knew any body who had crossed it from south to north, from east to west. We have ourselves seen more of it, perhaps, than any other Lowlander; and had traversed many of its vast glens and moors, before we found our way to the southern solitude of Loch Erioch. We came into the western gloom of Ben Aulr

from Loch Onchan, and up and down for hours dismal but not dangerous precipices that opened out into what might almost be called passes—but we had frequently to go back, for they were blind—contrived to clamber to the edge of one of the mountains that rose from the water a few miles down the Loch. All was vast, shapeless, savage, black, and wrathfully grim; for it was one of those days that keep frowning and lowering, yet will not thunder; such as one conceives of, on the eve of an earthquake. At last the sight was dreadful, but there was no reason for dread; imagination remains not longer than she chooses the slave of her own eyes, and we soon began to enjoy the gloom, and to feel how congenial it was in nature with the character of all those lifeless cliffs. Silence and darkness suit well together in solitude at noon-day; and settled on huge objects make them sublime. And they were huge; all ranged together, and stretching away to a great distance, with the pitchy water, still as if frozen, covering their feet.

“Loch Ercht is many miles long—nearly twenty; but there is a loch among the Grampians not more than two miles round—if so much, which is sublimer far—Loch Aven. You come upon the sight of it at once, a short way down from the summit of Cairngorm, and then it is some two thousand feet below you, itself being as many above the level of the sea. But to come upon it so as to feel best its transcendent grandeur, you should approach it up Glenaven—and from as far down as Inch-Rouran, which is about half-way between Loch Aven and Tormantoul. Between Inch-Rouran and Tormantoul the glen is wild, but it is inhabited; above that house there is but one other—and for about a dozen miles—we have heard it called far more—there is utter solitude. But never was there a solitude at once so wild, so solemn, so serene, so sweet! The glen is narrow; but on one side there are openings into several wider glens, that show you mighty coves as you pass on; on the other side the mountains are without a break, and the only variation with them is from smooth to shaggy, from dark to bright; but the prevailing character is that of pastoral or of forest peace. The mountains that show the coves belong to the bases of Ben-Aven and Ben-y-buird. The heads of those giants are not seen—but it sublimizes the long glen to know that it belongs to their dominion, and that it is leading us on to an elevation that ere long will be on a level with the roots of their topmost cliffs. The Aven is so clear, on account of the nature of its channel, that you see the fishes hanging in every pool; and 'tis not possible to imagine how beautiful in such transparencies

are the reflections of its green ferny banks. For miles they are composed of knolls, seldom interspersed with rocks, and there cease to be any trees. But ever and anon, we walk for a while on a level floor, and the voice of the stream is mute. Hitherto sheep have been noticed on the hill, but not many, and red and black cattle grazing on the lower pastures; but they disappear, and we find ourselves all at once in a desert. So it is felt to be, coming so suddenly with its black heather on that greenest grass; but 'tis such a desert as the red-deer love. We are now high up on the breast of the mountain, which appears to be Cairngorm; but such heights are deceptive, and it is not till we again see the veil of the Aven that we are assured we are still in the glen. Prodigious precipices, belonging to several different mountains, for between mass and mass there is blue sky, suddenly arise, forming themselves more and more regularly into circular order, as we near, and now we have sight of the whole magnificence; yet vast as it is, we know not yet how vast; it grows as we gaze, till in a while we feel that sublimer it may not be; and then so quiet in all its horrid grandeur we feel too that it is beautiful, and think of the Maker.

“This is Loch Aven. How different the whole region round from that enclosing Loch Ercht! There, vast wildernesses of more than melancholy moors—huge hollows hating their own gloom that keep them herelike—disconsolate glens left far away by themselves, without any visit of life—cliffs that frown back the sunshine—and mountains, as if they were all dead, inaccessible to the heavens. Is this all mere imagination—or the truth? We deceive ourselves in what we call a desert. For we have so associated our own being with the appearances of outward things, that we attribute to them, with an uninquiring faith, the very feelings and the very thoughts, of which we have chosen to make them emblems. But here the sources of the Dee seem to lie in a region as happy as it is high; for the bases of the mountains are all such as the soul has chosen to make sublime—the colouring of the mountains all such as the soul has chosen to make beautiful; and the whole region, thus imbued with a power to inspire elevation and delight, is felt to be indeed one of the very noblest in nature.”

We have then a sketch of some of the chief Sea-Lochs—such as the Linnhe Loch, Loch Sunart, Loch Leven, and Loch Etive.

“Look now only at the Linnhe Loch—how it gladdens Argyre! Without it and the sound of Mull how sad would be the shadows of Morvern! Eclipsed the splendours of Lorn! Ascend one of the heights

of Appin, and as the waves roll in light, you will feel how the mountains are beautified by the sea. There is a majestic rolling onwards there that belongs to no land-loch—only to the world of waves. There is no nobler image of ordered power than the tide, whether in flow or in ebb; and on all now it is felt to be beneficent, coming and going daily, to enrich and adorn. Or in fancy will you embark, and let the Amethyst bound away 'at her own sweet will,' accordant with yours, till she reach the distant and long-desired loch.

'Loch-Sunart! who, when tides and tempests roar,

Comes in among these mountains from the main,
'Twixt wooded Ardnamurchan's rocky cape
And Ardmure's shingly beach of hissing spray;
And while his thunders bid the sound of Mull
Be dumb, sweeps onwards past a hundred bays
Hull-sheltered from the wrath that lams along
The mad and channel,—All so quiet they
As little separate words of summer dreams,—
And by storm-loving birds attended up
The mountain-hollow, while in their care
As are the breaking hollows, spurs the Isles
Of Criggy, Crunich, and green Grounsay
Drooled in that sea-bon shower of tree tops
driven

And eyed stones of what was once a tower
Now hardly known from rocks—and gathering
night

In the long reach between Dungalcan caves
And point of Ardmure ever fair
With her Elysian groves, burst through that
"trait

Into another ampler inland sea,
'Till lo! subdued by some sweet influence,—
And potent is she though so meek the Eve,—
Down smoketh warranted the old Ocean
Forswornly into a solemn calm,—
And all along that ancient burial-ground,
(Its kirk is gone,) that seemeth now to lend
Its own eternal quiet in the waves,
The deep no more, into a perfect peace
Lulling and lulling at last, while drop the airs
Away as they were dead, the first risen star
Beholds that lovely Archipelago,
All shad'ow'd there as in a spiritual world,
Where time's imitations shall come never more."

"These lines describe but one of innumerable lochs that owe their greatest charm to the sea. It is indeed one of those on which Nature has lavished all her infinite varieties of loveliness; but Loch Leven is scarcely less fair, and perhaps grander; and there is matchless magnificence about Loch Etive. All round about Ballachulish and Inverca the scenery of Loch Leven is the sweetest ever seen overshadowed by such mountains; the deeper their gloom, the brighter its lustre; in all weathers it wears a cheerful smile, and often while up among the rocks the tall trees are tossing in the storm, the heart of the woods beneath is calm, and the vivid fields they shelter look as if they still enjoyed the sun. Nor closes the beauty there, but even animates the entrance into that dreadful glen—Glenco. All the way up its river, Loch Leven would be fair, were it only for her hanging woods. But though the glen narrow, it still continues broad, and there are green plains between her waters and the mountains, on which stately trees stand single, and there is ample room

for groves. The returning tide tells us, should we forget it, that this is no inland Loch, for it hurries away back to the sea, not turbulent, but fast as a river in flood. The river Leven is one of the finest in the Highlands, and there is no other such series of waterfalls, all seen at once, one above the other, along an immense vista; and all the way up to the farthest there are noble assemblages of rocks—no where any want of wood—and in places, trees that seemed to have belonged to some old forest. Beyond, the opening in the sky seems to lead into another region, and it does so; for we have gone that way, past some small lochs, across a wide wilderness, with mountains on all sides, and descended on Loch Treag,

'A loch when there are none to praise,
And very lo! to love,'

but overflowing in our memory with all pleasantest images of pastoral contentment and peace.

"Loch Etive, between the furies of Connel and Bunawe, has been seen by almost all who have visited the Highlands—but very imperfectly; to know what it is you must row or sail up it, for the banks on both sides are often richly wooded, assume many fine forms, and are frequently well embayed, while the expanse of water is sufficiently wide to allow you from its centre to command a view of many of the distant heights. But above Bunawe it is not like the same loch. For a couple of miles it is not wide, and it is so darkened by enormous shadows that it looks even less like a strait than a gulf—huge overhanging rocks on both sides ascending high, and yet felt to belong but to the bases of mountains that sloping far back have their summits among clouds of their own in another region of the sky. Yet are they not all horrid, for nowhere else is there such lofty beauty—it seems a wild sort of brushwood; tall trees flourish, single or in groves, chiefly larches, with now and then an oak—and they are in their youth or their prime—and even the prodigious trunks, some of which have been dead for centuries, are not all dead, but shoot from their knotted blind symptoms of life inextinguishable by time and tempest. Out of this gulf we emerge into the Upper Loch, and its amplitude sustains the majesty of the mountains, all of the highest order, and seen from their feet to their crests. Cruachan wears the crown, and reigns over them all—king at once of Loch Etive and of Loch Awe. But Buachaille Etive, though afar off, is still a giant, and in some lights comes forwards, bringing with him the Black Mount and its dependants, so that they all seem to belong to this most magnificent of all Highland lochs. 'I know not,' says Macculloch, 'that Loch Etive

could hear an ornament without an infingement on that aspect of solitary vastness which it presents throughout. Nor is there one. The rocks and lays on the shore, which might elsewhere attract attention, are here swallowed up in the enormous dimensions of the surrounding mountains, and the wide and ample expanse of the lake. A solitary house, here fearfully solitary, situated far up in Glen Etive, is only visible when at the upper extremity; and if there be a tree, as there are in a few places on the shore, it is unseen; extinguished as if it were a humble mountain flower, by the universal magnitude around. This is finely felt and expressed; but even on the shores of Loch Etive there is much of the beautiful; Ardmatty smiles with its meadows, and woods, and bay, and sylvan stream; other sunny nooks repose among the grey granite masses; the coloring of the banks and braes is often bright; several houses or huts become visible no long way up the glen; and though that long hollow—half a day's journey—till you reach the wild road between Inveruran and King's House—lies in gloom, yet the hillsides are cheerful, and you delight in the greenward, wide and rock-braken, should you ascend the passes that lead into Glenavran or Glenca. But to feel the full power of Glen Etive you must walk up it till it comes to be a glen. When in the middle of the moon, you see far off a solitary dwelling indeed—perhaps the loneliest house in all the Highlands—and the solitude is made palanterior, as you pass by, by the voice of a cataract, hidden in an awful chasm, bridged by two or three stems of trees, along which the red-deer might fear to venture—but we have seen them and the deerhounds glide over it, followed by other fearless feet, when far and wide the Finest of Dalness was echoing to the hunter's horn."

The "Remarks" close with a few words on the character and life of the people.

"We have now brought our remarks on the scenery of the Highlands to a close, and would now have said a few words on the character and life of the people; but are precluded from even touching on that most interesting subject. It is impossible that the minds of travellers through those wonderful regions, can be so occupied with the contemplation of mere man-made nature, as not to give many a thought to their inhabitants, now and in the olden time. Indeed, without such thoughts, they would often seem to be but blank and barren wildernesses, in which the heart would languish, and imagination itself recoil; but they cannot long be so looked at, for houseless as are many exten-

sive tracts, and therefore at times felt to be too dreary even for moods that for a while enjoyed the absence of all that might tell of human life, yet symptoms and traces of human life are noticable to the instructed eye almost every where, and in them often lies the spell that charms us, even while we think that we are wholly delivered up to the influence of "dead insensate things." None will visit the highlands without having some knowledge of their history; and the changes that have long been taking place in the condition of the people will be affectingly recognised wherever they go, in spite even of what might have appeared the insuperable barriers of nature.

"We have the people too well to praise them—we have had too heartfelt experience of their virtues. In castle, hall, house, manse, hut, hovel, shieling—an mountain and moor, we have known, without having to study their character. It manifests itself in their manners, and in their whole frame of life. They are now, as they ever were, affectionate, faithful, and fearless; and far more delightful surely it is to see such qualities in all their pristine strength—for civilisation has not weakened, nor ever will weaken them—without that alloy of fierceness and ferocity which was inseparable from them in the turbulence of feudal times. They are now indeed a peaceful people; severe as are the hardships of their condition, they are, in the main contented with it; and nothing short of necessity can disperse them from their dear mountains. We devoutly trust that there need be no more forced emigration—that henceforth it will be free—at the option of the adventurous—and that all who will, when the day comes, may be gathered to their fathers, in the land that gave them birth. Much remains to be done not only to relieve but enlighten; yet Christian benevolence has not been forgetful of their wants; schools and churches are arising in remote places; and that they are in good truth a religious as well as a moral people is proved by the passionate earnestness with which, in their worst destitution, they embrace every offer of instruction in the knowledge that leads to everlasting life. The blessing of heaven will be on all such missions as these—and the time will come when we shall be able to contemplate, without any pain, the condition of a race who, to use the noble language of one, though often scornful and sarcastic overmuch, yet at heart their friend, 'almost in an hour subsided into peace and virtue, retaining their places, their possessions, their chiefs, their songs, their traditions, their superstitious, and peculiar usages; even that language and those recollections which still separate them from the rest of the nation.

They retained even their pride, and they retained their contempt of those who supposed that order on them, and still they settled into a state of obedience to that government, of which the world produces no other instance! It is a splendid moral phenomenon; and reflects a lustre on the Highland character, whether of the chiefs or the people, which extinguishes all past faults, and which atones for what little remains to be atoned. A peculiar political situation was the cause of their faults; and that which swept away the cause, has rendered the effects a tale of other times."

Of the Work itself, to which the "Remarks on the Scenery of the Highlands" are an introduction, the best judges of art in Scotland have spoken with the highest praise. We, who have seen every loch therein represented, have lived for weeks on the banks of many of them, and of by far the greater number have been no unfrequent visitors, are entitled to say that in no other publication can be found such faithful delineations of their characteristic beauties, and that it is worth all other guides put together to Southerners on a tour through the North. Many lochs are here shown, of whose very existence they have never heard; yet some of the most interesting of them, so far from being "the most remote and inaccessible by shepherds trod," lie within reach of a few hours' deviation from the high-road, along which the unacquainted stranger is rattling at the rate of ten miles an hour, impatient to reach the region in which he is to lift up the whites of his eyes in astonishment at the sublime. But

the truth is, that very few Scotsmen—Lowlanders we mean—have seen some of the lochs delineated in this comprehensive work—and he who can say that he is conversant with the scenery of the greater number of them must be in heart even one of the very Gael. Mr Fleming, from whose pictures the engravings are made, is an artist of established reputation; his spirit is thoroughly imbued with a love of Highland scenery; and in that combination of feeling, taste, and judgment, necessary to guide aright in the selection of views, in the midst of all that is wonderful and wild, we know not by whom he is excelled among our living painters. The engraver—Mr Swan—has done his work well, and the letter-press by Mr Leighton is excellent—far superior in every respect to what ordinarily accompanies the best works of Art. The success of "*Swan's Views of the Lakes of Scotland*" has already been equal to its deserts—and we are glad to know that, while the subscribers to this second edition are numerous, its sale is extending widely beyond that list, and that the volume composed of sixteen numbers, containing not fewer than sixty characteristic illustrations of the most delightful scenery of Scotland, is now lying on many a table, and when shelved is sure to be often taken down, and exhibited to eyes on fire with impatience to behold the realities of which these are such happy representations.

PARIS MORNINGS ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE SEINE.

E'en Radcliffe's Doctors travel first to France "
Paris.

1. THE SORBONNE OF 1835.

Jouffroi.—St Marc Girardin.—Croussez.—Magnin.—Lacretelle.—Blainville.—
Pouillet.—Mirbel.—Thenard.—Dumas.—Ampère.—Lermulhier.

I SHOULD indeed be sorry, now that summer and leisure have arrived, if amidst the numberless attractions of the right bank of the metropolitan river, which is decidedly the wrong one to the student, I had continued to take lingering and seductive breakfasts on the *Boulevard Italien*, and had indolently foregone the more solid attractions of that only

too distant Sorbonne, of which, while the name is as familiar in England as that of the capital itself, the functions, as they are at present exercised, are almost utterly unknown.* Hail venerable precincts! Where after the pursuit of more important attainments has been followed up, during a long succession of unregretted hours, the fatigue of mind

* The Sorbonne, which derives its name from its founder, Robert de Sorbonne, dates from the beginning of the 13th century. Its history is somewhat singular. St Louis, the then king of France, originally destined the site where it stands for a convent of nuns, but being informed by Robert of Sorbonne (*aumônier et confesseur du roi*) of the peril of having a nunnery in such a situation, he determines, at the suggestion of the said "*delectus clericus Magister Robertus de Sorboni*," to alter his original plan, and to found a charity, "*ad opus Congregationis pauperum Magistrorum*, Parisiensis, in Theologia Studentium," which was commenced with zeal, and terminated about the middle of the 13th century. Now, says the chronicler, as Robert de Sorbonne not only paid the whole expenses for rearing this pious edifice, but furnished most of the ground on which it stands (for, except the house of "John of Orleans, and the stables of Pierre Poncelare," it was purchased by him), therefore it is justly called after his name; and St Louis, in a tablet still existing in MDC. XII., causes the inscription to be so worded as to denote his sense of the justice of public opinion; *Ludovic Rex Franc. sub quo (not a quo) fundata fuit Domus Sorbona*. Immediately on the site of the present edifice (which supplants the old one), it is said that there stood formerly the house of Julian the Apostate, while others affirm that the present *Hôtel de Cluny*, so interesting to the curious in ancient remains of all kinds, was the habitation of that celebrated personage. M. de Sommerard, however, its present very ingenious and learned possessor, who has spent an immense sum in furnishing his rooms with records of the olden time, and who would be glad to have lodged even an apostate of that age, is of opinion that the site in question is indeed very near his house, but not exactly within his walls—the Sorbonne not being a stone's throw from the *Hôtel de Cluny*—we cannot, therefore, be far wrong on whichever of these two litigated spots we may choose to reconstruct these "*Thermae Caesaris*." The *Hôtel de Cluny* itself was called the "*Palais des Thermes*" till the middle of the 14th century, which would incline us to adopt it as the true predecessor of the palace in question. The street in which the Sorbonne stands, in the year 1138 (Louis the young or 7th being king) was surrounded by very productive vineyards; it became, a century later, so infamous for its assassinations, that it was called "*Rue coupe gorge*," or *coupe gueule*, and in St Louis' time, the students were permitted "*à poser de grandes portes, aux deux bouts d'icelle rue et les fermer de nuit*." This seat of learning was scarcely completed when it had nearly failed for want of means; but supported by voluntary contributions, these *pauperes magistri* soon became rich, and "Abbés, Prieurs, Docteurs, and others flocked from all parts of Christendom to the great palace of casuistry!

"Then mother church did mightily prevail,
And parcelled out her Bible by retail."

And the rest of disputants, who used to dispute from sunrise till sunset, became

may be delightfully relieved by another direction of its faculties; and the charms of eloquence, of poetry, and of taste, constitute the best *dé-lassement* to the student avaricious of his time. Long hence will my thoughts gratefully revert to days most profitably and cheerfully consumed within your vast enclosures, and dedicated to your multifarious pursuits!

Hail! too, old Slate of Rimorgne! what changes in the face of science have been represented on your face,

since you were first brought from your dark cold bed, with marble for a mattress, and red sand-stone for a counterpane! Many a learned conjecture respecting your own bodily formation has been hazarded in your very presence; yourself the theme of discussions, on which your own revelations would have been conclusive, had nature permitted the unfolding of subterranean secrets. An unnatural conspiracy, truly, was that of brother minerals, charcoal, sulphur, and nitre, which be-

missionaries all over the world. Francis Maronius, in 1268, having been the first to set the example of wrangling about texts, councils, and diets.

In 1268, the amiable Pope Clement the IV.th concludes his "confirmation of the college privileges in a bull, dated from Viterbo, and in a spirit worthy of the Latin in which it is couched, to say nothing of the prolate anticlimax with which it concludes—as if Popes were only created to make bulls. "Si quis autem hæc (mandata &c.) infringere vel attemptare præsumperit, indignationem omnipotentis Dei, Et beatorum Petri et Pauli Apostolorum, se noverit incursurum." A few years afterwards he is more liberal "nous octroyons (we grant) aux Sorbonistes, à leur réception, plénière indulgence de tous leur péchés: et d'autant à leur décès." In 1606 the grand master and knights of Malta send the Virgin Saint Euphemia to the Sorbonne—not of course for theological instruction—and, says the chronicler, when her arrival was expected, "les Seigneurs, les Prieurs, et les Docteurs du dict collège de Sorbonne estans advertés de la venue de ce beau joyau, ont esté solennellement en procession, le querir, chantans avec grande melodie, et cheminant avec un bel ordre." The following verses are perhaps rather scarce than good, but they show better than mere prose the spirit of the times, and are unique probably in showing us how hoods and cowls figure in Latin hexameters. They are from a poem entitled *Lutetia*, by a Mr de Boterays, and are at least two centuries old.

"Urania! alma soror! que nosti arcana Deorum
Aonidas inter comites, que casta sacerdos,
Dic mihi, velleribus niveis circumdata cervix,
Est quibus, atrati qui longo in Syrmate?—et Isti
Veste pares, pro velleribus queis tessera panni
Pendula lævo humero? Sophie celestis et alto
Conscia gens, Divum interpres, fideique magistra,
Lingua pugnaces quidquid divinus Aquinas,
Scotus, et arguto certarunt dogmate acuti
Exagitant; statuunt credenda, et prava revellunt
In nova sectarum delliria, legis avite
Athletæ fons, quorum inclinata resurgit
Religio fulcris, prisco-que fit inclitya cultu;
Quo Sacra avita, lacu non sunt submersa Lemano,
Hæresis et quod victa gemit, centum arcta cateulis
Sunt invicta tui, celebris (Sorbona!) triumphus!"

But a full century before the institution of the Sorbonne, Paris was already an admirable school for instruction. I am indebted to Rigordius for the following interesting summary of the state of learning and science in those days. He says, "In diebus illis studium literarum florebat Parisiis, nec legimus tantum aliquando fuisse scholarium frequentiam Athenis vel Ægypto, vel in quâlibet parte mundi, quanta lacum prædictum studendi gratia incolebat;" and this, he says, was not owing to Philip the Second's love of the arts, but to the amenity of Paris itself, while the advantages it held out made others flock to it from all quarters. "Cum in hoc nobilissima civitate, non modo de trivio et quadrivio, verum de questionibus juris canonici et civilis, et de ea facultate que de sanandis corporibus, et sanitatibus conservandis scripta est, plena et perfecta inveniretur doctrina: ferventiori tamen desiderio sacram paginam, et questiones theologicas docebantur."

trayed you into the power of man, and blew up your early attachments! What has not been dared and done in those *quartiers bruyans* of Paris, from which the river happily divides us, most venerable Schistus, since you were first smoothed and squared, mounted and framed? All that Blainville quietly imparts, or Mirbel more strikingly exhibits, has been confided to you! Where be the mysteries that you have not assisted to simplify? How oft has the *nîsus formativus* of animal, vegetable, and mineral existence been canvassed on your impartial square? How often has your intelligent pannel telegraphed to the distant benches of the large audience, not only all the discoveries, but all the pseudo-Eurekas of the learned? The hand of a Cuvier has lately swept over your plane! the creative touch of a Jussieu has made fair flowers spring up from your unpromising soil, amidst the winds of March! Myriads of insects, marshalled by St Hilaire, have crept over your *tableau vivant*! fishes have I seen, how often! in all the audacity of tail and fin, sporting upon your black sea! Here the mountatu has been bidden to rise by some darling geologist; there the continent has been abridged by encroaching waters;—sponged away while he yet spake! Comets have displayed their streaming banners, and clustering stars have sown their galaxy on that dark firmament! Nor is there, in fine, any thing susceptible either of exhibition or of demonstration, of diagram or picture, which has not furnished its contribution, and been *octroyed* on that most fertile field, which produces, often on one day, its triple and quadruple harvests.

The Physician, it is said, has two strings to his bow; two powerful

means of exciting the "economy," so has the Orator; and even as the latric man has at his command the two very different classes of tonics and stimulants, would the Orator give energy to the great "centres" of the psychological life, he will address his moral *Quina* to our nobler powers; the humbler aim which seeks not so much to brace and invigorate our unresolved virtue, as to obtain a temporary advantage, for us (or perhaps over us), through the tremulous chords of our sensibilities or passions, may be fulfilled by stimulants of a more or less generous and exalting nature, according to the opulence or honesty of the practitioner who employs them! all the eloquence of M. Sorbonne is not of the same mint. We have gold of twenty-two carats, and a *plaque* of scarcely twelve; but the exhibition of all mental energy is eloquent,—irresistibly eloquent! St Marc Girardin is eloquent—while his pleading addresses itself to the heart, reason capitulates to his remonstrance without a murmur; powerful are his appeals, sincere those burstings forth of impassioned nature! Patin is eloquent—In his unaffected love of the Latin muse, when admiration of his favourite author has warmed him. Lermihier is eloquent—as he bursts upon you like a mad bull, and, fixing his menacing glare upon you, offers the awkward horns of his dilemma, and seems determined to toss you, whichever of them you may adopt. (Of him, and of his politics, I shall have to speak in the sequel—his is the stimulant practice, of a truth!) But far more eloquent than all is Jouffroi, when his steadfast grey eye is seen gauging, as it were, the profound depths of his yet unuttered thought.

JOUFFROI.

To some persons it seems impossible to envy even their most enviable gift—that of mental superiority; and Jouffroi bears his enormous strength so meekly that he should be a stranger, if any can be such, to that almost inevitable abatement of the delights of fame. That the confessedly and consciously weak should

cling to him for support, is well and natural; but I am sorry to learn that practices are for ever committed on his intellectual treasures, as if that "*aliena incumbere jamae*," which is wretched every where, were not here particularly so. Some, I am informed, go about and ungenerously teach as their own the very doc-

trines or speculations they have but just acquired from him, though they had only to have entered a next door class-room to have learnt that the Sepia, cruising in perfect security, as he thinks, in that boat without an owner, which the careless Nautilus has left awhile defenceless, must himself abandon the graceful conch, when assaulted by a stronger pirate, under an equally predatory banner. Let some pretend that talent is chiefly announced by the rays which emanate from dark and penetrating eyes! The ancients knew better, when they endowed the very Goddess of Wisdom with light ones (albeit we may not pretend to settle how much of green and how much of grey there go to the epithet of γλαυκώπις); and certain it is, that on Jouffroi, together with so large a portion of her wisdom, the Lutetian Minerva has conferred, in further testimonial of her favour, eyes which cannot be very unlike her own, since the Homeric epithet is perfectly applicable to them. More searching eyes indeed one has often seen, than those we celebrate; they are not scarce in whatever places of oriental or of occidental barter men assemble to take legitimate advantage of each other's passions or necessities. His own colleague St Marc Girardin hath eyes of more vivacity; our friend Dr W— possesses two organs of a more interrogating character—the mere qualities of brilliancy, vivacity, and mobility are nowhere particularly scarce; but eyes such as Jouffroi's have we rarely looked upon—beaming with so sure a promise of intellectual light—so evidently the emissaries of mind!—and then that clear, chaste, passionless utterance, so efficacious in compelling an attention which it so richly and so certainly rewards!—that modulation so eminently fitted for the philosopher; those tones so tranquil and composed that the first sentences of a new theme are secured with difficulty! that finest of

foreheads—those august temples, worthy of the Grecian chisel, or of the noblest easels of Venice or Bologna!

Jouffroi's merits as a metaphysician are deservedly held in the highest estimation throughout France. Cousin, who could alone, perhaps, of living writers, sustain the contest with him, may be more subtle, but he is not so comprehensive, nor so clear. Laromiguière and Lermihier are as popular as an unpopular subject permits; Beauvais and even Maugras may still be read with advantage, but Jouffroi appears to be the first to have given a system of which the base is solid, the details elegantly harmonious, and the unity complete. It may not be safe to recommend books, as ourselves are not prone to read books recommended, but we seldom omit to exhort our particular friends to undertake the perusal of this eminent man's book on the *Droit Naturel*, or rule of human conduct; in the first volume of which, amidst much original observation, will be found an admirable exposition of the profound and difficult doctrines of Spinoza, which no one that we are aware of, had yet rendered even intelligible. Here, too, the refutation of the several systems, of necessity, of mysticism, pantheism, and scepticism (which, to use a medical term, inosculate, and lead at last to the same result—that man cannot be an accountable agent), is so convincingly given, as to make one regret that such clumsy expositions as those hitherto promulgated should have sated, and perhaps permanently silenced, public curiosity. How truly, the one in his poetry, the other in his metaphysics, are Jouffroi and De Lamartine practical writers, proceeding to the same grand conclusion, “that man is born with an intellectual fitness to understand his destination, and with a moral fitness to fulfil its purposes.”

ST MARC GIRARDIN.

Another of my greatest favourites, and next, I should say, to Jouffroi, is St Marc Girardin. He is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, the

editor of the *Journal des Débats*, and the elegant writer of *Travels in Germany*. His modesty, his delicate gallantry, his bursts of unaffected in-

spiration, when some favourite theme is before him, cannot be overpraised. All that we can do is to ask credit for his extraordinary eloquence and power, and quote a few passages from the abounding matter which he deals with.

"Religious orders have always, gentlemen, been the *contrepoids* to the prevailing passions or vices of the times in which they were formed, and the founders of each sect have shown sagacity as well as courage in confronting with all their might, rather than in temporizing with, the prevailing errors of the age. Thus, with the barbarians and ferocity of manners, upsprung the Benedictines and mercy! When licentiousness had been carried to an extreme, a society of monks arose, who preached abstinence, and practised mortification! In the age of feudal tyranny and oppression, an order of religious mendicants set an example of voluntary poverty, and proposed more abiding comforts and higher objects of ambition than are of this world; while it was reserved for those latter days, when scepticism and 'erring pride' had possessed themselves of the land, that Ignatius Loyola and the Jesuits should occupy the seat of the scorner, preach unlimited obedience to the authority of the Church, and belief, without appeal, in her doctrines—so true it is that '*au nom du temporel on ne combat pas son siècle*;' and that enduring and profitable conviction comes not of mere confutation."

The early history of the Jesuits, as detailed to us, was extremely interesting, and at one period challenging our highest praise. "What a contrast," said the lecturer, "is exhibited between these early and adventurous evangelizers of America; these frequenters of the pathless desert; these unchronicled and uncalendered saints, submitting, in all the holiness of expected martyrdom, to perish obscurely for the interests of truth; and those their supple, wily, and tyrannical successors, who in the age of Louis XIV. oppressed with unhesitating zeal all who dissented from them in opinion, and governed France with a rod of iron. The Jesuit of those latter days, whose office it was to teach humility to the Chinese, was unbecomingly arrayed in silk, and a lover of

parade. The motive, it is however pretended, was right—and conformity in indifferent things is wisdom. Mandarins in costume, they might be not the less Christians in heart. Blemishes and spots, in short, more or less offensive, abound in the more recent history of the Jesuit, but on the early part of his career the voracious historian will delight to pause, and sigh as he girds himself for the task of tracing the future machinations of the Order, and its sinister influence on the politics of Europe; imposing on himself, ere he attempt it, the grateful duty of pronouncing a funeral oration upon the austere virtue of the first fathers, those holy men who mingled themselves with the sorrows, condescended to the ignorances, and chided the sins of those fibres of a state—the common people! These were they whose piety could make converts out of even actresses, and whose eloquence could find its way into the labyrinths of a lawyer's heart; these were they who carried consolation into men's dwellings, and left peace behind their skirts; who strove to captivate the ear, that they might mollify the heart; who broke down the partition wall which separated the poor from the sympathies of the rich; and whose exhortations, reproaches, entreaties, and encouragements, were addressed alike to all." Some specimens of their pulpit eloquence were quoted, which, for fervour of piety, and solemnity of manner, cannot easily be surpassed. Nor did they scruple now and then at extraordinary things for the sake of effect. A missionary was preaching against worldly mindedness, but not obtaining the strict attention which he had expected, he gave out the concluding hymn. The released audience were preparing with alacrity to leave the church, "Wait," said he, "my friends, wait an instant; our way is the same: you are in a hurry, I see, to return *chez vous*; so am I! *allons ensemble*." Then putting himself at their head, they follow on in silence, wondering what all this might mean, till the walls of the town are left behind them, when suddenly turning into the precincts of a large cemetery, he exclaims, in a voice of thunder, "*Eh bien! nous voilà arrivés! Oui, c'est là chez lui de toute personne de cette auditoire!*" In a later age, and of a

very different father (Père Letellier), does St Simonian write,—“We sat at a little table by ourselves, a candle on either side, which gave me light enough to behold in his countenance the full exhibition of Jesuitical duplicity. He spoke with dissimulation; but as I caught at last a glimpse of his schemes, and obtained the clue which conducted me into the labyrinth of his wickedness, I looked my Jesuit in the face, and said, ‘Father Letellier, how old are you?’—‘Why?’ asked he smilingly.—‘Because, *mon père*, you appear to retain not only the full vigour of your mind, but, together with it, the known amiability and the philanthropic kindness of your heart, so much beyond the usual period of life.’—‘Thank you,’ said he, gobbling up the compliment, ‘thank you; I am seventy-four, and, thank Heaven, never was better in my life.’” As to Cardinal Dubois, another of the order, he, poor man, seems to have been born with that unfortunate innate tendency to wrong, that nothing which was right could afford him pleasure. He was like Xenophon’s Menon, or Cicero’s Clodius, “*nil illi placebat quod aut leges sinunt aut per naturam fuit*”; or, like the celebrated French duchess—but let me digress and tell you the anecdote. La Duchess de — was at her chateau, and dying of *villegatura*; her friends strive severally to amuse her. One of them suggests a “*battue*,” a chase in the forest. “*Je n’aime pas la chasse*.”—“Suppose then we get up a concert.”—“Ah! *je n’aime pas la musique*.”—“Shall we then act a play?”—“*Je n’aime pas la comédie*”;—and then, after a pause, to give piquancy to what was coming, “*il faut l’avouer (ce n’est donc pas ma faute), mais je n’aime pas les plaisirs innocents*!” To return to our hero, Cardinal Dubois’ *physique* was indeed an index of his mind. A small weazel-faced man, in whose sunk cheeks and little eyes all the vices seemed to be striving with such frightful energy for the mastery; that somebody said of him, when to his already episcopal rank he had at last annexed the ambitious prefix, that to archbishop him was but right; for he was already arch-hypocrite, arch-liar, arch-diplomatist, and arch-rogue! “Let me say a few words to you,” said our eloquent lec-

turer on another occasion, “about Mademoiselle Delaunay. How can I praise her interesting memoirs as they deserve? She must have been as exquisitely organized to receive impressions as her active and sensitive mind was to impart them; resembling that indefatigable insect who, sitting in the centre of his work, springs forward to the confines of the mesh, if the gentlest zephyr touch but one of its threads. As words, however, like coin too long in circulation, get their original impress effaced, we must not now use the word sentimental to express the fact that she was full of sensibility. Her early patroness, the Abbess de la Rochefoucault, took a great fancy to her from a whimsical circumstance when she was yet a child. The lap-dog of the abbess being sick, Mademoiselle Delaunay had the good or ill fortune to tread upon its toes. Of course the favourite howled, and of course the abbess reddened. The little girl goes up with an air of contrition to the dog, asks his pardon, and secures her own. At length they would make a nun of her; now every body knows that nuns must part with their tresses, and she has a beautiful head of hair! This ornament she determines to cut off, by way of experiment, before she cuts off the world. Deprived of her ringlets, not a day passes but she misses and regrets them. Then the reflection comes, ‘If I take the veil, may I not regret that too? The hair will grow again, but the world and liberty renounced! Oh! no; I cannot be a nun.’ An admirer, when first permitted to walk home with her, of course goes the long way round, but, in the progress of his acquaintance, begins to take shorter cuts. ‘*Voilà*,’ says she, ‘already his love has diminished, by all the difference between the diagonal and the two sides of a parallelogram!’

“When at last well married, and finding the Duchess de Marne, her former mistress, still treat her *en fille de chambre*, she says ingeniously, ‘*J’ai trouvé que le mariage n’était pas comme le baptême, il n’efface jamais des taches originelles*.’”

St Marc Girardin is a great admirer of Voltaire; he ran lightly over the list of French historians till he came to Voltaire, stopping only to

observe of one of them (*le Président Hainault*), that he was "tant soit peu de philosophie," in order to please his age, and that he never could be more, even though it had been to please himself. History, according to Girardin, should be a "philosophical recital of past occurrences, but in which the philosophy ought always to be subordinate;" adding, "that Voltaire exhibited the instinct of that literary truth in the highest degree." In his *Charles XII.* how seldom any reflection! but what an energetic simplicity in the story! How cordially did he hate a tumid style! Bombast was a balloon which he delighted to pierce, and bring it down from the clouds where it was ostentatiously soaring! In drawing a parallel between Voltaire and the great French historian of modern times, *De Ségur*, the conclusion to which he was conducting us was, that *Ségur's* chief merit lay in the skill with which he painted events, while Voltaire's consisted in an unadorned, but felicitous way of merely relating them; for instance, "a disastrous retreat is described by both; let us compare Voltaire's retreat of Charles, with *Ségur's* retreat of Napoleon from

Moscow;"—but scarcely had the distinguished lecturer essayed the first sentences ere we observed his lips quiver, his face glow, and presently he absolutely wept with emotion. The effect upon his audience was electric. His young hearers, accustomed to look up to their professor with respect, their minds already exalted and their hearts softened by his tones, joined in an unusual burst of sympathy; and I saw before me the "*si vis me flecti*" of Horace. In a few moments he made a further effort at composure; and you might see the tremulous motion of the muscles of expression; the lips still struggling in the amiable conflict between strong feeling and self-control. It was in vain! "You see, gentlemen, I cannot read it! You see my weakness! It was my duty and wish to dwell a little upon *Ségur*—I must give it up—but he is not equal to Voltaire" (again his voice failed). "*Messieurs! c'est impossible que je le lise! lisez le chez vous! Ségur s'abuse de nos douleurs!*" and he dismissed his class! I say not that such a scene in a lecture-room was not eminently French, but I attest that it was any thing but ineffective.

GERUSSEZ.

Some men impel praise at their neighbours as they strike a racket-ball, that it may be hit back again to them; others, to whom it might be uncharitable to impute such interested motives, display a generosity in this way too large for requital, and dispose of reputations which they would find it difficult to secure! a third description of persons dispense their praise, as they do every thing else, apparently from the mere love of contradiction, of the affectation of singularity. We do not say that Gerussez is of any of these, but we esteem the praise of which he is so lavish as rather a clumsy missile, not particularly well aimed, and think it may be thought, by the uncharitable, now and then to resemble the trading commodity alluded to above. Amongst the sins committed by Gerussez against good taste, it is doubtless one, that he undertakes to reususcitate some small poetical reputations, upon which just sentence

has long ago been irrevocably passed and executed. The vanity, as well as the valuelessness of endeavouring to impart even a momentary animation to the bloodless manes of departed dunces! What could he or any one accomplish, in the way of fame, for *St Aimant*? *St Aimant* had been righteously transfixed by the lance of a single line in *Boileau*, and the wound was mortal. It was not to be gained that *St Aimant* did present the fishes looking out at the windows during the passage through the Red Sea, and for that single treason to the muse had he deserved his fate without benefit of clergy. But that was not the only delinquency of *St Aimant*. A whole harvest of such miserable conceits might be culled in his works, each sufficient to have swamped the fame of a Milton! What! revive a man who makes a bird's throat "*l'endroit d'où sortent les jets d'harmonie*?" who calls the swallow, in most envi-

able paraphrase, "le petit précurseur de la saison plaisante." Some of these *concocts* may indeed be pretty enough (concocts generally are, and in the midst of docks and nettles you may pluck a violet); but with all possible respect for M. Gerussez's encomiastic vein, and his own merits, we cannot desecrate truth, or say other of St Aimant than that he was a cold coxcomb in his style, and a French fop in his attainments. What! at this time of day, and amidst the really brilliant reputations of the Ilugos and the Lamar-tines, shall we endure the exhumation, to the great offence of our nostrils, of the bones of a certain or uncertain *Père Noël*, and be bored with specimens, forsooth, from some *me dum finitus Orestes*; or, as the French wits call it, his *poème à trois*? Did you suppose, M. Gerussez, that like his own disembodied spirits, we could sit it out "*sans murmure, sans lumière, et sans bruit*?" Why talk to us of Des-marias and his epic of Clovis, which, by some foul play, has not verified that author's modest prediction that it would beat Homer and Virgil off the field? Or is this commendation not the judgment of a critic, but only the gratitude of a Frenchman to the literary countryman, who, not less complacently, than seriously, traces the origin of his and your nation, to an *Astyanax*, not drowned, as incorrectly stated by ancient authorities, but a fugitive from the agitated state of Greek and Trojan politics and the bad vineyards of the Hellespont to petulant Champagne; where, ha-

ving changed his name to Francon, he founded the well-built city of another Troyes! Why, Scarron was surely a more promising name—but, alas! poor Scarron! He was, we were told, to be "*légèrement effleuré*;" and as La Harpe had condescended to think, and had been discreet enough to say of Milton, "qu'il n'était point un homme vulgaire," *ou τυχὼν ἀνθρώπου*—so Scarron, the witty Scarron, was announced as only not an ordinary buffoon. The field of a microscope had need be clear, that little objects may be seen distinctly; the lavishment of learned antiquarian praise upon the heads of the defunct imbecile, can neither instruct nor gratify. Cease, M. Gerussez, to quote, if you are wise, a passage from Balzac against the Archbishop of Rouen, which may be thought susceptible of more than that single application. "His style was so obscure, that while his best friends could extract from it no very clear proofs of his orthodoxy, his worst enemies could make no handle of it, to show his defection from the truth. He was a learned man; but unfortunately, the elements of his various knowledge, formed a hopeless chaos of the unarranged, the precisely contradictory, and the hopelessly irreconcilable! All science, and every art, claiming its share in the glories of a style, the most over-adorned, the most entangled, the most indefinite, the least intelligible, that was ever yet exco-gitated to mystify sense, or to perplex enquiry."

MAGNIN.

Monsieur Magnin's lectures are nominally upon "foreign literature," but turn, in reality, chiefly upon middle-age church history, and are perhaps sufficiently interesting to repay more attention than one is disposed, *eo nomine*, to give to them. M. Magnin is elderly, black-haired, blear-eyed, and does not at once fix your attention. His mole vision declares him to have been created *exprès* for the work of slow, but sure, progress, through every syllable of the longest MSS. Among other out-of-the-way subjects, one listens with considerable interest to his account

of the ancient lyric Planctus, or *Chants farces*, which gave origin to, and immediately preceded, those dramatic mysteries which the monks used to get up (a sort of private theatricals greatly conducing to their own amusement as well as to the edification of the public). This kind of lyric recitative, in which the people joined, was, it seems, first introduced in honour of the Proto-Martyr about the middle of the eleventh century. The fates of other heroes of the Christian faith were afterwards set to words and music, and constituted an early con-

cession of the hierarchy, from the strict exemplar of devotional offices to the nascent dramatic taste of the many. We find in a hymn to the Virgin, bearing date 1139, the first specimen of a change from the lyric to the theatric muse; that august personage is introduced in colloquy with Gabriel; the piece is conducted in strophes and antistrophes, and in a melange of three languages, Latin, French, and Provençal! The two earliest "mysteries" of which the dates can be assigned, are those of the nativity and of the wise and foolish virgins. In the first act the Virgin and the Sybil are on the scene together! In the second the wise virgins speak French, and the foolish ones, oddly enough, talk Latin! After a suitable prologue enter the unwise virgins, chanting and beseeching their sager sisterhood to intercede for them; "the refrain" or burden of every strophe, being "malheureuses chétives, nous avons trop dormis." The answer is a hard-hearted one. "Go, get your oil where oil is to be had; from us ye shall have none." Fresh entreaty is met by renewed denial, or an address to the "marchand de l'huile," which, it seems, is taken; for there follows a dialogue between the oilman and the unwise virgins! The tradesman, however, is inexorable; he will give them no oil, but remits them back to their wiser sisterhood; and as they are again endeavouring to move his compassion by assuring him that they have already tried that resource in vain, a new interlocutor is introduced in the person of our Saviour, and a dialogue ensues between him and the oil-merchant!!! The stanza changes to a very short metre (in order, no doubt, that the words may appear more impressive), but the unwise virgins are, after all, in place of the piece ending happily, finally consigned to their fate by a chorus of the wise, whose lamps had been duly trimmed, and who watched for the coming of the bridegroom. It is an opinion of Magnin, that an accurate survey of the old painted glass in the windows of ecclesiastical edifices would confirm any one, who had thought or read much on the subject, in the belief, that the subjects are representations of scenes taken from these sacred dramas, just

as they were acted upon the more solemn occasions of the Church, and not ideal compositions, or even attempts at historical painting, as some imagine.

He read to us the titles (it was enough) of twenty-four of these mysteries, of which some, as the Three Dead and the Three Living, &c. &c., were certainly never intended to see the light at all; though we were informed that pieces of the same class are shortly destined to be dragged from their useful obscurity and submitted to antiquarian admiration! We noted down a curious specimen, which shows that the poet could sometimes deviate from Holy Writ into apocryphal matter. Theophilus, a priest, having offended his bishop, and finding himself persecuted by the brotherhood, determines, for the usual consideration, to sell himself to the great Monopolist! The "mystery" then opens with a long monologue of the Apostate, full of blasphemy and impiety; in the midst of which the Devil himself makes his appearance in form of the serpent. He banters Theophilus, after the manner in which Juvenal addresses Nævulus, puts him into better spirits, produces the contract, which is soon signed; and, as is common in such cases, is accepted as valid and indisputable by the High contracting party, without the formality of witnesses. Left alone, Theophilus quails, feels very natural compunction, and gives utterance to his alarms in a sort of elegiac metre, very closely resembling a part of the Cid. Subsequently the Devil and Theophilus take a philosophical walk, in which "our hero" learns more than could do him any good. Thus primed, he insults his bishop and persecutes the priesthood, till being shortly afterwards seized with final and effectual remorse in the chapel of Notre Dame, the *dignus vindice nodus* is found, and loosened by the appearance of the Virgin, who, seeing that the man, *je* in earnest in his sorrow, promises to obtain possession of the bond by which he had bound himself to Satan and restore it to him, on condition, however, that he read his recantation openly before the people, and make a public confession of his abhorrence of the enemy of mankind. That the

"mysteries" were always acted under cover is proved by the vignette

attached to each, which is a view of an interior.

LACRETELLE.

M. Lacretelle (the historian) may be found twice a week in his chair at the Sorbonne. When first I saw him he was sipping *eau sucrée* over "*stoicisme*" et "*les vertus austères*."

"Messieurs!"—(then a long pause, during which you might comfortably count a hundred)—"*nous allons aujourd'hui nous entretenir de Platon!*" A second pause follows the name of this illustrious sage, during which he looks round his class complacently, like a fond father conscious of the good things in his pocket ere he pour his paper of sugar plums amongst his children: a few more sips of the *eau sucrée* to lubricate the organ of voice, and he proceeds; "*Oui, Messieurs! il s'agit aujourd'hui de vous communiquer l'histoire de cet homme illustre! et plus qu'illustre! de celui, enfin, qui, selon les pères de notre église, était le précurseur du Christ!!!*" In the same ludicrously solemn strain did he bless Providence for having spared the entire works of this great philosopher, while those of many inferior geniuses had not merited such protection, down to our times. "*Messieurs! les ouvrages du grand Platon seulement nous restent entiers! eux seuls ont échappé des naufrages du temps!*" Pursuing his theme, after this fashion, he censures Bossuet for not mentioning Plato among the Saints! "*Car, Messieurs! Bossuet a parlé de St Ignace, St Augustin, St Basil, &c.*" (pronounced with a contemptuous emphasis on each saint); "*mais il n'a rien dit du Platon!*" At this passage of the lecture, he looked reproachfully round, took some more *eau sucrée*, replenishing his glass, and thus proceeded—"Je voudrais que mes médiocres facultés pourraient rendre justice à un sujet que j'aborde, je vous l'avoue franchement, non sans inquiétude!" What the deuce could this be? Why, merely the old story, that at Plato's birth bees deposited their honey on the lips of the infant philosopher without exercising the prerogative of their sting! In tracing

his illustrious theme from this honied cradle till the commencement of his travels, I fear that Lacretelle did indeed go far to convince us of that "*mediocrity*" for which he apologized. As a specimen of ex-cathedra bathos, for instance, take the following.—"*He was going to mention a fact, the most atrocious, perhaps, which had sullied the annals of history, the betrayal of the sage into the hands of pirates, by a wretch, whose opprobrious name he had forgotten—et le voilà Esclave!*" When we had recovered the shock into which this last *voilà* had thrown us, he proceeded in the same inflated style, now sorrowing at some trite commonplace; now storming with simulated indignation; now sending off, right and left, some compliment to his colleagues of the Sorbonne, who, by their works, had brought into merited suspicion and discredit that *soi-disant* philosophy of the last century, which he wittily enough called "*the philosophy of good suppers*." Then spake he episodically of his own conversion from error, and of the pure delight of that true philosophy of which the elements, he said, were all to be found in Plato. Nor did it strike him as bathos, eminently bathos, to regret that "*at the Sorbonne his pupils had not the advantages enjoyed formerly by those of the Academy of Athens! where there were fine open grounds (he assured us) pour ces doux entretiens de Platon et de ses disciples!*" "*Would that he could so converse, en ami, with his pupils; but, alas! when could we reasonably hope for such a garden and grounds, since the Sorbonne was in the very centre of Paris!*"

Of Horace he positively told us that he was not "*précisément un courtisan*;" that he held a rank in the army "*à peu près égal à notre colonel*." Then, only think of having one's admiration challenged at this time of day for the pious Æneas carrying his father upon his back! Only think of a professor of rhetoric, or what not, asking pardon of his class for the expression of overwhelming

feelings on fictitious distresses:—"Quels delices, Messieurs! pour un *cœur sensible* de lire de *pareils passages*!" I really could not longer have controlled mine, and must have taken to laughing most unacademically,

and have compromised my Oxonian reputation, had not the lecture come speedily to a conclusion. Even true pathos will not do in a lecture, except one is lecturing on the pathetic.

BLAINVILLE.

What one cannot fail, I think, to be most struck with at the Sorbonne, is that unambitious, unrhetoical manner cultivated by those enviable teachers, who have devoted themselves, their talents, and sometimes even their fortunes to the study of "nature;"—who interpret her laws without ostentation, and present her in such advantageous simplicity to minds not yet conversant with her charms. We have one Faraday, the French have more than one. Is it possible, I have sometimes asked myself, that a naturalist can really be peevish? Let them talk of you, Monsieur Blainville, as the most ill-tempered personage that ever exhibited the fang of a rattlesnake or the thorny *lophoderme* of a *centronate* or stickleback! but we have had ample means of ascertaining your indulgence to the persons who approach you for information, and are convinced that, *au contraire*, you are essentially a good-humoured and an excellent specimen of our order of mammalia; we have attended your lectures regularly, and have not only seen specimens of all your favourite fish, but can attest with what wonderful sleight of hand your rapid chalk can gird on the armour of an *Ophites*, give its Highland cheekbone to the gurnard, spread its soft pearly coating over the mackerel, or exhibit upon the ever-changing field of the large Slate, the wonderful apparatus of the *gymnotus*! We have also seen your book upon shells, or rather upon *malacology*, which, while it displays the deepest research, contains abounding proof that classifications may be founded on philosophy. Yes! there are higher exercises of the psychological functions, even in the study of this branch of science, than pinning a butterfly in a grove of cork, or drowning a beetle in alcohol. Surely there is nothing meaner (short of being positively vicious) than seeing some old collector,

thumbing his dirty copy of Latrielle, conning over, to him, hard Greek names, counting the segments in the coralet of a fly, or noting the subdivisions of the tarsus of a flea's foot. The study of nature, if this be such, so pursued, and pursued no farther, does positive harm, by bringing discredit upon the science of natural history, and debasing the philosopher down to a mere accumulator of specimens.

Monsieur Blainville is about 55, evidently of a happy *crisis*, indefatigable and enthusiastic now, as they say he was twenty years ago, and never tired or tiresome, though he lectures frequently for two hours at a time. From Monsieur Blainville I have learnt to be no longer astonished at the velocity of the swimming powers of the mackerel; he has instructed me that all the *Scombræ* have this property of outstripping most of their neighbours in speed, and that this facility of motion (in which they excel all other fish) depends on the bifurcation of their tails. The Tunny and Dorax (of this family) swim at the rate of eight leagues per hour! and the fleetest fliers among birds have this same peculiarity. "The swallow will immediately occur, and thus a very interesting analogy is established between birds and fishes."

The "*erectus in terga sules*" of Juvenal had perplexed commentators; but Blainville interprets the poet and the passage, by showing that the *rhombus* actually has this property of erecting his bristles, and in a way which is truly remarkable.

"In birds, reptiles and insects, there are some which have been falsely called *apteroids*, or *apods*; for they possess in concealment the members which their name declares them to want; and this analogy also extends to fish, some of which have been falsely supposed *apods* in consequence of their ventral fin being concealed within their body."

"All fish have what are called stones in their ears; in the *science*, these stones are of a very large size, and are three in number. Of the *percide*, which frequent rocks, and are common at Dieppe and along that coast, I show you here the *apistos*, or, as he is emphatically called, sting-fish, whose large supply of spines is probably intended to protect him from being driven against the rocks by the lashing of the waves—just as the rower pushes out his oar or his boat-pole for the same purpose. As the swim bladder is found very large in some fish which swim little, and small in others that are expert swimmers, and does not exist at all in the mackarel, which is the fleetest swimmer we know, the swim bladder must answer other and more important ends, than the one from which it derives its name."

Let me here put down (parenthetically) an observation, which indeed it is impossible not to make, that the number of even standard works continually publishing in Paris, upon physics only, is very extraordinary, when we consider the few persons who seem in any country to make science their study, and the still fewer who can afford to purchase expensive works devoted to such subjects. Of the four or five authors of reputation, whose voluminous treatises attract your eye in the shops of the *Pays Latin*, those of Monsieur Pouillet and Pelletan, rival lecturers (one at the Sorbonne, the other at l'École de Médecine), are not in the least repute.

Monsieur Pouillet has (with the single exception of Dumas) the largest class which the Sorbonne exhibits; the number of his pupils cannot be less than 600; indeed, it is probably considerably above this calculation. He seems to be about fifty, has keen hazel eyes, and a pleasing physiognomy, and lectures with that perfect ease, which none but a man thoroughly possessed of, and by his subject, can assume. As the following passages were then new to me, some of them may probably be so to others.

"A contracted muscle, or one in

the act to contract, increases prodigiously in force, by the closer approximation of its molecules; this is partly because as it diminishes in length it necessarily increases in thickness; but the difference of cohesive strength or tension between the living and the dead muscles depends mostly on the vessels which pervade the former being full during life, whereas after death they are of course empty; while they are full, the force applied to the muscle acts equally upon all its fibres, and the tension of all parts being equal, the force is equally divided; thus the strength of a wet cord or cable is far greater than that of a dry one of the same thickness, because the penetrating moisture gives an equality of tension to its fibres.

"The power of adhesion noticed between two bodies placed in juxtaposition, with a layer of fluid between, is not attributable, as commonly stated, to the partiality of atmospheric pressure; this is proved by putting two moistened surfaces of glass in contact, fastening a weight to one, and then placing them in *vacuo*, the weight will be found to remain suspended; that is, the thin layer of fluid interposed has a double adhesion, by its two surfaces, to the two solid surfaces with which it is in contact, and which it thus chains together. The action of all glues and pastes is of this nature, and is twofold. First, they act merely like water interposed between the two flat plates of glass, filling up the interstices of the bodies to be united, and so multiply the points of adhesive contact, and when they dry, the bond of adhesion becomes solid and confirmed." So, for I like to apply knowledge to knowledge, in what Hunter calls union by the first 'intention' (and what Aretæus had spoken of in almost identical phrase—*κατὰ ἀρτηρίαν ἐνωσις*), lymph (which is a fluid cement) is first effused; afterwards, as the liquid parts are becoming absorbed, the lips of the divided surfaces are more nearly approximated by the constantly attenuating layer, till they are brought within the sphere of mutual and permanent attraction.

MIRBEL.

Mirbel is a very clear, unaffected lecturer, a most worthy colleague of

Blainville and Jussieu: he looks like one of his own dried plants, perfect in its anatomy, but sapless withal. He adopts a quiet conversational manner, and considers extreme accuracy in what he states to be so imperative, that if he occasionally forgets himself, he always apprizes his class of the error.

More fond of accurately ascertaining natural phenomena, than of imagining theories to explain their laws, or make them more striking or attractive, he truly observes, that almost any fact in nature is more beautiful, than the most excursive fancy can render it. His unreserved manner of stating his own changes of opinion, makes it evident that he is of the few who do not fall into the "error of concluding from partial views or first ideas, and then assuming, as our doctors do, a purely hypothetical generalization as an axiom of science."

The procedure by which the bark of trees splits and peels off from the stem, was thus explained—the green envelope or bark (which, by the way, owes its colour to a minute portion of green pigment contained in some very minute utricles of the vegetable texture) begins to split so soon as it has ceased to form these utricles in sufficient quantity to meet the exigency of the increasing diameter of the tree. Thus, in some trees, a very few years are found sufficient to effect many and large lacerations of the bark.

Respecting the well-known fact in rural economy of the necessity of changing crops—of not requiring the same land to do the same thing twice in succession, the following excellent remarks were made. "Every farmer knows that he is obliged to vary his crops, nor does he ever think of exacting corn for two successive years from the same piece of land; but few are probably aware of the many explanations which have been proposed, to explain this apparent caprice in the earth. When it had been ascertained that any pivoting plant (as turnips for example) flourished upon the soil where the year before the *lata segetes* had waved their yellow corn, this was supposed by some writers on agriculture, to result from the radicles of this class of plants having a power to make their way through the al-

ready impoverished superficial layers, and striking deeper into a virgin soil where the power of sustentation was yet unimpaired. To this hypothesis it may be objected, that were the elements of nutrition and growth contained in the earth, and these all that plants required for their support, then it would be sufficient to manure the corn-field of the year preceding, to make it capable of a second year's crop. This, however, is contradicted by experience. Picotet's account is not more satisfactory. This writer supposed that the circumstance of turnips succeeding corn (or of the succession of crops to each other generally) was probably owing to different plants requiring and withdrawing, not the same but different elements, the supply of any of which being limited, the earth is amerced of some new and sustaining principle by every succeeding crop. This explanation, however, assumes that plants have a power of selecting their nutritive materials, an assumption not only hypothetical, but wholly contradicted by experience; for plants are observed to take up indifferently all substances soluble in water. The speculation of Decandolle is a third unsuccessful attempt, viz. :—that the excretions from plants during their growth may act as poisons to the earth, and, after a certain time, so injure it, as to prevent the farther growth of a plant that may have recently flourished there. Such excretions he supposes to be emanations from the root, the remains of those juices which the earth and air conjointly supply, and upon which, in reality, the plant exists. But against even the very fact mentioned by Decandolle in confirmation of his opinion, that opium strewed upon the ground kills plants and renders the soil henceforth unproductive, we may quote the much more apposite fact, that trees (and why not therefore, *à fortiori*, corns and grasses) grow and flourish for entire centuries in the midst of excretions from their roots. Mirbel's own explanation is simple, and we think satisfactory. Plants require other elements for their support, besides the elements of assimilation, and cannot thrive without them—for instance, there is silex in the cane, and there is lime in certain plants whose organization could

not be complete without it. The quantity of any such foreign ingredients in a plant is generally very small; but the necessity for it may be presumed absolute. Plants cannot be constituted unless all the materials they require be furnished to them; and indeed the same observation will apply to animals; deprive a hen of lime, her eggs will have no shell; deprive animals generally of salt, and you ruin their power of digestion; deprive the earth then of its soda, and you must supply its place by potash; for salts are the excitants of the growth of plants, and of the clovers in a very remarkable manner. The smallest quantity of sea-salt has frequently been found to effect wonders in vegetation. But the spontaneous formation of any of these salts is the result of very slow chemical changes,

which have been at work for centuries, and when the natural and very limited supply is exhausted (as it soon will be, if the earth be forced to give her increase), the corn of every succeeding year deteriorates, the field looks shabby, becomes chlorotic, and pines away; but allow the corn to fall where it grew, the earth will re-assume the salts extracted from it during such growth, and the same grain will continue to flourish indefinitely—in short, a peck of salt is worth a ton of manure, and it is to the understanding of this fact that we may attribute the luxuriance of the environs of Paris, where the soil is naturally of the poorest kind, but is made, by this simple addition, to yield its unequalled produce, and to fill its flower and its fruit markets with plenteousness.

● THENARD.—DUMAS.

Two savans, the most unlike in their manner, their mode of lecturing, their voice, their *ensemble*, but passing for equally good chemists, give alternate courses, and instruct unusually large classes. Monsieur Thenard is an elderly person, and of somewhat unpleasant *accueil*. I understand, however, that he (like many others) finds it convenient to have two manners, and I here speak only of his every day one of conducting himself to strangers. He appears to pride himself more upon his peerage than upon his chemistry; is notoriously choleric, and detonates upon the object nearest to him like one of his own chlorides. As wordy as *Isæus*, and having a good wind, he can scold indefinitely. He speaks loud and without hesitation, but often drops his voice at the most important word of his sentence, leaving you an enigma to make out, instead of a truth to put by. His recommendation to carry a piece of quick-lime with you in case of cold, and no fire accessible, was at that time a novelty. "You can get cold water," he observed, "every where, and your lime has only to be slaked in any covered vessel, to afford a really excellent foot warmer—indeed you may cook your cutlet on a metal plate, under which lime is slaked."

Dumas is a perfect gentleman in

his manners, and wears his ribbons gracefully; his lectures are minute, without being tedious in detail. I consider him to be a very first-rate expounder of the doctrines of affinities. He has a very large and attentive class, and does not glare round him like some dirty and mischievous hyæna, nor affect the style of a rhetorician, while he is adding an oxide of antimony to a saturated solution of potash. His lectures abound in the most interesting facts; his experiments always succeed; what he presents to you unostentatiously, you remember easily, provided you are fortunate enough to hear it. Of the miscellaneous application of chemistry to arts, he indulges his class with an occasional and judicious selection, for it is clear that a course of chemistry should never merge into dissertations on dyeing and calico-printing.

"Oxide of lead, water, and any fat substance, duly mixed and heated, will produce a soap; but the same substance treated with soda or potash is preferable. The manufacturers of Marseilles (which supplies almost all France with its soap) generally employ potash, though soda is sometimes used. Soaps are true salts; that is, they have an alkaline base united with one of three acids, either the oleic, margaritic,

or cetlic; the first being contained in oils, the second in animal fats, the third in spermaceti. Soaps from which the *glycerine* has not been extracted spoil in a short time, and therefore it is indispensable to effect a separation. Fortunately, this separation is easily managed; nothing more being required for the purpose than to mix sea-water with the oil which has become pasty in its progress towards perfect soap. A great deal of water (nearly 50 per cent) remains in soap after it is solidified. The different colours of soap are produced in different ways; protoxide of iron makes it blue; nut-galls black; a green colour is formed by indigo; transparent soaps are made by solution in alcohol; soap for washing in sea water (which has not yet been made in France) contains from 45 to 50 per cent of resin."

I shall conclude the present paper by a slight *excursus* from the *Sorbonne* and its heroes to the *College de France*; for the locality and history of which the reader would not have patience, even in the depths of the long vacation, though I had (as I have not) leisure and inclination for topography and details. I shall merely, for the present, give a slight notice of two remarkable persons, remarkable in a very opposite sense, who figure in this great school, the one singular in his simplicity of character, the other, if I do not misapprehend him, for any thing but that. The parties I allude to are *Ampère* and *Lermihier*. There are two *Ampères*, father and son. I speak only at present of the sire, though both are Professors in the *College de France*.

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AMPÈRE,

The friend of Davy, and whilome one of the great natural philosophers of France, is selected for this sketch, not from the space he at present occupies in science, but for *la petite comédie que voici*, and the amiable old age he exhibits. You see a venerable *octogénaire*, of small stature, clad in a coat of grotesque cut, on which the marks of climacterical decay are as visible as upon the excellent old man who has borne it for a quarter of a century. He has parted with his teeth, his memory, and his elasticity of step, but he retains his *bonhomie*, his delightful mannerism, and ever and anon exhibits some flickerings of that enthusiasm in the cause of science with which he began life, and without which nothing is to be done. I dare not, however, meddle with the splendid fragments of that genius which so often startles you into the conviction that a great man is really addressing you. I have been present at several amusing little scenes enacted between himself and his pupils; and one or two are so illustrative of amusing simplicity and a not to be superannuated good-nature, that I shall venture to try their effect at second-hand. On the very first day I went to hear him (it was

an introductory lecture) he had so filled the *Slate* with first and secondary branches of the goodly tree of science as to leave no room for more boughs, unless by topping the head and abridging the undue growth of the original shoots. Space was wanted, and the remedy should have been at hand; but lo! the sponge had disappeared and could no where be found, though the class showed much *empressement* in seeking it. At last, with a look most comically solemn, the old gentleman drew out his cotton representative for a *fou-lard*, and looking first at the slate and then at the *mouchoir*, plainly could not make up his mind to sully its gaudy colours by exacting from it the office of the sponge. But while necessity and reluctance were contending for the mastery on his features, the sponge was picked up by one of the students, and eagerly presented to M. Ampère, whose delight and manner of expressing it were irresistibly comic. Seizing it between both his hands, as if to be sure that it was not the shadow of the vegetable detergent, but the very substance that he held, he hastened to the door, and putting his head out, called to his assistant, *à la Mollère*, in the happiest and most un-

conscious imitation of the de Pourceaugnac accent—"Je l'ai trouvé; c'est à dire, on l'a trouvé—il n'entend pas—(aside). Monsieur! . . . Ecoutez donc!" . . . Then, at the highest pitch of his voice, "*Monsieur! ne vous donnez pas la peine de la chercher; je l'ai ici—on vient de la ramasser!*" Then, quite regardless, and apparently unconscious of what the French journalists call "*une vive explosion d'ilarité*" from the class, he resumed as if nothing had occurred. He had been lecturing on the polarization of light and heat, and had assumed a square ruler and a pasteboard almanac to represent a cylindrical ray and a transparent medium of transmission, when gradually warming with his subject, he began (as one is apt to do in lecturing) to describe parabolas with his ruler, one of which encountered the tumbler (which is here *d'usage*), and broke the pieces of glass into his *eau sucrée*—(without *eau sucrée* nobody could get on with a lecture at the College de France or the Sorbonne, though law and phisic lecture with unlubricated fauces). Out of this half-demolished glass, he was presently preparing to drink, when half-a-dozen voices at once called out "*Monsieur Ampère! eh! Monsieur Ampère, qu'allez vous donc faire!*" but he, nothing heedful of these exclamations, raised the tumbler to his lips, and began to sip its now dangerous contents. In an instant one of the foremost in the class springs forward and seizes the old man's hand, another wrests the tumbler from his grasp.—A scene!—profound

silence in the class!—The venerable man looks at them ironically, "Thank you, gentlemen!—very kind of you!—but you are giving yourselves unnecessary trouble; I took it for granted that my class understood the laws of gravitation:—with your permission, gentlemen, I will first drink my *eau sucrée*, which I want, and will then give you a hint which you appear to want." He now drank without farther molestation, and then drawing in a long breath.—"Eh! comment, messieurs, voulez vous qu'il est eu du danger!—ne savez vous donc pas que la verre est plus pesant que l'eau!"—"and did you not observe how careful I was to drink the contents of the tumbler at a reasonable angle?" Then, taking up the tumbler, he continued to incline it over the table till it was nearly horizontal, and so on, till the pieces of glass fell out, and the class laughed. "Ah! ai je l'avois bu à cette angle là!—mais j'ai été plus adroit!" Here (for it was at the end of his lecture that this little episode occurred) a bright-eyed damsel went up and asked some question respecting the course of rays of light through certain media, but whether old Ampère referred her to his heart, as we should have done, we could not hear.—She coloured, however; her eyes seemed pleased with the interpretation given to her question, whatever it might have been, and they walked out together, a "January and May," separated only by the insecure partition of the pasteboard almanac which the elder of the months still kept in his hand.

LERMINIER.

This gentleman, I confess, appears to me the very Clearchus of modern times, and seems to hold, with the ancient, that the greatest of the gods is Opportunity. What think you of an Englishman in France being obliged to hear, at lecture too, of the wretched state of his country, and told that she is slowly advancing to a reform which shall need no revival? That of the two guardian angels sent to her by favour of the skies, though one (Bentham) is withdrawn to watch over her interests in Heaven, an O'Con-

nell still remains to cheer and comfort her on earth? "*O' Connell, le premier homme de son siècle,*" whose influence, great as it is, is not greater than his genius. "*On lui donne tout ce qu'il demande!*"—"*Oui, Messieurs!*"—and here he drew up the radical lip, and sank his voice, for the sake of effect, almost to a whisper—"Oui, Messieurs! O' Connell le commande—et on l'obéit." M. Lermihier, however, is not always thus offensive to one's national feelings or prejudices—he teaches, and in fact shows, that the basis of

all legislation is the same; that the most tyrannical governments proceed on the hypothesis that there are still unalienable rights—rights essentially of humanity; and that only the very worst despotisms profess to withhold those of legislation, on the plea that the reason is not yet ripe to receive or fit to exercise them. "As it is in the nature of all things, why not of human laws and institutions to change? What claim have they to exemption? and change they must, but not henceforward after such a fashion as to leave us to come back again to the point from which we started. (God forbid!) nor that we may find in modern errors and repentances only the repetitions and *ricorsi* of times past; but that a certain regular and advancing amelioration of political society may be secured. The feudal system only lasted as long as deluded vassals could be made to believe in a pretended analogy between feudal and family government." Then did he eulogize the "*Masse*" the "*pouvoir incarné*," being careful, however, to explain that he spoke not of the muscular power of the mob, but of the intellectual power of the million! Power indeed!

Sir! I can neither find fault with your manner, your address, nor even your philosophy or your principles. Your fine person and brave deportment would deserve, in a better cause, praise, and must always command attention. Nor (though oracles need not be emitted in a voice of thunder) do I wish to deny that you have uttered many profound and bright truths in nobly expressive language. But in your practical inferences you are surely wrong! For what right have you to assume that changes, as the world grows older, are improvements, or even tend to such improvements? that involving no less a supposition than that this million whom you celebrate, who seek and effect those changes, know what is best. You would deprecate the government and tyranny of the mob—yet, when you tell us O'Connell rules England, in what intellectual sense do you employ the expression? Alas! is it not the veriest mob of England that is now behind him, and if, irritated beyond endurance by his in-

solence, we shall send back their champion to his rabble, what instrument unknown to bandits and assassins would they hesitate to employ?

Is it possible, when themes like these have migrated from the club to the lecture room, to have the least security for the peace of Paris, England, Europe, or the world? Didactic treason must ever be the most alarming, and doubly precious, in times like these, are our own universities. Let them watch over the springs with no unnecessary jealousy—*ἀγρίον μιν ἰδοῦρ!* When the Athenian pestilence was at its height a suspicion arose that the Peloponnesians had thrown poison into the wells—by no readier process can the political Loimos, which more than threatens the wholesome climate of our native land, be diffused than even a partial admission into our educational fortresses of a mixed garrison. The banner of the enemy bears one expressive word in whatever wind it waves—Agitate! agitate! agitate! The watchword of the times is experimental agitation. The Municipal Corporation Bill has introduced heartburnings and enmities into almost every county town in the kingdom. The parish church receives as foes men who have hitherto lived in the exercise of friendly offices. The legacy is left to their children. The spirit of party besets the very nonage of our youth. Had Louis-Philippe become a new sacrifice to party, who does not see that, like the Athenian of old, the fickle Parisian will never want an *ἄλτρος φιλικῶς* against whom he may conspire? And does Lermihier—does O'Connell—believe that concessions made to Ireland, till nothing remain to be conceded, will allure the absentee *par metier*, from the Corso or the Boulevard, to enact the part of the paternal landlord in a country where the sect will remain though the tithes were abolished; where every man has a musket if he be without bread, and can buy gunpowder though he want salt? I would recommend to M. Lermihier, as a text-book for his next course of lectures, Inglis's Ireland in 1835, and prescribe for his summer tour a brief sojourn in Limerick or Tipperary.

WILLIAM PITT.

No. IX.

NAPOLEON, in one of those flashes of mind, which so often threw vividness over subjects perplexed to all others, pronounced that the highest quality of a general was foresight. "Courage, activity, tactics, and knowledge of the heart," said he, "however important, are all important in a less degree. But the supreme quality which distinguishes the genius of the great Captain, is seeing the future, and preparing for it." It is unfortunate for our age, that in illustrating the foresight by which Pitt saw half a century deep into the future, and proposed to prepare for the evil to come, we can only give an additional proof of the guilt, the falsehood, and the mischief of faction. The terror of our time is Russia: with her strength spreading at once east, west, and south, inaccessible in the north, and surrounded only by feeble nations, unpopular governments, or barbarians incapable of political combination, she seems under almost a destiny of increase. While all the other leading powers of Europe have reaped little else from their wars than mutual loss of blood, national exhaustion, and bitter memories, Russia had made perpetual progress. Every war has closed with a solid acquisition of territory. Even the most trying of all her struggles, the French war, advanced her into Europe, and by giving Poland into her hands, gave her a citadel from which she might overlook every movement of Prussia and Austria. All her Oriental wars have been but the simple progress of armies over a soil ready for subjection. Persia is already in spirit her vassal. Asia Minor, the loveliest, most capable, and most renowned region that was ever spolloed by the foot of the robber, now degraded by a worse than barbarian superstition, and alienated by a worse than barbarian government, waits only the sound of a Russian trumpet to surrender. The Tartar wildernesses, worthless as a territory, are invaluable as a nursery of those wild troops, which now, from their long

cessation of hostilities, are probably in greater numbers than ever, and which never required more than a leader to pour down a flood of desolation on Europe and Asia. But England, at all times the great protectress of freedom, and the great bond of the European commonwealth, is the enemy to whose fall, present or future, every despotic power looks by instinct, as the seal of all its successes. Russia, however reluctant to engage in hostilities with England, or however unexcited by a sense of defeats received at our hands, must yet be conscious that England is the true barrier which her ambition must break down, whether by an alliance of corrupt objects, or by actual force. To doubt that Russia meditates further encroachments on Europe, is impossible. No trait of her character, national or political, justifies the slightest hope that she has learned the invaluable wisdom of moderation. With her habits half barbarian, and thus containing the mingled love of spoil, passion for conquest, and unhesitating artifice which belongs to all barbarism, from the dweller in the American forest to the dweller in the palaces of St Petersburg, she will never relax her determination to be supreme, until that determination is torn out of her heart by the daring intrepidity of England. Russia knows, that on the very first direct evidence of her attempts on the European commonwealth, or the first clear preponderance of her power in the field against any one throne of the continent, England would be as naturally, and necessarily, in arms against her, as the inhabitants of a forest border would be on the first incursion of a herd of wolves. But the power of England is essentially maritime, and from the vast continental space still interposed between Russia and England, their conflict must be on that broad field of battle which reaches from the Báltic and the Bosphorus to the shores of Great Britain. The preparations for that war are urged

on at this moment with all the reckless eagerness of ambition, careless of expenditure, regardless of national injury, contemptuous of the interests of a people slowly rising into commerce, and seeing nothing before it but the glitter of universal supremacy. The Black Sea is her dock-yard, and every shore of it resounds with the axe and the hammer; the Bosphorus is the gate of her dock-yard, and every creek and angle of it bristles with cannon planted by Russian engineers, and to be manned by Russian troops on the first emergency. A powerful fleet is already on the waters of the Euxine—a still more powerful fleet is building on its shores—twenty-four hours can bring both fleet and an army from Sebastopol to Constantinople—and twenty-four hours more can make the Bosphorus and Dardanelles absolutely impregnable, and range the fleet in order of battle at the head of the Mediterranean. We may disguise those things from ourselves if we will; or we may plume ourselves on the naval skill and ancient energies of our country, but the odds are of a nature that may well justify precaution. If we have fought and beaten the fleets of the continent, we had our own harbours to retire to and repair our fleets. But a battle fought at the mouth of the Dardanelles, however successful, would demand repairs which, however partial, could not be made nearer than Malta, or, if perfect, would require a return to England. In the mean time, the sea is open, and the Russian flag sweeps the Mediterranean. While we tardily seek for reinforcements which have to encounter the chances of time, wind, and weather, the enemy are within twenty-four hours of their reinforcements, and, with the population and resources of a continent in their rear, may afford to lose many a battle, while every victory almost loses all its advantages by the remoteness, the uncertainty, and the difficulty of the means of repairing the casual losses of the encounter.

The progress of Russia within the last sixty years has been singularly rapid, but the most singular feature in this rapidity is the solid nature of her acquisitions. It was scarcely before the middle of the last century,

that she had begun to take a place among the leading continental powers. From that period her wars were, by instinct, attacks on Turkey, which afforded the largest territorial spoils, and in every war she gained some permanent prize. By the treaty of Kainardgi, in 1774, she extended her frontier to the Euxine, and obtained possession of the whole fertile and beautiful country of the Crimea. By the treaty of Yassy, in 1792, she obtained the great province of Bessarabia, with the strong fortresses of Bender and Ackerman, and a frontier reaching to the Dniester. By the treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, she further obtained that portion of Moldavia lying between the Dniester and the Pruth. By the Persian treaty of 1829, she extended her frontier over the vast territory stretching from the borders of the Euxine to the neighbourhood of the central provinces of Persia, besides obtaining as an indemnity for her expenses five millions and a half sterling, together with a million and a half of Dutch ducats, on account of additional claims. By the treaty of Adrianople, she further made herself mistress of the virtual government of all the immense country from the Pruth to the Balkan, and may now be regarded as the sovereign of Wallachia and Moldavia. All the chances of war have turned out in her favour. The Polish insurrection gave her the Polish capital and its adjoining provinces as an actual possession, instead of a precarious dependency: The result of the Greek revolt, not merely paralyzed the defence of Turkey against her aggressions, but was the mean of ridding her of the Turkish fleet, which might have so effectually prevented her march to Constantinople. The revolt of Mehemet Ali has done still more for her, by throwing the startled Sultan into her arms, or at her feet. Russia is now palpably the arbitress of the Ottoman throne. The mask of moderation may be worn for a while; or it may not agree with her larger schemes to play the direct usurper; or Mahmoud may be more useful as a viceroy than as an enemy or a slave; or some natural fear of the power of England may restrain the giant grasp which already throws its shadow over the Sublime Porte.

But never was the flying fish surer to drop into the jaws of the shark, than feeble and breathless Turkey sure to fall into the jaws of its huge and terrible pursuer. Yet the day that sees the Sultany fall, will see the Mediterranean either a Russian lake, as the Euxine has been a Russian dock-yard, or covered with the fleets of England and the continental powers advancing to deadly and to doubtful battle for the liberties of Europe. We are no alarmists; and we are also perfectly aware of the deprecatory tone in which the very active and very artificial diplomatists of Russia, through all their organs, deny the charge of this universal cupidity of spoil. But we have a higher authority than theirs, the universal voice of every other man connected with public employment, from Finland to the Wall of China. Every Russian looks upon the possession of the Turkish dominions as a matter of certainty, as a matter of national honour, and, what is still more to the purpose, as a matter which the Czar dares not resist, as he values his head. If popular opinion is powerful in England and fearful in France, it is fatal in Russia, and from the hour when the sovereign presumes to have a will of his own, his successor may prepare for wearing the diadem.

On the 20th of March, 1791, Pitt brought down a message from the King, informing the House that the efforts which he had made to effect a pacification between Russia and the Porte having failed, and the consequences which might result from the future progress of the war being highly important to the kingdom and to Europe in general, the King, in order to add weight to his representations, judged it requisite to make some addition to his naval force.

No demand could have been more perfectly justified. Pitt, in a speech on moving the answer to the message, stated the serious perils which must result to the balance of Europe, from giving way to the extraordinary encroachments, and still more extraordinary principles of the Russian councils. Russia had already declared her intention of arbitrarily interfering with the new constitution of Poland, which Pitt's sagacity knew

to be equivalent to a seizure of the country. She had pushed the Turks to an extremity which threatened the future subversion of their power, and however remote that might be, he was fully awake to its formidable results to the general peace of the European Commonwealth. To put a stop to this war, he had, in conjunction with Prussia, offered the mediation of England. But the Empress, arrogant by nature, and flushed with success, had repelled the offer with scorn; and in sign of her displeasure, had refused to renew the commercial treaty with England, while at the same moment, she made a most favourable commercial treaty with France. But however insulting this conduct might be to her ancient ally, the true ground of British jealousy was in her undisssembled determination to seize the Ottoman dominions, preparatory to which purpose she had baptized her grandson by the name of Constantine, and openly declared that she would yet crown him in Constantinople. The English Minister had been indefatigable in his efforts to save the Turkish sceptre; he had twice offered mediation, and still he kept an envoy in attendance on the negotiation for peace, which had been at length begun, but in which Russia was evidently only trying to gain time. The demand on which she peremptorily insisted was the retention of the fortress of Orzakow, which she had taken in 1788, and whose position commanded the road into the heart of the Turkish provinces and to Constantinople. It may well be asked, was there a man in England who would have resisted such a motion? But those who know the utter hollowness of heart that makes faction the shame of our legislature, its utter abjuration of all conscience when it has power in view, and its scandalous contempt of all declared principles when it can embarrass a Minister, will be more disgusted than surprised to find that the Foxite party rose as one man to contend against this plainest of all measures of feeling, policy, and national justice.

Fox was, of course, foremost in this abnegation of all his old pledges to liberty. He was told, no man better knew the truth, that to suffer Russia

to proceed in her violent career, was, in the first instance, to suffer her to destroy the rising liberty of Poland. What was the liberty of Poland to this ostentatious declaimer for liberty all round the globe, while his opposition might embarrass the Minister? He was told, and no man knew it better, that the immediate results of Russian aggrandisement must be to throw every nation of Europe into hazard, and that its ultimate ones must involve the safety of the British Empire. What were such considerations to him, while his opposition might embarrass the Minister? This clamorous hater of despotism instantly became the champion of the most unlicensed of despotisms; the denouncer of all interference with the free-will of nations could discover nothing but prudent precaution in the march of Russian armies into Poland. The zealot for European peace under all humiliations could see nothing in the ambition of Russia, but good-will to all mankind. What can be the reflection in the mind of every man who contemplates this base and criminal trafficking with all bonds and protestations, but either that party totally corrupts the heart and makes it insensible to the difference between honour and dishonour, truth and falsehood, or that the profligacy of Fox's vicious, vile, and libertine life passed into his public career, and made him as corrupt in the senate as he was criminal in the haunts of his personal debauchery.

Fox had the effrontery to say, that the whole matter in question was a trivial dispute, whether Russia should keep a sterile tract and a useless fortress which she had conquered? and recommended that an alliance should be made with her as soon as possible! On the 12th of April the subject was renewed by the champion of Russia; and a host of resolutions was moved, actually impugning all attempts at resistance. Those who are not yet in the habit of looking upon the conduct of party with the eyes which it deserves, may learn, from this instance, to judge of those rigid lovers of liberty, those clamorous protectors of Poland, and those angry abhorers, above all, of military interference with the rights of neighbouring na-

tions. Here was party flourishing its rhetoric in front of a British Parliament, and in favour of the notorious craft, brute violence, and sanguinary love of subjugation that made the reign of Catherine pre-eminent for political crime. It was Opposition which pronounced that, as war was capable of justification only on the ground of self-defence, resistance would be unjustifiable. So much for the shallowness of the politician! They further insisted, that the possession of a fortress, which was notoriously the first step to the possession of the Euxine, was attended with no hazard whatever to the interests of the European Commonwealth. So much for the shallowness of the statesman! They further, with the faith of party, contended—that if Turkey were even to fall into the hands of Russia, it would be a general benefit to the human race. So much for the emptiness of the patriot! and this oratorical preference of the fantastic and impossible civilisation by barbarian hands, followed, as the conquest of Turkey inevitably would be, by a fierce and a general war, to the calm progress of that only secure civilisation which results from the acts of peace and the influence of time. But can any man in his senses believe that those were the sentiments of the speakers? Not a syllable. Their whole oratorical career, before and after, was in direct denial of them all. For years they were the rhetoricians for every cause that bore the weakest blazonry of independence—haranguers on every topic that could amuse the popular ear with the faintest pretext of liberty. Sheridan, always clever and always profligate, was among the loudest who took up the strain, and harangued on the guilt of forcing Russia to respect the common rights of nations. The question was treated hypocritically by all as a private quarrel between two powers, both beyond any interference with the Continental balance, and all alike charged Pitt with oppression for plunging into gratuitous bloodshed. It is impossible to conceive that any one of the speakers was sincere in any one word that he uttered. They all equally knew the furious spirit of Russian

encroachment, the hazard to Europe of the seizure of the Euxine, and the long and hideous struggle which must be the consequence of raising Russia to be the arbiter of Europe. But if these things could be obscure, nothing could be clearer than the immediate result to Poland, in her absorption by the grasp of Catherine. The Russian design upon Poland could not be said to have taken any man by surprise. That unhappy country, twenty years before (in 1772), had been the victim of the most unprincipled act of European robbery, and had seen a vast portion of her territory torn away by the hands of the Emperor Joseph, Frederick of Prussia, and Catherine. Pitt, with prophetic finger, pointed out the inevitable fate of the remainder, unless England should interpose. But party prevailed, and he had only the melancholy triumph of throwing it into shame, by the fulfilment of his prediction. Within two years, in 1793, Poland was overrun by the Russian armies, and her constitution found its grave in the bloody ditches of Warsaw.

Party could not in both times complain that in this momentous matter it acted through ignorance. The debate was remarkably detailed and explanatory. It was distinctly stated by the speakers on the side of Government, that the fortress of Ochakow, as such, was totally unimportant to England; but that the true question was, whether its possession did not necessarily lead to projects of the most perilous ambition; and whether the permission thus given, to encroach on the territory of an ally whose security was of the first importance to England and to Europe, was not a virtual sanction to the well-known resolves of Russia to seize on Constantinople. It was stated in so many words, that the seizure of Constantinople would naturally involve the possession of the sea-coasts of Asia Minor, and, with them, of Lower Egypt and Alexandria, and that these would give the Russian throne all but an immediate sovereignty of the Mediterranean. The fate of Poland was detailed with equal distinctness, and the conclusion was drawn, to which we are now palpably approaching, that by the seizure of Poland, the Russian

power in the north would soon amount to a virtual domination, if not to an acknowledged sovereignty over Sweden and Denmark, thus giving her the keys of the Baltic, as Constantinople would give her the keys of the Euxine; and both maturing an empire, already inaccessible by land, for a supremacy irresistible at sea. Two long debates on this subject had exhibited the pertinacity of faction. A third was tried, on the 15th of April, on a general motion, "That it was the duty of the House to enquire into the necessity of a public measure by which expenses were to be incurred." The justice of the principle was of course admitted. But its application to the case was of course denied—the motion was defeated. It was tried a fourth time, May 25th, on a motion "to advise the King against the consequences of an *improper interference* between Russia and the Porte." This motion also was defeated. But the object of party was gained, by this base and guilty dereliction of all public faith and personal honour. There could not be a doubt, that Opposition were as fully persuaded as Ministers that there was an absolute necessity for interference, that the interests of England were most deeply concerned, and that every feeling of humanity, policy, and right, was combined in checking the foul practices of Catherine against the independence of Europe. But it was enough, that to deny all those truths, and resist all those impulses, would embarrass the Minister. And the act of infamy was done. Even this conduct was not limited to parliamentary perfidy. Fox actually sent a relative of his own to St Petersburg, as was charged on him at the time by Burke, to act as the representative of his party, and induce the Empress to refuse all regard to the proposals of the British Cabinet. This representative was openly received with marks of the highest political favour by Catherine, and always had the post of honour on the right hand of the Empress whenever the British minister was present. The manoeuvre was effectual. Catherine was encouraged to persist in every demand; she rejected every proposal of the British envoy to make the

terms of the peace less onerous to Turkey. She kept possession of the fortress in dispute, with a large extent of territory, including the free navigation of the Dneister, and assumed the overwhelming superiority which now entitles her "to count the existence of Turkey by days." Burke, in his well-known paper on the subject, denounced the conduct of Opposition in language that brands it for ever. "The laws and constitution of the kingdom," said that famous document, "intrust the exclusive power of treating with foreign potentates to the King. This is an undisputed part of the legal prerogatives of the Crown. However, notwithstanding this, Mr Fox, without the knowledge or participation of any one person in the House of Commons with whom he was bound confidentially to communicate, thought proper to send his representative, with his cipher, to St Petersburg, there to frustrate the objects for which the Minister of the Crown was authorized to treat. He succeeded in this his design, and did actually frustrate the King's Minister in some of the objects of his negotiation. This proceeding of Mr Fox does not, as I conceive, amount to absolute High Treason, Russia, though on bad terms, not having been then decidedly at war with this kingdom; but such a proceeding is, in law, not very remote from that offence, and is undoubtedly a most unconstitutional act, and a high treasonable misdemeanor." He then stated the precise constitutional evils which flowed from this guilty and insolent piece of presumption. "The legitimate and sure mode of communication between this nation and foreign powers is rendered uncertain and treacherous by being divided into two channels, one with the government, and one with the head of a party opposed to that government; by which means the foreign powers can never be assured of the real authority of any public transaction whatever. On the other hand, the advantage taken of the discontent, which at that time prevailed in Parliament and in the nation, to give to an individual an influence directly against the government of his country in a foreign court, has made a

highway into England for the intrigues of foreign courts in our affairs. This is a sore evil, an evil from which, before this time, England was more free than any other nation. Nothing can preserve us from that evil which connects Cabinet factions abroad with popular factions here, but keeping sacred the Crown as the only channel of communication with every other nation."

He then strikes on a still more direct and formidable result of this most mischievous intrigue. "This proceeding of Mr Fox has given a strong countenance and an encouraging example to the doctrines and practices of the Revolution Societies, and of other criminal societies of that description, which, without any legal authority, or even any corporate capacity, are in the habit of proposing, and to the best of their power, of forming, leagues and alliances with France!" All this was incontrovertibly true. But what was all this to faction? Fox was acting with his eyes open against the acknowledged welfare of his country, against every principle of the constitution, and against every declared maxim of his political life. But what was all this to a corrupt hypocrite, lavish of protestations, and empty of performance, ostentatious of his public feelings, and actuated by the meanest spirit of personal hostility, vaunting his independence, and hourly going all heights and depths of political falsehood, craft, and over-reaching, to seize on power, for which his whole conduct through life unfitted his faithless and libertine spirit, and which, when it came at last, came, as if by a judicial punishment, only to show his incapacity, and drop him into the grave? Thus, time does justice. When the clamour of faction died away, the public vices of this leader of faction were felt and scorned. They are felt and doubly scorned now, when we are to receive the payment of that fatal legacy which this political profligate entailed on his country. To Fox, to his intrigue, and to his pretences we owe the aggrandizement of Russia at this hour. For the resistance which faction within and without the House gave to the wise preparations of the Minister,

having the effect of at once impeding the armament which he proposed, and giving new obstinacy to the Russian demands, Pitt found it impossible to proceed. Though still triumphant in the House, he was unable to commence either a war or a negotiation against a powerful and unprincipled party, spread through the country with the plausible cry of peace on their lips. The armament was suffered to rest in the British harbours, and Russia, finding her security in English faction, laid the secure foundations for that tyranny which is now rapidly distending over the North and South of Europe. But it is still some gratification to remember, that in the one wish dearer than all the rest to his worthless heart, Fox totally failed. He could not overthrow the Minister. He could not seat himself in the Treasury. This was the sole object of his profligate labours, and this he lost once more; and from this blow he never recovered. Unless we are to call that recovery, which was but a momentary possession, to feel the bitterness of personal incapacity, the loss of popularity, the insolent ingratitude even of that party for whom he had played the long and desperate game of political disturbance, and sink, overwhelmed with vexation, into the tomb.

It is remarkable, that as if a fatality directly pointed to the crime of political hollowness, every step in the subsequent advance of Russia to the stand from which she now menaces the peace of every civilized country, is among the counts of the indictment by which that party must be arraigned before posterity. To that party we owe the battle of Navarino, which stripped Turkey of a fleet. To that party we owe the unchecked invasion of the Central Provinces of Turkey, which the presence of a single British ship of war at the mouth of the Danube would have turned back in confusion. To that party we owe the inconceivable impolicy of suffering Mehemet Ali to shake the Ottoman power, when a word from the British Minister would have sent him back to Egypt; and the actual crime of leaving the Sultan to the double hazards of invasion and insurrection, until he had no possible

resource but to humiliate himself at the feet of Russia. But this was not all. To that party we owe the harangues which stirred the unhappy Poles into hopeless rebellion, and, when they were involved in full struggle with the resistless strength of Russia, left them to the wretched fate which has since destroyed their army, decimated their nobles, exiled their leading patriots, and enslaved their population.

We have seen the nature of faction, as displayed by its intrigues in foreign politics. We have an additional lesson to learn from its open championship of domestic overthrow. The violence of the societies formed for the express purposes of revolution, had compelled their seizure by the government; and the manly intrepidity of the great Minister felt no hesitation in bringing the culprits before the tribunals of the country. His speech (May 16, 1794), on moving that "the report of the committee relative to the conspiracy be taken into consideration," was a model of grave, yet eloquent statesmanship. We shall throw its materiel into the shape of a few brief propositions. He showed, that the object of these societies had, from the beginning, been to form a National Convention similar to that of France. That their whole system was insurrectionary, and was founded on the modern doctrine of the rights of man; and that the general object was to overturn Government, property, law, and religion in England, as had been done in France. It was matter of evidence, that correspondences had been maintained, and delegates sent from those societies to negotiate rebellion with France. Among the other artifices which characterised the malignity of those pretences to improve the constitution, was their having prepared a catalogue of those manufacturing towns most likely, from the vast concourse of ignorant and profligate men who necessarily collect in such places, to adopt their plans, and by corresponding societies established there, to keep up the chain of seditious intercourse. "Gentlemen," said Pitt, "will find in that catalogue a well-chosen selection of the places where those people dwell, who must naturally be supposed

most ready to rise at the call of insurrection." His sketch of the general materiel of rabble reform was incomparably clear, forcible, and true. "Who are those," exclaimed he, "to whom the especial devotors of the renovators of our constitution were to be paid? Who were those whom the patriots of the Revolution society regarded as the natural depositaries of their doctrines of constitutional law? Who are those to whom those pure apostles of peace, political purity, and constitutional self-control went forth with a special zeal for their junction to the good cause? Read them in that list. See them there the very last men whom a sound judgment would regard as capable of aiding or understanding improvement in any constitution on earth. The very men on whose ignorance fraudulent persuasion would be most secure of taking effect; on whose passions every blind and furious suggestion of discontent would be most likely to work; and on whose appetites every fallacious and visionary hope of mending their condition by any alteration of it, however extravagant, desperate, or guilty, would be most likely to congregate into an enormous torrent of insurrection, which would sweep away all the barriers of government, law, and religion, and leave our country only a naked waste for usurped authority to range in, unconfined and unresisted." The House could not fail to remark the extraordinary manner in which those societies had varied their plans of operation. Sometimes acting in undisguised, audacious hostility; sometimes putting on the mask of attachment to the state and country; one day openly avowing their intentions, as if purposely to provoke the hand of justice; the next putting on the pretext of REFORM. In their letter to the society at Norwich would be seen a plain and candid confession, that not to the Parliament, nor to the executive power, they were to look for redress, but to their Convention. Then they recommended *perseverance in petitioning for reform*, to be used as a cover to their designs, which they were to throw off when the time served."

An extract of a letter from the Society for Constitutional Information to the Norwich societies, was

definitive on the head of using petitions for reform simply as a cloak of Republicanism. "If we regard the policy of such a petition," said this confidential paper, "it may, in our apprehension, be well worth considering as a warning voice to our present legislators, and as a signal for imitation to the majority of the people. Should such a plan be vigorously and generally pursued, it would hold out a certainty to our fellow countrymen that we are not a handful of individuals unworthy of attention or consideration, who desire the restoration of the ancient liberties of England; but, on the contrary, it might bring into light that host of *well-meaning men*, who, in the different towns and counties of this realm, are silently, but seriously anxious for *reformation* in the Government. We exhort you, with anxiety, to pursue your laudable endeavours for the *common good*, and never to despair of the public cause."

It was further proved, that a new association for the express purposes of public rapine, under the name of *reform*, had expressly adopted the very lowest ranks of the populace for its members, and thus had provided within itself the means of unbounded extension. It had already risen to no less than thirty-six divisions in London alone, some of them containing as many as 600 persons, and connected, by a systematic correspondence, with other societies scattered through the manufacturing towns. It was proved that this association had arrived to such a height of boldness, that it erected itself into a power to scan the proceedings of Parliament, and prescribe limits beyond which, if it presumed to trespass, that august society was not merely to controvert that trespass, but to extinguish the existence of Parliament itself. "So that," said Pitt, with an energy suited to the occasion; "the attempt of Parliament to resist, by any act of penal coercion, the ruin of the constitution would be the instant war-whoop of insurrection; the means of our defence would be the signal of attack, and Parliament become thus the instrument of its own annihilation. Such language as this," he added, "coming from individuals apparently so contemptible in talents,

so mean in their situation, and so circumscribed in their power, would be supposed to deserve compassion, as the wildest workings of frenzy. But the researches of the committee would show that it was the result of deep design, matured, moulded into shape, and fitted for mischievous objects of the most fatal nature."

But to answer the common pretext of Opposition on those topics, namely, that in the darkest point of view they were the simple speculations of abstracted men offended with the peculiar acts of the existing Minister,—“Look,” said Pitt, raising his tone, and pointing with lofty and contemptuous sarcasm to the ‘Opposition,’ “look to these papers now on the table before you. If men’s minds are still capable of conviction, there they will find that those philosophers have not been content with theory—there they will find practice worthy of the bitterness of Jacobinism. Within the last six weeks a new era had arrived in the history of insurrection. At that period the ‘Corresponding Society’ laid, in due form, before the ‘Society for Constitutional Information’ a deliberate plan for actually assembling a convention for all England, to be the representatives of the whole body of the people of England, to overturn the established system of Government, and wrest from the Parliament that power which the people and the Constitution lodged in their hands. Within a few weeks the plan was to be carried into execution, and, in their circular letter, they emphatically stated that *no time was to be lost*. And lest by any possibility their ruinous intentions should be misunderstood, the letter was addressed equally to all parts of the land. It contained a declaration that a central spot had been fixed on, which they would not venture to name till they had assurances of the fidelity of those to whom they were to disclose it; which central spot they chose, as they themselves asserted, for the purpose of having, with greater facility, the delegates of the whole island present. And they particularly desired each separate society to send an exact account of the number of its adherents, in order to estimate their force. Who is there

who know what Jacobins and Jacobin principles are, but must see, in the *pretence of Reform* held out by those societies, the arrogant claims of the same men who lorded it in France, to trample on the rich, and crush alike every description of society, sex, and age—the dark designs of a few making use of the name of the people to tyrannize over all. A plan founded in the arrogance of a few miscreants, themselves the outcasts of society, to enrich themselves by depriving of property and life all who were distinguished for either personal worth or opulence. A plan which had long been felt by the unfortunate people of France in all its horrors, and would long continue to be felt by that unhappy country.”

After some details, he stated that those rebellious societies had not suffered their determinations to waste away. “Subsequently to the 14th of April,” said he, “the House would find a meeting of the society, whose proceedings carried with them no faint illustration of what they might be expected to do in their full majesty of power. There would be found resolutions arraigning every branch of the Government, threatening the Sovereign, insulting the House of Peers, and accusing the Commons of insufficiency. There would be found notice taken of the measures of Parliament, which had previously been made signals for an insurrection of the people, and declarations that certain measures, if adopted, whether with or without the consent of Parliament, should be rescinded, under their doctrine, ‘*Salus populi suprema lex*.’ Could there be a more explicit avowal of their views? All the proofs of those allegations rested on their own records. But, more than this, the Report contained allegations, on no light grounds, that *arms had been actually procured* and distributed by those societies, and were now in the hands of the very people whom they were endeavouring to corrupt; and that even now, instead of disbanding this Jacobin army, they were perseveringly displaying defiance and resistance to the Government.”

^a Can it be necessary for those who have been observers of the conduct of faction to be told, that the great

Minister. was resisted on this occasion by the whole virulence of faction in the Legislature? Yet his was not a tissue of general assertions; the facts of the treason were as notorious as noonday. The existence, the correspondence, the public meetings, the private machinations, the whole fabric of the revolutionary societies were matters of such common knowledge, that one of Fox's charges against the Report actually was, that "it told them nothing that was not in the newspapers!" With the knowledge that they called for a British Convention to supersede the whole Legislature, King, Lords, and Commons; and with the direct evidence before them, that the example on which they modelled their plan was the French Convention, raging at that moment in the full fury of regicide, rapine, and massacre, Opposition could see nothing in this mass of perfidy and prospective bloodshed, but the "legal pursuit of patriotic measures for patriotic purposes." Fox even said that "he saw nothing formidable in a Convention, he himself having formerly belonged to a Convention of delegates in Yorkshire, who had petitioned Parliament. The Roman Catholics in Ireland, too, had held a Convention, whose delegates were favourably received by his Majesty." Thus, making no distinction between open assemblies for laying their complaints before authority, and secret associations for the express overthrow of all authority, this demagogue had the enormous absurdity to pronounce the conduct of the English Jacobins strictly constitutional. To such scandals of common sense and depths of audacious folly will emptiness of principle, stimulated by the hope of grasping at its objects, betray men even in the face of national scorn. But this conduct had its rapid reward. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, rendered necessary by the violence of the conspirators, and deriving an additional necessity from the daring declamations in their favour, was decided, on the first night, by 201 to 39! though Fox availed himself of parliamentary forms to divide the House no less than twelve times after the main question had been carried. The debate on the third

reading, which was fixed for the next day, brought out the spirit of faction in still stronger colours, only to experience a still more effectual defeat. Pitt was grossly charged with apostasy from the doctrines of reform. To this it was justly answered, that his doctrines were not changed, that his object had always been *improvement*, not *destruction*, and that the outcry now was nothing more than a pretext for rabble power, and the seizure of all property. Again, it was charged, that the only instances of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act were in 1715 and 1745, when an open rebellion existed. To this it was justly answered by Dundas, that this charge argued nothing but vulgar ignorance or vulgar fallacy, the Act having been suspended no less than *nine times* since the Revolution. That in all those instances no evil had ever been supposed to occur to the Constitution in consequence; and that an open invasion could not be more hazardous than a conspiracy which, as now, spread through the land. Sheridan, in the course of the debate, had the hardihood to say, that the suspension of the Act would only teach the societies to be more cautious in letting their proceedings come to the public eye; which this profligate seemed to think their chief error. Windham retorted effectually, by declaring, that Reform was only an *understood* cover for general overthrow; that the assumption was so declared by the societies themselves; and that none but natural dupes could now sincerely hold the contrary. "Their Reform," said he, in his peculiar vein, is "like the sweeping amendments, common in the House, which propose to leave out every thing but the word 'That.'" Fox, starting on his feet on this, said, that it had once been his opinion, "*Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero*. But if the present system of *oppression* should be persisted in, the next step *might* be a privation of the trial by jury, and he did not know but he should prefer *any change* to such a tyranny." Pitt at once replied to and extinguished this most insolent and criminal suggestion. "Here," said he, "is a case proved, of the existence of a party in the country, whose avowed sys-

tem is the destruction of civil order, the annihilation of the Parliament, and the subversion of the Constitution by Jacobinism. Under these circumstances, it is proposed to meet conspiracy by the adoption of a legal measure, limited in its duration, and which the experience of our ancestors has found highly beneficial; how then can such a conduct be arraigned as tyrannical? How, above all, can it be arraigned as imitating the tyranny of France? But he was told, in the verbiage of the time, that since all measures hitherto taken to stop disaffection in this country had failed, we were not to adopt stronger measures. But was it not to be fairly asked, whether, if those measures had not been adopted, the evils of the crisis might not have been much greater now than they really were? The fact was, that if the vigilance of Government had not been awake, those scenes of mischief which now opened to the view would have been long since brought to maturity. To the extravagant argument, that as persecution would never eradicate evil principles, it would therefore be wiser to abandon the defence of the country, and tolerate the disaffection of the revolutionary societies; "What," exclaimed he, in the accents that had so often found an echo in the heart of the country—"what would this be but to sanction the darkest public crimes? What would this be but a toleration of the worst species of sedition, to be followed by the triumph of the worst species of anarchy? And this was the toleration recommended by party to the King of England—the toleration which brought the King of France to the scaffold, and his kingdom to utter ruin?" In conclusion, he read extracts from the papers of the revolutionary societies, openly declaring that their intention was not to petition Parliament for redress of grievances, but to proceed to acts which would give them authority over Parliament. Fox still resisted, only to augment his own discomfiture. The debate was protracted till three on Sunday morning, and the bill was carried by the increased majority of 146 to 28! In the House of Lords, the defeat was still more decisive. But nine peers

voted against it, while for it voted 108. It accordingly passed into a law.

The second report of the Committee reinforced the evidence of the former, peculiarly as to the providing of arms and military equipments for rebellion. It was proved, that in Scotland orders had been given, to a large extent, for the fabrication of pikes; and great numbers of people were assembled during the nights to learn their exercise. The English societies had proceeded on this plan, and the letters of the secretaries were read, giving accounts of the forms and dimensions of those weapons. The societies further declared, that no allegiance was due to a government not conducted by the representatives of the people; that petitions were not worth trying, and that they would have recourse to more effectual means. They had formally approved of, and adopted, "Paine's Rights of Man," and inserted in their minutes a succession of speeches delivered by the most furious republicans in the French Convention, 1793, evidently as the model of their own pattern of the Convention which they thus resolved to set up by force of arms. Evidence could go no further. If ever rebellion was resolved on, it was here. Yet Fox still stood out, haranguing on their innocence, their principles, and "their efforts to sustain the falling constitution." The result was, that public scorn thickened hourly round his cause. He was soon unable to command a division on any question in the House. He could scarcely venture to flout his obsolete sophisms even at a tavern dinner. Even party once more fled away from him; and those leaders of the Whigs, who had, on the French question, shrunk from his obstinate defiance of the facts in disdain, now, in open defiance of himself, came forward to take office with the Minister. Thus the Duke of Portland accepted the Secretaryship for the Home Department; Earl Fitzwilliam the Presidency of the Council; Earl Spencer the Privy Seal; and Windham the Secretaryship at War, with a seat in the Cabinet.

The party, long since deprived of

every name which could entitle it to national confidence, was now in despair. Its only resource was in feeble abuse of those men who, by a repentance honourable though late, had shown that they were not prepared to sacrifice the Constitution. Sheridan, always ready to exercise his unquestionable genius in the service of political vice, was the mouthpiece by which expiring faction uttered its last groans under the heel of its conqueror. Assailing Windham and the Duke of Portland as deserters, he pronounced, that "gloomy as the prospect of public truth might now be, the time would come when the general feeling would turn to Fox, who seemed now to stand on higher ground, from being less surrounded;" and who would, in the coming perils of the State, be seen

"Like a great sea-mark, standing every flow,

And saving those that eye him."

Pitt's answer was long remembered for its incomparable energy, sincerity, and conviction. "The honourable member," said he, "has loftily asked, What promises have Ministers fulfilled? I demand, What promises have they broken? I pronounce, that the only way in which they could have broken their promises would be by following his advice, relinquishing all the objects of the war, abandoning all the national engagements with their allies, forgetting every debt which they owed to society, defrauding every trust reposed in them by Parliament, and showing themselves regardless of every thing which could influence the human heart in the shape of honour, honesty, and fair reputation. The honourable member had said that Ministers were unpopular in America. He could not have believed, if he had not heard the fact from his own lips, that the persons whose principles he had panegyricized could have been his correspondents. The only conclusion worth drawing on such a subject was, that the honourable member was the reverse of nice in his correspondents. Unpopular in America! It was of no consequence to the Ministers of England whether they were unpopular or not with faction in America. I, for

one," said he, "always expect to be unpopular with Jacobins, whether at home or abroad. The true popularity of a British Administration will depend on the vigour of its efforts in checking the progress of Jacobin principles, in whatever shape they may be found." He then adverted, with his usual power, to the charge of desertion against the new Ministers. "It has been laughingly asked, What pressing necessity existed to produce the recent arrangements? This question I answer by another—What greater necessity can exist to faithful subjects, to honest guardians of the Constitution, and to sincere lovers of their country, than to unite their efforts to preserve the Crown, the authority of Parliament, and the liberty, peace, and safety of the nation in the present emergency." He then paused for a moment, to lash the remnant of Opposition. "What was the object of those men of honour who have joined the Ministers? *They* were not contending whether one family or another should compose the Administration; *they* were not idly contending for theories of representation; *they* were not vaguely and voluminously debating forms of government for India, or the remote corners of the empire; *they* were not uselessly discussing the merits of a peace made twelve years ago! But what were they doing? They were deliberating, in the crisis of an unprovoked, alarming, and disastrous war, what were the most effectual modes of defending the freedom, property, and life of every Englishman, by saving the British Constitution. And as they tendered the general security, as they cherished the memory of the ancestors who had raised and defended that Constitution, as they regarded the interests of that posterity to whom they were bound to transmit it entire, they had felt themselves under a noble and solemn obligation to cast away every obstacle, to forget every party distinction, and to join all the weight of their talents, character, experience, and honour in the great league of all honest men for the safety, not of Great Britain alone, but of Europe. On those principles they had united, on those they would act, and on those

they would triumph. But if, in the common casualty of all things human, their efforts should fail of success, there was, at least, one feeling of which no ill fortune could deprive them—the consolation that they had done all which human sincerity could suggest—that no criminal weakness—that no hollowness of principle—that no rashness of personal vanity—no ostent of personal objects—no baseness of individual ambition—had lost the great Cause, to which, one and all, they were ready to devote their faculties, and even their lives." The feelings of the House would allow of no discussion after this magnanimous appeal, and Sheridan was compelled to see his motion negatived without a division. The Session concluded immediately after, June 10.

Thus closed the actual struggle of Ministers and Opposition in Parliament. There were subsequent collisions, but they were either the mere burst of individual irritation, or some of those rash displays of violence rekindled by national disaster, and which finally sank party into deeper exhaustion. Its leader, totally abandoned by every name of eminence, and adhered to only by a few whose alliances served to draw him down still more, had but one additional evidence to give of the true temperament of a man who, taking up politics as a game, followed it in the spirit of a gamester. Fox, at every last throw, staked higher still—grew more daring in his declarations as he felt his public character decline, hazarded bolder defiances of public feeling as he found his past challenges more amply retorted on his own head, until, in the frenzy of thwarted ambition and beaten hopes, he took up the advocacy of the French Revolution. The very name was a thing of disgust, scorn, and horror, to every other man above the lowest rank of society. Yet Fox panegyricized it as stubbornly in 1794, when Robespierre was in the height of his tyranny, as in 1789, when republicanism yet affected the disguise of loyalty. Still he was destined to struggle, grasping at every straw that offered a support to his drowning popularity, and constituting himself the champion of "Reform," while the sound was a topic of ridicule to

every man of common sense, while it only produced new scoffs at the contrast between his ministerial life and his patriotic pretensions, and while the very "Reformers," whose cause he thus helplessly volunteered, openly laughed at him for the antiquated absurdity of believing that they would be content with any change short of revolution. Yet there, with the Reports of the two Houses staring him in the face, with actual explosions of armed conspiracy echoing in his ear, with his hands loaded with evidence of the unremitting correspondence of British Jacobinism with the monster Government of France, Fox could stand, from week to week, repeating the same superannuated verbiage of "Liberty in danger," talking of "*pretended plots and fabricated conspiracies*," and with an angry affectation of sincerity, that heightened the true burlesque of the exhibition, invoking the names of Hampden and Sidney! But this could not last. Disclaimed by the national feelings, and panegyricized only by foreign enemies and domestic traitors, Fox was silenced by shame, stripped of party, and utterly done.

How much nobler would it have been in this man to have followed the example of his friends, and acknowledging the weakness of his cause, abandon faction for patriotism—confess that, with the common effect of violent passions acting upon an unlicensed mind, he had suffered himself to be bewildered into ignorance of the best interests of human nature—abjure thenceforth that insane cupidity for place, which, making him the slave of every minister in the early part of his life, now reduced him into the slave of every mob in his declining years—with a reviving spirit of integrity cast off the shackles of that worst tyranny—the tyranny of rabble applause—and bind himself to the service of Truth, Honour, and his Country.

The contrast of Pitt, in all the bearings of public character, was as eminent as it was marked in the private life of a man who, with all the temptations of the world glowing around him, exhibited a model of the manliest self-control. History was to find no resemblance for his lofty and pure career in the or-

gles of fantastic and perilous ambition, throwing the state into confusion and leading on a maddened multitude to the drunken triumphs of popular folly, with the cup in its hand and the courtesan by its side, while it threatened the palace and the shrine. The monument of Pitt stands alone—it stands upon no ruin of character—the nation are not called to regret in it the celebrity of vice, or read the inscription of great talents prostituted and lost in the indulgence of petty and personal temptations. It stands forth challenging the eye of posterity by the loftiest memorials of honour, intellectual rank, and unimpeachable virtue. No blazonry of personal license there insults the eye—no figure of Silenus starts out among the sculptures and degrades the laurels which the hand of national gratitude has wrought round the tomb. All is pure, clear, elevated in its spirit, permanent in its material, conveying in every branch and emblem the lineaments of a mind which no man can contemplate without feeling some share of kindred elevation, which to this hour sheds its influence on the hearts which are to restore their country, if it is to be restored; and which even, in the ultimate wreck of England, if it is to perish, will survive in evidence that we were once a people worthy of empire.

The year 1797 was to give another proof of the resources of the great Minister, of the tremendous difficulties through which England was summoned to contend for the liberties of mankind, and of the cureless follies and irreconcilable bitterness of faction. The progress of the war had been disastrous. It had been carried on by the continental powers with that mixture of insincerity and irresolution which implies defeat. There were long offences in all the foreign courts to be punished—old corruptions to be cleared away, and new temptations to individual objects to be overcome, before the irresistible mass of European force could be brought into the field against the broken and partial impulse of the continental monarchies; France had poured out her whole vigour, combined by fear, directed by keen sagacity, and anima-

ted by all the passions of a war-loving nation, stimulated by the prospects of easy victory and the luxuries of universal dominion. It was a renewal of the war of Alexander against the indolent satraps of Asia; on the side of the invader, desperate intrepidity, animated by the single rigid impulse of conquest; on the other, the recollections of soldiership substituted for its reality; the intrigues of cabinets for the interests of the nation; and the personal animosities of sovereigns for the strong principle of resistance to Jacobinism. England alone had seen the true ground of hostility, and the knowledge formed the true ground of her triumphs throughout a war in which she alone triumphed, while every other power of Europe was stricken into the very dust of national humiliation. While the continental powers were extravagantly elated with every temporary success, and flung into despair by every casual failure of fortune, the possession of this single principle of action held England steady through the whole long progress of change, took from before her eye the obscurity into which every other eye of Europe voluntarily plunged, and giving her a standard which she was to follow through all alternations of public things, at length fixed her at the head of European Conservation.

This great guiding rule was the necessity of overthrowing Jacobinism. The conquest of a province, or the extinction of a hostile army which threw the Continental Cabinets into unseemly exultation, was disregarded by England, while she saw Jacobinism raising its portentous form behind the ruin, still unharmed by the shock, and standing full armed to offer battle. And this wisdom she owed to the saving sagacity of the Minister. From the beginning he proclaimed, what the tardy convictions of the Continent scarcely discovered till the close of the contest, that the true enemy was not France, but Jacobinical France, not a great country influenced by the weak and unfruitful ambition of conquest, but a great country filled in every pore with a new pestilence fatal to all that it touched, and defying every remedy but the cutting off of all communication;

not a vast community of men rashly eager to extinguish unfelt abuses, and redeem themselves from a monarchy whose vices had by time become popular gratifications, whose severities survived only in history, and whose prodigalities were long since either a popular largess, or a national pride; but against a wild, gloomy, and homicidal spirit, that sought conquest only as the means of subversion, rejoiced in the glitter of arms only as the instruments of letting loose the life blood of civilized nations, and, like the old enemy of mankind, ranged the world, impelled by but one desire, malice to all, "seeking whom it might devour." And in this language, if the Minister were living at this moment, he would speak, summon the mind of England to resume the steadiness, fortitude, and knowledge which had rescued it forty years ago from the universal convulsion, and pointing to the signs with which the world labours from year to year, the omens of the coming earthquake, whether seen in those brief heavings of the moral soil, and bursts of flame which startle and subside; or felt in those partial exhalations of evil, which exhaust and corrupt the vitality of nations; warn us to prepare, by fixing our dwellings on the rock, and strengthening every buttress of that Constitution, which a hand scarcely less than divine has formed, and which nothing but the most unaccountable folly would dismantle.

In the year 1797, a combination of misfortunes seemed to threaten the hopes of Europe. The allied armies had been repulsed, and reduced to the defence of their own dominions; an attempt to negotiate a peace with France had failed. The Continental powers were sinking into despair, and struggling with financial ruin. The weight of the whole war was turning upon England. France, relieved from the direct pressure of the Continental war, now declared her intention to invade the British islands; and defeated as her fleets had uniformly been, she possessed

means of throwing a force on our shore, which no patriot, however secure of final victory, could contemplate without a sense of the havoc by which that victory must be purchased. Ireland, always a subject of strong anxiety, was already disturbed by the most active zeal of Jacobinism, a vast conspiracy was already branching through every province, and all was prepared for rebellion. Jacobinism again, cheered in England by the prospect of national ruin, renewed its activity. But, in addition to those general menaces, the nation was suddenly assailed in that point of the most nervous importance to a great commercial community, its finance. Rumours of an impending national bankruptcy had begun to be spread, and the rumours, of course, tended to hasten the reality. The funds fell with unexampled rapidity. In the deepest depression of the American war, they had never sunk to the rate at which they stood at the beginning of this year.* Gold was soon demanded of the Bank to an alarming amount, and the *panic*, spreading from the metropolis to the country banks, and from them returning with increased violence upon the chief trading firms of London, shook credit to its foundations. In this emergency the genius of the great Minister shone forth with pre-eminent lustre. Surrounded by public alarms, harassed by the loudest outcries of party, and still more molested by the terrors of his friends, he boldly adopted a measure from which former financiers would have shrunk; took all its untried consequences upon his own head, and by his decision saved his country. This act was the memorable suspension of payments in cash at the Bank. But as the subject of banking itself is among the most curious of statistics, and as it affords an illustration of the manliness of the Minister, and the vicious, ignorant, and inveterate malignity of faction, we shall give a rapid and general sketch of its origin and nature.

* In 1781, the lowest period of the American war, the three per cent consols had fallen only to 54½. In 1797, in February, they were three per cent lower, namely, 50½, but the depression continued, and in March they were at 50, and in April at 48½.

The Jews, that extraordinary race, who have rejected themselves from all the benefits of European civilisation, though they have been every where the beginners of civilisation, and who have every where urged on the progress of nations, though they have stood still for a thousand years, were the first bankers. Taking shelter in the freedom of the little Italian republics from the violences of the feudal sovereigns, they began that open trade in money which has so remarkably characterised this people. Prohibited from being the proprietors of land, they aided the prohibition by their reluctance to identify themselves with any existing nation, and the wealth of the Jews, being always in money or jewels, thus became the subject of a direct traffic. In every Italian town the Jew was found seated at his counter or bench in the market-place, ready to exchange his coin against the traveller's, or to meet the exigencies of merchants of the place; his business thus variously assuming the shape of the landholder, the pawn-broker, or the dealer in bills, according to the nature of his securities. The Jews who settled in Lombardy, the richest, freest, and in consequence most active province of commercial Italy, took the lead in this important traffic, and the lending of money on pledges in every nation was regarded as the peculiar office of the Lombards. But one of the most remarkable events of modern history was at length to shape this rude system into form.

The sudden zeal stimulated to attempt the recovery of Palestine, towards the close of the eleventh century, poured a flood of gold into the cities bordering on the Adriatic. Venice, already powerful by her naval enterprise, opulent by her Oriental commerce, and holding a high rank in the estimation of zealotry by her struggles with the Mahometans, became the chief port for the Crusading fleets, the Venetian merchants the chief dealers in all the means necessary for the transport of those countless multitudes, and the

Venetian Government the chief transactor of those loans by which the rude though gallant chivalry of Western Europe were enabled to equip themselves for this most dazzling of all the enterprises that ever tempted the love of a name. The first Crusade had embarked from the shores of the Adriatic (in 1095), and the Venetian monopoly soon engrossed the outfit of those vast and costly expeditions, and with it became the depositary of the chief movable wealth of Europe. But the enormous opulence thus acquired by the individual traders soon attracted the eye of the Government, always jealous of wealth in its subjects, and always eager to amass treasure for the exigencies of an insatiable ambition. The chicanery, too, which must have often occurred among a crowd of subtle Italians, eager to rival each other, may have made the interference of the ruling powers important to sustaining the credit of the national character, and may have made even the rough German and the volatile Gaul desirous of having some firmer security than the sharp-witted son of the Lagoon. The result was the formation of the first public bank of Italy and Europe. It gives a striking instance of the wealth of Venice seven hundred years ago, and four hundred years before the discovery of the American mines lowered the value of gold to less than half its former amount, to find the original capital of the bank of Venice, nearly half a million of our money.* It is equally striking to see that supposed triumph of the skill of finance in latter days, a permanent national debt; created in this infancy of the art; and the government was thus summarily furnished with the money of the subject without equivalent or trouble. The narrative of those remote but highly curious operations, is not sufficiently clear for us to determine by what inducement the money trader was allured thus to lock up a portion of his capital, whether it were connected with public authority or trading privi-

* The exact sum was L.433,333. The value becomes more greater still, if we calculate the extraordinary and continued fall in the value of money, which has gone on through every century since the fifteenth.

leges. But it appears that the capital was never to be restored; that to strengthen the credit of the government, all deposits of treasure were ordered to be placed in the hands of the bank, and that the depositor was allowed a credit to the amount, which credit he was enabled to use as a transfer. This was tyranny, but in pecuniary matters no tyranny can last long. The government found that the value of its transfers, being a *forced* circulation, rapidly fell, until it was depreciated to thirty per cent below the solid currency. To prevent utter ruin, coin was necessary; the bank thenceforth paid in coin when it was demanded, and its credit was restored.

But Venice was not merely a great commercial state, it was an ardent, ambitious, and powerful republic; it influenced not merely the traffic but the politics of mankind, and exercised not merely the despotism of the most resistless of all monopolists, but the arms of one of the most brilliant of all conquerors. Lord of the Mediterranean, by turns subsidizing and menacing the great German Empire; engaged in a perpetual game of the subtlest intrigue with the little intriguing states of Italy; alternately protecting and plundering the empire of the Constantines, and in all ages the bulwark of Christendom against the tremendous assaults of the Mahometan, whether Saracen or Turk, the political history of Venice was one of the most active, diversified, and dazzling in the annals of mankind. But ambition always pays a high price for its glories. The flag of the Cross, which had waved over the broken battlements of Constantinople and the captured galleys of the infidel, also waved over the declining wealth of the proud state that had sent it forth to conquer. The bank had given up its deposits to supply the enormous expenses of wars which every day became more wasteful. The Senate then tried the strength of their commercial sinews; they proposed a new subscription for the bank, raised it from the original two millions of ducats to five, and notwithstanding the singular measure of determining by law that the depreciation of its transfers or notes of credit should never exceed twenty

per cent, it maintained its character till the time when the fatal alliance of French liberty extinguished the privileges, opulence, and all but the name of this queen of the commercial world.

The traffic with India has always been the great prize of commerce. And though furnishing Europe with nothing but matters of luxury, such is the universal passion for the silks and gems of the "Golden Peninsula," that it has raised every successive monopolist of its route into inordinate opulence. The command of the Mediterranean, while it continued the highway to India, had made the fortune of Venice; the discovery of the passage round Africa by the Portuguese, in 1497, raised Portugal from a half barbarian fragment of the Spanish Peninsula into a powerful and independent kingdom of warriors and naval discoverers. But the prodigality of the court, seconded by the unaccountable impolicy of wasting the national resources on military conquest ten thousand miles off, in India, while the northern and western shores of Africa, a new empire of boundless extent, and inexhaustible fertility, lay at its doors, broke down the early vigour of Portugal, and transferred its Indian opulence, and the greater part of its Indian possessions, to a wiser people.

Holland, achieving religious liberty towards the close of the sixteenth century, and with it acquiring the prizes of civil prosperity, became the inheritor of the Portuguese discoveries in the East. Amsterdam, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, thus held the commercial rank which was rapidly falling away from the cities of the Mediterranean, and which had wholly deserted Portugal—then, by the victories of the celebrated Alva, a Spanish province. In 1609 the well-known Bank of Amsterdam was established; one of the most important firms that the world of traffic has ever seen, from the extraordinary extent of its dealings, its long influence on the European system, and its honourable integrity, and scarcely less interesting from the simplicity and singularity of its principle. The Bank of Venice had been formed on the principle of forcibly converting to the public emolument a part of the emolu-

ments of individuals, and of thus increasing the general means of the state for its purposes of aggrandisement or defence. The Bank of Genoa, formed in 1343, had partially adopted the principle of its rival, and carried it on, but with more fluctuating success, until its failure about the middle of the eighteenth century. But the Bank of Amsterdam was founded solely on the principle of its commercial uses. The Jews, who had originated so many of the little money trading establishments of the south and east, were supposed to have been the chief involuntary founders of this new and powerful improvement on their system of pawnbroking. From the sanguinary wars and general dislocation of society during the sixteenth century, credit throughout Europe had fallen into general decay. Coin was therefore almost the only medium of circulation. Coin, always the most expensive medium, has the further disadvantage of being the most exposed to loss of value by the arts of the clipper and coiner. As the quantity of this clipped coin which passed through the hands of the merchants of Amsterdam was prodigious, a quantity continually augmented by the dealings in foreign exchanges, the bank was established for the purpose of giving a fixed value to money transactions. Its first proceeding was to receive all clipped coins according to their real value, giving a credit on its books for the value, deducting the expense of converting it into the national coin, whether so converted or not. This amount constituted bank-money. And to make this bank money the general medium, it was further enacted, that all payments, from 600 guilders upwards, should be made in bank-money. The obvious result was, that every man who had dealings with the possessors of this species of credit, found himself under the necessity of providing a similar credit, in other words, of making a deposit in the bank, to avoid the inconveniences and losses of the fluctuations in the debased currency. The bank, further, for the convenience of the proprietors of bullion, allowed the deposit of any quantity of the precious metals, giving a credit on its books for the value, calculated at five per

cent below the mint price, and allowing the depositor to take out the bullion at any time within six months, on transferring to the bank bank-money equal to the credit given, and paying a per centage on the bullion. Unlike the Bank of Venice, which immediately employed its deposits in public and political purposes, and whose capital was thus merely nominal, the Bank of Amsterdam retained its deposits in store, and thus frequently had in its coffers sums to the amount of six or seven millions sterling. A clumsy and expensive contrivance, opposite to all the purposes of money, yet by the force of circumstances giving a character of solidity and honesty to the dealings of the establishment.

The uses of the banking principle in fixing the rates of value, in improving the purity of the coin, and in facilitating the general intercourses of commerce, were now so fully recognised, that national banks began to start up in every part of Europe. The great Bank of Hamburg was formed in 1610, within a year of that of Amsterdam, and for the same object, the mere advantage of traffic. Its deposits were made not in coin, but in bullion of a certain standard; a credit being given to the amount, and the bullion being capable of recall on payment of certain fees. The Bank of Nuremberg was formed about the same time, and on the same principle. In 1635, the Bank of Rotterdam followed, with equal success. A more trying and varied fate attended the well-known Bank of Stockholm, founded in 1688, by an enterprising individual of the name of Palmshut, as a bank of deposit, discount, and circulation. The delicacy of commercial credit was never more strikingly evinced than in its history. The mad hostilities of Charles XII. drained the bank, and frightening away the depositors, it remained for some years in a state of insolvency. But the evident ruin that must follow to the national finance compelled the government to take some partial measures for its restoration. Still it continued almost beyond hope, when, such are the curious chances of things, an act of direct tyranny rendered it more flourishing than ever. The minister of finance, the Count Goertz, was wasteful and pro-

fligate, but he was dexterous and daring. In the general ruin of the revenues consequent on the disastrous Russian war, which ended with the battle of Pultowa, Goertz determined on the desperate expedient of a forced loan, to be repaid in a depreciated currency. Procuring a royal ordinance for bringing all the plate, jewels, and coin of the Swedish provinces into the royal treasury, in other words, placing them at the King's disposal, he issued a copper currency in return, at no less than ninety-six per cent below the nominal value, in other words, a robbery of ninety-six in the hundred. The alarm of this virtual confiscation was universal, and the only expedient was to invest their coin and the value of their plate and jewels in the bank, which had the royal declaration for its security. Goertz, thus eluded, applied to the King for an ordinance empowering him to seize the deposits, but the King, fortunately for the stability of his throne, indignantly forbade all further allusion to the measure, and the bank was saved. The result was public confidence, the establishment extended its operations, and became a loan bank, lending money on bullion and on iron at an interest of three per cent, and on houses and lands at four. An exchange department was afterwards added to it, which involved the bank in difficulties. But by a public effort the pressure was relieved, and it is now under the protection and auditorship of the General States of the kingdom.

But the most important form which the system has taken has been in our own country. The Bank of England was founded by an adventurous and intrepid individual of the name of Paterson, who, in 1693, obtained the Royal sanction for constituting a corporation by the name of "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England." By the 5th and 6th of William and Mary, certain rates on tonnage, beer, and other matters, were granted for the security of such subscribers as would supply a million and a half sterling. The whole subscription was filled up before the end of the year, and on the 27th of July, 1694, the charter was executed, being limited to eleven years. The rate of the inter-

est which the company were to receive being eight per cent (two per cent above the usual rate), with an allowance of L.4000 a-year for managing. But it is not to be supposed that in the preceding centuries, while the attention of Europe was constantly directed more and more to the principles of commerce, England was without her participation in the uses of banking. Her Lombard Street is a memorial of her dealings in exchange, and from the time when this exclusive trade passed out of the hands of the Italian Jews, and the London goldsmiths became the principal agents of discount, loan, and circulation, her transactions were to a large amount. But the National Bank soon absorbed all. The charter appointing a governor, whose qualification was to be L.4000 stock, a deputy governor, at L.3000, and twenty-four directors, elected by those holders of stock who have possessed L.500 in it for six months before the election, had been since prolonged from time to time by Government, and the Bank, constituting the great agent of discount, circulation, and management of the national debt, retains a character of solidity, integrity, and public usefulness, that forms one of the highest monuments of the character of England.

We come now to the peculiar question of the run on the Bank in 1797. This panic was the result of a variety of causes. An unusual but gradual demand for cash had been remarked by the Bank for nearly a year, of which the grounds apparently were—the diminished quantity of country notes in circulation, from the failure of many of the country firms in the years 1794, 1795, and 1796—the extension of trade requiring an increase in the circulating medium, which not being supplied by notes, must require an increased issue of specie. The scarcity of the two preceding years, in which, from the failure of the harvest in Ireland and Scotland, large sums were required for the purchase of foreign corn—the loans made to our allies for carrying on the war, and which, though not paid in coin, required a large transmission of bullion. Those, however, were but general causes, operating in a way scarcely capable of striking the public eye. The im-

mediate source of the panic was the threat of a French invasion, which startled many weak people into withdrawing their money from the public securities, and hoarding all the specie they could get, in the idea that it might soon be the only property of which they could avail themselves. The consequence of a few acts of this kind would naturally be alarm among that rank of the people who were most likely to be regardless of reason, and, on the 24th of February, 1797, the deputy-governor and one of the directors of the Bank waited on the Minister to state the extraordinary decrease of their specie during the last two months, and enquire how far Government thought that this drain should be suffered to proceed. Pitt decided on his measure at once, and told the directors that he would propose in the Council a proclamation to suspend the issue of coin—stipulating with them that they should be ready to produce their accounts before a select committee of the legislature. On the 26th the Council was held, and a resolution passed, that the Bank should issue cash in payments no longer, until the sense of Parliament could be taken on the subject. The minute of the Order in Council was immediately transmitted, and, on the next day, Monday the 27th of February, a day long remembered for popular consternation, the ominous notice emanated from the office of the directors. "*Bank of England, February 27, 1797.* In consequence of an Order of His Majesty's Privy Council, notified to the Bank last night, a copy of which is hereunto annexed, the governor, deputy-governor, and directors of the Bank of England think it their duty to inform the proprietors of Bank stock, that the general concerns of the Bank are in the most affluent and flourishing situation, and such as to preclude every doubt as to the security of its notes.

"The directors mean to continue their usual discount, for the accommodation of the commercial interest, paying the amount in bank-notes, and the dividend warrants will be paid in the same manner. *Francis Martin, Sec.*" The sight of this document threw London into universal alarm, and a less intrepid minister would have retracted a measure

which was assumed by the multitude to be but another name for national bankruptcy. All the journals on the side of faction were filled with every extravagance against the feebleness, folly, and perfidy which, they averred, had brought the nation into the jaws of ruin. Party in Parliament recovered its hopes of driving the Administration from office, gathered its strength from all quarters, and even threatened to bring Pitt before the country as a criminal! But if they hoped to deter him by party clamour or personal fear, they knew little of his undaunted nature. He persevered, without a single retrograde step or a moment's delay. On the evening of that very day of anxiety and terror, a message from the King announced to both Houses the Order in Council. In the House of Peers, Lord Grenville moved, on the 28th, the appointment of a "Select Committee to examine and report on the debts of the Bank, the state of its funds, and the circumstances which rendered the Order in Council necessary; and which might justify the House in taking the proper steps for the confirmation and continuance of the measure." The last clause gave rise to a debate, in which the Duke of Bedford moved, as an amendment, "to leave out all that related to the committee's reporting their opinion on the continuance of the measure." The Marquis of Lansdowne, then young in the House, and designated by party as the future rival of Pitt's financial renown, laboured to bring the Duke's amendment into a rational form; and, in the course of his declamation, was unwary enough to venture on some of those political predictions which generally have so unfortunate an effect on the fame of their prophets. Beginning with the usual party formula, which night after night for the last hundred years had attributed all the national casualties to the "unhappy and ill-requtled confidence which had been placed in his Majesty's Ministers," he then detailed the various causes which had generated the evils, all deepened by the master-error of keeping his friends so long out of place. He found the tissue of calamity all attributable to "the enormous waste of money and patronage in the Ministerial hands," to "*Boards of Com-*

missioners on every possible subject;" to "new appointments of all kinds," to salaries and places for individuals whose sole merit was their connexion and their subserviency. His lordship further pronounced, that the consequences of the system pursued by the Minister *must* issue in national ruin; threw his utmost contempt on the *hope* of preserving public honour under the proposed restriction, and pledged his financial fame on its failure. "Mark my words," said his lordship, "while it is yet time; if you attempt to make bank notes a legal tender, all credit must perish." So much for the sagacity of young financiers. This was forty years ago! and the estimable peer who saw it has probably long since and often laughed at the abortive denunciations of the youthful economist. But the Lords were not convinced, and the amendment was rejected by 78 to 12. The original motion was then carried without a division.

In the Commons the same predictions were uttered by Fox, but with greater violence, and, therefore, with more unlucky effect on his reputation. In this speech, which either the sudden prospect of power, or the remembrance of bitter defeat, rendered one of the most unguarded of his whole rash career, he pronounced that the British Empire was on the very verge of destruction—that by this measure the Government had claimed a power to annihilate by one breath all the property of the creditors of the Bank, and that whatever might be the vaunted theory of the Constitution, on this principle one word from the King might have the effect to destroy one half of the property of the country. An amendment by Sheridan was negatived by 244 to 86, and the motion for a Select Committee was carried without a division.

The Report of the committee of the Commons was brought in on the 3d of March, and gave the most satisfactory evidence of the assertions of the Minister. It stated the whole of the outstanding demands on the Bank, on the 25th of February (the day to which the accounts were made up), to be £13,770,390, while the amount of the funds for discharging these demands (not including the debt due from Government of

£11,688,800, which bore an interest of three per cent) was on the same day £17,597,280, leaving a surplus belonging to the Bank of £3,826,800. In two following Reports the committee justified the suspension of cash payments on the ground of the excessive run created by a false fear, which had increased rapidly between the 21st and 26th of February, which must eventually have disabled all the commercial and financial system of the country, for which no remedy had been suggested by the Bank, and for which no remedy appeared but the measure, founded on the necessity of the case, which had been adopted by the Government, "adding the important fact, that the balance of trade had been in favour of England, during the four years of the war, to the amount of more than six millions a-year, or about twenty-six millions on the whole, notwithstanding the drain of seven millions in the two last years for foreign corn. The transaction now drew to a close. On the 13th of March the Minister brought in a bill, enabling the Bank to issue notes in payment of demands made upon them. It passed the Commons on the 7th of April, after various ineffectual debates; similarly passed the Peers, and receiving the Royal sanction, became law. But though Fox, who knew as well as any man living, the utter emptiness of the alarm, and yet could never resist the ignoble temptation of embarrassing the Minister, had not the manliness to speak what he knew; there were others who both knew and spoke. The English capitalists and traders, with an incalculably greater stake than this impoverished patriot, had the manliness to avow their confidence in the unshaken resources of the country, and their reliance on the pure honour and mighty mind by which those resources were to be finally guided to the renovation of European freedom. At a meeting, held by the Lord Mayor and the principal Bankers of London on the day of the panic, a resolution was entered into, that "The undersigned, being highly sensible how necessary the preservation of public credit is at this time, do most readily hereby declare that they will not refuse to receive bank notes in payment of any sums of money to be paid to them. And that they

will use their utmost endeavours to make all their payments in the same manner." This resolution was signed by upwards of 3000 of the leading merchants of England! The panic thus met, and the state of the Bank having been publicly ascertained, confidence returned, and this most perilous crisis exhibited only the advantage of having a statesman of the highest order at the head of the national councils. The enormous expenses of the war in Spain and Portugal, when England, happily for the general cause of mankind, became a principal, again produced, in 1811, a drain on the coin, raising gold from four pounds to five pounds eleven shillings an ounce; which again rendered legislative interference necessary, and the bank note, by the act of 1797 a legal tender only in private transactions (after having been accepted as such), was ordered to be received as cash in payment of all public taxes and duties. But the pressure gradually diminished till 1821, when gold came down to the mint price of £3, 17s. 10½d. an ounce; the one and two pound notes were withdrawn from circulation; to fill up the vacancy, about fifteen millions in gold were coined, and in 1823 the payments in cash were resumed. Thus had perished the pretences of faction, and thus the country, awakened to a sense of the mingled ignorance and insincerity of the Parliamentary Opposition, learned to ridicule their predictions as much as to shrink from their principles. The late panic of 1825, whose effects are still felt, was untainted with political evil. It probably arose from the facilities of discount afforded by the Bank in a season of peculiar prosperity. The Bank paper had increased to twenty millions, the issues of the private bankers had increased from four millions to nearly nine. The madness of speculation seized upon its opportunity, and the land teemed with projects as wild as the academy of Laputa. It was computed that the stock of those imaginative transactions amounted to thirty millions sterling. But the time of repentance speedily arrived. In October, an eminent House in London suspended payment. The shock spread. In a month after, the chief bank of

Plymouth failed. The Bank of England now began to narrow its issues, and withdrew two millions and a half of notes. In December an extensive bank in York gave way, followed by several other branch banks. Panic began. The Bank of England, in alarm, suddenly raised its discounts from the former rate of four per cent to five. This increased the difficulty, though probably essential to its sure safety. And between the 23th of October, 1825, and the 27th of February, 1826, no less than fifty-nine banks had been declared bankrupt, twenty insolvent, and the failures of private merchants and traders filled the Gazette at the rate of nearly a hundred a-week. Yet this shock had its attendant advantages, and while it extinguished a vast quantity of dishonest speculation, and discountenanced the dangerous facility with which mere adventurers obtained credit, it introduced branch banks from the Bank of England, and taught the country lessons of precaution which since that period have prevented any further catastrophes, and have given new strength to the commercial integrity of the empire.

But those events, interesting as they unquestionably are to all who desire to investigate the progress of that most intricate and curious work the operation of national wealth, are narrated here with the still higher object of showing how amply a free, honest, and manly national mind is, in its own nature, provided against the severest trials of public casualty. The French monarchy was overthrown by a deficit of three millions sterling. There was not a monarchy in Europe besides which would not have been torn up from the foundations by a tenth part of the pressure which had not power to shake the intrepidity of the citizens of London. At this bulwark faction laboured, but in vain; and the triumphant position in which England, at the close of the greatest war of the world, was placed,—was at once the loftiest panegyric on the national character, the keenest stigma on base and beaten faction, and the proudest testimonial to that Minister, whose name will give its brightest lustre to a page already glowing with the achievements of valour, genius, and patriotism.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN ALPINE TRAVELLER.

No. II.

WE left Grenoble in a light carriage, which we had engaged to take us up the Vale of Gresivaudan to Ponte Charra, the frontier of Savoy, on the left bank of the Isere. We had spent the morning in visiting the fortifications on Mont Rachais, but we were delayed until after mid-day by difficulties which arose at the passport office, in consequence of the authorities at the prefecture in Paris having written Pont Beauvoisin on our passports as the place on the frontier whence we should depart from France. I had objected to this at the time, but the official men, who appeared to be ignorant of such a frontier station to their country as Ponte Charra, said it would make no difference. We found, however, that there was a great distinction. Travellers should always insist upon the insertion of the frontier station which they intend to start from, as jealousy, and consequent delay, always arise when a change in the destination is demanded.

The drive up the Val Isere is very fine; the richness for which it is so celebrated is as evident above as below Grenoble. The slopes of the mountains which divide the valleys of the Oziems and the Isere are covered with forests of chestnut and walnut trees, and sweep down into the broad plain of the latter valley, which here bears the name of Gresivaudan, where the mulberry and vine, almond, peach, and other fruit-trees cover the soil not occupied by Indian corn. Beyond the right bank of the Isere appeared the mountains of the Grand Chartreuse, presenting an infinite variety of beautiful forms, their sides deeply indented with rifts or ravines. Through one of these lay the path, by Sapey, from Grenoble to the Grand Chartreuse.

The course of the valley is so straight, that the fortified hills of Grenoble were seen nearly the whole way, especially when the almost level road rose occasionally above the trees in the lower part

of the valley. We passed numerous villages, generally situated on the streams and torrents which traverse the valley from the mountains to the Isere. At one of these—Teucin—whilst the horse rested, we ascended a path by a stream, and entered the domains attached to a château which we passed, and wandered into a most romantic little dell, finely wooded. An avenue led to a waterfall surrounded by rocks; where, from the brightness of the stream and delicious retirement of the spot, Musidora might have bathed without alarm. On our way we met the owner, an old gentleman, to whom we apologized for our intrusion. He politely begged us to walk wherever we pleased. We learnt that he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was a fortunate one to possess so delightful a spot to retire to from the turmoil of the political world.

At the village, an impertinent gend'arme disturbed the temper of my companion by unnecessary and vexatious enquiries about his passport. One of the most tormenting nuisances to an Englishman travelling through France is the demand to which he is perpetually liable for his passport from gendarmes stationed in villages, where their provoking curiosity and authority may be exercised, to display their importance to the bumpkins about them. The traveller's expression of vexation or impatience is the acknowledgment of their power, and is generally a source of amusement to lookers-on. In towns where he may arrive at night, or on frontier stations, one submits, as a matter of course; but it is a trial of temper to bear with the curious impertinence of "a little brief authority" so ill-timed.

On our way up the valley we passed the village of Grignon, at the foot of the hill upon which are the ruins of the Château Bayard. We got out of the carriage, and scrambling up across some fields, soon reached the terrace, and enjoyed the beautiful

view which so forcibly struck me on my first visit. My companion, to whom the scene was new, was enchanted with it. Before us lay the widest part of the plain of the valley, which stretched across to Fort Barraud and Chaparelian, the frontier of France and Savoy, on the opposite bank of the Isere. On the right, the fine mountain of La Tuile, above Montmelian, appeared abruptly to close the Vale of Gressaudan.

We loitered about the terrace, and searched among the ruins of the dwelling for names of visitors upon the walls of what are now sheds for cattle.

The ruins are only interesting from their association with the Chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche." In the days of the first Revolution in France, when the memory of greatness or goodness was a sufficient warrant for desecration, this spot was put up to be sold as National property. One worthy man was found to purchase it, to prevent the removal of the stones which marked the spot where the "bon chevalier" was cradled.

The day closed upon us before we could leave this interesting spot. We rapidly, however, descended the road down the steep slope, through vineyards and fields of Indian corn, and joined our voiturier, who had waited for us. Half-an-hour brought us to Ponte Châra; but the auberge de la Paon was too full to receive us, and we were obliged to put up at a miserable inn, the second in the village. Here, in a dirty *salle à manger*, we were ill served, and, "albeit not used to the *sighing mood*," I could not help remembering, in my former visit, the comforts of the Paon, and the pretty wife of the host. In answer to my enquiries I learnt that she was gone *à l'autre monde*. On our retiring to our chamber, we found in it three beds. The girl who, through a puzzling labyrinth of stairs and passages, had led us to our dormitory, desired us to leave the door open, as the *bourgeois* (the name here constantly given to the master) must come in—though we might make our choice of two beds, he would occupy the third, as it was his room. Against this we protested, and threatened to lock the door, and

keep possession against all intruders, offering to pay for the three beds. She told us that all the others were occupied, that it was an accommodation to us on the part of the *bourgeois*, and assured us that no other person would enter. We grumbled a little after she was gone, then laughed at the oddity of our situation, and taking possession of our beds, left the old man, whom we found to be the father of our hostess, to the enjoyment of his; he gave us no disturbance, and left the room before daylight.

We were delayed two hours beyond the time we had intended for our departure, by the drowsiness of the authority whose signature to our passports was necessary before we could enter Savoy. Having obtained it, we passed the frontier without any other trouble or detention, and proceeded by an ill-kept road to Montmelian. On our way there, we had a view of Mont Blanc, which is seen up and beyond the valleys of the Isere and the Doron.

We had renewed our engagement with our voiturier, who agreed to take us to Moutiers, a long day's work, especially after our unprofitable delay at Ponte-Châra. At Montmelian we were again detained by the carabineers for the authentication of our passports, and as if these were not sufficient losses of time, we took the wrong road out of the town; that which led towards Aix. At length, however, we got into the true course, up the right banks of the Isere, and reached St Pierre d' Albigny. Whilst the horse was refreshing, we proceeded about a league on the road, to visit the Chateau Moilans; a man accompanied us as guide, who had served under Napoleon, and had been a prisoner in England.

The ascent was gradual to the top of the rock, which, jutting out from the mountain-side, formed a sufficient platform for the buildings, at an elevation of eight hundred or nine hundred feet above the level of the Isere, and commanding extensive views. The old towers of the chateau overhang inaccessible precipices four or five times their height. The look out upon the beautiful scenes in the valley below from the slits serving as windows to

the cells, must often, to the poor prisoners within, have created a desire for liberty, and at the same moment have crushed the hope of its attainment.

The château originally belonged to one of the most ancient families in Savoy, distinguished so early as the 9th century. Between that period and the 16th, many of the Barons of Moillans were celebrated as soldiers, and other members of the family were eminent in the church, as bishops of the Maurienne, but the male line becoming extinct in 1523, the château was bought by Charles, third duke of Savoy, and converted into a state-prison, which continued to be its appropriation until the events of the French Revolution united Savoy to France, when the castle of Moillans was dismantled. However strong it might have been as a prison—as a military station, at least since the use of cannon, it must have been defenceless; now it is interesting only to the painter and the antiquary; rank weeds fill its courts, its draw-bridges are decayed, its walls are crumbling to the earth, and bear to oblivion in their ruin the names written upon them by the soldier in the guard-room and the captive in his cell. Where formerly the sighs of the poor wretch never pierced the walls of his dungeon, blasts of wind have now passed through a thousand rents, and whistled the requiem of feudal tyranny.

The path which descended on the northern side of the rock lay through vineyards and meadows, and presented at every turn some picturesque scene. On reaching the high-road, we waited impatiently for some time, and feared that our carriage might have passed on and left us to walk to Conflans; but though we had not chosen to dine at Saint Pierre, our conductor had, and it was vexatious to find that two hours more were lost in our long day's journey. We reached L'Hôpital, however, at five o'clock, where the Frères Gony served us with an excellent dinner. We crossed the Arly, which divides L'Hôpital from Conflans, at half-past six, but it was near eleven before we reached the comfortable inn of the post at Moutiers. We passed thus at night many fine scenes; to some the moon-

light gave a sublime and mysterious character, particularly near Algue-blanche, on our way through a fine ravine immediately before arriving at Moutiers.

We made arrangements for our return this way, to pass by the Vanoise into the valley of the Arc; and having engaged a char-à-banc, proceeded to Bourg St Maurice.

To my companion the route through the valley of the Isère was one of great interest. It was my third visit, and it wanted the freshness of novelty, but the scenery is so fine, that its effect cannot be destroyed by repetition; he was much struck with the scene around the deep ravine at Cluse D'Haute-Cour, where the torrent, falling over the tufa rocks, deposits the calcareous matter wherever even the spray falls; below was the narrow gorge where, at the bases of vast precipices, the Isère is seen to struggle through; above, hangs the enormous rock over which Emanuel carried a road in 1766; the whole scene has combined materials of grandeur and beauty, which strike forcibly on the first visit, and would scarcely be weakened on the hundredth.

After looking down from the summit on the village of Centron, which still preserves the name of the ancient people of the Tarentaise, the Centrones, we drove up through a wild valley much changed, above the ravine, from the scenery below it. Here the advance of an army might be impeded at any time by assailants from the neighbouring heights.

We rested for a short time at Alme, the ancient Forum Claudii, afterwards Axima; and whilst the horse was refreshing, we climbed up through the vineyards to an old chapel built amidst the ruins of Roman fortifications. There are some remains of round towers of this high antiquity, both in the town and on the site of the ancient fort—the masonry having been good enough to hold the masses together through so many ages—there is also a subterraneous communication which traverses the city, from some ruins, supposed to have been a temple, to the fortress; the vault of this passage is supported by columns of stone, each shaft a single piece. Here some inscriptions have been found, well preserved, particu-

larly one in honour of Trajan. An ancient communication between the town and the fort may also be traced in steps cut in the rock upon which the latter stands. That the former extent of Aime greatly exceeded its present boundaries, was shown by some discoveries of subterranean structures opened in forming a new road into the upper Tarentaise in 1760.

We found in our way up the valley many gangs of workmen employed in making and improving the road, which will soon be excellent for carriages as far as St Maurice; it is supposed to be preparatory to the construction of a new road over the little St Bernard. This change in the miserable policy so long practised, under Austrian influence, by the government of Sardinia, will be hailed as a great boon by its subjects, especially those of the Val Isere in Savoy, and of the Val d'Aosta in Piedmont, who have long wanted the facilities of communication which a carriage-road would give them across the great chain of the Alps between their valleys.

On our approach to Bourg St Maurice, we observed, on the other side of the river, the village of Laudri, beautifully situated at the entrance to the valley of Pesey; directly before us lay the pass of the little St Bernard, which we could trace almost to its summit; we could also distinguish the Roche-blanche—but above St Maurice the great valley of the Isere takes a sudden bend, and the obvious course to seek a passage across the great chain would be to ascend the principal valley. The path which leads to the little St Bernard ascends by the Reclus, a small stream which falls into the Val Isere, near Séez. The choice of this true, but less evident route, proves the value of his guides to the army of Hannibal.

As we arrived early at St Maurice, we decided upon walking to the Roche-blanche, and examining any traces we might find of the ancient road upon the left bank of the Reclus. Soon after leaving the town, we passed on the left the gorge whence issues the furious torrent of the Versoy, which descends through Bonneval from Chapui. To avoid a detour, we crossed, amidst stunted willows, the detritus brought

down by this torrent, and spread out, during a recent display of its fury, over a large part of what was until then rich meadow land. On our way across, we met a party of ten or twelve boys from the Pays d'Aosta, *en route* to seek their fortunes and fill the various situations of pedlars, shoe-blacks, and other avocations which these "little merchants" have for many years made their own. They were in their best clothes, probably to make a handsome departure. This being their first day's march, they had crossed the Alps with their knapsacks or bundles at their backs—some almost as big as the bearers. They were headed by a lad older than the rest, who appeared to be their guide. In spite of their journey across the little St Bernard, they were proceeding actively and merrily, with joke and song, all but one poor little fellow, about ten years old, who had evidently been recently weeping from fatigue or the remembrance of his mother.

This emigration of the boys from Piedmont is annual; they are often absent for many years, settled in other countries, where, by industry and extreme economy of expenditure, they realize the means of retiring to their native valleys—a hope ever alive among them.—But many, uncertain when they have saved enough, linger until their chance of return is prevented by the universal visitor. Annually the young and able-bodied men leave their valleys for the cities during five or six months in winter to seek employment; they generally return with small sums carefully saved to their homes in summer, when the harvest and the pasturages require their superintendence.

Much of the valley which we traversed had been rendered sterile by the sand and stones recently brought down by the torrents, and deposited during the late tremendous floods, by which many bridges in the Tarentaise had been swept away.

Before we reached the Reclus we passed some *mines*, tilt-forges, where the makers of nails and other articles of forged iron use the power to tilt hammers of small water wheels placed on one of the thousand (unemployed) streams which traverse the valley; a waste of power

enough to make a Manchester man weep. We were struck with the workman's simple mode of avoiding the fatigue of stooping, by sinking a hole near the anvil, which brought him to a convenient level with his tools—as he could also sit on the bank of his pit. We were at first disposed to abuse his idleness rather than applaud his ingenuity. Near this *usine* was a large building, a manufactory of the coarse woollen cloths of the country.

We turned up the right bank of the Reclus where, as it is stated, the ancient road led to the Roche-blanche. Not a trace of it, however, now remains, so completely have the *éboulemens* of the Mont de Scez destroyed all vestiges which may have existed. In many places our efforts to keep in sight of the torrent rendered our passage along the edge of precipices, where the soil, composed of stony materials and conglomerates of tufa, easily broken, was so soft as to create a fear of its crumbling under the pressure of our feet—large landslips and banks had fallen away, and in the course of centuries had often changed, within small limits, the bed of the torrent.—That a road, without great expense in its preservation, could not long be continued on this side was obvious. The modern road, through the villages of Scez and Villars, avoids these liabilities to destruction.

In ascending, we were at length obliged to leave the actual bank of the river to avoid the precipices formed by the undermining of the water, and to climb a considerable height above them. On our way we met a very old man, a peasant, with a companion, crossing from Villars to one of the high mountain hamlets on the left above us. We saw them ford the Reclus, and the sturdy octogenarian trudged his way up the mountain side with an incredible degree of strength and ease.

After losing sight of the torrent, we climbed to a much greater height than was necessary, and far wide of our mark; we had a long descent before we fell into the road which leads down from St Germain, on the little St Bernard, to the Roche-blanche. After collecting some specimens of the very pure gypsum of which the rock is composed, we rambled back through Villars, and

met there a man who made our acquaintance by offering to sell us some specimens of minerals. We consulted him about our intended journey across the Alps by the Col du Mont;—he said that our route was a perilous one, the people of the Tarentaise were honest, but that the Piedmontese of the Val Grisanche, in the Pays d'Aosta, were *mauvaises n jets*. This was the old story—the hatred or prejudice which exists among people divided only by a mountain barrier.—A new road across the Alps will remove this unjust and uncharitable feeling. I had had too much intercourse with them to attach any weight to this opinion. The man was a stone-cutter, and he appeared to have much knowledge of the neighbouring valleys. Oddly enough, his name was Alexander Grant; his ancestor must have been some wanderer from the Land o' Cakes, or how should such a name have got into this retired part of Savoy?—He was ignorant that it had a Scotch origin until he learned it from us.

Evening closed rapidly upon us before our return through Scez. We repassed the Reclus on some temporary boards placed near to where a bridge had been destroyed by the recent floods. The evening was very beautiful, and we were struck by the appearance of one of the most splendid objects I ever saw in nature—it seemed to be a mountain-peak shining like fire—not sunlit, for that luminary had long been below the horizon, but bright as the moon, and appearing in the east, in the direction of the Mont Iseran. We enquired of several persons whom we met about this beautiful phenomenon—the answer was, “it is the *Brevet de Tignes*, it always shines thus in the early part of the night in fine weather.” I have never seen nor heard of such a phenomenon. In my friend's notes he mentions it as “shining like a phosphorescent light.”

On our return to Bourg St Maurice, Chez Mayet, supper was a most welcome addition to our day's occupations. Since my former visit many changes had taken place in the establishment, the elder brother had married the daughter of the principal innkeeper of Salenche, an interesting young woman with an ap-

pearance and manners unrivalled at Bourg; and the younger brother, who had formerly accompanied me to the Isèran as a lad, was now a fine young man. With these changes came many improvements to the Hotel des Voyageurs.

At St Maurice we could get no certain information about the pass of the Col du Mont; no man in the town knew it, but our young landlord furnished us with a letter to Philip Chenard of St Foi, the village in the upper Tarentaise, at the entrance to the valley which leads to the Col. Philip he said, was a good chasseur, and must be well acquainted with the pass.

With our baggage on our backs, having left our portmanteaus at Moutiers, we started before five o'clock in a fine fresh morning, and repassed the ground of our walk the previous evening from Scez. We looked for the "Brevet de Tignes," but to our astonishment, neither in the direction in which we had seen it, nor from the spot whence we saw it and I had sketched it, was there any appearance of a mountain, or any other object bearing the least resemblance to the beautiful form of the light presented to us on the preceding night. I have no conjecture upon the subject, the whole phenomenon is a mystery.

Though it was at an early hour this morning when we passed through Scez, the bells were tolling, and the villagers were assembling for a funeral. Our path lay by the cottage where the mourners were met, and lying on a bier, with face and hands exposed, the corpse of an old peasant waited the arrival of the priest to be taken to the place of its final decay.

From Scez, we descended to the banks of the Isère, and walked through meadow paths, until we approached the steep hill above the river upon which the village of St Foi is built. On our way there we saw one who, not having read Isaac Walton, was pursuing the gentle art with great success; he had taken many fine trout, such fish as Isaac had never had the good fortune to hook; the thick-skinned, blue trout of the Alpine torrents, the greatest delicacy furnished by the "finny tribe."

We made an unsuccessful effort

to get access to a cataract, which, roaring through a defile on our left, tempted us to look out for a point whence it could be seen, but so deep was the ravine, and inaccessible the steep sides, where a rank vegetation sprung up, watered constantly by the spray of the waterfall, that we only got wet in our effort to get a view.

The zig-zag and villanously paved path which led up to St. Foi was bordered with fruit trees; of these the wild cherry afforded us delicious refreshment. Near the village, the beautiful mountain of Pesey, with its splendid peak and bright glaciers, seemed to overhang the opposite side of the valley. Whilst I was engaged sketching the scene, my companion sought the curé of the village, to enquire about the character of the man whom we had been advised to take as our guide. He soon returned, pleased with the reception he had met with, and invited me to partake of the curé's hospitality before we commenced our journey up the valley. A bottle of his best wine, and bread and cheese, were placed before us by the curé's handmaiden, and Philip Chenard was summoned to attend us; in the mean time we learnt his history. Philip had been a wanderer in his youth, a pedlar in Provence, a dealer in *quincaillerie* (hardware). The curé assured us that he was a *bon guide*, and a *tres bon garçon*. Mules were not to be had; they were all in the mountain pastures, employed in the hay harvest. We were lucky in finding Philip in the village, as most of the inhabitants were engaged in the fields, and we thought ourselves particularly fortunate in getting the assistance of a man acquainted with a pass which, if not unknown, we heard had hitherto been untrodden by Englishmen. We were told, however, that one of our wandering countrymen had, about three years before, crossed by the pass of the Mont de Clou, the next traversable place east of the Col du Mont. Both descend into Piedmont, by the Val Grisanche.

Leaving the house of the hospitable curé, we at once began to ascend the valley which led to the pass, and soon arrived at two villages, Massure and Muraille. They appeared to be

but one; they were, however, divided by a deep ravine, of which we did not suspect the existence until we crossed the torrent which flowed through it, and which afterwards formed the cataract that we had failed to get access to in the morning. Having passed the villages, we ascended by the right bank of the torrent, and soon reached pine forests, and found some shelter from the now burning sun. We met a great number of mules bringing hay down from the mountains, aided in their steep descent with their heavy loads by a man or a woman who followed, holding two poles driven into the hay, by which he steadied the course of the mule. The banks by the road-side yielded abundance of wild strawberries, and we generally chose our resting-places where we could obtain them. At length we emerged from the forest, and entered the pasturages, meadows and hill sides quite open, and of great extent. We passed through numerous groups of peasants engaged in the harvest, to whom it appeared to be as much a period of joyous light-heartedness as with us. Above these pasturages we saw, at a fatiguing distance, the Col which we had to climb; but we were encouraged when some chalets were pointed out to us, lying in our path, where we were sure to obtain bread and milk. These we enjoyed when we arrived there, and rested for about an hour in the middle of the day. Thence to the summit it was a dull and laborious ascent. Our guide told us that he often came here to shoot chamois, by lurking in recesses beneath some black precipices, which he attained in the evening, and then waited patiently for daybreak, when these animals descend to feed on the short herbage which is found in those wild and elevated spots.

On the actual crest of the pass, we rose above any vegetation, except lichens, and as we had seen patches of snow on the southern slope, I inferred that the height of this pass exceeds 8500 feet. The summit was a mere ridge, and along the line of the crest were the remains of dry walls and redoubts, thrown up by the Austro-Sardinian army, during the wars of the Alps in the early part of the French Revolution. It is difficult to imagine,

that the horrors of war could reach places so retired from the world as the spot upon which we now contemplated the evidence of the struggles which had taken place for the possession of this pass.

In 1795 every accessible point of the Alps on the frontiers of Piedmont, from the Camp of Tournoux on the Ubaye, to the little St Bernard, extending above thirty leagues, was watched by a line of 24,000 Piedmontese soldiers, backed by a numerous reserve. Opposed to them were 15,000 French, under General Moulins; these had brought up their guns and ammunition by the path we had ascended, an incredible undertaking, which exceeded the valour and devotion afterwards displayed in the celebrated passage of the great St Bernard by Napoleon.

The Col du Mont was so well defended by the Piedmontese, that the French were repeatedly repulsed. At length Moulins, in the month of May, ordered his men to advance during a dreadful storm of snow, against which they struggled for ten hours. The cold was so severe that the wine, and even brandy (watered we may suppose), froze in the canteens. Yet they persevered; the weather was really their auxiliary, for the Piedmontese were driven by the same storm from their outposts. At such a time it was impossible to imagine that an attack would be made; the sentinels, almost frozen by the cold, and having a curtain of snow only before them, perceived not the French, who, rushing on, carried the intrenchments. But so important was the possession of the pass, that the Piedmontese rallied, and attempted its recovery on the following night, and had nearly succeeded, by a false attack, in withdrawing the French from their position. Not less than ten efforts, in separate attacks, were subsequently made in the course of the campaign, not one of which succeeded in dispossessing the French of the command of the pass.

The later victories recorded in the military history of France, which placed the fame of her armies at its splendid height during the success of Napoleon, were achieved by acts of less incredible devotion and heroism, than those by which the first

soldiers of the Revolution conquered. These men, ill-paid, and without an organized commissariat, fought under circumstances to which their more fortunate successors were not exposed—for these were aided in their victories by the invincible character which those daring heroes of the Alpine campaigns had already acquired for the armies of France.

The summit of the Col du Mont is so narrow, that the spectator commands from the same point both the valley of the Isère and the Val Grisanche. Beneath us, on the northern side, our path lay over a slope of snow which swept steeply down about 500 feet, and below to a deep valley, filled with rocks and stones, brought down by the glaciers and torrents which surround this scene of sterility. On our right the mountain sides descended in abrupt precipices, crested with snow and glaciers of vast thickness. The sun shone through the upper edge, which formed a vivid outline against the dark blue sky, and presented that beautiful translucent appearance with which I had been so much struck on the snows of the Ortler-spitz. All around was desolation and might have been solitude, but that we found on the Col a party of shepherd boys, who, having left their flocks on the high pasturages, had climbed to the summit to meet the boys of the neighbouring valley; their meeting was now amicable, but our guide told us that a deadly enmity had not long since existed between those of opposite sides of the mountain. Only two years ago, said Philip Chenard, a boy ten years old was killed with a stone in an affray; the authorities then interfered, the offender was tried and found guilty, but, in consideration of his youth, he was only punished with imprisonment.

On the surface of the snow below us we observed large patches of a red colour, which we found to be similar to the red snow mentioned by Captain Parry, and which excited so much interest some years ago when he mentioned it on his return from the northern regions. My companion collected some, and placed it in a bottle, whilst I, seated to rest, began a letter to England, of which I thought even amidst such a scene as that which surrounded me—one cer-

tainly not provided for in the "universal letter-writer."

When we began our descent it was with caution, lest a slip should precipitate us to the bottom. The laugh of derision with which our mode of getting down was observed by the boys, was any thing but gratifying to our dignity. Whether it was to display their own skill, or justify their expressed contempt of our want of it, the urchins set us an example; two or three of them suddenly squatted on the slope, and shot down the snow with the velocity of arrows, checking their speed at will by letting the heel sink deeper in the snow, which, thus disturbed, flew up like powder on either side. One boy threw himself head foremost down the slope, and checked himself by his toes in the snow behind him; but the climax of these mountain gymnastics was exhibited by a bold boy who descended head foremost on his back. In this position he had no means of knowing when he had reached the bottom, where rocks and stones protruded through and terminated the bed of snow, and but for the aid of another boy who checked him, a fatal result might have punished his temerity. This exhibition had amused and interested us; and as our creeping mode had evidently more danger in it, we followed the first example, seated ourselves on the snow, and, with delightful rapidity, reached the bottom. The only inconvenience we experienced arose from the snow which stuck to us, solidified to ice by our pressure in the descent. Detaching these lumps renewed the laughter of the mountain imps we had found in this extraordinary place.

For more than two hours our route lay through a pathless descent of the mountain, which terminated in the Valley of Stones that we had seen from the summit. Here we discovered that our guide was ignorant of the true course, and that, in fact, he had never entered the Val Grisanche before. In descending from a mountain, there is fortunately little difficulty in following the course, as nearly as possible, of the torrent. After getting out of the Valley of Stones, we ascended a steep bank to avoid a defile, and found ourselves on the highest pasturages in the valley. We soon passed the

châlets, and in half an hour more we got into that branch of the valley of the Grisanche which descends from the Col de Clou. Its head was filled with enormous glaciers; but they were impressive only from their immensity, they possessed no picturesque distinction.

On our reaching the lower valley, we found a few fields of stunted barley, and some miserable hovels. On enquiry after an inn, we were told that we should find none nearer than at Seris, two hours down the valley, and that Ivrogne, in the Val D'Aosta, was four hours below Seris. Our reaching the Val D'Aosta to sleep was, therefore, out of the question. The sun was already sinking below the mountains, and our walk, which had now exceeded twelve hours, had fatigued us. There was little to interest us in the scenery of the valley; we saw some villages on the mountain side, but nothing striking to relieve the tedium of the walk to the miserable village of Seris. Here we saw a sign over a door, but knocks and shouts failed to obtain any proof that the house was inhabited. We sat on a bench in front of this inn, whilst Chenard went to different cottages to enquire where we could obtain refreshment and beds. We learnt that all the inhabitants of the inn were in the mountains saving their hay, and nearly all the people of the village were thus occupied. We could only wait patiently at the door. Whilst we sat there, flocks of goats returning from their pastures, scraped our acquaintance as they passed. The sun had set; and the only objects to relieve our *ennui* were the splendid changes of colour, as the sunlight declined on the glaciers of the Mont Ge Clou, which magnificently closed the head of the valley.

We now became very impatient. Night descended rapidly, and the keen air blowing down the valley from the glaciers made us anxious for shelter; but it was an hour after our arrival before the innkeeper and his family made their appearance. He regretted that the house should have been closed; travellers were too rare in the valley to induce them to leave one person in the house who could be useful in the fields. When the door was opened, we entered a perfect den, then ascended, by a flight of

stone stairs, to two dirty chambers. Our host might have played the voracious brigand, without any addition to his costume. His sturdy form and huge whiskers gave to him a ruffianly appearance, quite at variance with his good-humoured desire to serve us as well as he could. He sent to a neighbouring village for better wine than his own stores afforded, and for white bread, which had dried, however, as hard as a stone; but the readiness with which his wife sought to serve us reconciled us to this mountain fare. Some villanous coffee was made; but my friend's ingenuity soon discovered the means of making tea, and we afterwards obtained eggs and milk. We soon found refreshment from our fatigue, and amusement from the oddity of our situation. Such a visit as ours had created a sensation in the village; many peasants entered to see us feed and hear us talk. The village mason, who had not much employment in his valley, consulted us upon the policy of seeking it in England, where he had heard that thousands of his craft were employed, from a man who had been taken prisoner whilst serving in the French army, and had been some time in England. All regretted that this man was absent upon so extraordinary an occasion as the passage of two Englishmen through their valley. Our visitors at last became troublesome; and upon enquiry for our dormitory, we learnt that it was a hundred yards from the house, in a grange. We went there and found two chambers; the outer one, nearly filled with implements of husbandry, was allotted to our guide, and the inner one to us. Beneath us we heard the bleating of goats, and saw a trap-door in the floor, which communicated with their crowded abode. Many things occurred to divert us excessively, but poor Chenard could not enter into our mirth. He had, as usual, an ill opinion of the people, and protested against lying on his bed until a key was found to lock the door of his chamber. The absence of it had alarmed him; but after piling the ploughs and harrows against the door, and having ascertained that we were armed, he became reconciled, and we all slept in safety.

We were up at four; our host had procured some milk and boiling wa-

ter. We soon breakfasted, and before five o'clock we left Seris. The innkeeper, who was satisfied and grateful for what we paid him, added another example to the million, that he was an honest fellow in spite of his appearance.

Though our route through the valley above Seris last evening wanted picturesque interest from its scenery, the valley was sterile, and rugged, and strewn with vast rocks which had been detached from the mountains, often from precipices so steep, that no vegetation rested on their surfaces, where still impending masses threaten the passing traveller, and numerous crosses record the frequent occurrence here of this common fatality in the Alpine valleys. Deep rifts in the mountain sides were channels to cataracts pouring their white foam from the dark recesses, and in some places the black precipitous slopes of the mountain were wet and herbless, and still reeking as if some avalanche had recently passed over them.

Yet all these grand materials of mountain scenery do not combine into picturesque arrangements, and the lover of nature who would perform the character of Dr Syntax in the Alps, would find little in this valley above Seris to place in his sketch-book.

From this village, however, to the junction of the Val Grisanche with the Val D'Aosta, scenery of the wildest and most picturesque character abounds—the torrent sinks into a deep and inaccessible ravine, which, near its commencement, was overhung by the window of our dormitory. Our course down the valley was by a path along the mountain side, rarely approaching the torrent nearer than 200 feet, and rising sometimes a thousand above it, and so awfully abrupt that we could almost touch the tops of enormous pines which were rooted in the sides of the ravine beneath us; as often, too, the sky was shut out within a few degrees of the zenith by the precipices which overhung our path. During two hours of our descent to Ivrogne, we passed through this magnificent defile; enormous rocks often lay in our course, and could only be passed by a path made either by excavation, or by rude terraces formed of dry stones, or trunks

of trees overhanging, in a terrific way, the deep gulf below, in which, when we caught a glimpse of the torrent, we saw its successive cataracts foaming and tumbling over and amidst the enormous rocks, which, detached from the frosts of winter, had fallen from the precipices above us, where we often observed the fresh surfaces left by recent *éboulements*. Several cataracts, unknown, and therefore not celebrated, are amongst the most striking objects in the Val Grisanche. One of these precipitated itself down the mountain side in a place so perpendicular, that it was necessary to hasten over the bridge, formed by trunks of trees laid across, lest the spray from the torrent should soak us—rails, rudely formed, offered slight security to the passenger in crossing this bridge, which fearfully hung over the abyss. The wild placement of the rocks in the ravine above us, through which the water gushed, was surmounted by another bridge, made apparently to connect the paths to mountain pastures, in a situation more frightful than even that upon which we for a moment stood. A fine addition to the sublime picturesqueness of this gorge was the occasional view of castellated ruins on seemingly inaccessible rocks and precipices. One of the finest of these is on the right side of the torrent near to where the traveller in his descent first catches a glimpse of the northern side of the Val D'Aosta.

Our descent was very rapid, and though we were early, we soon found the heat scarcely supportable. Thousands of beautiful lizards made the banks and rocks "instinct with life;" and once attempting to reach a flower, a large snake which I had not perceived, startled me by almost touching my face as it sprang across the path into the shelter of the opposite bank.

Some time before reaching the valley of the Doire (Val d'Aosta), we left the course of the Grisanche, and turning on the left, descended among some enormous boulders, through meadows, pastures, forests of walnut and chestnut trees, orchards and vineyards amidst cottages and saw-mills, and at length issued very unexpectedly from beneath a gate-way into the middle of the narrow street of Ivrogne. For some

time I was puzzled to recognise the village in which I now found myself for the fourth time.

Here, suffering from heat, thirst, and exertion, we sought refreshment and a short rest, but without much success. One solitary old woman we met in the village, who informed us that there was no chance either of getting mules or a char to drive to St Didier. After taking a little sour wine we started up the valley, hoping for better fare at La Salle. I found that the road had been greatly improved since my last visit in many places, especially near Fort Roc—the defile which separates the valleys of Aosta and La Salle. Here Mont Blanc burst upon us in all his splendour, terminating this beautiful valley with one of the grandest objects in the whole chain of the Alps.

At La Salle, which we reached through a dusty road and under a burning sun, we took shelter at the Rose. The old woman was dead; her successors placed before us bread and cheese and wine, but no mules or chars were to be had. We then determined to rest an hour to invigorate for the remainder of our burning journey. Our guide was as miserable as thirst and fatigue could make him; for the wine was warm, and rather fevered than refreshed us. I fear that we were selfish enough to find consolation in the discovery that our guide suffered more from our journey than ourselves. At length we started, and soon discovered that another and a better inn than the Rose had been established in the village since my last visit. We found ourselves, however, refreshed and in high spirits. At Morgex, the next village, we did not condescend to ask for mules. We found here three new inns, and all promising good entertainment.

Soon after leaving Morgex, we met two gentlemen descending the valley in a char. I immediately recognised acquaintance, but if I had not made myself known I should have escaped detection, as my appearance was disguised by a blouse and a large white hat, my usual travelling costume—these, aided by a sun-burnt visage as dark as gipsy's dye, and a full powdering of dust upon my mustaches and whiskers, exhibited a

condition in which I would not have "walked through Coventry, that's flat." We soon after turned out of the high-road to Cormayeur, crossed the Doire, and reached Prés St Didier about two o'clock. After dinner my friend drove over to the Baths of Cormayeur, distant about a league, and on his return we went to the Baths du Mont, or of St Didier. In the meadows between the village and the baths, a neat building has lately been erected by order of the King of Sardinia—he visited these baths last year, to the honour and glory of the St Didians. Visitors and invalids may live at the new baths *in pension*. The water is supplied to them by pipes from the hot spring above the Baths du Mont, which will be suppressed as soon as the new establishment is complete.

The *grand place*, as the little dirty square of St Didier is called, is improved; a new house for the curé now occupies the best side of it—the sign of the Bear (our quarters) still swings on its old hinges, and points out the chief inn, though some rivals have arisen in the village. The one-eyed waiter had disappeared, the only improvement that I could perceive at *l'Ours*; it was at present, however, enlivened by a fellow who announced, by beat of drum, the powers of himself and vagabond family, who, patronised by all the princes in Europe, had condescended to visit St Didier, that the lieges of the King of Sardinia, even in this retired corner of his dominions, might be gratified and astonished by drumming, rope-dancing, and "*feu d'artifice*." As the *salle de spectacle* was a loft, attached to our inn, cleared out for the occasion, we enjoyed in the evening, for eight sous, the consideration of being arranged with "*Les hautes classes*." A poor girl, dressed à la May-day in England, had her skill sadly limited, by the timbers of the roof, to leaps of a few inches, and the magnificent *feu d'artifice* was confined to a single small wheel rocket, fired from a nail fixed in the window sill of the inn in front of the grand place; a liberal display to all the villagers who would not pay, as a decoy to the next representation to-morrow night, to which the payment of only four sous will gain access.

We engaged mules to take us to the little St Bernard, and visit the Crammont on our way. The morning was not very promising, clouds hung over Mont Blanc, the chief object of our visit to the Crammont; still there was hope that they might clear away, and this hope induced us to climb this mountain for the chance of his appearance.

After ascending half an hour from St Didier, we left the road which led to the little St Bernard, and struck into a forest on the flanks of the Crammont, by a path which put the strength of our mules severely to the test. After a difficult ascent for nearly an hour, we emerged from the forest, and entered upon the pasturages, passing several groups of châlets. At length, when the mountain side became too steep for our mules, we dismounted, and one of our guides led them across the pasturage to some châlets which we should pass on our descent; the other guide accompanied us to the summit. As we rose, extensive and magnificent scenery opened to us — Mont Blanc and the great chain were still wrapt in clouds, but to the eastward, the Val d'Aosta and the mountain peaks, whence sweep down to the Doire its numerous affluents, all lay like a model below and before us — the extensive glaciers of the Ruitor appeared just across the valley of La Tuille, like enormous terraces, in which the vast fissures and even their deep tinge of blue were distinctly seen. Soon the Val de Ferret opened to us beyond the Mont Dolent, the peak which terminates the Crammont range towards Cormayeur. A little of the masses of Mont Blanc became visible, yet the clouds still concealed more than the upper half of their immense depth; and the Cap even of the Crammont was enveloped. Still we persevered, and in about four hours after leaving St Didier, we attained the summit, an elevation of about 9200 feet.

The chief difficulties in the ascent arose from the extreme smoothness of the sward and steepness of the slope; in many places, where there were undulations in the mountain-side, it was awful to look back upon ground just passed, and see its unsupported edge cutting abruptly against objects on the opposite side of the valley, thousands of feet be-

low and beyond. It excited a shuddering sensation to see such an apparent ledge, over which it seemed as if it were possible to fall; here and there, amidst rocks, and upon banks, excavated by hundreds of marmots, it was a relief to rest in conscious security.

From the summit, little in the direction of Mont Blanc was visible; the clouds which still wrapped the upper half of the chain were, however, in motion. The grand Jorasse to the northward cleared off; then occasionally glimpses were caught of the *Géant*; and portions of the enormous glaciers on the eastern flanks of Mont Blanc were at some moments visible. We determined to await the change promised by these appearances, and in the mean time examine what could be seen, especially as we had the aid of a good glass, whenever the cloud in which we were occasionally enveloped on the Crammont rose clear of the summit.

Towards the E.S.E. we saw the glaciers of the Ruitor, one of the finest objects within view. On mentioning the probability of our traversing the Val de Cogne, our guide pointed it out in the scene before us, as well as the snows of the Soanna, and the mountains bounding the Val Grisanche, which we had descended. The Doire in the Val d'Aosta was reduced to a silver thread; the camp of Prince Thomas, the table land above the precipices of the valley of La Tuille, appeared close beneath our feet; and we overlooked the mountain which flanked this camp, as well as numerous peaks beyond it. Towards the south, we saw the little St Bernard, guarded by the Belvedere, the Valaisan, and other mountains which bound that pass. In the direction of the great St Bernard we clearly traced the course of the wild valley through which a path leads by the pass of the Serena to St Remy and great St Bernard; and though the hospices could not be seen, the Mont Velan beyond it shone brightly like a beacon above the dwelling of the Benevolent Brethren.

Whilst we stayed on the Crammont, we were more than once driven for shelter from the rain into a cavern which was formed by the rude piling of the rocks upon the summit, these were of slaty lime-

stone, of a variety known by the name of cipolino, of which the mountain is almost entirely composed.

The look-out from the summit of the Crammont towards the west is, independent of the view of Mont Blanc, one of the most striking scenes in the Alps; it surmounts many thousand feet the deep valleys towards the Allée-blanche. The highest point of the Crammont is the outward edge of a large flat mass of rock, dipping towards the east about 20 degrees. The western or upper edge of this mass actually overhangs the rocks below, so that a stone dropt from it would fall perpendicularly hundreds of feet, and then striking the precipitous sides, would bound into the abyss below, broken into a thousand fragments. To pass the time, this was one of our amusements; all lent a hand in rolling the largest pieces of rock we could manage, to the edge, and the moment it dropped, we lay prostrate, our heads only hanging over, to observe the effect. The mass, with the force of its descent, generally broke against the first thing it struck, into many thousand pieces; each bounded away to greater depths; again breaking, and divided, and often disturbing in its course masses a hundred times larger than that originally thrown over. These rushing through rifts, the channels of former *éboulements*, or bounding over the vast ledges below us, set many tons in motion, and gave an appearance of life to the fearful abyss which we overlooked. The noise produced by so much disturbance in these solitudes rose like thunder from the depths below, and long after we had been unable, in the depth and distance, to distinguish the motion of the stones, we were informed of its continuance by the noise which ascended from reverberations below.

Our first exploit this way disturbed a female chamols and her kid, feeding in apparent security in such a solitude as this; they instantly bounded directly up the mountain, over snows, and rocks, and springing up precipices of which we could not discover the ledges upon which they found footing. All this was done apparently with as much ease as the stones had descended; nor did the animals rest until they attained the peaked summits on our left, when

their dark forms cut against the sky. Our guide skulked along the brink of the precipices, in order to afford more sport by disturbing them again; but he was soon detected, and they bounded away out of sight into solitudes inaccessible to all observers.

But grand as were the noises we were able to produce by this disturbance in the abyss below, they were insignificant compared with the thunder of the avalanches, which every minute made themselves heard across the Allée-blanche, as they fell from the glaciers of Mont Blanc opposite to us; and it was no small part of the sublime emotion which they caused, that the sound reached us directly through the clouds which still concealed the "monarch of mountains."

At length our perseverance was rewarded; the spaces became more frequent, the rents in the curtain of clouds larger; vast extents of glaciers became exposed to us; and, watching attentively as the clouds rose, we saw in an opening, high—unexpectedly high—above us, his "diadem of snows." Such a moment of preparation, of excitement, and of gratification, is worth the journey from England. Our first peeps were only for a few moments, but at length his summit shone out bright and glorious against a deep blue sky. Soon the whole range cleared off, and a zone only of light varying clouds lay on the side, and alone interrupted at intervals an entire view of this most sublime object, from his summit to where the base was intercepted by a low range which may be considered as the western basis of the Crammont; and in extent, from the Col de la Seigne to the Col de Ferret, including all the vast eastern glaciers of Mont Blanc—the Miage, the Brenva, and others, throughout an extent of nearly forty miles, seen under an angle of about 150 degrees.

Nothing struck me more forcibly than the sublime effect of the height of Mont Blanc, rising still 6500 feet above us, but so near that we appeared to be looking into the zenith when we gazed upon his summit. My companion was particularly struck with this, for upon my shouting an exclamation of joy on the first appearance of Mont Blanc, not suspecting the real situation, he was searching in-

tently twenty or thirty degrees below, and could scarcely believe his eyes when the reward of our climbing was offered to us so high above the clouds.

We were struck with the distinctness with which we could, in these silent regions, hear the sound of the torrent of La Tuille, when the air set towards the mountain. The bells of the cows, too, in the pasturages below us, came sharply upon the ear, and we almost fancied that we heard occasional sounds from the villages which we saw speckling the plain and slopes of the valley of the Doire. The exquisite enjoyment of this visit to the Crammont was only a repetition of the pleasure felt by preceding travellers. Few men have derived higher pleasure from mountain excursions, or imparted more information upon the subject than Saussure, and he records his second visit to the Crammont thus:—"Nous passâmes trois heures sur cette sommité; j'y en avais aussi passé trois dans mon premier voyage; et ces six heures sont certainement celles de ma vie dans lesquelles j'ai goûté les plus grands plaisirs que puissent donner la contemplation et l'étude de la nature."

The descent was more difficult and fatiguing than the ascent, from the grass rendering the footing insecure, and we often followed the example of the guide by sitting and sliding down some of the steep slopes. When we had descended about 2000 feet, we looked back and saw an eagle whirling round the crest of the mountain which we had just left.

Instead of descending to the path in the forest by which we had climbed, we struck away to the right towards some chalets, where our mules had been taken to await our return. We amused and refreshed ourselves by giving chase to some goats, and milking them into our leather travelling cups. In the chalet, however, abundance was ready for us of milk and cream, bread and cheese. Here we rested half-an-hour, then mounted our mules, and descended by a very steep and difficult path to the village of Evollina, where we regained the high-road from St Didier to the little St Bernard.

I found this road much improved since my former journey, especially from La Balme to La

Tuille. The path which overhung the deep bed of the torrent had been in some places guarded by a dry wall, in others trees had been well laid for the construction of a safe road; especially near that spot of so much interest in this route, as connected with the passage of Hannibal, at the base of the Crammont, where the snow of the winter avalanches accumulates. I again found snow here, and of much greater extent than in 1826.

Soon after, we crossed the bridge at La Tuille, looked up to the bases of the glaciers which descend here from the Rutor, and then continued our route up to Pont Serrant, the last village on the ascent. We had already done a fair day's work, which made the ascent to the little St Bernard seem longer than usual. At length we entered the plain of the Col, gazing up to the Belvedere, which we also intended to visit, to enjoy the celebrated view from its summit. After passing the old redoubt—the "Cirque d'Annibal"—and the Colonne de Joux, where there was an appearance of recent excavation, we reached the hospice.

The sun was now declining, a cold sharp wind blew over the Col, and compelled us to dismount, and walk across the plain on the summit, the site of the encampment of the army of Hannibal. At the hospice, where we expected we could have rested, and visited the Belvedere in the morning, we found workmen rebuilding it, and the whole establishment in such confusion, that we could only obtain a little bread, and some detestable brandy. Shelter in case of a storm might be found in the stable, but no beds. We were compelled, therefore, to proceed, to my great vexation at being obliged again to relinquish my excursion to the Belvedere. We dismissed our mules, and, after taking a parting look at the Crammont and Mont Blanc—now cloudless—we started down towards the Tarentaise and the comfortable quarters which we knew were ready for us at Bourg St Maurice. Night overtook us before we reached the Rocheblanche, and we found the road weary, and intolerably long. My companion, one of the best mountain walkers I ever travelled with,

suffered severely from fatigue, and only rallied after a most welcome and refreshing supper provided by our young hostess.

We rose perfectly refreshed from the fatigue of the last three days, and ready for our return to Moutiers; but as we did not intend to go beyond that town to-day, we agreed to devote the early part of it to an excursion up the Bonnaval to Chapui at the eastern base of the Bonhomme. Through this valley descends the torrent of the Versoy, which issues from the glacier of l'Oratoire at the foot of the Col de la Seigne.

We hired mules for this excursion, and returning about a mile on our road of last evening, turned up on the left, through the steep village of Chatelard, situated almost in a forest of walnut and fruit-trees. Here, from the mountain side, juts out into the valley a headland, upon which are the ruins of a Roman square tower, a conspicuous object in the route from Saint Maurice to the Little St Bernard.

The village of Chatelard lies on the bank of the Versoy. On the left are precipices rising hundreds of feet from the bed of the torrent, so abruptly that not a goat's path appears to be practicable on the faces of the rocks. After passing Chatelard, we entered the gorge by a narrow path, cut out on the edge of precipices on the side opposite to those which are so conspicuous from the route near St Maurice. Between them, in the profound and inaccessible chasm, is the bed of Versoy. The scenery around is most sublime in character, the passer-by looks down into a horrid gulf from his high and dangerous path, often without perceiving the white foam of the torrent, or the bases of the precipices which rise above it, on the opposite side, to three times the height of those upon which he stands, whilst the intervening space is so little, that a stone, thrown with slight effort, would strike the opposite rocks. Continuing to ascend, the path leads through a wild narrow glen, to a bridge over the Versoy; and shortly after we reached the village of Bonnaval, situated at the entrance of a valley, which appears to lead into the heart of the mountains that divide the

Little St Bernard from the Allée Blanche. The road up the valley to Chapui ascends steeply on the left slope of the narrow channel of the Versoy; and we soon rose high above the torrent, and found its course surmounted by lofty ranges of magnificent forms, their enormous bases, like buttresses, often changing, from their protrusion, the direction of the valley. The whole character of the Bonnaval is wild and grand, composed of precipitous overhanging masses—steep taluses sinking into the depths of the valley—and enormous blocks strown about, which have fallen from the mountains above—yet there are in the valley several summer hamlets. At the last of these, Le Crest, where there is a little chapel, we descended to the river and crossed it. Every step now increased in sterility, the valley widened, but its whole width seemed to be only the bed of the Versoy in winter, for it was filled with rocks and stones—the mountain sides scathed and bare; the whole scene a desert. Chapui, at the foot of the Bonhomme, now lay before us. We did not go up to the chalets, as I had before visited them on my way from Chamouny to Cormayeur, but turned our mules' heads when within half a mile, and retraced our route. We were struck with the singularly wild appearance of a bridge by which we had crossed near Le Crest; its buttresses were vast rocks, but so small by comparison with the immense masses above and around it, that the bridge was scarcely a distinguishable feature in the scene. On our return, the wild scenery of the Bonnaval was presented to us in new points of view. I have often remarked the beauty of unexpected scenes, observed in an opposite direction, when retracing a course previously passed only in one way by the traveller, and we now congratulated ourselves that we had not only visited, but returned by this savage and sequestered glen.

After dinner we left our worthy host of St Maurice, Mayel, whose younger brother, my former guide to the Iséran, drove us in a light carriage to Moutiers; but it was dark before we reached our quarters at the Hôtel de Poste.

A WORD FOR WINTER. BY THE SKETCHER.

THE four seasons have each their admirers, but the artist does not admit of the limitation which they imply. They are broad distinctions, and do well enough for those who periodically unwrap themselves and their ideas, to expose both to a fresher air; they serve for dates, retrospective and prospective, but no more; and I know not how it is, but the public sense seems to chain down the painter, and would ask him whether his picture be Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter, and would compel him to adopt one of those periods in the catalogue. It is very difficult to determine by *effects* when each season commences or ends—they run into each other nicely, and have blended beauties that delight the artist. So it is with the day, and nature, ever shifting and changing, is often most fascinating when it is not strictly either morning, noon, evening, or night; yet, I fear that the artist who should paint the odd times, would be criticised with the prejudice for the four periods strongly against him. Every month, and half month of the year, has its destination—every hour of the day also; besides which, I cannot but think the painter at liberty, if his piece be poetical, as it ever ought to be, to borrow somewhat (however little) from all, as each may supply his palette with colour, or his pencil with form. He may occasionally make an ideal of the year. But, at all events, the twelve months and the twenty-four hours give him latitude enough, if the School of Taste shall be disposed to question his right of amalgamation.

It is now the first of February, and at half-past five p.m., such a beautiful picture of nature presented itself to me, that it is noted on my memory's tablet for ages, and perhaps at no other day in the year 1836, nor at any other hour than the one mentioned, could that precise picture have offered itself, and I would not have one, the minutest, part of it changed.

I could not but think, if I were to paint this scene, it was moonlight,

every part of my picture would have been criticized as false to "sable night," or night denominated by any other usual epithet; for though indeed it was moonlight, it was not night—which people think every moonlight ought to be. The uniting and meeting of day and night was most sweet, as if really saluting each other and commingling graces. The depth of the sky was evident from the illumination of the moon breaking through a large purple cloud, which occupied a large space in the sky, the moon itself just partially seen, and tinging some radiant, fleecy clouds above it, and the dark mass over the expanse was of an intense colour, how difficult to describe! a lake-blue grey gradating in depth till lost in the extremity of the darker mass—above which, some lighter and slightly green tinged vapoury clouds were rolling in upon the lovely and purer ether, above which to the right was one bright single star. The earth, its veiled grounds, distances, fields, trees, all blended together, in what at first might appear one russet brown, yet was there no very indistinct confusion, and on examining it more nicely, you could distinguish a great variety of tones and colours, seeming one from their perfect harmony, some belonging to daylight, some to moonlight, and how beautiful were the trees, on whose tender tops the parting sun had left his blessing, while they were yet courting communion with the new mysterious light. Such was the colour of the sky, that near objects were illuminated, though delicately, with a rose tint which was finely set off by the greenish brown that still subdued the silvan scenery not within its reach. This scene would have struck any artist, but as too many, at such an hour, and at such a season, are not in the country where beauty so peculiar is to be seen, I am willing to tempt them, by this very inadequate description, to seek that "witching hour," when day and night thus hold their conference, and the pure moon seems to rise still in reliance upon the departing sun from

which she receives her glory, enveloping herself in the mantle which he drops.

Scenes like this do not easily pass from the memory. I was perhaps the more struck with this, as it reminded me of one not very dissimilar which delighted me many years ago, in Italy, amongst the Apennines. The road wound amongst the mountains—morning and evening appeared at nearly opposite directions, pouring their rival and soft illumination into the landscape, which was most retired, and well chosen for the meeting. It was impossible not to feel the poetry of the influences. The scene would have suited a Diana and Endymion, the crescent would have been radiant as a star, yet not a blush would have been lost to the eye, and the sleep of Endymion would have been perfect, and, if the term may be permitted, the expression of his very dream visible. Nothing wanted light, nothing wanted shade, yet all was under the most perfect amalgamation of the opposites in colours and tones. There is something inexpressibly tranquillizing in these hours.

The whole landscape in silence seems wondering at the phenomenon, and the charmed spectator gazes as if within the magic circle of an illumination that is not only around, but that penetrates within him. If there is any being that ought to be more especially thankful than another to the maker of this beautiful world, it is the painter; by that organ, which others may think only given to mankind to see about their ways and businesses, does he extract from universal nature the most perfect delight—I say perfect, for it gives him a new sense, a perception of the infinite beauties of the only works that are perfect. There is not a spot nor an hour where and in which the sketcher may not find something to admire—he has ever something to collect, to treasure up, not like the common collector of curiosities, for idle gaze, but for positive use, to stimulate his fancy into a faculty of combination, the poets' and painters' gift alone, a gift that confers, as far as we are capable of receiving it, a delight which resembles no other, not so much of imitating, but of creating.

The artist will take storm and sunshine from the natural world, to enliven or display the wonders of his ideal; he lays every season under contribution, and, by the intense occupation of his mind under its converting power, that scenery and those effects which fill others with melancholy gloom, but furnish him with pleasures, and they are the greater, perhaps, as they direct his genius to higher conceptions. He would be but a poor artist who would limit his studies to one month, or to one season of the year. Let the sketcher see all—note all—for beauty is that gift to nature, when it was first pronounced good, that has never been, and never will be, entirely withdrawn. Materials are always before the painter—he may make a bad or a good use of them, according to the wholesome or evil education that he has given to his taste. I never recollect a winter season to have been more rich in exquisite effects than the present. The hoar frost about Christmas was most fascinating, it had nothing of the coldness of winter—it was joyous—the earth was garlanded with silver, and the sky, though not light, was luminous, so as at once to set it off by colour, and to make it sparkling and brilliant. Spring was never more gay. The local circumstances, perhaps, gave a peculiar charm to my mind, and they constituted the poetry of the scene, and therefore made the picture complete. It happened to be one of those days of annual parochial gifts, when the poor rejoice in comforts, the bequests of pious and benevolent persons. The smoke was curling from the poor man's cottage, and ascending, like thankfulness, heavenward, and in return the sky sent down a lustre over the earth. Winter came not on that day with a shrivelled and niggard aspect, frowning upon poverty, but with a sack of plenty on his shoulders, and a bidding of welcome—not busybodyism, but celestial charity may have been walking about all village ways, and in the fields; and after showing her cheerful healthy face at the poor man's table, and blessing his fields, went forth into the fields to see that the cattle were fed, and as she touched with her fingers the

new cut mow, it gleamed like gold—merry children followed her, and sunshine played about her footsteps, and the frosted hollows were like silver cups gilt within. How exquisitely beautiful were the hedges, such tracery, and every thing in them so bent, and communicating with each other, as if conscious of, and pleased with their festoonery of silver—and in the sheltered places the little leaves, partly dotting the shade with white, and partly enlivening it with their evergreen tint, shining amidst red berries that were still uncovered; these small bright leaves of green were tokens left, as the rainbow in the heavens, to give security of the entire recovery of refreshing green, when nature may choose to assume it. There never was poet or painter who did not receive into his creed a fellowship of life and sensation with every object of the vegetable world—nay, with all nature, as a whole, and in all the detail, rocks and stones, leaf and blade, to their imaginations, are endowed with feeling, and there is not a desolate scene under a dreary sky that does not, to their fancies, seem to feel its own misery—and thus they sympathize with universal nature. This is strictly true, and if there be any that read this, and have not felt it, they are no painters, and have no touch of poetry in them—they may laugh at the conceit, but the painter will acknowledge the truth.

On the day of my admiration of the hoar frost, the sympathy felt with all that was seen was a sympathy of lively joy, of health, of sportiveness, as if the landscape had put on a white dress to make holiday, and it was impossible to admit

a thought that was not in its holy-day trim.

Look at the trees, quoth Fancy, see how they meet together, how they stretch out their graced and graceful arms, and, all multitudinous as they are, seem conscious of each other's presence, and are glad—it is now their assembly season—their holyday of joy and pleasant idleness. In the spring they must work hard, and manufacture shade for us, and leaves for millions of creatures to furnish both shelter and food, and then they are shut up in their manufactory, and can see nothing of each other, for their leaves and industry; but now their work is over, pleasure begins, and see how they visit each other, and acknowledge the gratification; come, Sketcher, with your pencil and palette, for here are form and colour—look at the greenish brown stems, here slightly touched with silver, and here with amber, and why should you lament the loss of the rich summer hues? and if you would learn drawing you never can have so glorious an opportunity. They are all stripped bare before you like Academy figures, and there is strength, beauty, and grace in every limb, and they will be pleased at your attention. Scoff not at Fancy's exhortation; fancy and truth are nearer akin than either judge or jury will allow, and her lectures are from a pure source.

Winter has its cheerful views: the blessed season I have been describing, that of the Nativity, brought to my mind Milton's Holy Hymn.—How did he keep his Christmas eve? noting such a beautiful starry night as preceded our return of the blessed day—

“Now while the Heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no point of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright.”

He does indeed begin his hymn—

“It was the winter wild;”

but the wildness soon is dispersed, and Nature

“Only, with speeches fair,
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow.”

How soon is the scene changed, and the cheering idea embodied—

“But he her fears to cease
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land."

Here is no dreary winter scene; if it was a season of snow, the poet's genius animates it—it is the "innocent snow," conscious of the presence of divine innocence. The wise men, when they journeyed to make their offerings to the lowly babe, may have found all around garlanded with the hoar frost, and

the lowly shed more richly ornamented than halls of silver palaces, and then glad was the aspect of heaven and earth, and frosted brightness, and starry splendour, at the contemplation of which, and the glory they announced, the poet's heart indeed rejoiced, and dwelt upon the vision.

"But see, the Virgin blest
Hath put her babe to rest."

No more then of churlish winter, if it bring health, cheerfulness, and a season of holy joy, of human charity, and is withal thus lustrous with beauty.

Mr Miller of Bristol, a painter whose proficiency, industry, and ready genius must ensure him great success, was with me before that beautiful hoar frost had departed. We loitered about the lanes, which furnished ample scope for observation—every briery brake was a perfect picture. He has since painted a picture of this character of winter, and he selected it as well from admiration of the effects, as because he thought it would afford him the best opportunity of putting to the test a medium, the discovery of a friend of mine, which I spoke of in one of the numbers of the Sketcher. He has admirably succeeded, and was delighted with the facility which it allowed him, and with the unclogged pure look which was so evident, that a peculiar beauty in the texture was noted by many who were unconscious that the picture was not painted with the common materials. To those who may be prejudiced under the idea that the medium is not oil, it may be as well to say that it is, the excellent quality being given to it by its dryer.

Before I conclude my remarks upon winter scenery, I would notice a scene, which I saw some years ago, between Monmouth and Chepstow, on the banks of the Wye. There was a sufficient opening to show the whole width of the valley of the Wye in its somewhat large

expanse, and consequently there was a great variety of parts, the woods folding and mingling, yet making several distances—the height on both sides was considerable, but on one side more rocky and more precipitous, on the other, receding and ascending wood over wood. The hoar frost had fringed the yellowish brown trees exquisitely, and particularly the larger that stood out upon the bank of the river; their delineation was like filagree work; their pencilling at the same time most delicate and silvery, yet, as the receding masses were so edged, the breadth of effect was preserved. A blue haze arose from the water, and spread abroad over all, immediately above the bed of the river, a most perfect ultramarine vapour, which yet looked not in the least damp—higher up; out of its reach, the heathery hills and cliffs were illuminated by a golden light breaking through a wintry atmosphere, the warm brilliancy of which was reflected partially in the winding stream, and even seen in parts through the blue haze. I had often visited this scenery, and at all seasons—when spring was putting forth its garniture, summer its richness and glory, and autumn breathing a "browner horror o'er the woods;" but never had I seen it to such advantage. It was exhilarating, and gave you the idea of the personality of Nature, and that it was every where present, adorning and touching up, like a paintress, her choice works, and making even winter contribute to her power of fascina-

tion; and where is it that she does not so work? If you went to the North Pole, amid the most unpromising dreariness, and Nature failed to charm you with the snow-covered surface of the earth, she would show you a sky so deep, that it would excite your marvel, and then throw into it such flashes, such vivid and electric fires, that your imagination would be lifted in ecstasy above this world, and the glory of it would be as nothing.

Winter affords the painter the greatest latitude, for he may be as sublime as the most terrific genius would require; and even in this calm island, he may visit the coast, and dash the foam over the rocks, and sweep in the ruthless winds with the full rage of his pencil; or he may be domestic, even familiarly homely and poetical. Every home that has smoke rising from the chimney is the centre of social feeling; the very birds seek the contiguity of man's dwelling, and the cattle keep close to it. There is a

community of life between all species, that is then acknowledged; it creates poetry, though it be not the most heroic. But let the painter who would venture on a winter scene take care that he does preserve the poetry, and that it be such as will afford pleasure. There will be no need of his painting a bleak moor and a ragged donkey—the beau-ideal of unmitigated misery—such as I have seen of Morland's (he well merited the name) and his imitators. He may safely choose the terrific, the domestic, or the gay; but let him beware of the beggarly—it is neither good for man nor beast. The storm may clear up, the fields may be green, but the moor-misery admits no hope; it is unblest and unblest. Why should not the landscape speak its own welcome—"a merry Christmas, and a happy new year," and invite cheerfully and hospitably in the words of Shakespeare's old song—

"Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall we see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

And why not, as we were wont to associate with the season mirth and cheer, such as there was when England was merry England? And brilliant, indeed, might be the pictures that such a view of it would offer. The noble mansion, the forest, the deer, the coming guests, laughing in gaiety and health, their rich equipments, all superbly admitting contrast of colour, the warmth of vigorous vitality glowing in their cheeks, the result of pleasant exercise—ladies, and palfreys proud of their burthen, and more

gladsome, as they ever are, in such a season—the large retinue—the poor not unheeded, nor unthankful:—all these, with such incidents as the poet would conceive, and the painter execute, would make winter-pieces delicious, and vie with any of any season. What an admirable subject would be the closing-in of a winter day, with its solemn sky, showing the lighting-up of the old mansion among the trees, looking like a castle of enchantment; for then how much would be untold, and left to be imagined!

"Oh! 'tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all."

And when was that but when the ashen fagot was blazing, and jocund winter made all cheerful, though he whistled somewhat rudely? What variety would be thus made in picture galleries, and how set off, by their contrast, the summer pictures! How refreshing to the eye and languid mind in the dog-days would it be to put one of these pictures on an easel, and in-

vigorate the senses with coolness, as, *vice versa*, the summer scenes should be reserved for winter exhibition! and I doubt not that we should like each the better for the absence of the season they represent.

How possible is it to be very happy, and yet unconscious of the cause! Perhaps it is the best state of enjoyment. When we are cool

in our pleasures we analyse; in the fervour, the enthusiasm of present delight, we only enjoy. Nay, we not only do not know, but deny the contributing causes, and too boldly assert that they are discordant to comfort, and yet, therefore, they may more surely make up that state of feeling, of which, as a higher happiness, comfort itself is not a whole, but a part. A touch of discord makes the better music. I exemplify it thus:—Whilst I was writing by a cheerful fire, at the pleasant hour of night, Florinda, who had been looking over a portfolio of sketches, to many of which she had attracted my attention, thus enquired,—

“What can you be writing, that you are so silent?”

“I am writing, dear Florinda, a panegyric on winter, particularly on its most beautiful phenomenon, the hoar-frost.”

Florinda. How can you, who so delight in spring that you scarcely ever paint autumn, say one word in favour of this stern winter?

Sketcher. Well, Florinda, and if such be the old gentleman you thus personify, winter cold and stern, he has surely, you will confess, a most delicate and sportive daughter. Do you not admire the hoar-frost? and why not imagine him in such a warm room as this, and see him comforting himself and unbending his wrinkled front, while she may be, with her beautiful fingers, weaving her white and most intricate lace-work, all the while sitting by his side and smiling up in his old face, demanding his admiration of her busy tracery? and just such a sweet daughter may you be to me, Florinda; in the winter of my age, there shall be no more sternness than shall just serve to set off your own playful youth and beauty, that ever throws its reflected light, softening every asperity, and refreshing all it touches.

Florinda. Now you would cunningly put aside my argument, or cover it with your veil of poetical imagery. Do you not hear the wind whistling round us? and is it not at this moment drifting the snow, obliterating the very ground on which

you stood sketching? and is it not terrifying the poor innocent small birds, lest it invade and annihilate them in their nests? It is a dreadful season, say what you will of it.

Sketcher. Yet has it fostered you in warmth and gentleness from your very childhood; and to draw out your sympathies and make you a feeling as well as a rational creature, has it suffered itself to be villified and dressed in all horrors, and you have not yet forgotten your nursery tales in winter evenings, of cruelty and suffering, of murdered ladies and walking spirits.

Florinda. You know that it has been ascertained that most atrocities and great murders were committed during hard frosts.

Sketcher. And it is also said by light-haired people; so you would have the lover see no sunbeams, but start away from the daggers he should discover in the “tangles of Nympha’s hair.”

Florinda. There is not one winter sketch in this portfolio, which shows that your taste is for other seasons.

Sketcher. It is for all, but we cannot paint all, and it would be idle for me to attempt all, even where I admire. But there is no reason why all nature should not be distributed among us, and there are enough. When you have a spare hour in summer, and in the heat of the day would seek coolness, you would not object, even under the boughs of a green tree, to turn over a portfolio of winter sketches. And tell me now, have you not this evening enjoyed the summer sketches? Is not this very domestic leisure, this shutting out the world and the winds, and making a blessed home within your walls the gift of winter? And, even enthusiast in the arts as you are, have you not now received a peculiar enjoyment in thus running over countries under other seasons, and in summer climes uniting a roaming imagination with truth, that you never can so enjoy but in such winter evenings? A delight beautifully illustrated by Cowper, as resembling the hand of a clock which

“Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.”

Sketchers in summer are like bees—they collect their honey, and it is sweet food in the winter, and then how much more do they please us! When we draw them and compare them with nature, we are dissatisfied with them—often unjustly; but when the fitting hour of the mind's study comes, and we look them over with the help of art (who was all the time that we were employed upon them forcing us, unconscious of her working, to the very omissions that dissatisfied us), we pass a clearer judgment upon them, and delight in their truth. Winter, even with this view of it, makes more painters than summer.

Florinda. You are speaking finely indeed, but it is of winter within doors—it is gloomy enough—and I mourn with the Troubadour* who laments that "They are come to the cold times, to the season of frost, and snow, and hail, and every bird is mute, and every bough in the thickets is dry; nor shall flower nor leaf grow there, nor the nightingale sit and sing, till the year awakes in May."

Sketcher. And how poetical is that waiting—and let the birds have their own happiness, we ought to be sensible of ours now, if it be gloomy without. When I paint it, I shall qualify its rigour by directing your thoughts to the comforts within.

Florinda. Well, you make me like winter evenings, but I do not like winter days.

Sketcher. But, as you cannot compound for summer days and winter-nights, at every season, enjoy each. All the seasons are perfect in their kind. The Gardener's Almanack will tell you indeed in what months to plant and to sow, and you will have your particular fruits in their due season; but can you tell me, dear Florinda, if there be any Almanack of Humanities that excludes any month of the year from the sowing into our hearts the seeds of love and charity? Will not they always grow and thrive? Do parish registers present us with blank leaves for any month in the year? Does not duty laugh and look cheerful, and courtship gentle, as well by the fireside as in the green field? Every season has, somehow or other, a blessing bestowed upon it, and particularly for human happiness; for, to us, every day, week, month, year, and age, offer unlimited scope for affection. And, therefore, Florinda, I will give you a song to set to music, and your harmony will prove it true; and if you set it before spring, and sing it all the summer, you shall not have the ant's reproach to the grasshopper if you "dance in the winter."

SONG.

Oh what is the time of the merry round year
That is fittest and sweetest for love?—

Ere sucks the bee, ere buds the tree,
And primroses by two by three
Faintly shine in the path of the lonely deer,
Like the few stars of twilight above :

When the blackbird and thrush, at early dawn,

Prelude from leafy spray,—
Amid dewy scents and blandishments,
Like a choir attuning their instruments,
Ere the curtain of nature aside be drawn
For the concert the live-long day :

In the green spring-tide, all tender and bright,
When the sun sheds a kindlier gleam
O'er velvet bank, that sweet flowers prank,—
That have fresh dews and sunbeams drank—
Softest and chaste, the enchanted light,
In the visions of maiden's dream :

* Chapter on Troubadours—Blackwood's Mag., February, 1836.

When the streamlet flows on in pleasantest tune,
 Sparkling bright, on the verge of shade,
 Where fragrant rose, and golden cups close
 The bower of bliss in deep repose,—
 'Tis the pride of the year, it is June, it is June,
 With the riches of love array'd.

When the ripe fruits of autumn are ready to fall,
 And all dropping invite us to taste;
 And purple sky, where gold streaks lie,
 Proclaim the reign of winter nigh,
 O gather the sweet hoard of Love, ere all
 Be a wilderness wild and waste.

O the shelter of Love is then pleasant and dear,
 When stern Winter rages above,
 Or green Spring-tide, or Summer's pride,
 Or Autumn aere, when winds do chide,—
 Oh! there is not a time of the merry round year
 That is not a season of Love.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

No. V.

HOW TO BE PHILOSOPHIC.

PHILOSOPHY is not metaphysics, nor even mathematics (to excel in which is declared by some modern Solomons to be a proof of a very weak and common-place understanding); but it is something which is exceedingly difficult to discover, and of very great value when you have found out the way of it. We shall render it quite easy for any one, if not in *propria persona* to become a philosopher, at all events to write philosophy. Nothing, in fact, can be easier, and when we have laid down our rules for this achievement, people will infallibly be reminded of the egg of Columbus. In the first place, though the *discovery*, we flatter ourselves, requires almost as much courage, skill, and science as were exhibited by that immortal navigator, still we are happy to say that it will require little more ingenuity to *practise* our lesson than it does to sail to New York in the expectoratory (we mean the principal cabin) of a handsome American packet. One great advantage of the philosophic is, that it is not restricted to any one style of composition. It may be introduced equally in the history of Tom

Thumb as in a dissertation on the Theory of Rents. Indeed, we don't know that philosophy is not more appropriate in such nursery stories than in more manly and serious lucubrations. But here again comes in the surpassing excellence of this same philosophy. It always re-acts from the one to the other. Thus, in the two instances we have mentioned, the history of Tom Thumb and the Theory of Rents, when you are describing the achievements of the illustrious Thomas, you pause in your narration with some such reflection as this:—"And from falling into the porridge-pot from so amazing a height, we are naturally reminded of the existence of oatmeal. So true it is that philosophy from the minutest incidents draws within its circle of observation the greatest, the noblest, and most universally beneficial of all the productions of the terraqueous globe."

Again, in the Essay on the Theory of Rents, you introduce some paragraph like this:—"To such an extravagant price has the ignorance of all governments raised this—namely, oatmeal—the most valuable of all natural productions, that it would

require a considerable fortune to fill a bowl with it large enough to support even so small an individual as Tom Thumb. So true is it, that the very tales of our childhood are redolent of the precepts of divine philosophy." You will observe, that there is no very evident connexion between the reflections and the previous sentence; but this is not much insisted on. The introductory words—"so true it is"—are a sufficient warrant to the reader that the conclusion drawn is the correct one; and if for a moment he doubts the truth of it, he must either be an ill-bred fellow not to receive the word of a gentleman that it *is* true, or more likely a blockhead who can't see philosophy when it is put before him. In this case, he must confine his studies to such drivellers as Locke and Bacon, who never make philosophical reflections at all, or at least whose deductions are so absurdly plain and palpable, that there is neither merit nor ingenuity in making them one's self. There is, however, a more subtle way of introducing your philosophic remark than by so formal a declaration of its relevancy as "so true it is." It is by way of a parable, or apt illustration, drawn generally from the classics; and, thanks to the index verborum commonly placed at the end of the volume, it does not require an Archdeacon Butler to appear very profound. Thus, if, in the course of your dissertation on any subject, you indite a passage like this:—"The loftiest aspirations are those least likely to be understood by the common herd, and yet, by the necessities of our nature, we pine for the sympathies even of those whom we despise. We are united to those semblances of our mutual humanity by a chain, galling, indeed, to the majesty of the intellect, but whose links are of adamant, and whose convolutions are riveted by the hand of indomitable fate." Then add, without a moment's pause, or any introduction beginning, as people used to do, with such words as "like," "as," "in this way,"—"It is related in the *Æneid* of Virgil, that the tyrant, when in no other way he could satisfy his malice, bound, in appalling conjunction, the living and

the dead!" We have said that the "philosophic" is equally adapted for every style of writing; but if there is any one mode of composition more peculiarly fitted for it than another, it is evidently the biographical. So much here is left to the author, so many pages, or volumes, as the case may be, to be filled up with such a very slender stock of materials, that, really, the philosophic is almost as useful as it is universally allowed to be ornamental. There is one difficulty which hitherto has been found nearly insuperable in this species of literature, which we venture to say will be found insuperable by no man, however feeble in understanding, after an acquaintance with our secret. The difficulty we allude to has consisted in treating the subject of your memoir as if he was only one man, and not two. Now, the German practitioners of the philosophic, to whom we feel ourselves under the greatest obligations, have clearly defined that every man is two men; that he is a certain individual, we shall say seventy years of age, rugged in his manners, cross in his temper, and altogether an ill-natured, abominable old man. Poor materials these for a memoir of his life; for he has never moved twenty miles from home, and never met with any peculiar adventure. But, luckily for us authors, inside of this old man lives a second man, quite different from the other, and you may paint him in whatever colours you please. One—the old fellow—you call the "living" man, the other you call the "being" man, and instead of confining yourself, as in the history of the former, to the things that actually did occur, you have unlimited power to place the latter in any situation you like. You can leave Samuel Johnson the "living" in his dingy den in Bolt Court, and place Samuel Johnson the "being" at the head of an army, a great Tory leader in Parliament, a savage in an undiscovered island in the Southern sea, or even an inhabitant of the dark side of the moon. What subjects for the philosophic are all these imagined situations! In this way you leave the beaten track altogether, and instead of attending to the peculiarities of a man's disposition as they actually

exist, you take no farther notice of his mere corporal entity than as it may furnish a contrast to the ideal. This is so fully exemplified in a paper sent to us since the last "Hints" appeared, bearing the signature of our ingenious friend Jacob Twaddle, that we shall say little

more by way of a preface. How sincerely we regret the appalling catastrophes of his revered uncle's philosophic labours, we need hardly say. The reader will enter into our feelings when he peruses the affecting document at the conclusion of our example.

BIOGRAPHY ON PHILOSOPHIC PRINCIPLES, BY HAZLEWOOD TWADDLE, ESQ.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

I have long been of opinion that the true principles of biography are totally misunderstood in this country. Indeed I should be more correct in stating that biography is not composed on any principles at all. What we wish to acquire from the memoirs of any illustrious individual, particularly in the cloud-capt regions of art and science, is not a knowledge of the fact that he was born in a certain year, and was buried in a particular churchyard, when he had shuffled off this weary mortal coil. Even his actions—his works themselves—are secondary considerations to one who pries into the arcanæ of the human mind. We disregard the river in its magnificent sweep with the lights of glory and triumph on its majestic waters, but burn with a passionate earnestness to be witnesses of its source.

The "mens divinus" is indeed so immeasurably superior to the grosser part with which it is combined, that I exceedingly regret that the sons of genius are equally with other men under the necessity of having corporeal limbs and members—of being, in short, specimens of the species *Homo*; of being *of* the earth as well as *upon* it. How debasing to the *immortal* Milton that his exterior counterfeited had actually a nose upon its face, and in all probability was afflicted with corns! To Shakespeare's pure æthereal spirit, oh how degrading that he shaved himself with a razor, and wrote the *Midsummer Night's Dream* with a finger and thumb of real flesh and blood! Some enthusiasts have been indignant at the attempt to reduce mankind to the level of machines. Reduce?—the human mind while thus imbedded in clay can never *rise* to so glorious a state of being. Pope, en-

shrined in a snuff-box, would have sung and moralized without a consciousness of his hump. Socrates, a golden goblet bubbling to the brim with love—and wisdom beyond his creed—would have lived on, a spirit of undying glory in spite of hemlock and Xantippe. But in man's present state his genius is "cabined, cribbed, confined,"—his dreams of heaven—of fame—of immortality, are broken in upon by a roasted leg of mutton! His philosophy—his eloquence—his wisdom—are lost in a noggin of gin and water!

Since this, however, is the case, it is the part of the philosopher to render himself as familiar as possible with the workings of the immaterial spirit, thus modified in its operations by the cravings of the flesh. For what a man may do or suffer—so far as his *externality* is concerned, I care not. With Lacenaire—the philosophic *Burke* of a neighbouring kingdom—I was intimately acquainted; a *spirit*, I may call him, of the purest philanthropy—the most expanded ideas of universal goodness—the profoundest thought—the clearest discrimination! A man of the most blood-thirsty feelings—a ruffian—a murderer! I wept that his intellect was expelled, and probably injured, by the axe of the executioner—but I smiled with pleasure and satisfaction when his wretched head rolled vibrating upon the scaffold!

With these views and feelings, I resolved to constitute myself a biographer—to give an analysis of some master mind without any reference to his bodily actions, farther than as they bore on the envelopement of his genius; and I determined, for the purpose of being as little hampered as possible by predilections or remembrances, to select a person

whom I had never seen, and whom I was acquainted with solely through his works. I made up my mind to make no enquiries as to his previous history—to form my own judgment entirely from what I should pick up from his correspondence, and to judge, on philosophical principles, of the vigour, the freedom, and the versatility of his intellect. I was accordingly guided in my choice by these considerations; I selected a man whose talents no one could dispute, and with whom I had no previous acquaintance. To the author of *Lalla Rookh* and the *Two-penny Post-Bag* I directed my attention; and understanding that he resided at Devizes, in Wiltshire, I addressed a letter to him there, from which I must be permitted to make a few extracts.

LETTER FIRST.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

“January, 1836.

“SIR,—When you understand the purpose for which I now address you, I rely upon your goodness to excuse the liberty I have taken. In writing to Mr Moore, I am incited to warmer sentiments than generally exist in a stranger, by the feelings of gratitude as well as admiration. I have derived the greatest pleasure—and, I may add, advantage—from several of your compositions. Even your roughest draughts are more refreshing than the most laboured decoctions of inferior hands. When I have thus expressed my obligations to you in what may be called your professional capacity, will you now permit me to address you in your quality of—what you are indeed to me—a disembodied spirit?—I long, sir, for the honour of your acquaintance, for the confidence and friendship of your *mind* alone. And I shall rejoice to hear that your body is a prey to more diseases than the patriarch Job's. Not that it would give me any absolute pleasure to hear of any misfortune befalling your outward man; but to show you that it is not to *that* that I direct my regards. I will not ask you, sir, if you grant the prayer of this petition, to go far back in the history of your mind. Commence with the very day on which you accord me

your acquaintance, and detail to me your thoughts, your feelings, and your fancies, if but during a single hour. From that—the toe of the statue—I shall be able to judge of the whole intellectual giant. I shall apply the knowledge thus acquired to a voracious re-swallowing of your mixtures—light or dark—and digest them by the light of my future experience.

“I have the honour, &c.

“H. TWADDLE.”

I should apologize for the introduction of so large an extract from a letter of my own, were it not that my faults in this respect will be so few, that I can boldly throw myself on the reader's indulgence. In the interval between the time of sending off my note and the period at which an answer could be received, I amused myself by imagining the nature of the reply. Sometimes I fancied that the frankness of my proposal would ensure a congenial feeling in my illustrious subject; and sometimes I painted to myself, in the gloomiest colours, a response in which my overtures would be rejected; at others, knowing that I myself was not a glittering member in the starry sphere, I feared that he would maintain a rigid silence. The statue of Memnon, we are told, only gave forth a voice when approached by the splendours of Apollo; the oracle of Ammon was mute, save to a kindred god!

I had sunk into a state of despondency in the midst of these sombre reflections (for the day had now passed when a reply might have been expected); I had begun a review on the veiled Prophet of Khorrassan, on the philosophical ground that an uncertain correspondent could scarcely be any thing but an indifferent poet, when the wished-for letter at last arrived. I opened it with trembling hands, and read as follows:—

LETTER SECOND.

MR MOORE TO MR TWADDLE.

“Devizes, January, 1836.

“SIR—Sorry from home when letter came. Only came to hand today. Don't see name in any of the books, but suppose all right. Hap-

py compositions and draughts gave satisfaction. Glad to furnish as many as you like; some quite new. Don't understand your query about disembodied spirits. Evaporation hurtful to strength,—never keep them. Proud to be acquainted, but don't know diseases you talk of. No history of mind—no feelings nor fancies, thank God. No toe of statue, stucco Bonaparte boots on. Glad you like my mixtures light and dark; few so fond of drugs. Waiting farther commands, remain obedient servant,

“ T. MOORE.”

This single letter opened to me at once a prospect of the whole mind of my illustrious friend. I have always remarked, as a token of real genius, that it speaks disparagingly of its own most mighty achievements. Whether this be absolute or not; or whether it arises from measuring its own performances by an ideal standard of perfection to which *no* powers can reach, I shall not at this time pause to consider; but certainly the man who can designate his own works drugs,—and those, too, works of such surpassing excellence—has either too little vanity, or too much; too little, if he does not plume himself on those efforts of which he may well be proud; too much, if he imagines that high as they are above the efforts of other men, they are still beneath what *his* intellect could achieve. The happy medium is in this instance struck by my admirable correspondent. With a just consciousness of his own powers, he professes his gladness that I have relished his compositions; and with a magnanimity such as we find only in the most richly endowed minds, he proffers me a perusal of several more which are, it would appear, unfinished. His amiable modesty in at first, and to a stranger, refusing a history of his feelings and fancies, is only equalled by the plthy wisdom of his aphorism, that evaporation is deleterious to the strength of spirits. From this, by a close chain of reasoning which his master-mind, comprehending in one view, and disdaining the links by which it was connected, left to the understanding of his correspondent,

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we may perceive that he prefers brevity to diffuseness; and that, accordingly, he will favour me with several condensed and sparkling compositions, rather than with one of larger extent and more ambitious pretensions. It is observed, that the masters of a kindred art have devoted more care to a single head of surpassing loveliness, and have derived a loftier fame from the uniqueness of that single gem, than has been derived from landscapes of Claude-like loveliness and art, diversified with a multitude of objects, and appealing to our sympathies and admiration as a whole by the number and variety of its parts. There is only one other characteristic of this admirable letter to which I would entreat the attention of my readers. By a curious felicity of expression, he has contrived to give a statement of his sentiments on several subjects with so total an absence of egotism or self, that the pronoun “ I ” is not once introduced in the whole of his communication. In this, again, we trace the modesty which is always the accompaniment of true genius. The crown of the Bard ought to be entwined of violets instead of laurel.

I shall only state, that after the opening thus auspiciously made for our correspondence, I wrote and pressed him to confide to me every imagination of his heart. I begged him, in furtherance of the great object I had in view, to furnish me with a journal of all his thoughts, words, and actions, written as nearly as possible in the style of his conversation, and above all, to make no scruple of intrusting me with his difficulties when they occurred, and in all things to consider me as *dimidium sui*. I now commenced a diligent study of his works, so as to enable them to reciprocate their lights on his mind, with a knowledge of which I was about to be furnished; and in this occupation I waited patiently till I again heard from my distinguished friend.

LETTER THIRD.

MR MOORE TO MR TWADDLE.

“ Feb. 7, 1836.

“ SIR,—I have waited till this date to finish up journal as per order.

2 A

Don't exactly know what driving at, but do all you ask. Beg to thank you for hint about difficulties; will not fail to apply to you when such occurs. Remain obedient servant,
"T. M."

From the journal which was enclosed with the foregoing, I shall now make a few extracts, taking the liberty to interrupt the course of it when I see it necessary to make any remarks which bear upon the philosophical theory with which I set out.

The Journal, Monday, January, 1836.

"Got up at half-past eight. Head rather confused, with a taste of tobacco in my mouth. Washed my face. Susan forgot towel—wiped my face in the window curtain—d——d Susan sky-high. After breakfast went and looked over my books. Some inequalities in my measures. Mem. to remedy this before review day. Saw woman pass by in red cloak. Thought it was Sal Higgins—followed to ask after young Moll—overtook her—found it was a market-woman with rabbits—bought a couple—eighteen-pence—old Bowles, the bonnet-maker, calls them burroughmongers—very good. Stunk and be d——d to them—one and sixpence thrown away."

It is in this sportive way men of undoubted talents can talk of each other. I yield to no man in reverence and respect to the church, and to those who dignify it by the purity of their lives, and illustrate it by the splendour of their abilities. Yet who can forbear a smile when he thus sees the bard of Erin, by a slight change of one letter, convert the venerable Lisle Bowles, from a poet of surpassing delicacy and sweetness—for who has not pored with admiration over his youthful sonnets?—into so ordinary a mortal as old Bowles the bonnetmaker? This is one of those gentle windings of the stream of humour which irrigate even the barren fields of common life, and give a fresher green to the too-widely withered landscape of existence. But to return.

Journal continued.

"Dined off some bread and cheese,

with an onion to relish. Wanted some best beer. Susan lost the key. D——n Susan. Sent off a strong dose to Beau Wood—crystals and flowers as usual. Old Bowles came to my door on his one-eyed pony. Asked me to come over and sup with him. Very lucky this. Mem. to make up for short commons at dinner."

It is amusing, and to the philosophical mind highly interesting, to trace the identity of the poet in his highest moods of sentiment, and in his commonest occupations. However Mr M. endeavours to reduce himself to the level of ordinary men, however great his efforts to cast from him the glittering robes of the priesthood of Parnassus, some fragments of his splendour occasionally burst out, and we feel, even in the time of his greatest obscurity, that the shadow in which he envelops himself gives us a still loftier estimate of the magnificence of his genius. We are told in the Roman poet, that in spite of the cloud and the mortal form in which she had shrouded the loveliness of heaven, the elegance of her motion revealed the goddess. Through all the dimness of her assumed disguise, it was impossible altogether to hide the divinity of Venus. In the same manner, even in these commonplace memoranda, may be traced the latent fire.

But one of the most distinguishing characteristics of my inimitable friend, is the modesty with which he speaks of his performances; and none, I hope, can fail to remark the jocular manner in which he comments on what may be called the peculiar features of his style. Though I should be the last to find fault with his illustrations, beautiful as they are, drawn from the flower garden and the mine, still it is gratifying to perceive how perfectly aware of their frequency the bard is himself. In the poem he sent to Bow Wood—and a house worthier of a poet's incense it is impossible to conceive—he seems to have indulged in similes and illustrations drawn from the sources I have mentioned, "Sent off a dose," he says, "to Bow Wood—crystals and flowers as usual."

Journal continued.

"Went to old Bowles's at eight o'clock. Good old fellow, but the cursedest hand for punning I ever saw. Jagged hare—cold beef—nobody but self and Bowles. Helped self to the head. Bowles said you've no need of head of hair till bald; and that I was hair-brained enough already. Bowles always has a hare for supper on purpose. Asked for some poached eggs. Bowles said not right to have two dishes of the same sort; hare *poached* already. Stuffed myself till I could hardly speak. Bowles asked me why his supper had been like a learned lady? Could not tell, except that it was not very well dressed. He said, it was because it was a belly-speech.* Don't understand. Had some gin and water. Bowles said a glass of grog was not like a looking-glass, it banished reflection. Told him I had heard him say that nine times. He said the next time he spouted it it would be sure to please. Somebody had told him so in Latin, *dicere repetita placuit*. I said it was a better motto for a tumbler than a pun, and filled up my glass again. All began to drink pretty hard except Bowles. Bowles had promised a bonnet for a lady next morning, and wanted to keep his hand steady. Second bottle of gin brought in old Fogie. Talked something about letters; enough to do with letters in my working hours—like to drink without care—finished the second bottle. Pushed my pipe into Bowles's eye by mistake, and let the live tobacco drop on his wig. Got home as well as I could. Susan kept me waiting half an hour at the door. D——n Susan."

I have not interrupted the course of the journal, till the reader should be enabled to take in at one view all the circumstances of this eventful supper. From this one scene alone a very good estimate may be formed of the minds and talents of these admirable men. The friendly manner in which he talks of the ceaseless fire of pun and conundrum in which his amiable host indulges, and the slight

taint of Milesian modesty by which he insinuates that *one* only exceeded, when he says *all* began to drink hard *except* old Bowles. These and various other merits, which the sagacious will perceive, give to this sketch an overwhelming degree of interest. I may, however, be permitted to caution the student of these pages against forming his notions of Mr M.'s gin-drinking propensities from the account he gives of himself. By a strange perversity of the human mind, the good is often concealed, even of our own actions, and the bad exaggerated. This arises in those minds which are conscious of the possession of higher qualifications, from a fear of being thought to plume themselves on the domestic virtues. So far from following the poet's precept to assume a virtue if they have it not, they pique themselves on pretending vices to which they are not inclined. But this in minds of weaker mould than my inestimable friend's, might be attended with dangerous consequences. If he had no strong *corpus de reserve* of talents or accomplishments to retire on, he could not afford thus to expose his weakest point to an enemy. He would be glad to assume as imposing an attitude as possible, and to strengthen his position by every means in his power. Far different is the case with regard to my friend. He rather protrudes his weakness—perhaps, like the Roman general, with the intention of leading his assailants in pursuit, and blasting their hopes of ultimate success by showing them the impregnable strength of his citadel—the number and discipline of his forces—at the very moment they begin to triumph in his defeat! Who shall deny that the amiable openness with which he acknowledges his faults—his inordinate predilection for spirituous excitement—his propelling his pipe into the eye of a canon residentiary, and burning his wig with tobacco—does not more—ay, much more than compensate for them? The irritability of his temper is also glaringly displayed in the ejaculations of con-

* Qu. *Bel-esprit*.

demnation which he thunders forth on Susan. But doubtless this again is an illustration of the frowardness of the human mind, and its tendency to pour forth in words of severity the mighty tide of the strong feelings of endearment.

"A limber child, a dapper elf,
Singing, dancing to itself;
A little thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks;
Forms such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light,
Till he must vent his heart's excess
In words of unmeant bitterness."

I shall only summon the reader's attention to one other circumstance. With a harping upon one string, in which more masters than Paganini have excelled, we may perceive that the brilliant subject of these observations persists throughout in changing "sonnet" into "bonnet," and in slinking his brother-bard into a sort of man-milliner. Mr Bowles, it appears to me, had promised one of his delightful sonnets to some lady in the neighbourhood, and had advanced this as an excuse for not participating in the more than Teian revels, as he himself might jocularly have expressed it, of the modern Anacreon. But to proceed. The stream of my narrative now runs with a tortuous course—now glancing out in the eye of day—now wandering into the bowers consecrated to the retiring Venus, into which it will perhaps be as wise not to follow its windings. It suffices me to state, that, from the perusal of the unrestrained outpourings of my correspondent's heart, I have come to the following conclusions. In the first place—but at this moment a letter is put into my hand from my celebrated friend, which may possibly give me some new materials for the analysis I propose.

[Here the lucubrations of the worthy Mr Twaddle come to an abrupt conclusion; but as the readers of these our Hints will no doubt be anxious to know the fate of a gentleman who has so completely exemplified the rules we laid down for the philosophic, we transcribe a letter from Mr Twaddle, junior, the nephew of the accomplished biographer, which too satisfactorily accounts for the non-continuation of his labours.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE HINTS TO
AUTHORS.

"SIR,—It is my painful duty to acquaint you with the death of uncle Hazlewood, the writer of the accompanying pages. He had been for a week or ten days very different from what he used to be—was absent when spoken to, and muttered very unintelligibly, without being aware of what he was doing. My aunt was greatly alarmed, particularly as she had heard him declare, that he was irresistibly called upon, in support of his philosophical principles, to attempt somebody's life. However, he seemed quite quiet, and no apprehensions were entertained. This morning he went into his study at the usual hour, and continued writing or reading till the post came in. A letter was directed to him with the Devizes post-mark, which I myself took in and laid on his table. His eyes sparkled with delight when he saw it—he threw down the pen, and exclaiming, 'Great man! good man! it is so kind of him to exemplify my theory,' he told me to leave the room, and call him when dinner was served. I did so. Little did I think I should see him no more alive. I tapped at his door at half-past four, and hearing no answer, I opened it gently, and entered the apartment. There sat my uncle; the letter still grasped in his hand; his mouth wide open, with an expression of indignation on his features. That abominable letter killed him in the effort to peruse it. I send you a copy of it; and remain, sir, your's obediently,

"JACOB TWADDLE."

COPY OF LETTER.

MR MOORE TO MR TWADDLE.

"February, 1836.

"SIR—Hope Journal pleases; wrote it without reserve, as per request. Sir, you told me, when you wrote to me at first, that I never, on no account, was to get into difficulties without telling you. Sir, I am in great difficulties just now, and hopes you will not be worse than word. When I started as apothecary and chemist in this town, I had no capital; but I got the security of Thomas

Bowles, a manufacturer of straw hats, and by that means got credit. But now, when the bills are due, Thomas Bowles finds as how he put his name on some wrong stamp, and shies off. If I can't raise the money, I do not know what to do; and as the matter is pressing and the amount is three hundred pounds, I

will get on the coach, and bring the paper for your signature.—Till then, I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“THOMAS MOORE.

“P.S.—I am thinking to bring an action against old Bowles, who is a great scoundrel. I have likewise been cheated by a villain we call Beau Wood—an old dandy.”

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

No. VI.

ON THE HISTORICAL.

In comparing history to an old almanack, we have always considered that the labours of Francis Moore were treated with far too little respect. History, in our estimation, bears a far greater resemblance to an old play-bill. The names of the actors are there, and the names of their performances; with a puff preliminary about unexampled success, and shouts of admiration; but the life and lineaments are absent—the green curtain down, the lights extinguished, and the audience dispersed. This resemblance occurs to us, when for a moment we give in to the fanciful belief, that the events recorded in certain tomes, facetiously called history, &c. actually occur; but we confess, when we reflect seriously upon the subject, we are disbelievers in history altogether. Lord Bolingbroke called the historians his “liars;” at least so it is related in the histories of Lord Bolingbroke, and is therefore most probably a lie. Yet, as there are many who are desirous of excelling in this useless and, indeed, dishonest species of composition, we have drawn up a few rules for their guidance, by their attention to which, Hume and Gibbon will become a couple of very much neglected old gentlemen. History, as a composition, may be divided into two schools: the narrative and the reflective. In narrative are comprehended descriptions, manners, incidents, and all other things which are external; but your true historian is not satisfied with this, but positively and dogmatically lays down the thoughts, feelings, fancies, principles, likings, and dislikings of Pepin of France or Prester John, and is very much enraged with either of those individuals, if he does any

thing that may appear contrary to the view he has given of his character and disposition. With regard then to the narrative or descriptive parts of your history, we lay it down as a rule, that you are at perfect liberty to give any description you please; but as fancy in those matters is not so sure a guide as reality, you are to draw your description of ancient cities from your post town; only changing the town-hall into the amphitheatre, and the lock-up-house into the castellum or citadel. With a slight change the mayor may do very well for the prætor; and the colonel of the militia, who probably has a park a few miles from the town, will furnish you, without the slightest alteration, with the tribune or questor. Your castles are to be described according to the directions of the wind. The eastern wall must upon no account be placed fronting the south; but a due regard must, in all cases, be exhibited to the keeping of your picture. For this purpose you had better have a square piece of paper, marked with the cardinal points, and keep it constantly before you, till you have either demolished your castle, or raised the siege. As to your personal portraits—for we have remarked that people have a wonderful delight in being told what sort of a looking man any hero was—you are again at perfect liberty to choose any model for him you like. As a general rule, however, we would advise the historian to have no emperor without a Roman nose, and no successful commander under six feet high. Your defeated people you can paint as ugly or as little as you please. For your tyrants, go to the parish beadle. The other branch of history—namely, the reflective—is ra-

ther more difficult, as any one will perceive at a glance, that it is not so easy to see a man's meaning—if he *has* a meaning—as to see his nose—if he has a nose; and accordingly that it is a much more trying task to describe the one than the other. Yet even the difficulty, or we may say the impossibility, of doing this, has rendered it, in the hands of a clever and unblushing "Assertor," a matter of the utmost ease. As by a fiction of the law all men are considered innocent till they are proved guilty, so, by the complaisance of the reading public, every statement of a historian is considered true till it is proved to be false. We should like to see the man that would prove a negative, in contradiction to our sober and authoritative statement. How are they to prove that Queen Elizabeth was not privately married to the great Lord Burleigh? We advance the fact. "In this year her Grace bestowed her hand on her faithful minister Cecil. The ceremony was strictly private. The witnesses were sworn to secrecy; and Dr Howley, afterwards translated to Lambeth, has never alluded to the occurrence." Now we should be delighted to behold the prodigy of logic who would controvert this. How could he prove the non-existence of the fact? He would perhaps mention the silence of contemporary authors. How were they to know any thing about it, when we have stated that the ceremony was strictly private; that the witnesses were sworn to secrecy; and that the archbishop who officiated at the marriage never mentioned the occurrence. The more the caviller proves the want of proof, the more strongly he corroborates the assertion in the text. With a self-willed queen—who was a considerable bit of a tyrant in her way—with Cecil, the other party interested in the concealment, wielding the whole patronage and power of the government—it is not very likely that any of the witnesses would have been

hardy enough to risk the indignation of the Queen or her husband by hinting at this tremendous secret. But besides being almost completely established by the fact of its never having been mentioned, much less denied, till the present time, we require some incident of this sort to account for the otherwise inexplicable behaviour of the Queen. Why did she flirt with so many of her own courtiers? With Philip of Spain? with the young French Prince? Solely to astonish old Burleigh. And having thus established the fact of the marriage, you may now describe the ceremony as particularly as you like. Dress her according to her picture in the frontispiece to the fifth volume of Hume; and the bridegroom as you see him represented by the inimitable Markay in the afterpiece of the Critic. Don't let us off for a single curl of his wig. Be particular about his breeches; and tell us about the garter he wears on his knee as a knight of the order of St Vladimir, instituted by Alexander of Russia, in the year 1817. People will perhaps say this is an anachronism. But in the second edition you may mention in a note, that you derived your information from the best authorities; and that those who are not partial to anachronisms had better leave them alone. In history there is nothing like being determined.

But the easiest plan will be to illustrate these remarks by inserting a chapter from our History of England, which will shortly be published in sixteen octavo volumes; half the subscription to be paid in advance. It will be observed, that in many places we advance statements which in any other species of composition would appear a little contradictory; but in history things of that sort are to be expected, and indeed give an astonishing appearance of accuracy to your narrative, as it shows that you have consulted a great many conflicting authorities, and taken a hint or two from each.

THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

But the reign of this admirable, just, and tyrannical monster was now drawing to a desired and hated close. The Earl of Richmond, in

whom the hopes of the nation reposed, now spread universal dismay by the fears of his success. His troops were few and numerous.

Their discipline was strengthened by the length of time he had taken to make his preparations, and their soldierlike appearance was truly astonishing, when one considered that they had not had a single day allowed them for preparation. With this tumultuous and unruly but well-selected and orderly army, he advanced to the neighbourhood of Bosworth, a town in Leicestershire. The town was divided into several streets, diverging to the east and west. On the north lay the country in that direction, and the fields at the opposite extremity were to the south of the antagonist region. The rural domains in this vicinity were to be the arena of a tremendous conflict. Richard the Third, whose indomitable courage and shameful cowardice have never been doubted, made a vigorous display of his peculiar disposition on this remarkable occasion. His forces had approached almost within sight of the enemy, and his mind was accordingly possessed with the mingled feelings of fear and hope. Stratagem was resorted to in order to secure the victory. By the strangest oversight of all previous authorities, one of the most cunning inventions of warfare has hitherto past unnoticed. We shall now vindicate the memory of that illustrious general from the cavils which have been so liberally poured on him by the partisans of his successful rival; and at the same time establish his claim to one of the boldest and most original designs that ever have been entertained in the science of military art. Richmond, as we have said, had stationed his army in the campaign country, which would have been in danger of being commanded from the rising ground in the vicinity, if it had not been all one level plain. This at once showed a want of military skill, and the eagle eye of Richard, detecting his mistake in a moment, looked anxiously round for some eminence to seize on, but unfortunately the extreme evenness of the country, and the total absence of the smallest elevation, made this a matter of some difficulty. As this, therefore, was rendered impossible, his active mind at once formed the design of submerging the enemy, and thus engaging the very elements

on his side. The sight of a considerable number of mills in full occupation at once suggested to him the possibility of diverting their streams into the camp of the enemy; and accordingly he called a council of his officers together, and giving each of them positive orders to send all the smiths and armourers belonging to his army, to erect sluices and embankments on the different streams, he was in full expectation of exterminating his opponents without so much as drawing a sword. Full of these joyous anticipations, he retired to a comfortable inn and postinghouse on the roadside, called the Waterloo Arms, and beguiled the time and his anxious thoughts by reading the *Morning Post*. But tiring even of eloquent parliamentary debates in a situation of so much personal excitement, it is related that he refused the kind offices of the chambermaid, who offered to light him to bed, and walked forth to inspect the operations of his forces. Shakespeare, whose historical plays are rich repositories of facts and feelings, informs us of the sentiments which filled his bosom on this momentous occasion. He directed his course to his camp. Here in the stillness of the night he hears the neighing of the steeds impatient for the battle or their oats; and among the noises which saluted his ear is enumerated that particular sound which ought for ever to have preserved his fame; and would undoubtedly have done so, had it not been for an unfortunate typographical mistake. The dramatic historian meant to inform us that he heard the clank of the smiths' and armourers' hammers busy "closing *rivers* up." But the error of the press to which allusion has been made, has metamorphosed this brilliant master-thought of the strategist with "closing *rivets* up;" or, in simple language, repairing the dilapidations of their breastplates and helmets. This is surely a most indefensible reading. No account is given of any previous engagement in which the damages could have been inflicted on the armour of his troops; while, on the other hand, we ourselves have made the most distinct and clear mention of the "*rivers*" which it was evidently his

purpose to "close up." By what means this stratagem, worthy of Hannibal or General Jackson, failed of merited success, we have no precise information; but as this occurred in the heat of summer, when the streams of Leicestershire are invariably dried up, we are left in no uncertainty whatever that the failure was entirely owing to the absence of water. Reduced now to the ordinary weapons of warfare, Richard for a short period gave way to despondency. The approaching battle was to him of tremendous importance, for on its arbitrement he had wagered a crown. His rival, in the mean time, was no less busy in making preparations for the final trial. By fits and starts he was enthusiastically firm in his cause, and resolute to remain by the standard; and then, shortly after, he would go entirely over to the other side, and entertain a momentary intention of trusting to the kind offices of a *Morning Herald*. Pride, however, deterred him from the latter alternative, and he rose with the dawn, determined to fight to the last. By seven in the morning the armies were drawn up in the following order.—To the west of the army of Richard appeared the Lumber Troop of London, commanded by Sir Claudius Hunter, on a white horse of the largest size, though unfortunately blind, and lame of the near fore-leg. A regiment of the Middlesex Fencibles occupied the south-east flanks, supported to the north by a strong detachment of the New Police. Richard himself was in the centre of his forces, mounted on a Welsh pony, about twelve hands high, but of most astonishing paces, especially at the trot.

Richmond, on the other hand, not being celebrated as an equestrian, drove up and down the road which bordered on the field of battle in his gig. His troops, however, made a most imposing display. The centre was held by the Edinburgh Archers, an immense body of upwards of thirty men, flanked to the north-west by the Dalmahoy troop of horse. A barrel, with the bung extracted, was emblazoned on their colours, with a motto in the Gaelic, "soor dook,"

engraved under it in letters of gold.

A bagpiper, in the magnificent garb of his country, blew inspiring strains over the whole field, and raised the courage of the men to an extravagant pitch, besides frightening several of the horses. An awful pause occurred just before the *mêlée* began.

But when the signal was given to engage, prodigies of valour were performed on either side. Here might be seen an indomitable lumber trooper engaged hand to hand with a horseman of Dalmahoy; here their respective chargers might be perceived, astonished and terrified with the activity of their own actions, kicking and plunging till the combatants rolled off upon the ground. And even this was found in many instances insufficient to put an end to their struggles, and the fury of the combatants was only put a stop to by the vigour of the New Police. In the mean time, all eyes were turned to the two principals in this tremendous battle. Richard, whose pony was profoundly deaf, maliciously directed his course through a hole in the hedge near which Richmond was driving in his gig, and discharged his pistol just over his horse's ear. The animal, terrified at the suddenness of the sound, started off, full gallop, to the imminent hazard of the driver's life, and was only stopt at the turnpike gate, after having traversed a space of upwards of half a mile. Richmond, in the mean time, had clambered over the back of his vehicle, and escaped with only a slight bruise of his leg, and a large hole in the knee of his pantaloons. Encouraged by this success, Richard rode triumphantly back to where the battle was still raging; but unfortunately his pony, though so deaf as to stand unmoved when he discharged his pistol, was so perfect in its powers of vision, that it shied on seeing the standard of the northern horsemen. The King lost his balance, and after clinging for some time to the mane, and sticking his foot farther into the stirrup, he was fairly thrown to the ground, and trampled on by one of the lumber troopers, who had also been dismounted, and was pursued by about half a dozen of the Archers. His weight was tremendous, he being upwards of twenty stone, and

the unfortunate monarch never spoke after the accident. In the *mêlée* which afterwards occurred, he was trodden on by both parties, and when the battle was decided, it was even difficult to identify his body with sufficient certainty to satisfy the coroner's jury, which was summoned in the course of the following day. Their verdict, however, was, Killed by a chance medley, with a deodand of twenty shillings on the lumber trooper's boot.

Thus perished Richard Plantagenet, in the prime of life and fulness of his fame, a monarch of the most benign and bloodthirsty disposition that ever disgraced or glorified the throne of a free kingdom. In his reign the ruin of the country was consummated, and the wealth and credit of the kingdom astonishingly increased. In foreign countries he was honoured and despised; the laws, during his authority, were improved and deteriorated; and altogether, it may be said of Richard, as has been observed of almost every sovereign of ancient and modern times, that he was the most estimable and abominable individual in the circuit of his dominions. In person, Richard was considerably above the middle size, being nearly seven feet high. On this account he was commonly called the King's Highness. His face was liable to an erysipelatous eruption, called in vulgar language, the rose; and the redness of his countenance was used as a term of reproach, as contrasted with the sallow whiteness of the complexion of his rival. Hence the phrase of the Two Roses, the white and red; and this battle is ever memorable as having put an end to the civil wars which so long devastated England under those floral appellations. A man thus so tall, and eminently graceful in his form and movements, had but one drawback to the perfection of his make and figure. He had a prodigious hump on one shoulder, a limp in one of his legs, and a withered arm. In addition to this, he was almost a dwarf in the smallness of his proportions, not being much above half the average standard of the human height. It will be observed, that the most scrupulous impartiality has been preserved in the account here

presented of this extraordinary man. All the extant authorities have been ransacked, and an extract or two made alternately from each. It is decided, on the clearest evidence, by these authorities, that he was innocent of the murder of the youthful princes in the Tower, whom, it would be ridiculous to doubt, he murdered without remorse. So that, in summing up his character, we have no option left but to declare, that we rejoice very much we have got him fairly killed at Bosworth. Richard was twice married, but died without a family. He was a munificent patron of the arts and sciences, and particularly fond of beef-steaks and porter. Richmond, on the other hand, was attached, probably from the prejudices of his French education, to roast veal and claret. Before proceeding to the succeeding reign, we shall institute a parallel between these two occupiers of the English throne.

Richard was the third of his name who swayed the sceptre,—Richmond was the seventh Henry who directed the energies of his country. Both having "Rich" for the initial syllable of their names, both also had "d" for the concluding letter. Richard had age upon his side,—his rival had youth on his. One had already tasted the sweets of sovereign power, the other anxiously desired to obtain them. If Richard fell from his horse in the battle that decided his fate,—Richmond ignominiously saved himself by clambering over his gig. If one endangered his life by his quadruped being terrified at a pistol,—the other lost his by his pony shying at an ensign. Both kings, both in command of armies, both contending for the empire of the noblest kingdom in the world;—one lost his life in an endeavour to defend his possessions, the other risked his in an attempt to vindicate his right. If to Richard may be awarded the character of a brave general, to Richmond must be given the loftier praise of being a successful one. (Of both it may be said, that till death put an end to their existence, they were in possession of life; and of neither can it be remarked, that they survived the period of their demise.)

JOB PIPPINS; THE MAN WHO "COULDN'T HELP IT."

CHAPTER I.

Put away temptation from the heart, eyes, ears, and fingers of Job Pippins, and behold in him a model of self-government. Born an Esquimaux, we can answer for him, he had never yearned for grape-juice—blind, carnal beauty had never betrayed him—deaf, he had given no ear to bland seductions—rich as a nabob, we are convinced he had never picked a pocket. Superficial thinkers may call this negative goodness. Very well. Will they, at the same time, tell us how much character in this world of contradiction is made up of mere negatives? Consult those everlasting lights, the daily and weekly newspapers. Are not certain bipeds therein immortalized for not going upon all fours? Timbrels sounded before decent ladies and gentlemen, only because they are neither ogresses nor ogres? A duke runs into a farm-house from a pelting shower; warming his toes at the hearth, he—yes—he "talks familiarly" with his rural host! At this the historian flourishes his pen in a convulsion of delight. Was ever such condescension—such startling affability? Of course, it was expected that the distinguished visitor would command the baby at the breast to be carefully washed, and straightway served up to him in cutlets! A gentleman "behaves himself as such," and therefore let us sing to him a carol of thanksgiving. And shall gentlemen only have their negatives gilt with refined gold? Shall the great family of Pippins have no leaf to cover their nakedness? Shall there be no voice to plead for—to extenuate—to—

Here, Jenny, take away this foul black ink, vile compound of gall and acid, and bring us a honeycomb. And, Jenny, dear, relieve us of this last small handiwork of old Mulciber (that he who wrought mail for Achilles should now rub pens for stock-brokers!) and give us a feather, dropt from the wing of your pet ring-dove. So; we are in a charitable mood; our heart opens—our sympathies begin to flow. We

will indite the apologetic history of Job Pippins. Yes; it shall be to us a labour of love to turn ebony into ivory.

At one-and-twenty, Job Pippins, being his own master, had little restraint to complain of. In truth, no mortal could be more indulgent to himself; no man more readily forgive, more speedily forget, the faults and follies of his own flesh. Sorry are we to say, the benevolent example was entirely lost upon the world about him. The first important incident of Job's life will show how, in the very fullness of his hopes, he was driven from his native town, slander, like a mortal snake, hissing at his exiled heels. At once to begin our domestic tragedy.

Sir Scipio Mannikin was the pearl of men. The purity of three maiden aunts was incarnated in a masculine tabernacle. Yes—in Sir Scipio a leash of spinsters lived again. Should sceptics doubt, let them read the printed wisdom of Mannikin at Quarter Sessions, and acknowledge the metempsychosis. Briefly; the only remarkable difference between the knight and any of the three immaculate maidens may be defined in one short word—shaving. Happy had it been for Job had Sir Scipio shared in the same contempt of the operation with his lamented female relations!

Profoundly certain are we of the happiness—the calm, the complete joy of the young Lady Scipio Mannikin. How could it be otherwise? Thirty years younger than her husband, she could gather, in the spring of life, the golden fruits of autumn. Was she too vivacious—her wild sallies were checked and guided by the hand of experience; was her heart ever and anon about to run from her mouth—a look from Sir Scipio would freeze it at her lip. Did she talk idly of the beauties of this world, her moralizing spouse would convince her that, saving his own estate and his own person, the whole earth was but one large dung-hill, and the men and women wretch-

ed worms that bred in it. Thus mated, we hear the silver voices of our female readers cry, "Happy, happy Lady Mannikin!"

We are convinced that it was only a combination of the rarest accidents that filled the house of Sir Scipio with the choicest of all things; his very door-posts, if we may use the figure, were greased with the fat of the land. He had the best cook—the rarest wines—the handsomest horses—the most superb wife! It is a pleasure to know this: it is a consolation to all who, like ourselves, look curiously into the hearts of men, to find the temperate and the unworldly thus appointed—to see them thus providentially rewarded. You will hear a good, lowly creature sing the praises of pure water—call it the wine of Adam when he walked in Paradise—when, somehow, fate has bestowed upon the eulogist the finest Burgundy. He declares himself contented with a crust—although a beneficent fairy has hung a fat haunch or two in his larder. And then, for woman, he asks—what is all beauty but skin-deep? Behold the lawful bedfellow of the querist; why, destiny has tied to him an angel—a perfect angel, save that, for a time, she has laid aside her wings. Our heart thumps, our blood glows, when we find the lowly thus recompensed. Yes; it is delightful to see those humble folk, who tune their tongues to the honour of dry bread and water, compelled, by the gentle force of fortune, to chew venison and swallow claret!

"A steady, respectable young man?" asked Sir Scipio with a searching look.

"They say, Sir Scipio, the lightest hand in the county."

"A lad of morality?"—

"He skims a beard off like froth."

"A dutiful son, and a peaceful neighbour?"

"Lady Bag says he dresses hair like any mermaid."

"He may come."

And Job Pippins was straightway summoned to shave Sir Scipio Mannikin! Job crossed the threshold, and the *lares* of Mannikin Hall gave

a feeble wall. However, weeks passed on, and Job reaped new laurels with Sir Scipio's beard. His hand swept softly as the sweet sough along the stubbled chin, and played like any butterfly about a peruke. That consummate genius should ever lack self-government!

A domestic accident occurred at this time to Lady Scipio—she suddenly lost her maid. The girl had been found guilty of receiving a valentine, "a filthy thing," in the words of the knight, "with two hearts on one arrow, a couple of disgusting pigeons at the top, and loathsome love-verses at the bottom. A person who could receive such things was not fit to be about Lady Scipio." Kitty White—to the regret of her mistress—was thrust from Mannikin Hall. And what is most extraordinary, the poor girl—albeit her suspicions fell upon two or three—could not, to her dying day, precisely determine who had ruined her.

Indignant virtue is ever heedless of worldly consequences; otherwise had Sir Scipio retained the delinquent for at least another day. Kitty was wont to raise to herself a crown of glory in the hair of her mistress, which she displayed with a taste only second to the superb Pippins himself. Now it so happened, that the day following the departure of the wanton maid was appointed by Sir Scipio for a solemn festival to the stomachs of the heads of the neighbouring clergy; for a week past two turtles, in the kitchen of the knight, had lain upon their backs, resignedly awaiting the destroyer. Out of pure respect to his guests, Sir Scipio wished his lady to appear in all her brightness. It was provoking that the guilt of Kitty had not remained unknown until after the feast. There was no remedy; for once, at most, the tresses of Lady Scipio must fall into a masculine hand. Yes; Job Pippins—(again the *lares* squeaked and shuddered)—must dress the hair of Lady Mannikin!

Now in those days ladies wore powder.

CHAPTER II.

We now approach the fall of Job. We have deferred as long as possible his ignominy—accident, we should say—but it is in vain further to delay; and so, we at once produce this Tarquin with a razor. Compose yourselves, dear ladies, but—but enter Job Pippins!

"Upon my faith, a very handsome young man—a most genteel youth! There is a delicious wickedness in his face—ha!—the rogue has an eye like a hawk. A very proper young fellow!"

But, madam, you forget—we called him a—a—Tarquin!

"No doubt, sir—no doubt. A very charming young man."

(Now we really did think that our maiden aunt knew at least the heads of Roman history. To be sure, she is at times a little deaf. Thus, when we pronounced—Tarquin, she may have thought we said—Adonis.)

"A perfect figure—neither too tall, nor too short," says the Dowager Lady Maudlincourt, looking at Job with the eye of a drill sergeant; "erect as a staff, and elastic as a cane." And the judgment of the dowager has passed into a proverb: no woman was ever so celebrated for the legs of her footmen.

Behold Job in the library of Sir Scipio, who had somewhat fantastically determined that his lady should receive our hero in that ark of learning, the husband himself sitting leering by. The tresses of Venus were unbound, and—oh, character! and oh, daily bread! But let us not anticipate. Job, with steady hand and innocent thoughts, proceeded in his task. He saw that Lady Scipio was awfully beautiful; and a feeling of reverence pervaded his fingers as they moved about her lovely head. He touched her hair as though it had been her heart-strings; and here and there disposed a curl at her neck, as though he laid a jewel worth a million there. Sir Scipio held in his hand Boetius, and in his eye Pippins.

And still Job lingered at his task, and still he felt his terrible responsibility. He seemed petrified by what the historians of weddings call the novelty of his situation. To have

beheld Lady Scipio and the barber, you would have thought that Diana had at a word called from a block of marble the bloodless image of filthy man, to dress her golden hair—a senseless statue, made and animated for the nonce.

"Mr Springe," said a servant, half opening the door.

"I'll—yes—I'll come to him," answered Sir Scipio, and he quitted the library. As he left it the sun, which until that moment had thrown a blaze of light upon the Mannikin arms emblazoned in the windows, withdrew its glorious beam.

Already did Job approach the termination of his trials; already was he within a moment of deliverance, when the enemy of man made him his own. The locks of Lady Scipio were duly curled—and bound—and placed—already was her head a thing for Phidias, when the last ineffable grace was to be showered upon it—when the "new fallen snow" of the powder-puff was to descend, like odours shaken from the wings of thousand little loves. Lady Scipio held her mask to her face, and Job Pippins took the powder-puff in his hand!

Job walked twice or thrice around her ladyship and trembled. He tried to puff, but his unsteady hand, in fitful gusts, sent forth the powder above, below, about, but not upon the head. Job re-addressed himself sternly to his purpose: he gave a "hem!" calling up resolution to his heart, and nerves to his fingers. Again, like a lion in a den, he made a circuit, breathing hard for virtuous self-possession. Never—never was barber so tempted! Be the reader judge.

We said Lady Scipio held a mask to her face; we told not the truth. It is most certain that she covered her forehead, eyes, and nose, with a little black vizard, but then—her lips!—her lips were ripe, red, and naked to the eye as the lips of Eve. And these, pouting apart, and breathing Araby to the senses of Job, they said, in their delicious ruddiness, a thousand, thousand things the tongue could never utter. And then the

eyes, the watchers of the treasure, were closed; the fruit seemed every instant to grow towards the hand, and the awful dragons were asleep. Nevertheless, Job tried to puff.

Man of flesh can do no more. Ay, well done, Job; puff, and turn thine eye from the peril. That's right—look at the bust of Seneca; banish the weakness crying in your heart, by the force of lofty thoughts. Very good; cast another glance towards that thin folio in vellum. That, Job, is "Thomas à Kempis," a capital tome for men in thy condition. Good again; let thine eye shun the balmy evil, and feed upon "the whole Duty of Man." Ha, Job! now, indeed, hast thou triumphed—now art thou safe from the tempter. Yes, Job; puff—puff—but keep thine eyeballs fixed upon Plato! What a god-like head, eh, Job? What strength—yet what serenity in that magnificent brow! Yes; Plato, Job—Plato is"—

"Smack—sma-a-ck—sma-a-a-ack!"

Astounded reader, will it be believed—was ever such effrontery, such hardihood known? We have heard of robbery beneath the gallows—of pockets picked with the fruit of picking pockets swinging in sight of the new thief—but that a man, with Plato in his eye, should commit a carnal sin with his lip!

Would we could show how Job Pippins kissed Lady Scipio Mannikin! Does the reader recollect the first four or five quick, sharp, splitting notes of the blackbird, pounced upon a worm—shrieking, whistling, exulting, hysterical? No; they want rapidity, intensity, volume. In our despair, we must even put up with the words of one of the housemaids, who, albeit she was spared a sight of the operation, vowed that Job "tore up kisses by the very roots!" We fear, too, that the description of the maid may be thought obscure; however, we hope, as men of gallantry, we know when to prefer feminine impressions to our own. And now, gentle reader, it is our most painful duty to call your attention to a family picture. The last kiss is doubtless still ringing in your ears, and the roof-tree of Mannikin Hall still vibrating with the claps of kisses.

Imagine, most imaginative reader,

a woman, young and lovely, starting at some loathsome thing; say, a boar at once. Her arms flung up—her lips wide apart—her eyes full of horror—her bosom compressed by a loud, loud shriek—about to come! Such is Lady Scipio.

Next, behold a very comely young man at her feet—his hands clasped and shaking—his jaw dropt—his eyelids down—and his knees grinding the floor, in the desperate hope of falling through. Such is Job Pippins.

Now, attentive reader, look to the right, and you will see at the door a pretty gentleman of fifty—his face, generally a lightish purple, is now a favourable black. Indeed his present colour, supported by a flattened nose and voluminous lips, for a brief moment make Lady Scipio a *Desdemona*. Such is the knight—such the outraged spouse!

Glaring over the shoulders of Sir Scipio are two sea-green eyes, the curious property of Samuel Sprunge, the man of business—a sort of human lurcher—to the lord of the hall.

One eye, and only a part of the nose of the footman, are visible between the arm of Sir Scipio and the door-post. Though but fragments, they speak volumes.

Brief was the horrid pause. Sir Scipio—speechless and champing foam—seized the presented stick of Sprunge; and, raising it high in air, the skull of Job had been no better than a crushed egg-shell—had not the uplifted weapon happily caught the projecting prongs of an enormous pair of antlers hanging over the door. Thoughtless of the impediment, Sir Scipio flung his whole weight upon his arm—Sprunge pressed forward—the footman, "eager for the fray," was no less impetuous, when—with a thunder that seemed to shake the steadfast earth—down came the honours of the chase—down fell the horns; and, assisted by Sprunge and the footman behind, down fell Sir Scipio upon them! Then indeed his lady shrieked; and well she might. Would not any woman scream, seeing her husband all but gored to death by his own antlers?

Sir Scipio roared and screamed, whilst Sprunge and the footman, like

kind friends, strove to relieve him of the horns; but, somehow, the more they tugged, the more Sir Scipio became entangled. The whole mansion was alarmed—servants of both sexes thronged to the spot—the family at the next house threw up their windows—and still poor Sir Scipio was as firmly fixed to the antlers, as though they were a part and parcel of his natural person. And then, roaring to be left to himself, when that indulgence was allowed him, he freed his body of the forky incumbance with incredible dexterity. Reflecting reader, if ever the accident of Sir Scipio happen to thee, bawl not—groan not—speak not—lest thy misfortune be published to assisting friends and curious neighbours.

The knight, with his clothes in very strips, fell into what was called his easy chair. Pippins—with unheard of stupidity, he had not taken to his heels)—dropt upon his knees, and the spectators—their ears opening like hungry oysters—formed in a ring!

Sir Scipio seemed, for a moment,

to borrow the orbs of his man of business; and heavily turning his majestic head, as though a weight had newly fallen there, he looked with very green eyes at his crimsoned wife, dyed that hue with fear—with agitation for her spouse. And then the knight, turning to Job Pippins, and lifting up a forefinger—

Had Sir Scipio been the spirit of *ague*—his forefinger the little wand with which he shook the bones of nations, Job had not trembled more vehemently as he looked upon it. People may judge somewhat of his emotion, when we state that the three shillings and sixpence in his left waistcoat-pocket jingled very audibly. The man himself might have acted the hypocrite, but who shall doubt the feeling declared through gold and silver?

And Job trembled—and his voice rattled in his throat—and, at length, shaking with compunction, yet sharpened to a scream by the intensity of its purpose, it cried, "I—I—I—couldn't help it!"

And Job Pippins could *not* help it.

CHAPTER III.

What is man, woman, or even child, without character? The skeleton in the box of an anatomist is less loathsome—hath stronger claims on our consideration—our sympathy. No matter though it be the bony outline of a condemned rogue; the penalty has been paid, and with commendable charity we bear no malice towards the departed. Such was the placability of Sir Scipio; with a proper abhorrence of crime, he would hang the knave who should steal an apple, and then, with a fine converting morality, utter a religious discourse on his relics—on mortal weakness, temptation, and the last account. Whether Job feared this double purpose of the knight—or, whether, urged by his affrighted conscience, he fled the town, we care not to enquire. This, however, we know; some fortnight after the affair at the ball—(by some it was called an assault, by some an intended elopement; whilst some swore that, but for the kindness of Sir Scipio, Job had been trussed at the assizes)

—the criminal was snugly ensconced in the chimney-corner of the Harland-Hounds, a sufficiently respectable alehouse some ten miles from Job's native town. It had been his determination to travel straight to London; but Molly, the daughter, stood at the door of the inn, and—how could he help it?—he entered. Job possessed in no mean degree three things—according to Heloise—most dangerous to the sex; he wrote well, talked well, and sung well. Hence his reputation in divers kitchens; and as he was one of those wise people—

"Qui ne trouvent le laurier bon,
Que pour la sauce et la jambon,"—

or, as we would nervously translate it—

"Who think the bays not worth a
damn,
If flav'ring not some sauce or ham,"—

Job was content to take his reward from the spit; and, after all, how much of what is thought by idle peo-

ple fame, is merely sought for as the representative of so many legs of mutton! We may make fame an angelic creature on the tombs of poets; but really how often do bards invoke her as a bounding landlady? Yes, yes—and let the truth be fearlessly whispered at the graves of fifty of the laurelled—the noblest niche is the larder. Let us not forget Job.

A very few days after the arrival of our fugitive at the inn, he possessed not a penny. Having, for at least a week, lived on his accomplishments, his landlord began to cast significant looks towards the door. It was three o'clock and Job had not dined. With his nose flattened against the window-pane, Job sat with his eye fixed upon an opposite milestone ("120 miles to London"), when who should amble up to the house but Cuttles, the clerk of Job's parish. Job felt himself dipped in cold water.

"I was mortal certain I should find him here," cried, after a brief space, a voice that to Job seemed to saw through the very wainscot. "Service to ye, Miss Molly—nobody runs away with ye yet? Well, well—stop till I'm young again, and"—and what was to be the consequence to Molly Job heard not; but in another second the door opened, and he heard in the sweet twang of his native town—

"So, Mr Pippins!"

The speaker was a stringy little man of about fifty, with one of those faces which have but two definite expressions, frowning command and simpering servility. On the present occasion, he wore his hardest look, which, nevertheless, was not so terrible as the fright of Job would indicate. But the truth is, Job saw not Cuttles in his physical truth; no, he heard the greeting of the clerk, and before his eyes appeared the executioner of the county, holding in his ready hand a massive chain of wedding-rings; each syllable uttered by Cuttles was a rattling of the links. Conscience is terribly imaginative. Job, it will be seen, had good reason for his perturbation.

"Well, Job, as what is done can't be undone" (now, whence that Cuttles culled this fragment of philosophy we know not; for in his day,

it was not used by all fathers and guardians at the end of all farces), "we must make the best of the matter." Job whistled. "Now, Job, I come to you as a friend; and so, from first to last, tell me how it all happened." The parish-clerk crossed his knees, and edged his chair towards the offender.

"She was always a bold thing," said Job, sullenly.

"Hal!" cried Cuttles, and he gaped as though he was to hear with his mouth. "Well?"

"And one fine evening last June, as I was leaning looking into the churchyard—I'd been to shave Mrs Dodds's poodle—I shaved Dodds when he died,—I—I" Job, wheeling round, looked very gravely in the face of Cuttles, and asked, in even a tone of solemnity, "Did you ever taste the ale at this house?"

Cuttles evidently knew something of the human heart; for, without a reply, he knocked and cried, "Molly, a mug of ale." Pippins meekly added, "the best."

"Yes; you were staring into the churchyard," suggested Cuttles, as Job set down the emptied mug.

"Why, the poodle brought it into my head, and I was looking for Dodds's stone, when she came behind me, and said, 'Job, you merry tinker'!"

Cuttles stared, and pushed his chair away, "She never was so familiar."

"Wasn't she?" said Job, in something like a groan, and with a look of bitterness. "Wasn't she?"

"But what expressions! Well, there is no knowing any of 'em," observed the parish-clerk.

"Like bees—you never see their sting till you feel it," cried Pippins. "'Well, Job,' said she, 'you merry tinker,'"—again the parish-clerk, like a monkey watching for nuts, lifted up his eyebrows, "'give me a kiss!' And saying no more, she threw her arms about my neck, and gave me such a salute, a team two fields away went gallop off at the noise."

"And so meek—so modest—so delicate!" cried the wondering Cuttles. "Well, Job, if all this be true, you have been hardly used. However, being come upon the business, I must hear all. And after that, Job,"—

"After that, I—you wouldn't think it, Master Cuttles," said Job, with a confidential air,—*"but, upon my honour, Molly's father not going out, I hav'n't used my teeth since five this morning."*

Cuttles, with mysterious generosity, ordered something to eat, whilst Job timidly pressed the mug on the notice of Molly, who, with incredible speed, produced cold fowl and ham, and a new supply of "the best" ale. Whilst Job employed his teeth, Cuttles filled up the pause with brandy and water. Hunger and thirst somewhat abated, Cuttles returned to the examination. "Well, Job, she kissed you, you say, and after that,"—

"Mr Cuttles," said Job, and the clerk stared at the altered tone of the speaker, "I don't see why you should be so curious—you may take away, Molly—I know the worst, and there's an end of it."

"The worst!" echoed Cuttles. "I've brought you twenty pounds."

"I tell ye, Cuttles, it's no use. I'll shoulder walnut first."

"Walnut!"

"Ay, go for a soldier. A drum before her tongue. Four words are as good as a thousand—I won't marry her."

"Marry—marry Lady Mannikin!" and the parish clerk stared, confounded.

"Why, Cuttles, didn't you mean—eh—didn't you come about Susan Biggs?"

"Phoo! (by the way, we have made Joe, the boy at the White Horse, marry her; yes, he had five pounds and a leg of mutton dinner). I come about the affair with her ladyship."

"I—I couldn't help it," said Job, evidently relieved by the information of the clerk. "I suppose all the world abuse me?"

"It was very wicked, but you have friends, Job," Pippins looked doubtfully. "It certainly was not right, after the kindness of Sir Scipio, to seek to deprive him of her ladyship,"—Pippins gaped—"to seduce the wife of your patron,"—Pippins stared—"to take advantage of his confidence to fly with her to a foreign land—to—"

"Mr Cuttles!" roared Job, striking the table, and leaping upon his feet.

"However," continued the clerk, unmoved by Job's vehemence,—*"however, there are Christian souls who feel for you. A committee of ladies have taken your case into their consideration; and though they doubtless think you a most shocking person—indeed, after the hearsay evidence, there can be no doubt of the guilt of both of ye—they send you by me, as a trilling mark of their compassion, twenty pounds."*

"Twenty pounds!" echoed the bewildered Pippins.

"And more," continued Cuttles; "Miss Daffodil, the chairwoman of the committee, bade me say, that should Sir Scipio, preparatory to a divorce, take the matter into court, the damages, whatever they might be, should be defrayed; that though you were a dangerous, wicked man, you should be held harmless."

"Twenty pounds—court—damages!" exclaimed Pippins, in a running breath. "What do you mean?"

"Pish!" answered the clerk, with a wink, and emphatically thrusting his fore-finger into the belly of Job; "pish! Now, hearken, lad; don't think to leave us; come back; take a better shop; and, my word for't, this little matter about her ladyship will bring ye treble custom."

"Do you think so?" asked Pippins, after a pause.

"Certain; and if Sir Scipio should only bring his action for crim. con."—

"Crim. con.!" shrieked Pippins.

"—your fortune is made." So saying, Cuttles, with a sagacious nod, finished his brandy and water; then, drawing his breath, looked benevolently at Pippins.

Job was puzzled; again he asked, but with deeper seriousness, "Mr Cuttles, what do you mean?"

"There—there's the twenty pounds; you, of course, will pay the reckoning;" and Cuttles, indifferent to the question, put down the money. "And now, Job, you rogue, do tell me the whole matter;" and the clerk rubbed his hands, with epicurean anticipation. "Tell me—you and your ladyship were going to France? I hear the servants say

France; and for the postillon, come, Job"—

"Mr Cuttles, losing my wits, I do confess I kissed Lady Scipio Mannikin; I—I—couldn't help it; but for"—

"Yes, yes; and then"—

"And then, as though I had done murder, I fell upon my knees; and then, Sir Scipio coming in, had well-nigh ended me; and then, I found myself flung out of the door; and then—and here I am. For her ladyship, they who speak a word against her are cowards and villains."

"Then it isn't all true?" asked the clerk, staggered by the earnestness of Job.

"The Lord forgive all liars," cried Job, "there's nothing true but what I've said."

"And there was nothing—nothing but a stolen kiss."

"Nothing!" vociferated Job, in so loud a tone that Molly and her father rushed into the room. "No-

thing!" and Job solemnized his assertion by an oath.

Immediately Cuttles snatched the money from the table, and took his hat. "As such is the case, Mr Pippins—as there has been no ingratitude—no violence—no seduction in the affair—I shall take back the money to the ladies. As they have subscribed under misrepresentation, the cash must certainly be returned to them." And in three minutes, the clerk was in the saddle, trotting homewards to lay his stewardship before the committee. We have heard that the discretion of the clerk was for a long time an applauded theme at the very best tea-tables.

"What a fool to speak the truth!" said the landlord, when he had learned the story. "What a fool!"

Job coloured to the eyes, and raising himself to his full height, said, with a certain air of pride—"Master Nip, I couldn't help it."

CHAPTER IV.

"109 to London." Yea, milestones to the penniless adventurer are serious things. To ourselves, prosperous reader, now carried post onwards, and now comfortably seated on Jessy, our mouse coloured mare, milestones are no more than so many unseemly lumps of granite; but how different to the poor traveller, with his unpatronized face turned, for the first time, towards that land of milk and money—London! Worked on by his hopes or fears, every stone that leads him nearer to the goal, speaks better or worse tidings; nay, may to his fancy assume the face of kindly greeting or squint eyed scorn. Thus, every block may be as of a long line of squab, uncouth guards, such as we see in Arab fairy-land, each growing in hideousness upon its neighbour: and thus, more and more scared by the low brows, hanging lips, and savage eyes of the petrified figures, the foot-sore traveller feels his courage fail and his heart fairly die within him, as he passes the last terrible dwarf, and snuffs the smoke of the mysterious city. Think of it, ye poets! If, as the great teacher says, there be sermons in smallest pebbles,

what profound thoughts, what glorious images, what ennobling, sweetening sympathies may be struck from out a London milestone!

"109 to London." Job Pippins sat upon the stone, staring at the sinking sun. The sun sank, and Job turning his head, saw the London waggon—like a plethoric elephant—slowly approaching him. In an instant, he was greeted by the waggoner with loud cries for help. He ran to the waggon, and to his astonishment saw the bay cob of Sir Scipio Mannikin tied behind. Ere Job could put a question, the waggoner showed his teeth and scratched his head, with an air of satisfaction; "I say, I ha' got a dead man in waggon."

"A dead man!" cried Job, with more horror than curiosity. "A dead man!"

"Picked un up, in middle of road; the cob war standin' loike a lamb beside un. I shall tak' un to next house, the Barley Mow."

"For God's sake, stop," exclaimed Job, and jumped into the waggon. In an instant he recognised the all but departed knight. Struck by apoplexy, he had fallen from his horse.

In less than a minute, Job had torn off Sir Scipio's coat, bound his arm, and produced a razor, the waggoner looking silently and serenely on. However, when he beheld the weapon, he asked—"What wilt do, mun? what wilt do?"

"Bleed him," replied Job, with exquisite composure. "I fear his heart has stopped."

"Loikely—I do think it be Grinders, the lawyer of —. Cut un deep;" and the waggoner opened his eyes to watch if the lawyer really had red blood, or japan ink. "Cut un deep," he cried encouragingly, "though if it be Grinders, by what I hear, it be a shame to disturb un."

"Grinders! pshaw, 'tis Sir Scipio Mannikin."

"Wounds!" roared the waggoner, "noa, mun, noa; don't meddle wi' such folks in my waggon." Saying this, he sought to stay the hand of Job, at the moment applying the razor to the arm of the sufferer; but in so attempting, drove the weapon half through the limb. Job turned pale, and the waggoner groaned and trembled. "We shall be hanged, mun, hanged—hanged—hanged!" he shouted forth, and corroborating echo blandly repeated—"hanged—hanged—hanged." The waggoner untied the cob, mounted it, and galloped away like any St George, leaving Pippins in the twilight with his lacerated patient. The blood flowed, and Job began to count the pulsations of the apoplectic knight, who in about ten minutes came to a kind of consciousness; for beholding Job standing over him with a drawn razor, he started back, and his teeth chattered. At this instant, the gallop of horses was heard, and Job looking out, beheld the waggoner flying along on the knight's cob, followed *sed hunc passibus æquis*, by a barb, which, from its height, points, and wooden paces, was doubtless descended from the famous steed of Troy, carrying a short round man, in a broad-brimmed hat, who, at a distance, looked like a black cushion on horseback. Providentially, as the knight afterwards observed, the landlord of the Barley Mow had broken his legs correcting his wife, and had called in Doctor Saffron, who, providentially again,

happened to be Sir Scipio's surgeon. Doctor Saffron took up the wounded arm, and looked at Job—"Is this your doing?" Job looked yes, but spoke not. "Miracles do happen in our art, Sir Scipio," said Saffron consolingly, "so perhaps the arm may be saved. Bleeding, fellow!" he cried, turning fiercely upon Job—"I call it capital carving."

"I—couldn't help it," said Pippins, and he wiped his razor.

"Humph! you found Sir Scipio lying in the road?"

"Rolled up loike a hedge-pig," said the waggoner.

"Ha!" and the doctor caught the eye of the knight—"Ha!" he shook his head three times—"Ha! turtle—turtle!"

The waggoner stared, for how was he to know that Saffron alluded to a turtle-feast (we have before spoken of it), to which the doctor, oddly enough, as he thought, was not invited? A vehicle being sent from the Barley Mow, Sir Scipio, in charge of the surgeon, was removed to Mannikin Hall. Lady Scipio, albeit she had, with benevolent forbearance, judged Pippins in her own case, felt all the anger of a wife for his late cruel interference with her suffering husband.

A long, weary walk lay before Job; nevertheless, the waggoner sternly refused the hospitality of his creeping ark, and, the night advancing, Pippins looked hopelessly around for a place of lodging. Thrice he resolved to try the Bailey Mow, and—for he was known there—thrice he paused. Sauntering undecided onwards, he saw a speck of light suddenly burn through the distant trees. Leaping a hedge, he made direct to the beacon, and now losing its friendly ray, and now again beholding it burning, like the eye of a good fairy, through the gloom, he stood before the very hut, which in size and shape seemed no bigger than a giant's lantern, granting that giants have such moveables. He approached the door, when he was suddenly stopped by a long-drawn breath, proceeding as he thought from the earth. The light disappeared, and he bent with his outstretched hands towards the ground; he felt nothing, but again he heard the sound as from one heavily sleep-

ing. In an instant a growl rattled in the throat of the house-dog; and a feminine voice cried, in an unchanged tone, "Down, bitch! Who's there?" Job's heart leapt when he heard it was a woman, and calling up the sweetest tones of his voice, he proceeded to speak of long travel, hunger, destitution, and other small annoyances, the bitch growling what to Job's ears seemed both contempt and disbelief of his history. Inwardly damning the bitch, Job listened for the woman; not a further word did she utter, but gave over the traveller to the uncompromising animal within, that to every new solicitation of Job, growled still deeper denial. Job expended his best words and his blindest tones on inexorable dog's flesh; at length he turned from the hut, and was again about to seek the open road. Irresolute, he thought of the woman's voice and paused: there was something in its sound that still cried in his heart, that cried in his ears, "Turn again, Job Pippins." Job stood, with his eyes upon the ground, when he heard near footsteps. Quickly sheltering himself behind a tree, he saw three men proceed towards the hut; at a single knock the door was opened, and they entered: as the door swung back Job beheld a most comfortable blaze, and at the same instant a gust of wind chilled him to the bones. The blast brought resolution; again Job's knuckles rattled at the door, and quickly at the summons appeared a man with no hospitable countenance. Job briefly enumerated his wants; had he talked to a grim head carved in oak, he had moved it just as soon to sympathy. Its owner drew back, and was about to fling to the door with emphatic denial, when his eye gleamed, and his mouth widened into a grin, and passing his horny fingers through his grey wiry hair, he cried, "Humph! It's cold, too—well, come in. Moll, the stool." The thing ordered was "quoted" at Job, who sank resignedly upon it, expanding his breast, and spreading out his palms to a roaring coal and wood fire. Job tried to look at the best possible ease; and yet the place in which he found himself, and the group surrounding him, were not calculated to possess him of calm luxurious thoughts.

The walls of the hut were formed of wattles, coated with mud; the whole roughly roofed with thatch and furze. It seemed a hovel raised for a season—a place thrown up by stealth; a cabin for a Timon or a coiner. The furniture was of a mixed kind: on a table made of rough deals was an elegant draught-board of ebony and mother-of-pearl; beside it a small Etruscan bronze lamp; the stool, hospitably awarded to Pippins, was the only legitimate seat; the three masters of the dwelling—for each seemed magisterial—supporting themselves on empty casks. In one corner lay various articles of clothing on a heap of straw, dry leaves, and rushes—cloaks, coats, jackets, some of them evidently made for others than their present possessors. Job looked at the opposite wall, where a large fragment of mirror—Eve had her fountain, Molly her looking-glass—was held by nails driven into the baked mud, showed him his company. As he looked—despite his vivacity and constitutional courage—Job somewhat desponded, yea, did once or twice shift himself uneasily, as a fresh-whipped schoolboy, on his form. Truly Job saw no "wreathed smiles" to comfort and assure him. The man, the elder of the three, who let him in, was of middle stature; a fellow with the eyes and beak of an eagle, and the throat of a bull; he sat with his arms squared upon the table, leaning his chin upon his hands; he looked like a wild beast couching ere it springs. He wore a loose white flannel jacket, old leathern breeches, and a striped shirt, which, open at the neck, his broad tanned chest looked like a worn hide. And so sat Phineas and glared at Job.

Bats and Mortlake were much younger than their friend—ay, let us say, friend Phineas. Bats was ugly to a merit. His face was scarlet, as if newly-flayed; his eyes small and weak, one of them ever glancing at his nose, that turned a widened nostril up to meet it; his teeth were scattered, and stood like rusty broken nails; his brow he might have covered with his two fingers, and hair of vivid red, in close, lumpy curls, terminated the prospect. This Gorgon, be it noted by the way, had dared to look at Molly; and to him

she became as stone. Mortlake, the junior of the three, had a reckless, gipsy look, that might have been called handsome, but for the scowl that too frequently darkened it. The pair sat, now glancing at Job, and now at Phineas, whose sudden hospitality had evidently puzzled them. A pace from these stood Molly, leaning, with folded arms, against the wall. There was something wild, nay, even dangerous in her demeanour, but nothing vulgar. She had the figure of a huntress—tall, round, and finely developed. Her eyes were black as death and swift as light; her dark hair hung in long curls down her cheeks and back, bringing into fine relief the pale, yet perfectly healthy flesh. Her swelling, disdainful lip showed a glimpse of teeth white as whitest curds. Job gasped as he caught her face in the glass; a queen in her coronation robes had not so much awed him; she seemed so strange a mixture of the angel and the devil. Silence having continued to a painful time, Bats, in the depth of his humanity, tried to lead the conversation. "What o'clock?" he asked.

At this instant, the silver sound of a repeater was heard in the hut, and at the same moment Job jumped to his feet, and pulled from his waistcoat-pocket a splendid gold watch. He held it in his hand, looking amazement. The eyes of Bats and Mortlake glistened as they leered at the chronometer; Phineas showed no surprise, having marked the splendid chain and seals dangling from Job's pocket ere he entered the hovel. "I say, friend," said Phineas, calmly, "time must be worth sometimes to you to score it with such a watch as that."

"It isn't mine," cried Job, and the perspiration broke upon his forehead. "It isn't mine."

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the three laughed at the unnecessary information.

"You can't think how I came by it!" exclaimed Job, and again the fellows chuckled in derision. Job hastily felt his pockets, lest he had unwittingly other of his neighbour's goods about him, when he pulled out a handkerchief fairly soaked with Sir Scipio's blood. On sight of this, Phineas rose with a grave look,

Mortlake gave an expressive chuck with his tongue, and Bats uttered a low, long, expressive whistle.

"What! he was game, was he? Well, as it's all over now, tell us," said Phineas, "how it happened?"

"First tell us," broke in the cautious Bats, "where's the body?"

Vain was it for Job to persist in the truth—vain to dwell minutely on the operation performed on the knight—or the accident which had transferred the watch from its lawful owner's fob to the waistcoat-pocket of its present possessor;—all he said was only met by increasing peals of laughter. "Well, gentlemen," said Job, half-nettled by their merriment, half-fearing their nods and looks, "dark as it is, and long as the road may be, I shall set out for Mannikin Hall. Sir Scipio at least must believe that I only borrowed his watch to count his pulse." Saying this, Job made for the door; when Phineas, setting his broad back full against it, remarked with provoking gravity, "Travel to-night? You don't know who you may meet: how do you know you mayn't be robbed?" And, without waiting for a reply, Phineas made fast the door, crying, whilst engaged in the task, "Molly, the gin!"

In brief time, the unresisting Job found himself again upon his stool, a horn of gin drawn by the hand of Molly between his fingers, Molly herself, with her large lustrous eyes melting on him, at his side, and his three new friends ranged before him. The wind grew louder without, and the fire ruddier and warmer within—the faces of the three hosts, as the light played upon them, in a short time looked to Job faces of the jolliest, frankest dogs that ever emptied pitcher—the mud walls lost their darkness—Molly lothlier scorned—and Job found his voice.

"Another horn—one more," cried the princely Phineas, "and the song will melt in your throat, and run out."

"A little water with it," said Job, with a late temperance, for his eyes stood like doll's eyes in his head; "a little water," and Job somewhat coyly held forth the vessel.

"Well, if you must; but I never mix my liquor at home; the water about here is so bad." And saying

this, Bats filled up the half-emptied horn of Job with pure spirit. "And now, now the song."

Job, as we have before remarked, was a singer. He had ditties for various complexions; black, brown, or fair, he could with small preparation adapt himself to the locks and eyes of the presiding divinity. Taking another draught of inspiration—looking a passionate look at Molly—and seizing her wrist, and drawing her hand half through his hand, he held the compressed points of her beating fingers as he sang—

"Oh! my Molly's a thief, I must own;
Only look at her eyes,
They belong to the skies,
And her voice for some angel's is known.

"Oh, my Molly's in debt I avow—
Yes, she owes for her lip—
Where the honey-bees sip—
For her breath to the jessamine bough.

"Oh, my Molly is cruel as fair;
Once a raven was shot,
Snowy white without spot—
She had ta'en all his black for her hair.

"Who my Molly is, hope not to guess—
No; she is not the girl,
Who talks di'mond and pearl,
For what gem in the world's worth her
yes?"

"Oh, my——"

But at this stage of the slipshod verse, Job fell from the stool, breaking down in the unfinished song. As he lay insensible upon the earth, Phineas bent over him, but was startled from his purpose by a knock at the door.

"Who the devil's that?" muttered Bats between his teeth. This we will make known to the reader in another chapter.

BALLADS, FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

So loftily in olden times a royal castle stood,
Wide looked it o'er a landscape of hill, and plain, and flood;
And round it lay a garden, a bright and flowery ring,
Where flashed in rainbow splendour the gush of many a spring.

There dwelt a haughty monarch who ruled o'er far and near,
So pale he sate upon his throne, so gloomy was his cheer;
And what he thinks is terror, and what he looks is wrath—
And what he speaks is cruelty, and what he writes is death.

Once came there to the castle a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden ringlets, the other gray of hair;
The old man bore his cherished harp, and gaily did he ride,
And his young and gallant comrade went ever by his side.

Then spake the aged minstrel—"Now be prepared, my son,
Think o'er our choicest melodies—collect thy deepest tone—
Thy mirthful and thy passion'd lays be ready thou to sing,
For all we need to soften the heart of yonder king."

And soon within the pillar'd hall the minstrels both were seen,
Where sate the throned monarch, and by his side the queen;
The monarch fearfully arrayed, like the blood-red Northern glare,
The lady like the glorious moon, so gentle and so fair!

The old man touch'd his favourite harp, he touch'd it wondrous well,
That richer, ever richer rose the music's kindling swell;
Then poured with heavenly clearness the young man's strain along,
Betwixt his master's melody, like a happy spirit's song.

They sang of spring, they sang of love, of the golden days of youth,
Of freedom and immortal deeds, of virtue and of truth;
They sang of every tender thought that makes the bosom thrill,
They sang of every lofty deed which makes it loftier still.

The courtiers ceased from jesting—their hearts were overawed—
The warriors of the monarch they bowed themselves to God ;
The queen, in love and transport, more melted than the rest,
Threw down unto the minstrel the rose from out her breast.

“ Ye have misled my people, and dare ye shame my queen ! ”
The king cried out in anger, he stepped in wrath between ;
He plunged his weapon, lightning-swift, into the young man's side,
And marr'd the gush of golden song in nature's ruddiest tide.

The courtier crowd are scattered in terror and alarm—
The youth hath fallen senseless into his master's arm,
Who wrapp'd his mantle round him, and placed him on his steed,
And bound the body upright, and left the place with speed.

But by the lofty portal, there stopped the minstrel gray,
There seized he on his harp which bore the prize from all away ;
And 'gainst a marble pillar that jewel hath he flung,
And spoke, till with his prophet voice the hall and garden rung—

“ Wo to thee, haughty palace ! O never may the strain
Of harp, or lute, or melody be raised in thee again !
No ! only may the step of slaves, the sigh and bitter groan,
Be heard 'till the avenging sprite hath torn thee stone from stone.

“ Wo to ye, airy gardens, in the glorious light of May !
To you this bleeding corpse, this sight of ruin I display ;
That a spell may come upon ye, that your fountains may abate,
And that for ever ye may lie destroyed and desolate !

“ Wo to thee, wicked murderer ! To bards a curse and shame—
In vain be all thy strivings for a bloody wreath of fame :
Forgotten be thy very name—forgotten and for aye,
Lost utterly in empty air, like a wretch's latest sigh ! ”

The old man hath proclaimed it, and heaven hath heard his call ;
Low lies the haughty palace, and ruin'd is the hall ;
And but one pillar standeth yet of all its perished might,
And that, already cleft in twain, may fall before the night.

And round, instead of gardens, is a dry and barren land ;
No tree gives shade or shelter, no fountain slakes the sand ;
No song, no roll of chivalry, that monarch's name rehearse,
Unnoticed—unremembered—that is the Minstrel's Curse !

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

SAY, hast thou seen the castle,
Which stands above the sea ;
O'er which, in bright and golden flight,
The clouds are floating free ?

And is it fairly mirror'd
In the crystal flood below ?
And does its shadow tremble
In the evening's ruddy glow ?

I saw that lofty castle
Above the dark profound ;
And the cold moon stood above it,
And night-mists floated round.

Spoke not the wind and ocean
With merry voice and strong ?
And heard'st thou not the sound within,
Of lute, and harp, and song ?

The winds and waves were lying
In silence one and all ;

And a funeral hymn was singing
Within the darksome hall.

And saw'st thou passing by thee
The monarch and his queen—
The royal robes of purple,
The sceptre's golden sheen?

And led they not between them
A maiden young and fair,
All sunlike in her loveliness,
With bright and flowing hair?

Without or crown or purple
I saw the royal pair;
Their robes were robes of mourning,
The maiden was not there!

THE COUNT OF GREIERS.

THE gallant Count of Greiers—he looked at break of day,
From the doorway of his castle to where the mountains lay,
He saw their peaks all kindled in the morning's ruddy sheen,
And in a doubtful twilight lay the Alpine vales between.

“O Alps! eternal mountains! how long I to be there;
O happy are your children, the herd and cottage fair;
Oft have I looked upon you with bosom all at rest,
But now a longing like a love is kindling in my breast.”

And near and nearer opens sweet music on his ear,
The shepherd and the shepherdess, they come the castle near,
And on the lofty terraces they form a circling ring,
And there white arms are glancing, and garlands fluttering.

The youngest village maidens—so fair and young were they!—
They took the noble by the hand, he must with them away;
And round him wound the circle, till in the midst was he:
“Ha! gallant Count of Greiers, our prisoner must thou be!”

They bore him from the castle with dance, and laugh, and song,
They danced throughout the villages and through the village throng,
They danced across the meadows, they danced through wood and spray,
Until far up within the Alps the music died away.

Dawned hath the second morning, the third is coming on—
Why stays the Count of Greiers, where hath the gallant gone?
Lo! downwards unto evening the sultry sun has past,
It thunders in the mountains, the lightning flashes fast.

The vaults of heaven are opened, the stream is raging white,
And as the jagged lightning lays bare the breast of night,
A man is in the whirlpool seen, who strives with might and main,
Until a branch he seizes, and reaches shore again.

“Here am I, from the bosom of the mountains swept along!
The deadly storm descended midst mirth, and dance, and song;
Ye all are hid, my comrades, in hut and rocky cave,
I—only I—was borne away by yon devouring wave.

“Farewell, ye verdant mountains, with all your happy crew!
Farewell, ye three most blessed days, when a shepherd's life I knew!
O never, never was I born to dwell in such a heaven,
As that from which with lightning wrath and anger I am driven.

“Rest thou, O fairest Alpine rose, unsullied by my hand!
I feel—the chilling torrent, it quenches not this brand!
No more amidst that witching band, no more with thee I roam,
Take me into thy loneliness, thou old and empty home!”

W. E. A.

ALCIBIADES THE BOY. SCENES I. II. III.

"In the flower of his manly prime, in the bloom of his wonderful talents, in the full blow of his vices, there stands the great moral antithesis, the living type of the Athenian character—the warrior, the top—the statesman, the voluptuary—the demagogue, the patriot—the orator, the drunkard—the miser, on whose utterance assemblages hung—the spendthrift, whose extravagance did honour to his native land—the man who would have made his country mistress of the world—the man who destroyed her!—That is ALCIBIADES."—SIR D. K. SANDFORD, *Edin. Rev.* No. CXII.

WITH the above extract from a paper, of which the authorship is not doubtful, we choose to usher in, and to recommend to the notice of all but Utilitarians, a series of short dramatic sketches, devoted to the illustration of the most extraordinary character in Attic history. A strange and intricate moral labyrinth we are about to tread; but the Ariadne and the clue are both ready for us, in the shape of Meisneer and his once popular work, published at Leipsic (2d edition) 1783-88. On this ingenious German we shall take the liberty of drawing very freely; only tempering the warmth of the original, where it waxes too *powerful*, down to the more prudish standard of our domestic literature in these mincing times. Of course, even in his coldest modification, there must be some difference between the son of Clinias, the pupil of plain-speaking Socrates, the paramour of Timœa, the lover of Timandra and heaven knows how many besides—and a vice-president of the Society for the suppression of Vice. Your unregenerate Greek was a glorious animal;—but he was all pulses—body and soul. His religion, his poetry, his philosophy, his eloquence, in their noblest forms, were universally varieties of one principle—the WORSHIP OF THE BEAUTIFUL. It was reserved for a higher system—that which to the Greek was foolishness—to teach a grander theory—the WORSHIP OF THE GOOD. Yet is it no unwise nor unmeet thing for the man of privileges to look back, ever and anon, upon the man of nature in the most brilliant and sublime developement, which the Architect of Nature allowed him to attain. Let the disciple of Evangelists and Apostles contemplate the disciple of the prime sages of antiquity, and so learn a double lesson—humility and gratitude.

Alcibiades is five years old—and we beg to introduce him.

SCENE I.

The Studio of Phidias.

PHIDIAS, PERICLES.

Phid. (Gazing intently on a statue:—he turns to greet Pericles as he enters.)
Welcome, Pericles! Right welcome!
But now I was thinking of thee.

Per. Engaged—no doubt—with a new master-piece?

Phid. If not exactly so—at least with a very excellent performance—to be from a scholar's chisel. You know Leucippus—him whom I rate, you are aware, first among my pupils? Look here, now, at this Cupid, and tell me—does he not deserve the rank I give him?

Per. (*Perusing with his eyes the statue, which represents a Cupid carving a bow for himself out of the club of Hercules*)
Deserve it! Most richly he deserves it!—Exquisite!—An eye so soft and

fascinating—such provocatives to love—such visible traces of the godhead—and withal so much true childishness—such an infantile grace and charm—I never yet beheld.

Phid. You think then—

Per. That a scholar of this mark might merit to be called a master. (*A pause. Pericles proceeds to examine the figure more minutely*) And yet, my Phidias—the closer I pry into this image, the deeper I feel—there is a want of something, that would not have been wanting hadst thou been its creator.

Phid. And this something—

Per. Nay, I want words to express it—as yet I only feel my meaning. (*A short pause.*) I have it!—Suppose

now—suppose that a barbarian, knowing nothing of the deity whom we call Cupid, nor of his characteristics; understanding nothing of what this bow and this arrow signify; suppose such a one were to be shown this statue; suppose we were to tell him it was the likeness of a god, and bld him guess what god—I fear me, he would sooner think upon a god of *innocence* than a god of *love*. D'ye perceive now what is wanting?

Phid. Not yet quite.

Per. That blending of hope and of care which reveals itself, methinks, in the features of the love-divinity, and should stir up an eternal ebb and flow of emotions in every beholder. Here—in this eye—I see indeed the languor of love, but no germ of that roguery in which the son of Cytherea is so profound an adept. This countenance abides still full of love, however long, however attentively I consider it; His would not stand so steadfast a gaze undisturbed. Here there is only innocence—the promise of enduring friendship. In him there would be traces of might—dangerous in possible *civility*. In a word, this Cupid before us is merely the *god of purity*; the real Cupid—let us speak for once as if we were not initiated in his highest mysteries—is the *god of purity and roguishness united*? either or both as may befall.

Phid. I comprehend thee; but forgive me, Pericles, I cannot yet give up my Leucippus. That Cupid truly is all you say of him—that I don't deny. But that he likewise *seems* to be all this—of that I doubt. Does not every poet rave about the allurements of his look, the innocence of his physiognomy?

Per. At first sight, I grant you; but not for a continuance. Then must some one or other evanescent trait just hint to the mind of the sharp observer—is this urchin's face not too full of meaning, to mean always nothing but goodness?

Phid. Most subtle criticism! But what if you are forgetting that this is not the divinity himself—'tis but his faint resemblance carved in stone—that the artist can only seize upon one moment—one flash of the soul's lightning, and that hence—

Per. I catch what you would say;

but then Nature's self must not contradict you; then must she herself create no boys upon whose countenance *one* glance detects commingling lines of highest nobleness and of incipient roguery—the germs, alike unmistakable, of virtue and of sensuality. Rare, indeed, they are; yet such exist; nay, among my own kindred, if I be not much deceived, I have a little nephew of this stamp.

Phid. You? And who may he be?

Per. The son of Clinias.

Phid. (*Eagerly.*) Not he whom they call Alcibiades?

Per. The very same! (*With a tone of surprise.*) But how came you to know the urchin's name?

Phid. (*With cunningness.*) Quick! quick!—O, by all that's sacred take me to him. These four days past have I been trying every where, and all in vain, for a peep of this Alcibiades.

Per. (*Still more surprised.*) You? For a peep of him? And wherefore so?

Phid. Why, it is just he—this very boy—that gave Leucippus, by his own confession, the first idea of the Cupid before you. He tells me wonders of his beauty: he strained his utmost powers to model after it.

Per. Nay—how could that be?

Phid. He saw him once before the door of his father's house among his playfellows. The boy's figure attracted his notice. Long he hung upon his steps—tore in pieces at least twenty sketches he had made of him—at last succeeded in taking one to his own satisfaction—modelled this statue after it—and named it *Love*. The most perfect of all Loves I could have sworn it was until your criticisms made me falter in my faith. But again I say, take me to him, that I may judge for myself whether you are right or wrong.

Per. Wonderful! most wonderful!—How the young rogue would laugh and jump, if he knew that already his likeness was in the fair way to be—worshipped! Come, then, if you will—(*Stops*)—and yet, would it not be better to have him here?

Phid. Why so?

Per. (*Pointing to the statue.*) For the sake of the comparison. This figure cannot well go with us, nor we do well without it.

Phid. True! Only do you suppose your nephew—

Per. Oh! let that be my concern. (*He steps to the door and calls.*) Eucclio! (*Enter a Slave.*) Go to the house of Clinias; it is about the twelfth from this.

Slave. If you mean Clinias your kinsman, I know the house.

Per. The same. Seek there for Amicla the nurse, and tell her she must come hither with her young charge Alcibiades. In case the child should seem unwilling, just say to him Pericles entreats him. Dost understand?—*Entreats him.*

Slave. I understand. (*Goes out.*)

Per. Well, Phidias, believe me, you will at least see a boy such as perhaps you never saw before; a boy quite fit, like your statue here, to bend the club of Hercules into a Cupid's bow. Name any good quality you please—in him you will find it, not merely in the bud, but already so advanced, that one step more would be a step into evil. Ambitious, as though he had the soul of Themistocles; courteous, as though he were a son of Clmon; artful as a woman and bold as a man; full of talents, but alas! too well acquainted with every one of those talents not to be proud of having them.

Phid. You raise my curiosity beyond all bounds. But what if he refuse to come?

Per. Nay, he'll come sure enough. *Entreated by Pericles!* That is far too pretty a word for the little knave to let slip the occasion of deserving it. A fine brag will it enable him to make among his playmates. (*He goes to the window and looks out of it for a minute or two.*) See now I did I not tell thee? Here he comes—flying so fast, that the slave and Amicla are panting after him in vain.

Phid. (*Hastening to the window.*) Ha, by the gods, a noble boy! See, he is aware of us.

Per. Yes; and look you how quick he changes his giddy pace to a sober, graceful step as soon as he perceives he is observed.

(ALCIBIADES comes in.)

Alc. Here I am, Pericles. I liked the game that I was playing at very much; but your *entreaty* was some-

thing better. What are you going to bid me do?

Per. To bid you?—A boy so dear as thou art (*Kissing him*), one only bids when he is heedless of his duty, and that Alcibiades will never be. Have you ever heard any thing of Phidias?

Alc. (*Almost angrily*) I should think so; I am already FIVE YEARS OLD.

Per. Already so much?—See, here is this Phidias! Salute him.

Alc. (*Gazing for a little on Phidias, with marked attention*) You Phidias? I am glad of that. You must be a great man,—my father says it, and I feel it. I cannot look your Jupiter so straight in the face as the other gods of other makers. Phidias, if you set any value on the salutation of a little boy, with it do I salute you.

Phid. (*Warmly embracing him.*) And I salute thee, and kiss thee, charming boy.—Alcibiades, you can already praise better in a few words than many of your eloquent talkers with their speeches of an hour long.

Alc. Can I indeed? I like to hear that. Perhaps it is just because they feel less; since, I assure you, little as I am, I can already—strongly—feel.

Per. Little prattler!

Alc. Prattler? Pardon me, dear uncle, the milk I drank was from a Spartan breast. It did something to temper the flow of speech which, thanks to you, cannot help being in one of our family.

Per. Smartly answered! But—to come to more important matter—dost know, Alcibiades, we've got thy likeness here?

Alc. My likeness?

Per. Thy likeness—in marble—in the working-room of Phidias. Is that not almost too much honour for so young an Athenian?

Alc. (*Gravely.*) At least honour enough! But oh! where is it?

Per. Nay, search for it thyself.

Alc. Oh! that I'll do with pleasure, if I only may.

Phid. You may.

Alc. Good! good! Then will I search through all the house—through all the neighbouring rooms. That I will! that I will! (*He skips away.*)

Per. (To Phidias, who is looking after him with an air of astonishment.) Now, excellent Leucippus, since who could cope with that?

Phil. Poor Leucippus, how far art thou below the reality? And yet, excellent Leucippus, since who could cope with that?

AMICLA comes in.

Am. Your pardon that I venture in uncalled. The liveliness of my young pupil—

Phil. Will do no mischief here. He views my statues with as much discernment and discretion as if he were already a man and a connoisseur.

Per. Hush! Praise him not so loud in the presence of Amicla. I fear that, even without this, she loves him too much already.

Am. Oh! who could contrive to do that *too much*?

Per. Well said! Dost think, then, really, that he has no faults at all?

Am. More than any child on earth. More than any dozen of the naughtiest boys could have.

Per. And yet thou lovest him?

Am. Because for each of these faults he has at least three virtues; because he gives to his very bad behaviour such a charming air. Only a few moments before thy messenger called us, I saw a fresh proof of that.

Per. How was it? Come tell us, tell us, let it be as trifling as it may.

Am. (With a lofty tone.) Ye know that I have the happiness to be a Spartan born. My youngest son, about a year older than Alcibiades, is brought up together with him, and they are always at it—friendship and quarrelling by turns—as usual at that age.

Phil. Oh! would to heaven that these *turns* belonged only to children's friendships!

Per. Well thought on! Now Amicla, thy story?

Am. My Gylippus is tall and strong, like all who on the first day of their lives have been bathed in the Eurotas; but this slighter, younger lad is more alert, and has often thrown him in their wrestling-matches. This morning it was otherwise. I had just gone for a few seconds out of the room, when a scream brought me back. I flew

to the spot, and found them both lying on the ground, Gylippus uppermost, but Alcibiades had got a finger of his vanquisher between his teeth, and had bitten it so heartily, that my Gylippus, forgetful of his origin, could not keep himself from venting that loud cry. Ye may believe I punished him in the first place: but next, I scolded Alcibiades for biting like a woman. Oh that ye had seen how quick his colour changed! A tear, as if the greatest injury had been offered him, gathered in his eye, but got not leave to fall. "Like a woman?" he exclaimed, "it would have fitted better to call it like a lion."

Phil. Charming! For his age almost incredible!

Per. Not to me, who know him.

Am. Ah! whole days—whole weeks—would not be long enough, were I to tell you only the most extraordinary things in his short life. Why, when he was but two years old, did I attempt to punish him with a gentle slap, or a light touch of the rod, he had a glance that often frightened me; and before the little rogue could talk, the very look with which he asked for any thing—the expression of his face—the pressure of his tiny arms—spoke better than the artfullest address of many a grown man.

Per. Thou makest me tremble for the future.

Phil. Tremble! It gladdens me to hear it.

Am. So should it all, methinks, that love Greece in their souls; yet me, a Spartan, less than *you*, for never trust me, if he do not raise this Athens to be mistress of the states around her. Ay! often have I dwelt upon that thought; and yet the tears it brought into my eyes were tears of pleasure notwithstanding. I have myself a son; one that I love perhaps the better because his birth had nearly been my death; yet twenty times over would I give his life but once to save that of Alcibiades.

Per. Most unmotherly! Most un-Spartan!

Am. Un-Spartan not. Sparta, the gods be praised, has stores of valiant men; but of such a boy as this, the whole earth could not produce the match.

(ALCIBIADES runs in, with a disappointed air.)

Alc. Oh! Phidias, why did you make game of me? I have looked and looked in every corner; I have seen many wonderful things, but nowhere me myself.

Phid. Perhaps because you sought too far off for what you might have found much nearer.

Per. Look about you, my little man! What have you got beside you there?

Alc. What else but a Cupid.—
(Begins to examine it more closely).
Hm!

Am. (Now for the first time looking at it attentively). Ha! True as I stand here, that is himself—as like as life!

Alc. (Laughing disdainfully). Me! It must be me asleep then! Phidias, is it really true? Does this baby stand for me?

Phid. (surprised) This baby?

Alc. Yes baby! See, now, let me just go close to him—and don't count the pedestal—is he not at the least two whole fingers' breadths less than me? But is it really me?

Phid. They do say so. Art not content with him?

Alc. Not quite—quite content. He is too dumb for me.

Phid. Does not that happen with all marbles?

Alc. Oh no!—No!—These (pointing to two other figures, the work of Phidias himself) speak loud enough.

Per. And the club of Hercules—

Alc. In such a hand would scarce become a bow;—and yet that does please me more than all the rest. Tell me honestly, dear Phidias, didst thou make this Cupid thyself?

Phid. No, it was Leucippus; the first, the best of all my scholars.

Alc. Thy scholars! I thought as much. But why didst thou not make it thyself?

Phid. (A little embarrassed) Because I had no time; because—because I by myself, to say the truth, should not be able for all there is to do.

Alc. (shaking his head) Strange—strange—to give even the Cupids to Leucippus! Dear Phidias, may the gods soon make thee the idlest man in all Athens!

Phid. A singular wish!

Per. Why so, my little cousin?

Alc. Because I then might hope to see my likeness—not by the hand of a scholar, but by the master himself. Good bye! (He runs away.)

If some sober readers—after spelling over the foregoing scene—should exclaim with Phidias (in other things, doubtless, their perfect prototype), “for his age almost incredible!”—we beg to tell them, firstly, that this child was ALCIBIADES. Secondly, we tell them that there is good Greek text for every trait of our little hero, here developed with so much graphic power, more especially for the *Lion-anecdote*, which we particularly recommend to be made known in all nurseries, in which elder brothers are in the habit of trying wrestling-matches with their juniors and betters. We remind them, thirdly, that “Young York” was but *eight* (and children ripen slower at our distance from the sun) when William Shakspeare—“nature’s private secretary”—makes him

“A parlous boy,

“Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.”

Fourthly, we beg them, if papas, to think over the miraculous sayings and doings of their own respective Fredericks and Adolphuses, just breeched, the joy of their paternal hearts, and delight (who doubts it?) of their guests and visitors—invariably alive to the ravishing graces of infantine display. We ourselves have a boy:—but enough—*my son, Sir!* Only turn to his picture in Hood’s Annual for 1831—that’s all.

And now—never mind dates*—Alcibiades shall be nine years of age;

* The exact year of the birth of Alcibiades is doubtful enough to give us a little latitude.

never mind history—the Athenians have beaten the Bœotians at Coronea,* but Clinias has fallen. Who shall bear that intelligence to his widow—his Dinomache? Even Pericles shrinks from the agonizing task. Let us see how the son will break it to the mother.

SCENE II.

The Chamber of Dinomache.

DINOMACHE. A FEMALE SLAVE.

(Alcibiades rushes into the room.)

Alc. Oh, mother, dearest mother!

Din. How now, my child?

Alc. Tell me, I pray thee—must I rejoice or mourn?

Din. At what?

Alc. At two pieces of intelligence—brought at the same time, and of the same importance. Our army—

Din. Oh speak!

Alc. Has fought the Bœotians, and conquered. All the streets are full of jubilee; they are dragging victims to the altars, and the priests are putting on their holiday garlands. The—

Din. And doubt'st thou still whether we should rejoice?

Alc. Oh no!—but my father—

Din. *(Alarmed)* How, what, child,—thy father? Hast thou news of him? How fares it with him?

Alc. Ah! well with him—right well! He has fallen asleep—and has sent us back his shield.

Din. *(in a frenzy of grief.)* Gods!—Gods!—Miserable me! Clinias, my beloved Clinias!—Fallen? Oh that I should live to hear it!

Slave. My mistress—

Din. Away! Away! haste! Fly! Seek Pericles!

(Slave runs out.)

Alc. Said I not so, my mother? Now—shall we weep, or shall we joy?

Din. Weep! weep, till our eyes dry up, and our hearts burst. Our stay, our pride, our glory—he is gone! Miserable Dinomache! miserable child! All, all is lost for ever!

Alc. All? Forgive me, mother—not yet all. Does this picture *(pointing to one upon the wall)* not represent the fight at Artemisium? Is that not the ship which my father himself armed; and with which he sent three of the enemy's ships to the bottom?

Din. Alas! alas! it is the same.

Alc. Now, then, dearest, dearest mother—thou hast not yet lost all. Thou hast his picture, and thou hast—Me.

Din. Sorry consolation!

Alc. Nay, not so altogether sorry. His picture for remembrance, me for comfort, and one day for revenge.

Din. Thee, poor unhappy child?

Alc. I am—I am so now; but remain so shall I not. One day, mother, one day I too shall bear shield and sword, my father said it; and when I can, then will I bring him a death offering. Weep not so comfortless, my mother, thou hast still his picture, and me.

Now reader, remember the Great Magician:—

"The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;

* n. c. 447. The real event of this battle was just the contrary. But the Athenians must conquer for the sake of our scene.

When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

The fact is, Alcibiades had wiped his eyes before he acted messenger to his poor mother, and he wept no more at this time. In a few weeks he is as sportive as ever.

SCENE III.

An out-of-the-way lonely Street of Athens.

ALCIBIADES, MELITTUS, THIMNICHIVS. *Other Boys at play.*

Alc. Now—are you all ready with your house-building? *

Alc. I'm ready.

Thim. And I

Boys. We're all ready.

Alc. So am I—this long while. Come then, let's compare our work. I say, Melittus, why is your house so plain and simple?

Alc. Why, I've given all that's needful in it and about it. See here, this row of rooms, the eating-hall, the court, the kitchen-garden; the stables, the very collars, have not been forgotten. What would you have more?

Thim. Embellishments! I've taken care to have enough of them. Isn't it quite true, Alcibiades, I've built better than him? Spangles of gold and silver on all sides, every chamber laid with silken carpets, and the whole outside—how pretty and how gaily coloured!

Alc. Yes! and for the sake of that, what wretched uneven rooms, what a crooked court, and what a paltry hall! In a thousand places a thousand different necessary things forgotten? Is that not true—am I not right?

Some Boys. Melittus is right!

Other Boys. No, no, Thimnichivs is right!

Alc. and *Thim.* Let Alcibiades decide!

Alc. (*With judicial gravity.*) Well then: Take thy house to Sparta, Master Melittus! And then, Thimnichivs, take thine to the womanish Persians! I on the contrary—look this way, my friends—I on the contrary, recollecting that I live at Athens, have built as an ATHENIAN. I have given ornament, and not for-

gotten convenience. Oh, well do I remember what my father so often used to say—that it proved the highest sense at once to win the applause of the crowd by outward show and the praise of the wise by inward excellence. Look here at my house, comrades, and decide.

All the Boys. Right, right! We give in, we give in! Again—again—Alcibiades is the best.

Alc. (*Laughing.*) Again? I wonder you should make such a cry about a thing—which you should be pretty well accustomed to by this time!

Some of the Boys. (*Looking round.*) Oh, our houses—our beautiful houses! Look at that nasty waggon coming right upon us! They'll all be destroyed.

Others. Is there not enough of us? We'll drive the waggoner back.

Others. We'll beg of him to turn.

Others. Alcibiades! Alcibiades! what shall we do?

Alc. (*Proudly.*) What you please! When it comes to the worst, I suppose I must advise you.

Thim. (*To the Waggoner—coaxing.*) Dear sir—be so very good—just to turn round your waggon? We thought ourselves safe—in this little street—from all kinds of carriages, and have built houses here. Only look yourself, three darling pets of houses!

Waggoner. What's that! Away with your nonsense there! I must drive this way.

Alc. (*Sturdily.*) Drive back this instant, sir, or we'll bicker you with stones.

Waggoner. What, you threaten, do you, master? Out of the way, you

* Plutarch says they were playing at something like our marbles. But what should he know about the matter?

young whelp, or my whip shall come across thee to such purpose, that thy back shall tingle for a fortnight. Gee hup!

Alc. (*With the softest tone.*) Won't you yield, then—dear—stubborn—man? Not if I come to thee?

Waggoner. And who be'est thou, puppy?

Alc. (*Confidently.*) ALCIBIADES.

Waggoner. *Alci—what?* Eh! what the devil's that to me? I never heard the name afore in my born days!

Alc. This is the first day, then—to a certainty—you ever were in Athens. But I beseech thee, yield!

Waggoner. Go to the devil with thee! Let me drive, or——

Alc. (*Throws himself down before the*

horses.) Well then, drive on—if thou'st the heart.

All the Boys. Gods! Heavens! Alcibiades.

Waggoner. Child, be'est thou mad?

Alc. Drive on, I say, if this way thou *must* drive. What carest thou for an urchin, whose very name thou hast never heard before!

Waggoner. Would that thee might lie there all thy days, thou imp o' darkness! (*Mean while turns his waggon, muttering between his teeth.*) Wish—all the same—I had him for a son—might be pretty *sartain* then I should not die a waggoner! (*Drives out by the way he came.*)

The *imp of darkness* is not quite ten, when he takes this method of creating a diversion. Many another prauk might be dramatized—on good authority—and with equal effect. But he is getting to an age at which all male creatures are intolerable, unless flogged six times a-day. So will we drop the curtain on *Alcibiades the Boy*—ready to raise it—whenever you, dear Christopher, shall deign to blow scene-shifter's whistle on—

ALCIBIADES THE YOUTH.

FANNY FAIRFIELD.

PART II.

“Security breeds ruin.”—MASSINGFER.

“WHAT’S come over our little Fan?” exclaimed Mark Fairfield, in a tone of perplexity and vexation, as his daughter started up in tearful agitation from the humble suppertable, and ran sobbing into the small adjoining chamber in which she shared the bed of the aged grandmother. “What’s come over our little Fan?” cried the too indulgent father. “She did not use to be so humourous and so fractious for nothing—no, nor for any thing for that matter, my sweet tempered little maid! But now to start up, and be off with herself that gait, just for Jem and Bill’s jeering nonsense about her grand ways and fine grammar words—(Thee lett’st thy tongues wag too fast, lads—I warn thee).—Why, dame, what’s come to the foolish wench?”

“What’s come to her, master?” echoed Dame Fairfield, in a peevish, half-reproachful tone. “That’s what I’ve been saying over and over again for months and months past—only ye’d never give heed to my words, nor see nothin’ ails with her so long as she was ready, wi’ a sweet look and a soft word, to set your chair for you, and help you on wi’ your old jacket and list shoes when you comed in from work o’ nights. But I’ve had enough to do with her ever since my lady left—not that she ever gave me a short answer or a saucy word, or let alone what I bid her do; but somehow the maid an’t the *same* maid. She goes moping and peaking about, and don’t set to nothin’ with a good heart, but them poetry-books and copy-books—‘manuscrip,’ as she

calls 'em, whatever that may be; but nothin' better than 'nonsense and vanity.' I've a notion, as Mr Poundem, the Baptist minister, said t'other day, when he called in wif some tracts, and took up one of Fan's 'treasures,' as she calls 'em."

"I tell thee what, dame," rejoined her husband; "to my mind, mother was in the right after all, when she said no good would come of Fan's being always up at the great house." And turn in to the old blind woman, he repeated his words to her in a more audible key; but her hearing was not so far gone as to prevent her from listening with painful interest to the foregoing dialogue, and perfectly comprehending the matter in question.

"Ay, Mark, Mark," said the venerable parent, "it might have been better for us all, my son, if ye'd heeded the old blind body's words at the first speaking: but what's past and gone, man can't bring back again. The poor lassie's learnt too much for her good maybe up at that grand place—too many fine things, and fine ways, and fashions of this world, and too little, I doubt, of the things that concern her peace and the way to the world to come. But loving words and godly reasoning won't be wasted upon her now, God helping; and my lady won't be back these three months; and Frank and our little Fan will be friends again, not to say they are unfriendly now—only Frank keeps away so much to what he used, and they don't seem the same like, to my thinking. The blind sees more sometimes than the far-sighted."

The slight sketch above attempted of an evening scene in Mark Fairfield's cottage may suffice to make the reader tolerably well acquainted with the relative circumstances of those with whom this humble narrative is principally concerned.

The migratory possessors of Lascelles Court, after an unusually prolonged continuance in their noble domain, had taken flight at last to that anomalous region where natural spring and fictitious winter set in together, combining to form that modern division of time, denoted, *par excellence*, "The Season." Lady Gertrude, devoted to the claims "of existing circumstances," had laid

aside all concern about little Fanny, after she had returned the poor girl's sobbing, wordless farewell with a condescending kiss and a "darling love," to be taken up again on her return into the country, with her garden bonnet, and her half-filled herbal. And little Fanny was again stationary in her father's cottage, but with a heart too full of the days that were gone—too averse to the cheerful improvement of those she was entering on. Her home tasks had become more and more distasteful to her, though her weakly, indulgent mother had excused her from the most laborious, at the request of the Lady Gertrude, who pleaded for the exemption, on the pretext of preserving the still delicate hands of her favourite for occupations "that could not fail in the end to prove far more beneficial to her." What that "end" might be her ladyship never precisely stated, her own view of it not being of the clearest probably; but a colouring of reason was given to the request, by her leaving certain quantities of silks, muslins, and materials for embroidery, to be wrought during her absence, according to the instructions and directions of Mademoiselle Virginie, who had condescended, at her ladyship's pressing instances, to impart some knowledge of the art she excelled in to the young cottager.

"*Maia ses mains! ses mains, mi ladi! A quoi bon lui enseigner quelque chose d'utile, si ces bourgeois*" (meaning Fanny's parents) "*s'obstinent à les lui gater? Pauvre petite! C'est un horreur!*"

Mademoiselle Virginie's appeal was too reasonable and touching to fail of its effect. So the exemption was asked and obtained, and Fanny furnished with employment more congenial to her taste than that for which it was substituted, but far less so than other occupations, the materials for which had also been abundantly supplied by her liberal patroness—a writing desk, pens and paper in profusion, blank books (one of which, a bound volume with a clasp, Fanny had been encouraged to call her album), a few volumes of modern prose and poetry, "selected," Lady Gertrude declared, "with the most scrupulous consideration,"

a small engraved portrait of her beautiful ladyship, neatly framed and glazed, and one of Lord Byron, as a pendant illustration of the portion of his works included in Lady Gertrude's scrupulous selection (Don Juan, of course, excluded.) These possessions constituted what poor Fanny called her "treasures;" and having arranged them as much in the style of Lady Gertrude's boudoir as the capabilities of her little white-washed bedchamber and small claw table could admit—the latter being always decorated with a glass of flowers—not only to complete the fond illusion, but in accordance with her own natural taste; thither, to that consecrated corner, she stole—with her work or without—at all times when released (for it was come to that) from those domestic duties she had so long found her happiness in fulfilling. And still she left none of them positively unfulfilled; and still it was her delight and privilege to prepare all the little comforts in her power against her father's return from his daily labour; and her young brothers never applied to her in vain, however recently they might have vexed her by their coarse jesting, for any little kindness or assistance in her power to render; and still, spite of the stipulated exemption, she could never bear to sit still and see her mother overworked and unassisted; and, least of all, to let her dear old grandmother feel the lack of any of those tender services and sweet attentions that had ever been the heart's tribute of her dutiful little Fanny. But after all, to revert to her mother's homely but expressive phrase, "The maid was not the same maid." And who was so sensible of the truth, who felt it so painfully, who deplored it so bitterly, as the playmate of her childhood, the friend of her youth—(ah! more than friend)—the frank and gentle hearted, the low born, but noble natured Frank Lovell?

Yes, it was too true. Frank and Fanny were no longer what they had been to each other. And yet the differences that gradually effected their comparative estrangement had never amounted to angry altercation, much less to a positive quarrel. But alas! the delicate and precious links of affection may be eaten away

by gradual corrosion, as well as violently sundered, and the rupture so effected may be equally complete. Oh! remember this—take heed of this, all ye whose hearts are knit together by the holy bonds of nature, love, or friendship! We know too well, that "offences will come," for it needeth not the demonstrative power of Fletcher of Madely to prove that we are all—ay, every living soul of woman born—and 'r the ban and curse of a fallen nature. But woe unto those who, presuming on their "vested rights" of affection, wilfully, wantonly, or carelessly irritate the excitable temper, grieve the tender, wound the sensitive, or try the forbearing spirit. Woe to those, who think it a light matter, provided they fail not in weightier observances, to defraud the heart that loves them of its *minor* dues—those small, sweet courtesies, and tender allowances, and finer sympathies, that, like the fairy Maimouna's magic threads, weave together a chain of holier but as marvellous power.

"It is not timber, lead, and stone,
The architect requires alone

To finish a fine building;
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget

The carving and the gilding."

And wo especially, and above all, to that love, that friendship, that union, whatever it may be, from which truth and confidence are excluded, or not maintained with the whole soul, and given with the whole heart.

We have seen that in the earlier stage of her favour at Lascelles Court, Fanny had professed her willingness to relinquish all the pleasures and privileges it conferred, if assured they were the cause of uneasiness to Frank; and well would it have been for both if he had taken her at her word, honestly acknowledging and explaining to her the strength and reasonableness of his objections. But touched with the generosity of the offer, and half ashamed of his own jealous petulance, and comparative selfishness, he scorned to indulge the latter by taking advantage of her yielding nature, and for a time half schooled himself into the belief that his fears were groundless, and his distur-

bance unreasonable. But again and again similar scenes recurred, till at length Fanny grew cautious of pouring out all her thoughts and feelings, as she had been wont to do, to her no longer sympathizing friend; and Frank, soon becoming conscious of the withdrawing of her confidence, attributed the change to motives less innocent than the actual ones; and, stung to the heart by a growing suspicion that she he loved looked down upon him, drew back in his turn, with a proud humility, disdainful complaint or attempt at explanation, from which he shrank, it is possible, as much in apprehension of the confirmations of his worst fears, as from less tender and more selfish feelings. Still, for a length of time, he continued to watch and wait for her coming, as in happier days; lingering in the twilight about the lodge gates to accompany her on her homeward way after she had passed that barrier, beyond which not all the yearning fondness with which his heart still overflowed for her would have induced him to advance a step into the silvan paradise, which, if poor Frank could have expressed himself classically, he would have anathemized as a region of Circean spells. And at last he ceased to intrude upon her, even at that hour when he had been fain to fancy her all his own again, while he could cling to the illusion. She came—*not unaccompanied*. The tones of that dear familiar voice, borne on the stillness of the evening air, reached him before he could distinguish her form in the depth of the dark avenue. Other accents of manly intonation mingled with those to which his heart, as he listened, thrilled through every pulse with a new sense of bitterness. Stepping back a few paces from the gate against which he had been leaning, he strained his eyes through the twilight to discern the advancing forms. *Her's* could not be mistaken. His own Fanny, leaning familiarly (as he fancied) on the arm of a gentleman, who was stooping towards her as they walked in earnest conversation. He could not divine; his feelings were too much excited to suppose the possibility that she had rather declined than encouraged the objectionable companionship; and that her hand rested

not willingly on the arm, through which it had been drawn *not* unresistingly. He saw, he felt only the fact as it appeared. One more look to be assured that it was so. His own Fanny thus familiarly linked with another, one whose superior station alone should have been her warning and defence. And for himself! had he deserved this of her? One look, more in sorrow than in anger—(ah, Fanny! could you have caught its unutterable expression)—and slowly and silently he turned from the old trysting place, and from the path that led towards *her* home, and looked up no more till he stood before the old porch of the Grange; gazing for a moment before he entered at the venerable home of his father and forefathers with feelings of unvented bitterness. The substantial old farm house, with its double gables and chimney stacks of ancient masonry; its deep set lattices and time stained walls, half hidden by mantling ivy, stood dark and undefined in the deepening twilight—except when the ruddy glow of fire and candle light, streaming through a lower window, lit up its heavy frame work, and the glossy leaves of an embowering bay-tree, and the grass plot beneath, and the whole side of the jasmine-covered porch. Frank's gaze, as it wandered over the peaceful dwelling, rested a moment on that illumined window and the scene within. There, by the wide hospitable hearth, where the cheerful wood fire was heaped so unsparingly, sat his venerable grey-haired father, shading his eyes with his uplifted hand as he bent over

"The big 'Ia' Bible, once his father's pride."

And there, just opposite to her brother, on whom his eyes were fixed with reverential earnestness, sat Aunt Amy, with her placid face and ever busy fingers, in which the bright knitting-needles glanced and sparkled as she plied them with lightning quickness. And there stood the round oak table, covered with a snow white cloth and half spread for supper by a "neat handed Phillis," whose mild soft eyes turned ever and anon with a look of loving reverence towards the venerable pair, as she moved to and fro with quiet

handiness in her "service of love." No mercenary handmaid was she; the grateful orphan niece! the homely featured, but sweet tempered Mary Lovel, whose service was the heart's payment for benefits otherwise unpayable. "Oh that Fanny were like *her*: No wiser, nor no prettier; then how happy we might have been together!" was the half uttered aspiration of the watcher without, as he followed with his eyes the housewifery preparations of "Cousin Mary." "How father and aunt and Mary would have loved her like a child and a sister! But that's all over now." And with the deepest sigh his young heart had ever heaved, Frank turned into the dark shadow of the porch, and in another moment made one of the family group at that homely supper table.

"And *was* 'all over' in truth from that hour between Frank and Fanny?" They know little of the human heart,—of that complicated puzzle a lover's heart, who ask so simple a question. Before he slept that night Frank's heart had begun to make excuses for Fanny, and to suggest the most favourable explanation of unfavourable appearances; and when they next met (though that meeting was no longer as by appointed tryst), a word from her, or only an answering glance as he looked in her face with enquiring tenderness, would have dispelled his most painful doubts and demolished his sternest resolves. But neither word nor look encouraged those secret relentings, nor implied, on Fanny's part, any uneasiness at his ill-assumed reserve. And yet she was well aware of the late cause of his disturbance, for she had seen him (he was sure she had) when he turned away in surprise and sorrow from the lodge gate the night she came towards him so unexpectedly accompanied. "It was then to her a matter of indifference what he thought and felt; and if *she* could forget old times and old kindnesses *he would not* be the one to remind her of them."

And Fanny *was*, as he believed, well aware of his feelings and the more recently exciting cause; and she might have in part relieved them, and excused herself by the simple

assurance that she had been distressed by the attendance of her noble escort, and still more by her consciousness of Frank's annoyance at the unwelcome sight. But she was also conscious that she had not at *all times* avoided and discouraged the too flattering attentions covertly addressed to her, not only by Lord Henry Feltham, her companion on the evening in question, but by many a thoughtless or unprincipled idler, intent only on present amusement, and taking cruel advantage of her anomalous situation. And conscious, moreover, that she had marked his receding form, as he turned away that evening on his lonely path with feelings in which there was more of wounded pride than self-accusing sorrow; and that the tears which had swelled into her eyes and the blush that had crimsoned her cheek, as she walked on in downcast silence beside her noble companion, were those of mortification rather than of modest embarrassment, as he shrewdly observed of her annoyance and its cause, commented with mock gravity on the evident discomfiture of the "expecting Cymon," and his own despair at having, however innocently, "interfered with so interesting an appointment."

Fanny remembered all these things with an uneasy consciousness that overcame her better feelings, and restrained her from yielding to the heart's impulse, which, if indulged, would have met Frank's enquiring eye and silently expressive greeting, with all and more than all that he required of explanation and apology. So they met and parted, in restraint and disappointment. Fanny looked in vain, as she returned from her now daily attendance at the Court, for him who no longer haunted her homeward path, or watched and lingered whenever he had a chance of meeting her. *He* came no more, but other escort was more frequently proposed, and (whether in pique or mere passive compliance) less reluctantly accepted; and she was now often retained to sleep at "the great house"—or, more objectionably, dismissed to her home at so late an hour that the humble inmates had long been retired to rest. On such occasions, Lady Gertrude's sense of propriety and responsibility

of course provided a fitting escort for the young creature of whom she had in a manner assumed the guardianship; and having done so, the possibility that the charge being *transferable*, might be *transferred*, never occurred to her. Fanny best knew whether it was or was not—and as none questioned, who had a right to blame? Something in such sort, perhaps, she argued with herself; and the result of such arguing might have shown itself disastrously ere long, but that the London season called—Lady Gertrude departed—and Fanny returned, as has been shown—an altered, but not a happier creature—to be again the stationary inmate of her father's cottage.

And thus it was, that with the keen discernment of affection, more penetrating than the bodily sense of which she had been so long deprived, the old sightless grandmother perceived that Frank and Fanny were no longer what they had been to each other. "Not unfriendly," to repeat her own words, "but somehow not the same." Frank still frequently looked in at his nurse's cottage, and would sometimes, as he had been used to do, sit down with the family at their humble supper-board—or join them as they returned home after service on Sundays—falling naturally, as it seemed, into his old place by Fanny's side, as she walked more slowly than the rest, giving her support to the most aged. And thus (as the venerable woman failed not to remark) if fewer words than formerly passed between them, they were not less friendly, though less free; and each young voice sank to a softer and lower tone as they addressed each other. She might have noted also, but for her visual darkness, that when their eyes occasionally met, though both seemingly avoided the encounter, the exchanged look was full of kindly feeling, however suddenly withdrawn; and notwithstanding their partial estrangement, whether present with or absent from her, Frank's thoughts still hovered about Fanny, mindful of every thing that might gratify or interest her well-known tastes and feelings. Still, however heavy "the burden of the day," he never passed by hedge-row or thick-
et, where the honeysuckle or dog-

rose flaunted in their odorous beauty, without gathering for her a nosegay of the flowers she loved, though his heart whispered as he did so, "what cares she for them now?"

And still, when the extensive business of the large grazing farm took him farther afield to various market towns, and from time to time even to the great city, he never failed to bring back, as in past days, some little offering, suited to the taste of the ungrateful one, with a delicacy of choice scarcely to be expected from one to whom some scented coxcomb of the privileged class would have deemed it the height of absurdity to apply any epithet more honourable than that of "clodpole," comfortably unconscious of the glorious truth, that

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow—"

The rest is nought but leather and prunella."

And Frank Lovel, if an unlearned peasant, was by no means ignorant or illiterate; and, but for his self-depreciating humility, and for the baneful reserve which had gradually been growing between them, he might have surprised and delighted Fanny, by revealing to her how wisely and how well he had been improving every leisure hour, by storing his mind with useful information, and even in cultivating a taste (of which he was by no means deficient) for the things most congenial to hers.

The rustic "Edwin was no vulgar boy," and Fanny had never perhaps been more sensible of that truth than at this very season of their comparative estrangement. In the quiet of her humble home, and the calm and equal flow of natural and fitting circumstances to which she was becoming again habituated, her mind gradually regained a more healthful tone; and her heart, no longer under the influence of morbid and dangerous excitement, yearned with remorseful tenderness towards the object of her first and purest affections—her warmest gratitude—her unchangeable respect.

On one of his latest returns, after the absence of a week spent in the great city (during which interval he had chewed "the cud of many bitter fancies"), his handsome and expressive face brightened over with

irrepressible gladness, as, on entering the little gate of Mark Fairfield's garden, the first object that met his eyes was her on whom his thoughts had dwelt so uneasily of late, seated quietly at work in the old yew-tree porch, looking (his heart whispered) more like his "own little Fan" than he had seen her look for many a long day. And when, at the unexpected sound of his voice, her face, too, beamed brightly with a glow of pleasure not to be mistaken and starting up, she ran to meet him, with the joyful exclamation of "Dear Frank!" his manly nature was for a moment subdued to a degree of weakness that did it no discredit, and looking at her (as he held her from him) through the glistening moisture that had gathered in his eyes, he said in a voice, far different from its firm natural tone—"Then you *are* glad to see me, Fanny?"

Those were happy moments! full of an inexpressible sweetness. With scarcely a word spoken, those two young hearts in an instant understood each other, and oh! the incoherent outpouring of confession and sorrow, and assurances and forgivenesses that were interchanged in the uncounted moments that followed. "And now, Fan!" said her lover (the old fond diminutive resumed with the old fond familiar feeling), "And now Fan! I have brought you here a little present that I am almost sure you will like; for it is just in your own way," and he produced a neatly bound volume of Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy." "And do you know," he continued, when the well-chosen gift had been accepted and admired in a way that repaid him for past months of misery, "I don't know but what I shall turn poet myself in time, I'm so taken with that story;—that's *no story* either, but only truth and nature, and that's a reason it pleases me so well, I've a notion." Frank spoke unconsciously of the self-eulogium, but Fanny's heart, with the quickness of female sensibility, caught the full inference of those careless words, and warmed towards the speaker with a glow of affectionate respect for his noble simplicity of mind and purity of feeling.

A short spell of sunshine, a balcyon calm, succeeded this unpreme-

ditated explanation:—and all was love and confidence on one side, and grateful affection and unreserve on the other. And though Frank, in his revived security (born of happiness), asked nothing—required nothing more than this, Fanny, anticipating his wishes for the future, laid down for herself a system of the most unexceptionable prudence, against the return of the family to Lascelles Court should again place her in circumstances that might cause him uneasiness. And now, casting away all doubts and misgivings, in the fulness of re-established confidence, Frank applied to his indulgent father for the consent he felt so sure of, that it was a painful surprise to him, when the old man, contracting his brow, with a severity of expression little characteristic of his natural aspect, said, "Dost thee know what thee art about, boy? Dost thee know what thee wouldst have? Wouldst have a fine madam for thy wife, that would be afraid of soiling her slippers if she did but step across the yard to serve the poultry; and would sit all day at her nonsense books and her fillagree work, instead of minding the house and all the concerns, as thy poor mother minded 'em, Frank? (a good wife she was to me, God bless her!)—and would turn up her nose at thy poor father and aunt, and all the old fashioned ways of the Grange, because we haven't learnt to ape our betters, forsooth, and live above our stations? No, no, Frank! Let them keep her that's spoilt her, I say. And a mortal pity it is they *have* spoilt her; for there warn't a lass in the parish I could have fancied better for thy wife and to sit in thy poor mother's place, Frank, than Mark Fairfield's daughter, tho' thee'd'st take her without a penny in her placket, or a smack to her back. But it's no good talking now. Let them keep her that's spoilt her. She won't do for the Grange."

But Frank pleaded his cause, or rather that of the offending Fanny, so earnestly and so well, and aunt Amy (the most doting of aunts—the most tenderhearted and compassionate of ancient spinsters) seconded his pleading so ably, pledging herself so generously for the housewifery capabilities and teachable disposition of

her favourite Fanny, that little by little the artificial frost-work of the farmer's heart was melted, and at last he yielded to the combined attack—though with a boding shake of the head, and on conditions that the proposed union should be deferred for a full twelvemonth, till time should prove—was the old man's not unreasonable stipulation—"whether Fan was quite come to her senses again, and like to keep 'em."

And Fanny, with whom, "nothing loath," her lover now sealed this long understood engagement, passed many days at the Grange, and soon "won golden opinions," not less by the sweetness of her endearing manners and respectful attentions to the venerable couple, than by her teachable readiness and real helpfulness in all household matters. And on the last morning of her latest visit, as the farmer spread his brown bread at breakfast with butter of Fanny's making (cousin Mary could have made no better, herself was the first to own), he looked at his son with a nod and smile of most satisfactory significance, and pinching the blushing cheek of his future daughter-in-law, as she sat beside him, said, "She'll do yet, Frank—they haa'n't quite spoilt her."

"The course of true love never did run smooth;" and that of our village lovers was soon troubled by the return of the family, followed by an unusual train of guests, to Lascelles Court, and Fanny was again drawn into the "charmed circle"—drawn thither, indeed, under her present circumstances, and with her present feelings, more from a sense of grateful duty to her patroness than in compliance with her own inclinations. Lady Gertrude, who had been for some time indisposed, was now wholly confined to the house, and laid claim to Fanny's almost constant attendance; and Frank—too generous, too confiding Frank—was not the man to exact from her he loved, and now entirely trusted, an ungrateful return for the favours of her benefactress.

"And it will not be long now," he comforted himself by reflecting—"they will not stay long in the country; and when they are gone, I shall have her all to myself again:

and then—in less than a year!—only eleven months now!"

Ah! credulous Frank! presumptuous Fanny! who that ventures knowingly on a path of temptation unconvinced of his besetting sin, and unarmed with the only invincible strength, may venture to say, "Thus far will I go, and no farther?"

Lady Gertrude's indisposition, though it restricted her from outdoor exercise, was by no means of a nature to exclude her from company, or to cause her courtly and discriminating physicians to prohibit excitement—of a *plaisurable* sort. The saloons of Lascelles Court were therefore thronged by an unusual influx of the gay, the idle, and the talented—the talented in art and literature; for the Lady Gertrude, besides being particularly *bleu* this year, had become an enthusiast in painting, and the patroness of "rising artists." One of that description of persons, a young palater of some genius and greater pretensions, had followed the family from town, and was now devoting his pencil to various subjects, selected by his fair patroness from animate and inanimate nature, for Mr Delisle's talent was "universal."

A printing press, in posthumous emulation of Horace Walpole's dilettante plaything, was also established at the Court; and great were the projects of the Lady Gertrude! and incessant the cry for copy, and admirable the ardour for illustration. Fugitive pieces, poetic and prosaic, with head pieces and tail pieces ("rivulets of print on acres of margin"), fluttered "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," or goose-down at Michaelmas, from the Lascelles press. Talents for composition were discovered and set-a-going in persons who, at first sight of their own printed perpetrations, were fain, in the *naïveté* of their feelings, to exclaim with George Dandin, "Comment, j'ai fait de la prose!"

Strawberry Hill, in the days of its glory, was a Boccian house in comparison with its modern prototype; and as a certain atmosphere of elegance, taste, and refinement pervaded the whole, and however frivolous the pursuits, and however shallow

the professions, as the former were ostensibly intellectual and the latter speciously imposing, what wonder that the fascinations of a scene, to which music lent its subduing softness, and rich perfumes their voluptuous breath, and every device of modern luxury its enervating influence, rekindled all that was dangerous to his peace and happiness in Fanny's excitable, romantic, and flexible nature, and that her firmest resolutions were forgotten, and her most serious promises broken, before she was conscious of wavering, or capable of a moment's pause for reflection and self-examination?

Her heart too—even the better feelings of her warm and affectionate heart—were enlisted with all that was most weak and fallible in her nature and temperament by the speciousness of a project, now first communicated to her by the lady Gertrude, who, with a consistency of purpose not often characterising her benevolent schemes, had actually kept in sight this “last and best,” advancing it with all her influence, even amid the engrossing concerns of a London season, and now spread before the eyes of the astonished and bewildered Fanny a list of names, filling the long columns of more than one sheet of foolscap, of the noble, the fashionable, the distinguished, and the would be's of all denominations, subscribers for copies, and tens of copies, of a certain collection of miscellaneous poems, to be introduced by a brief memoir of the authoress, and illustrated with her portrait—and that authoress—Fanny Fairfield! Poor little Fanny! Happy, indeed happiest of the gifted that painter would have been, who could have caught and transferred to canvass but a faint reflection of the lights and shadows that blended and flitted in hurrying changes over that fair young face, as with eyes glancing from those of the Lady Gertrude to the outspread paper, and back again, with perplexed enquiry, she stood as if spell-bound in the act of listening. And the change was not less beautiful, when that look of innocent surprise, melting into one of shame-faced pleasure, the full deep-fringed eyelids fell in bashful consciousness, and blushing, trembling, and almost sobbing from strong excitement, she

attempted to express her grateful delight, as Lady Gertrude eloquently and feelingly descanted (among other enumerations) on the power which would become hers with the possession of the considerable sum secured to her by the subscription list, of benefiting those she most loved and honoured.

The lady, unsuspecting of Fanny's engagement (why was it yet unacknowledged to her?) alluded only to her parents, but the young dreamer was already in imagination dividing her *whole fortune* (reserving not a portion for herself) between them, and *one of them* who had been content to take her a portionless bride. No purely selfish thought mingled at that moment with the heart's first natural and affectionate impulses. No—nor (to do her justice) no thrill of gratified vanity, beyond the anticipation of “what would Frank say when she should put into his hands a printed book, all of *her* making, with her picture for the frontispiece?” and with the fondness for surprising, so characteristic of romantic youth, she had already decided on keeping the whole project profoundly secret, when Lady Gertrude required her promise to mention it to no one beyond the walls of Lavelles Court and the circle of the initiated.

About this time Frank Lovell was summoned to a distant county by a relation of his father's, who, in expectation of his approaching end, and with the intention of bequeathing his small landed property to his godson, Frank, was desirous that he should be with him in his last moments (for he was a childless and unconnected man), and on the spot to take possession of his small inheritance. The young man had yielded up his Fanny, as we have seen, with generous confidence to the claims of the Lady Gertrude; sustained in his conceding magnanimity by the fond persuasion that on Fanny's part also it was a sacrifice to gratitude, and that she looked forward as wishfully as himself to the day when, becoming all his own by the most sacred and binding ties, duty would combine with inclination to supersede every interfering claim. But spite of these self-whispered consolations and exhortations to patience

and placidity, uneasy *feelings* rather than *thoughts* stole in on him at times; at those times, especially, when he might have been enjoying the society of her he loved, and she was devoting herself, though with his sanction, to others who cared so little for her in comparison with him. "But it will soon be over—it will soon be over," was the reflection with which he chased away these intrusive thoughts and cheered his involuntary sadness; and he almost rejoiced, when summoned from home, at the anticipation of an absence of some weeks. "For it will not be half so bad," he fondly argued, "for Fanny and I to be quite separated for a time, than to be so near, and so little together; and by the time I return, my lady will be upon the move again—off to the sea, or somewhere, and then—and at all events—it will soon be over."

And these assurances, so soothing to himself, he tenderly whispered to his beloved, as they strolled together the evening before his departure, in the quiet laces between their respective homes. Fanny had that day excused herself, though with some difficulty, from attendance at the Court, and had spent the greater part of it in the society of her lover and the little kindred circle at the Grange—not without having to account, as clearly as she might, to the blunt questions and straightforward comments of the old farmer, who was but half-satisfied with his son's excuses for "Fanny's return to her old ways," as he frowningly expressed himself. But if his "wrath was kindled," it was *but a little*, so strong was the ascendancy she had lately more than regained over his kindly nature; and there wanted not the good word of aunt Amy, ever ready in defence of the suspected or accused, and readiest of all in the cause of her dear Frank's dear Fanny. Too humbly did the meek Mary Lovell account of herself and her influence to take upon her the advocacy of another's cause—and that other's Fanny—the clever, the beautiful, the beloved, the happy Fanny—(Poor Mary! how happy did she esteem her)—but she slipped in a word affectionately in season—(there is no tact so fine as that of the heart)—to relieve her evident

embarrassment at the farmer's inquisitorial greeting; and at dinner, she drew her uncle's attention to the superior excellence of his favourite dish, "all Fanny's own making," she assured him—"so much better than *she* could have made it."

"Not a bit on't—not a bit on't, wench!" the old man, half smiling, half testily, rejoined. "The pie's a good pie, whoever made it; and Fanny's a good girl for all her nonsense, I'm fain to believe, but not a handier, nor a better, than my niece Mary Lovell, though I say it that shouldn't say it, manyhap; and if she be likelier to look at, and cleverer in some things, 'handsome *is* as handsome *does*,' goes the old saying; and I only wish she may make Frank half as good a wife as thee'd'st ha' made him, wench! if so be thee and he had taken to one another."

Was it the rough kindness of her uncle's speech, or her timid consciousness that it drew all eyes upon her—or *what* was it so overpowering poor Mary that she became red and pale, and red again, all in a minute, and bent over her plate to conceal the tears, that soon swelled over the blimming lids and dropt upon her hands, as she silently busied herself with her knife and fork?

Whatever it was, Fanny marked and sympathized with the emotion, and when the two girls strolled down the garden after dinner, while Frank read the county paper to his father, she gently stole her arm round the neck of her companion, whispering in the fulness of her heart, "Dear—dear—good Mary Lovell! Oh! that I were indeed half as good as you are—half as fit!"—The rest of the sentence remained unspoken, but not misunderstood; and the silent kiss and glistening eye-glance that replied to it, was neither less eloquent or intelligible. There are feelings too complex and delicate to bear analysis or expression by the imperfect medium of speech. Moments, when the glance of an eye, the inflexion of a tone, the quivering of a lip, lays open to each other hearts that have been hitherto as scaled volumes. Such moments have in them a foretaste of blessedness—not of this earth; and may lead us, perhaps, by a more awful

analogy, to some faint conception of that state wherein spirit shall communicate with spirit, unclogged and unimpeded by sense and matter; and of that hour when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, not to mortal and fallible scrutiny, but to the Eye whose glance is knowledge and judgment.

"Let us go by the churchyard," said Fanny, as with her arm drawn through that of her lover, the pair sauntered slowly that evening towards her humble home. "Let us go by the churchyard. The old lime-tree is in full flower by this time, and I love its pale sweet blossom better than all my lady's rare exotics. I wonder why, Frank!—unless"—and she looked up at him with her smiling eyes—"unless, perhaps, because you used to pick them for me before I could reach the lowest boughs on tip-toe; you shall gather me a handful to-night, and I will keep them till you come back again."

And thus in a manner were the village lovers newly pledged to each other, and the slight cloud dispelled that had been again, almost imperceptibly, collecting. But their present interchange of heart was not equally unreserved on either side. Fanny *had her reserves*; she persuaded herself, all for Frank's sake; and that persuasion was at least a comfortable and convenient one; for there were subjects, besides the *grand mystery*, respecting which, if not bound to secrecy, she felt it expedient to be secret; for "how could she speak of them (all nonsense as they were, indeed, and not worth repeating) without betraying what she was pledged to conceal? And then, dear Frank might take fancies in his head again, and fret and worry himself while he was away." So, while he revealed to her the innermost fold of his own honest affectionate heart, one leaf of hers was hidden from him, and we all know how much mischief a single page may contain. But the very consciousness—(for such it was, however ingeniously mis-called the uneasy feeling)—the very consciousness that her mind was not in all things "perfect towards him," imparted a tone of more subdued tenderness to her manner and words,

as she lingered with him this last evening they were to be together for many weeks.

The hour and the scene, as they entered the quiet precincts of the village churchyard—the last glow of sunset lighting up the Saxon entrance arch of the old church, gleaming upward from the large rose window to the surmounting cross, edging the side buttresses and projections, and lingering, as loath to leave them, on the grassy graves—the gloomy background of tall massy elms, the pale contrasting verdure of that broad-spreading lime, the faint fragrance of its drooping flowers, and one low sweet sound, the plaintive call of a wood-pigeon, not breaking, but completing the perfectness of repose—"All circumstance of sight and sound" so harmonized with the saddened and impassioned mood of the young dreamer, she could have wept luxurious tears, or poured out the "strange fit of passion" in spontaneous verse, but for the companionship which in part restrained as it excited the romantic impulse.

Frank gathered for her, as in old time, a bunch of the sweet lime flowers, and seated himself beside her as with an air of deep musing she slowly arranged the elegant nosegay on the side of an old half-sunken tomb beneath the spreading tree. Melancholy is surely more contagious than mirth where love is the communicating medium; and Frank's bright sunny countenance soon took a shade of unusual seriousness from the saddened expression of Fanny's. But the rustic lover was not of that class of "young gentlemen" who use "to be as sad as night only in wantonness," and passing his arm, as they sat together, round the slender waist of his betrothed, he said to her in a tone of tender cheerfulness, "Dear Fanny! you will write to me while I am away; and, please God, we shan't be long asunder nor soon parted again; for this is July already. Autumn and Winter will soon pass away; and then you know, Fan, come Spring and Whitsuntide; you and I, and our friends will be walking up that path toward that door, and when we pass out again under the old arch Fanny Fairfield will

be my own dear little wife, and never shed another tear nor know a sorrowful hour, if her husband can help it."

She thanked him with a look of watery lustre and a lip that quivered as it faintly smiled, and then there was silence between them for a few minutes, till, lifting her head from its resting place on his shoulder, she said, pointing to a row of head stones, the most ancient of which, sculptured with hour glass, skull, and cross-bones, was half sunken in the accumulated mould—"There lie the Lovells, Frank! All *your* people, for generations and generations. Each with his name, and age, and epitaph on his stone. And over right are mine too. Many Fairfields in those green graves that have neither head nor foot stone. It seems something sad and dreary to be put into the ground and left so, without a mark to keep the spot in mind; but it can't be quite forgotten while those that loved us live, and afterwards—Oh! then what matters!—Frank! if I die before we are married, I shall be put with my own folk you know.—But *you* will not forget who lies there, though my grave be as nameless as the rest;—and mind, Frank, when you pass by the place during the flowering of the old hawthorn, to scatter down upon it a few of these sweet blossoms."

"What ails my dear little girl that she talks such sad things this evening?" replied her lover with no steady voice or unmoistened eye, as he drew her to him more closely. "For sure the young are often taken before the aged; but without sinful security we may hope, dear Fan, to pass long and happy years together, before our children lay us side by side with those whose grey heads (God bless them!) we shall probably lay in peace among those quiet sleepers. But come away, dear girl! the dew falls heavily, and those pretty singlets are quite wet"—and, with gentle compulsion, he drew her from that cold seat and the damp churchyard into the path leading to her home.

Frank had been six weeks absent. Six weeks of tedious endurance they had proved to him—To Fanny!—could some warning voice have

foretold to her how she would spend the interval, she would have turned from the augury indignantly or in scorn. But the net was spread and the silly bird entangled, unconscious even of danger. Before Frank's departure, she had begun sitting for her portrait to Mr Delisle, the young artist already mentioned; and as only a few of the most favoured guests (Lord Henry Feltham of course included) were admitted to the studio, time and opportunity were in abundance at his command, for the advancement of a speculation, which had been suggested to his enterprising spirit by a communication of the Lady Gertrude's of the very successful result of her subscription canvass in behalf of the Village Poetess, "the first fruits," she exultingly pronounced, of the more brilliant advantages to be anticipated from her continued patronage.

Now Mr Delisle was not only attracted by Fanny's beauty, but, with the quick, and extensive, and comprehensive eye of genius, took in at a glance the whole range of contingences, which might combine to make that beauty a profitable as well as pleasing acquisition to a "rising artist." Lady Gertrude's patronage, together with the subscription hundred, would make a convenient wedding portion. On his interest with Lord Henry Feltham (whose dictum was law in the world of fashion on all subjects connected with the arts) he calculated with well-grounded confidence. The speculation was decidedly a good one, and Mr Delisle was decided. From the foregoing summary, it might be natural to infer that the gentleman in question was one of little or no principle. But that inference would be equally erroneous and unjust: Mr Delisle *had* principles the most decided and characteristic; and those the very worst that can be conceived to govern the heart and mind, from which the fear of God and the moral sense of vice and virtue had been long ago cast out as burthensome and inconvenient. His personal appearance, with all its pictorial accessories of costume and attitude, was strikingly Byronian. Can we say more in its favour? He accom-

panied "poetic pearls" of his own strung with melodies of his own composing on the Spanish guitar successfully enough to witch unscientific ears, and exhibit himself under the most picturesque of all possible circumstances. His language was poetry!—His voice music!—His name romantic!—Algeron Delisle! Somebody told an absurd story of having seen a certificate signed by him with the less euphonious compound—Anthony Styles—but that malicious calumny only afforded him an occasion of embodying the "beautiful scorn" of the Byronian smile, in which he was eminently successful.

But for the preservative circumstances of her situation, engaged affections, and plighted troth, it is probable that Fanny's heart, ever too apt to follow the lead of wild-fire imagination and romantic fancy, would have yielded itself an easy conquest to the first advances of one who united in himself so many and varied powers of captivation:—and as it was, secure in the consciousness of her engagement, she felt gratitude proportioned to her admiration, for the passionate adoration professed for her by one so much her superior, that his liberal offer of heart, hand and fortunes, was, in her modest self-estimation no less a sacrifice, than "All for love, and the world well lost." She *was grateful* accordingly—and grieved—and flattered—and excited—and altogether more engrossed by Mr Delisle and his unfortunate passion than might have been quite agreeable to Frank, had these proceedings been known to him. But with her own conscience she was perfectly at peace. She had modestly but decidedly declined Mr Delisle's proposals, even intimating to him, though in no very precise terms, the circumstance of her pre-engagement. What more could be required of her? He was devoted and despairing—she compassionate, but inflexible—Lady Gertrude displeased and disconcerted, for Delisle had providently secured her interest and approbation before he declared himself to Fanny; and

the latter, when remonstrated with by her ladyship on her capricious folly in rejecting proposals so every way advantageous, murmured out some confused and unsatisfactory excuse, but shrank, with inexcusable weakness—and from motives that would ill have borne analysis—from explaining all by a frank statement of her long-plighted engagement. But for this disingenuous timidity, it is but justice to suppose that the Lady Gertrude would not have continued to favour the views of Delisle, which, as it was, she took every opportunity of furthering; and no possible circumstances could have fallen in with those views more felicitously than the long and frequently private interviews afforded by Fanny's sittings for her portrait. Lady Gertrude whispered to a few of the friends most in her confidence something of her plans for the establishment of her young favourite. Significant smiles and hints were condescendingly bestowed on the pretty Fanny; who was too simple—too timid and abashed to deceive the smilers; but she was more than abashed—frightened and conscious stricken—when Lord Henry Feltham, who assisted now and then with discreet tact at intervals of the long morning sittings, whispered something of his intention to sit for his own portrait to Delisle, when "the fortunate fellow should have secured permanent possession of his present lovely model." The bold freedom of his lordship's speech, and the look with which it was accompanied, startled her into sudden and painful consciousness. Did it rouse her to immediate action? To stop—to turn—to fly—while it was yet time? That moment was the crisis of her fate, and at such moments no human being is forsaken by his good angel or by the indwelling monitor of his own heart, while he yet lingers and listens to the commissioned prompter, and to "the still small voice." Did Fanny pause, and listen, and obey? Fly from the Tempter, or defy him, trusting in her own strength? Alas! alas!

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(HERMOCREON.)

Νύμφαι ἰφιδριάδης—κ.τ.λ.

ON A FOUNTAIN.

Ye Nais, for whose use Hermocreon found
This fountain welling out its crystal clear,
May your loved footsteps never leave his ground,
And purest draughts his household ever cheer.

II.

(MARIANUS.)

Τάσδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάγους—κ.τ.λ.

ON A BATH CALLED CUPID.

Beneath these planes
Eros was sleeping, closely bound
In slumber's chains,
And straightway by the nymphs was found
With his torch lying on the ground.

"Come," said each nymph,
"Why linger?—this shall we
Quench in that lymph,
And, oh!—poor mortals freed shall be
From all their burning misery."

'Twas thus they spake;
And while the torch's glowing flame
Herein they slake,
Its heat into these waters came,
And hence our bath has Cupid's name.

III.

(PAUL THE SILENTIARY.)

Τρεῖς ὁρῶν εἰσορῶ πολυτερέα—κ.τ.λ.

ON A LOFTY HOUSE IN BYZANTIUM.

Mine is a triple prospect, whence I may
Gaze on the cheering billows of the sea;
While not a glimmer of departing day
Melts into shadow—unobserved of me:
And Morn that robes me in her saffron vest,
Lingers—and sighs to leave me for the West.

IV.

(PAUL THE SILENTIARY.)

Χρυσίος ἀψάυστοιο διατεταγν—κ.τ.λ.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

The virgin zone of Danaë did Zeus
In golden shower descending erst unloose;
Through the forged brass he stole,—a legend old,
Wherein I read the mighty power of gold:
Gold, the great victor—which nor bolt, nor chain,
Nor brazen wall, can fetter or restrain.
Gold scoffs at keys, to bonds it will not bow,
Gold bends proud beauty's ever-shifting brow
Ye lovers, from Cythera prayers withhold,
No need of these, if ye have only gold.

V.

(AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.)

Γεπίς τις μογίσκεν—κ.τ.λ.

A certain fisher labouring at his trade
An helress saw, and on by passion led,

From want, to all the pride of wealth—the maid
 Raised him—the sharer of her heart and bed.
 While Fortune whispered to Cythera—"thine
 Is not this jest—'tis just a freak of mine."

VI.

(LUCILLIUS.)

Τίθηκε' Εὐτυχίδης ὁ μελογράφος—κ. τ. λ.

ON A BAD PORT.

Eutychides, the mongrel bard, to Hades now is wending,
 Avoid him, ghosts, for lo! he brings his verses never-ending.
 A dozen lyres placed on his pyre, and five-and-twenty cases
 Of music-books, he brings along, to show the ghosts his graces.
 Where now shall weary spirits rest, for hell itself dismayed is,
 To find a real devil now—Eutychides in Hades?

VII.

(LUCILLIUS.)

Μακίτι, μακίτι Μάρκι—κ. τ. λ.

ON A TIRESOME POET.

No more, no more, my Marcus, thy child lament—but me
 Whom thou hast slain,—who am more dead,—more dead indeed than he.
 For me thine elegies pour forth, for me thy threnes rehearse,
 Man of the people, for I die—impoisoned by thy verse.
 And, oh! that those who taught the use of books and pens to thee,
 May suffer from thine elegies the throes endured by me!

VIII.

(MACEDONIUS.)

Τὸ στόμα ταῖς χαρίτεσσι—κ. τ. λ.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

These lovely lips
 The smile of every grace disclose;
 Thine eyes eclipse
 Cythera's:—on thy visage glows
 The rose amid the lilies' snows.
 The ear still lingers,
 Bound by thy music's spell:—the lyre
 Sighs for thy fingers,
 While all thy looks and tones conspire,
 To waste our longing youth with fire.

IX.

PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

Ἄρτι μὲν, ἢ θαλάμοις—κ. τ. λ.

* The flute now sounded in the bridal room
 Of fair Nicippis, and the joyous throng
 Danced to the hymenean, when, sad doom!
 Loud lamentation drowned the spousal song.
 The wedded maiden lies—a stricken corse.
 Grim Aides, while that widowed husband sheds
 Those bitter tears, oh! hast thou no remorse—
 Pleased though thou be with weeping bridal beds?

X.

(PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.)

Ἀείψας Ἀρχιτέλης—κ. τ. λ.

EPITAPH.

Architeles the mason for his son
 Chisel'd, with trembling hands, this tombstone here:
 By tears, not steel, the mournful task was done,
 It softened under many a melting tear:
 Lie light on Agathanor, who will own—
 Truly a father's hand placed here this stone.

* There is an epigram by Meleager on a similar circumstance.—*Vid.* MELEAG.
 Ep. cxxv. and *Maga*, Vol. xxxiv. p. 122.

XI.

(ELIUS GALLUS.)

Οὗτος ὁ πρὶν μακάρεσσιν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A TANTALUS SCULPTURED ON A DRINKING CUP.

See how the guest of Gods, who often quaffed
The nectar's purple juice, now longs to sip
A drop of water,—while the grudging draught
Shrinks shuddering away from that parched lip.
"In silence drink," this sculpture says, "and know,
A froward tongue brought such excess of wo."

XII.

(ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.)

Κλῶνς ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀνὰ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ.—κ. τ. λ.

Ye pensile boughs of the far-spreading oak,
Lofty retreat from the sun's fervid stroke,
Dense roof of leafy tiles,—Cigala's seat,
Aerial house of refuge from the heat,
Oh! take me, and beneath your foliage lay
One panting under the sun's sweltering ray.

XIII.

(ANTIPHILUS.)

Αἱ βιβλαὶ, τίνας εἰσὶν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

ANTIPHILUS.

Who are ye, Books, and what do ye contain?

BOOKS.

Daughters of Homer, we,—and we explain
The tale of Troy: Achilles' wrath,—the might
Of Hector's struggle in the ten years' fight:
Ulysses' toils, the tears his consort shed,—
The wooers' quarrels for her widowed bed.

ANTIPHILUS.

Great Works,—go, join the muses' choirs in Heaven,
For Time proclaims their number now eleven.

XIV.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Νεβηταῖον ἐπὶ τὸν σαλπινγῶνα.—κ. τ. λ.

ON PINDAR.

Loud as the trumpet's swell excels the sound
* Of fawn-bone pipe, so loud is Pindar found
Sounding his own beyond all other shells:
And not in vain, so olden story tells,
Did bees, in clusters, on thine infant lip,
Their wax gift, honied sweets profusely drip.
Bear witness, horned Pan, who hast, with pride,
To chant *his* hymns, oft laid thy reeds aside.

XV.

(LUCIANUS.)

Παῖδα μὲν πινυαίτηρον.—κ. τ. λ.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

The boy, Callimachus, who grief ne'er knew,
In my fifth year, Stern Ades called his own:
Weep not for me, for though my years were few,
Few were the sorrows to my childhood known.

*. Ex binnulorum ossibus factæ tibiæ, quas etiam *ιστίνους* appellant, (vide *Aristoph.* in *Acharn.* v. 863.) Thebanorum inventum. Ex *Joa* tradit Athen, l. iv. p. 182. *Pollux*, lib. iv. p. 75, &c. *Jacobs*, vol. viii. p. 49.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

WHEN, upon the celebrated trial of 1785, for the repeal of Arkwright's last patent, Mr Bearcroft, the leading counsel in the cause against him, pronounced the Cotton Manufacture to be then "the most envied and coveted of any we can boast," little could that learned lawyer, with all his shrewdness, and as little could statesman of that day, however foreseeing, or practised manufacturer, plethoric of present and prospective gain, or Darwin with all "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" over the vast expanse of a brilliant future, have imagined the stupendous results of that era of miraculous invention, of which it was their fate to witness the dawn, and is yet, to all appearance, reserved for another age to salute the mid-day splendours. The importation of cotton wool in 1769, the date of Arkwright's first patent, was little more than four millions of pounds weight; while for the year 1835, just ended, the quantity declared for home consumption in England and Scotland alone, exceeds three hundred and thirty millions of pounds; or an amazing increase of more than eighty-fold. Interwoven as his name is, and must always peculiarly be, with the rise and progress of this unrivalled branch of national industry, there can now be little question that he is indebted for the distinction more to the restless energy of his mind than to the fertility of creative genius. A keen searcher after hidden treasures, he appropriated to his own uses, with little scruple, the discoveries of others; yet must it be acknowledged that

he perfected diligently the great work of whose shell he had possessed himself unfairly; and though others may rightfully claim to have dug the diamond from the mine, he alone was the artist qualified to release it from its earthy incrustation—to shape, and polish, and unfold all the magic of its matchless brilliance. He was largely endowed with those powers of enterprise—with those lofty conceptions—and that unquenchable ardour for action, so rarely found the accompanying attributes of inventive talent, which, musing in its studio or brooding over mechanical combinations in its workshop, becomes unfitted for the jostle of the world beyond. He was the daring Archimedes, who seized at once upon the all mighty lever, devised by more ingenious but timid mechanists, and planting it with unerring sagacity on the central spot, was enabled to move a world at his pleasure—nay, to call new worlds of industry into existence. The SPINNING JENNY of Hargreaves, already at work in 1767, and invented a few years previously, had, however, preceded the WATER FRAME, first set in motion, if not contrived by Arkwright, whilst the wonders of both these apparently transcendental achievements of human skill were destined ten years later, in 1779, to be almost totally eclipsed by the crowning glory of cotton spinning discoveries in the MILL of the modest and retiring Samuel Crompton.* Of these three extraordinary men, all born in that district (Lancashire) which, Mr Bearcroft observed, "is apt to produce

* His portrait, exhibiting a musing, deeply reflective, and mild character, is a faithful representation not only of the "outward and visible signs," but of the mind and disposition of the man, as we have been assured by those who knew him well. He was a member of the class of Christians denominated Swedenborgians; not the spurious excrescences which of late years have sprung up, assuming to be of that doctrine, and engrafting upon it a thousand absurdities, but of the legitimate class, headed by the late reverend and truly pious as learned Mr Clowes, rector of St John's, Manchester. The general characteristics of this respectable and unpretending body, for dissenters they can hardly be called, will be found almost invariably to correspond with the mild and truly philosophic traits, which were the distinguishing qualities of mind and manner in Crompton. In these the Swedenborgian and the Moravian are closely akin.

sharp and penetrating men," Arkwright, the least gifted with the inventive faculty, and who therefore contributed least to the stock of invention, was the one, and the only one, to reap the golden harvest of successful talent. The inimitable spirit of the man stood him in better stead than did to his contemporaries and rivals the higher powers of ori-

ginal talent and unrivalled conception. Nothing can more clearly mark the inestimable value of Crompton's discoveries and improvements, than the comparative progress of the cotton manufacture during the two periods of ten years each, before and after they came into operation.

Cotton Wool Imported:—

1771 to 1780, average,	.	.	.	3,765,601 lbs.
In 1781 it was still nearly the same,	.	.	.	3,198,778 "
But in 1790 it had reached	.	.	.	31,447,605 "

The ratio of increase being, according to Mr Baines, in his "History of the Cotton Manufacture"—

From 1771 to 1781, equal to	.	.	.	75½ per cent.
1781 to 1791,	.	.	.	319½ "

Mr Baines is disposed to ascribe too much of this increase to the "expiration of Arkwright's patent," in conjunction with the "invention of the Mule;" but there is sufficient reason to distrust this conclusion. That patent, after a new trial moved for and refused on the 10th, was not finally cancelled till the 14th of November, 1785. The water frame was adapted to spin coarser counts of yarn alone; whereas the mule was suited to produce any range of numbers or of fineness, not only for warp, as the former, but for weft; added to which, as the machine was never, from its origin, tied up by patent or monopoly, it rapidly spread into general use—it was accessible to persons of the smallest capital—and there were great numbers who commenced and carried on with one Mule alone, of whom many are yet living, and in the enjoyment of well-earned wealth, by the progressive prosecution of the manufacture on a larger scale, as their means increased; and some there are whom we could name, who, from this humble beginning, have risen to honourable eminence as the most extensive and eminent spinners in the three kingdoms. Water-frame spinning, on the contrary, required the investment of capitals more considerable, and could only even then be carried on advantageously in mills or factories adapted for the purpose. Its extension would therefore be exceedingly slow, in comparison

with the rapid propagation of the rival system. The Jenny, it may be observed, was superseded by the last invention so entirely, as to be since, and perhaps yet, only used in the production of the very lowest and coarsest descriptions of yarns, made from the waste of inferior cottons, and usually known as jenny weft. Last of all, but not least in this series of creations, unparalleled for the improvement and perfecting of the first processes of the cotton manufacture, but with powers embracing a wider range of objects, and opening to view an agency immeasurable in its capacity, and indefinite in its extent, came the steam engine, the first patent for which was taken out by Watts in 1769, although for several years subsequently he appears not to have subdued the gigantic offspring of his genius into such tractability, form, and working order, as to render it available for competition with water power, or to supply its deficiency. Steam, as a moving power, was from the first, as still we believe it continues, much more largely applied comparatively to mule than to water-frame or throstle spinning; for, even to this day, factories where the latter mode is followed, will very generally be found located on the more eligible waterfall sites in Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire more especially.

The acceleration imparted to productive energies by Crompton's

mule apparatus, will be appreciated at one glance by the following tabular summary in round numbers:—

	Cotton Wool Imported. Lbs.	Manufactured Exported Lbs.	
1771, . . .	4,785,000	250,000	Spinning Jenny invented, 1767
1781, . . .	5,200,000	400,000	Water Frame, . . . 1769
1791, . . .	28,707,000	1,875,000	Mule, 1779

Upon this splendid epoch of the triumphs of mechanical ingenuity, we should love to dwell with untiring contemplation, to accompany them, from the first struggles of laborious conception, in the lagging march onward of almost helpless infancy; to paint the hopes which transported, and the disappointments which alternately depressed the aspiring adventurers, and to record the accessory achievements of those minor stars whose brilliancy remains obscured only from the blaze of the constellation of which they formed a lesser portion; but our limits forbid the indulgence. We have yet to take a cursory glance at other and scarcely less wonderful combinations, by which the more finished processes of the cotton manufacture were facilitated and multiplied to a degree unexampled, except by the spinning preparation of the raw material, whilst, as tributary to national wealth, they ascend to an importance in the scale beyond comparison superior to that of any other department of national industry.

That necessity is the mother of invention, is a trite but true adage. Some time prior to the year 1800, the increasing exportation of cottons in the yarn state began to excite the alarms of the piece-goods makers, the more so, as a considerable slackness of demand was experienced at the same moment for the more finished articles. Public meetings were held upon the subject, at the principal of which the following, among other resolutions, was passed:—Resolved, "That the exportation of Cotton Twist is highly injurious to the manufacturers of this country; and unless some means are speedily adopted to restrict the exportation under certain regulations, will ultimately end in the de-

struction of the cotton manufacture of this kingdom."* The contest was for some time vigorously maintained betwixt the exporters of yarn and the manufacturers (in the cotton districts, we believe, the cotton spinners are never admitted to be, or are styled manufacturers); delegations to London from both associated bodies besieged the minister of the day; the former insisting upon the vast capitals embarked in buildings and machinery upon the faith of the non-existence of enactments prohibitory of the exportation, and appealing to the Custom-house returns in proof that the quantity really shipped was in truth so trifling as to afford no cause for alarm or fear of foreign rivalry in woven fabrics; the latter contending that the official returns were no adequate criterion for measuring the amount, as it was notorious that twist was commonly entered under the general head of cotton manufactures, partly to evade observation, lest the legislature should subject it to similar restrictions with woollen yarn, and otherwise through ignorance, as merchants were under no obligation and liable to no penalties for making other than a correct declaration; moreover, the manufacturers insisted that the foreign master-weaver met them in the Continental markets and fair with goods produced from British yarn, and undersold them, from the enormous disparity between the low prices of hand labour abroad, and the higher rates they were necessarily subjected to at home. The exporters prevailed in the contention, and an argument advanced to the harm of the producers was produced. It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that the great success and increase of the cotton making by foreign manufactures, as well

* With the Resolution of a Special Meeting of Manchester and Lancashire Spinners in Manchester, 29th April, 1800.
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* Vide the Resolutions of a Special Meeting of Merchants and Manufacturers in Manchester, 22d April, 1800.

as by their governments, more especially stimulated and disquieted by these discussions lest the exportation of yarns should be prohibited, to form and naturalize spinneries in their own countries, so as to become independent of this for their supplies. There can be no question as to the truth of the premises; among other testimony, we are ourselves acquainted with the fact, that a deputation of two eminent commercial men from St Gall addressed themselves, about that period, to Mr Jonathan Mallacien of Manchester, a merchant then largely concerned in the exportation of yarn, and who was also known before as the chief of an extensive spinning-establishment, to whom they made offers of unbounded liberality, in respect to share and allowance for management, if he would undertake the foundation and direction of spinning-factories in that or such other departments of Switzerland as he might deem the most eligible for the object; the capital fund to be placed at his disposition for that end being, at his option or according to the exigencies of the enterprise, proposed to be from £100,000 to £200,000, and all the conditions of the agreement to be guaranteed to him before leaving England by houses of the highest standing in the metropolis. The tempting offer was refused, for the English of those days, uninitiated into the mysteries of the philosophical craft of our times, unfashionably as now it would be deemed, were accustomed to consider that their own country had a sacred right of monopoly in their whole undivided stock of patriotism and philanthropy, to the entire exclusion of the utilitarian principle of self. It is not our intention now to reopen the question; the time is assuredly gone by when restrictions of the nature prayed for would be either possible or politic; but we may be allowed the brief remark, that a nation in the enjoyment of an advantageous monopoly commits an act as suicidal in voluntarily opening it to all comers, as would an individual trader in a case analogous. The art of spinning was that monopoly; had its products been exported only in the shape of fabrics consuming and remunerating a greater propor-

tion of labour, national industry and national wealth could not have suffered for the *liberty* of national egotism. Returns would have been found corresponding to the genius or capabilities of states trading with us; the growth of raw materials, whether sheep's wool, or cotton-wool, or flax, or other commodities would have been encouraged; payments in kind suited to our interests would have been made still more largely, and the due reciprocity maintained. Mr Baines is entirely incorrect in fixing the first exportation of yarns about the year 1800; it had been going on for years previously, as we have ample means of knowing. In the very year just quoted, the official value of the export ascended to nearly half a million sterling; and that the manufacturers were correct in stating, that by far the larger proportion shipped was entered under the head of "cotton manufactures" and was not, therefore, included in that valuation, would be easy of demonstration, for two firms alone might be pointed out, who at that time exported to a larger amount than the whole quantity returned from the Custom-house entries. It is but a vulgar and an unworthy expedient to push an argument *ad absurdum*; it is a sword, moreover, with two edges, and not difficult to wield; we might retaliate the unmeaning puerilities about prohibiting the transmission of cottons, except in the form of "garments and drapery," upon the same principle on which the shipment of yarns was sought to be restricted, by simply answering, in the same strain—why, yarns being made free of transit, prohibit machinery? why restrain the artisan from carrying abroad the mystery of his craft? why not make a profit, for the first and last time, by the unrepressed exportation of the newest and most valuable mechanical discoveries, with the most skilful artisans to construct and work them on the spot? Wise restriction laws for the security and conservation of advantages exclusively possessed, are to a nation the same safeguards of its interests as the patent law is of the monopoly to which the individual inventor is justly entitled.

The controversies upon the yarn

question; the necessity of meeting the cheaper hand-loom labour of the Continent on more equal terms; in fine, an overruling necessity sharpened the intellects and aroused the energies of the manufacturers. A new system, that would enable the loom to keep pace with the mule, was the cry of all; many set to work to devise means whereby "the British shuttle might consume all the produce of the British spindle." The power loom, invented by Dr Cartwright, in 1787, had failed without hope of redemption; it was a cumbersome machine, neither then nor since available, however creditable to the perseverance and ability of the reverend projector; and yet he succeeded in obtaining a Parliamentary grant of £10,000 for it, whilst to the less befriended and massaging Crompton, for his magnificent and unpatented offering to his country, was doled out the miserable pittance of £5,000 only. Not to be unjust, however, some portion of the principle of the Doctor's loom laid the foundation of more successful attempts in after time. The adaptation of the loom for steam-power was, however, the least of the difficulties to be grappled with; so long as no new method could be devised for *dressing or sizing* the warp, the stumblingblock in the way of the power-loom was irremovable. At length the genius and unflinching perseverance of one man triumphed over all obstacles; the *DRESSING MACHINE*, a piece of mechanism complete and perfect in all its parts—perhaps the most perfect that had ever at once left the hands of an inventor—was ushered into the world, in 1804, and from that year dates the power-loom system; a system not less pregnant of wondrous consequences, nor less marvellous in its contrivances, than those of the water-frame and mule. The inventor was Mr Wm. Radcliffe, of Stockport, for to associate with him in the honour the operative machinist who modelled his plans would be an act of as much injustice as to invest Kay the clockmaker with the merit of the water-frame, or Joseph Taylor the engineer with that of the power-loom, because they respectively laboured in their vocation in embody-

ing the conceptions of Cartwright and Highs.

Wm. Radcliffe was, or rather is (for he is yet living), one of the extraordinary men of an era surpassingly fertile in the production of untutored extraordinary talent. The boldness, ardour, and enterprise of Arkwright, seem in him combined with the patience, coolness, and inventive faculties of Crompton. Besides two patents for his dressing machine, he took out other two for most important improvements in the loom—the taking up the cloth by the motion of the lathe. He bore a prominent part in those discussions respecting the unrestricted exportation of yarns to which we have alluded, and published more than one pamphlet on the occasion. He formed one of various delegations to London, and excited himself strenuously in every way on the side of the manufacturing interest, in which he had himself a large stake. The detail of all these events, of his discoveries, and his misfortunes, now lies before us in a bulky pamphlet of two hundred and sixteen pages, entitled the "Origin of the new system of manufacture, commonly called Power-loom Weaving, and the purposes for which this system was invented and brought into use, fully explained in a narrative containing William Radcliffe's struggles through life, written by himself."

The style is simplicity itself; it bears in every line the impress of fidelity and candour, for his heart is in his pen. We have all the early and successful struggles of self-taught genius, whilst a more affecting relation of ill-deserved persecutions, which have embittered the evening of his days, and reduced him from the situation of a prosperous manufacturer to a state of indigence, if not want, it has never been our lot to peruse. Descended from a family in ages past of great respectability, but long lowered to the position of the small farmers, some of whom are still to be found eking out the deficiencies of a scanty portion of land and the wants of a family with the loom and the wheel, he thus, in brief and homely terms, describes his own beginning and outset in life.

"My father resorted to the com-

mon but never-failing resource for subsistence at that period, viz.—the loom for men, and the cards and hand-wheel for women and boys. He married a spinster (in my etymology of the word), and my mother taught me (while too young to weave) to earn my bread by carding and spinning cotton, winding linen or cotton worst for my father and elder brothers at the loom, until I became of sufficient age and strength for my father to put me into a loom. After the practical experience of a few years, any young man who was industrious and careful, might then, from his earnings as a weaver, lay by sufficient to set him up as a manufacturer, and though but few of the great body of weavers had the courage to embark in the attempt, I was one of those few. Availing myself of the improvements that came out while I was in my teens, by the time I was married (at the age of 24, in 1785), with my little savings, and a practical knowledge of every process from the cotton-bag to the piece of cloth, such as carding by hand or by the engine, spinning by the hand-wheel or jenny, winding, warping, sizing, looming the web, and weaving either by hand or fly-shuttle, I was ready to commence business for myself; and by the year 1789, I was well established, and employed many hands both in spinning and weaving, as a master manufacturer."

The exportation question, although the first great cause of Mr Radcliffe's ruin, was the immediate parent of the power-loom system. Failing in the one great object of inducing the minister to fetter it, he betook himself, with temper untroubled by disappointment, with a resolve and consistency rarely equalled, to discover a combination of weaving machinery which should enable the manufacture to absorb the still multiplying products of the spinners. "Confident," as he expresses it, "that the system was to be found, I shut myself up in my mill (as it were) on the 2d of January, 1802, and with joiners, turners, filers, &c. set to work." After somewhat less than two years' unremitting labour, from which he suffered nothing to divert his own intense application or the labours of his

men, he accomplished his object, and founded the power loom system; "but the difficulties and expense attending it," he adds, "can only be appreciated by those who witnessed or experienced them at the time." In fact these, with neglect perhaps of his regular business, fall of prices, and other misfortunes and persecutions, accelerated his ruin. Few men have deserved so well of their country, none better; the proofs will be found in those statements of the miraculous and still advancing prosperity of the cotton trade, to which we shall shortly have to request the attention of our readers. The liberality of Messrs Radcliffe and Ross (for he had then a partner) in opening their works at all times, and explaining their system to the public, was the subject of just commendation at the time and since by the whole trade, and among others the late Sir Robert Peel, under whose advice Mr Radcliffe acted in taking out his patents, with a view, as that prince among merchants and manufacturers suggested, that inventions of such transcendent importance nationally should be purchased by the legislature on behalf and for the unrestricted benefit of the nation at large. In one of his improvements, that for taking up the cloth by the lathe, he generously instructed the late Mr Horrocks, of Stockport, and permitted him to incorporate it in his patent for the improved power-loom, since and now universally in use. Upon Radcliffe's insolvency his patents were unscrupulously invaded; his assignee commenced various actions at law against the offending parties, but was defeated by the powerful combination of the manufacturers leagued against him. The patent laws, as then constituted, afforded no protection; they were such, and so contrived, that, according to a common saying, any man might drive a coach and six through them. At a later period, however, his signal services were acknowledged, and his wrongs sought to be redressed. With a generous sympathy for misfortune and ill-requited desert, which does them honour, the most eminent persons and firms connected with the cotton manufacture exerted

themselves to procure for him a legislative remuneration. Memorials* were numerously signed in his behalf by the Chambers of Commerce at Manchester, and the heads of houses there and elsewhere; but without the means to sustain the requisite expenditure for enforcing his just claims, they were answered only with civil delays and officially polite refusals; for Radcliffe had no borough vote or county interest wherewith to second the pleadings in his cause. Remuneration, splendid with reference to its intrinsic value, was awarded to Dr Cartwright for an invention crude and impracticable, and only of consequence as first demonstrative of the possible application of a principle. To the unassuming Crompton, although with niggard hand, was decreed a recompense. Among others, thousands have been awarded to Mr Babbage to prosecute to perfection his mechanical calculi, a scientific curiosity assuredly, but of problematic practical utility. £5000 have been recently voted to Mr Marshall (and richly did that greatest statistician of the day merit double the amount); whilst Radcliffe, to whose

evidence and exertions Dr Cartwright was mainly indebted for his public grant, remains alone, poor, unnoticed, and unrewarded, for discoveries and improvements which are yet pouring millions annually into the treasury of national accumulation. If we have been led upon this subject into greater prolixity of detail than was our original intent, it has arisen from the desire to contribute our humble quota to the arrears of justice due to an individual who has been the greatest benefactor, in the economical sense, to his country of any man now living. Radcliffe, like Arkwright, is the founder of a great system, but, unlike him, cast upon evil times. The contemporary of Arkwright, and the friend of the late Sir Robert Peel, is the more entitled to consideration at our hands, and at those of all honourable and patriotic men, that he has fallen from his high and hardly earned estate, and that the cause, the great cause which consigned him to beggary, opened to the industry and enterprise of his country new mines and unexplored regions of boundless wealth.

It would carry us too far were we

* The following is a copy of one of these documents:—

“To the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

“The subscribers respectfully beg leave to represent,

“That the improved method of manufacturing introduced by Messrs Radcliffe and Ross, has proved highly advantageous to the cotton manufacturers of this country, and is now extending to those of linen, wool, and silk.

“That more particularly, by removing the impediments to weaving by power, their inventions may be considered as the cause of the rapid and increasing growth of that system of manufacturing cotton goods, a system which gives higher wages to the workmen, while it brings a greatly improved fabric into successful competition with the cheap labour of the continent.

“That their method was given to the public in a thoroughly matured state, so that every one could adopt it in practice without the expense of making experiments. At their works in Stockport, many of the subscribers were eyewitnesses of its gradual progress to that state of practical perfection, and of the very heavy charges incurred in accomplishing so desirable an object, sufficient to exhaust a large capital. This, added to the depression of trade at the time, resulting from the general public distress, deprived them of the means of reimbursing themselves by any efforts of their own; and as the important benefits resulting to the country from their improvements are not merely prospective, but are already realized to an immense extent, it appears to the subscribers a case eminently deserving of your lordships' favourable consideration, and of liberal and substantial national compensation.

“These remarks are submitted to your lordships, with the utmost deference and respect, by Samuel Oldknow, high sheriff of the county of Derby;” and signed by the Poels, the Birleys, the Kennedys, the Howards, the Ashtons, the Daltrys, the Ainsworths, the Horrockses, the Finlays, the Jones, Lloyds, the Houldsworths, the Helps Ray, the Inglies—and above one hundred of the most eminent bankers, merchants, spinners, and manufacturers of Lancashire, Cheshire, Lancashire, and London, in the year 1825.

to attempt a notice at any length of the more subordinate but ingenious invention of the self-acting mule, the conjoint production of the labours of De Jongh and Roberts, we are given to understand (although Mr Baines assigns it to the latter alone); or to the extraordinary contrivances for cylinder printing and mechanical engraving; or of the various splendid improvements in the arts of bleaching, dyeing, and printing. These may be found more appropriately detailed in the "History of the Cotton Manufacture," by Edward Baines, Jun. Esq., of Leeds, a work which forms a valuable compendium of most interesting facts, and to which, in the course of this article, we have been occasionally indebted. It is fortunate for the historian and his subject, that the task was undertaken whilst the materials for its successful accomplishment abounded about and around him; whilst so many of the most distinguished among the contemporaries of the founders, and some of the founders themselves of this great branch of industry, yet survived to afford him the invaluable benefits of their information. Mr Baines shows himself a diligent "gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff," and worthy, in that capacity, of all commendation; but when he ventures to transgress out of that circle, his powers of reasoning do not appear to ascend beyond the commonplace plausibilities of the day. We would suggest to him, moreover, to expunge, in a future edition, those puerilities about the mileage length of yarn spun—the thousands of times it would "pass round the globe's circumference,"—how often it would reach from the earth to the sun and encircle the earth's orbit—and how many girdles the wrought fabrics exported in one year would form for the globe. These wonders would be in perfect keeping with the *Lady's Magazine*, or as a theme for "boys at school," but seem quite out of place in a grave statistical work.

The war, but more remarkably that of the empire, co-operated with all these masterly achievements of mechanical genius to swell the current of manufacturing greatness. The Berlin and Milan decrees, whilst

they failed, signally failed, in the pretence of hermetically sealing the continent of Europe against commercial intercourse with this country, secured to us not only the undisturbed possession of the manufacture, but also a monopoly of the raw material, by the retaliatory rigours of the Orders in Council. The exports of piece-goods and yarn, which in 1806 amounted in

official value to	£10,489,049
rapidly rose in 1809 to	19,415,966
and 1810,	18,951,991

both, however, it must be confessed, years of some over-trading. During that period, the shipments of yarns had augmented only from

1806. official value,	£736,225
to 1809,	1,020,352

Of the total foreign trade in cottons, yarns entered for somewhat less than one-nineteenth part of the whole. The proportions are, however, enormously reversed since. The official valuation representing quantities of twist and goods despatched was, in 1834, in round numbers, £51,000,000 of which, in yarns alone,

nearly	7,000,000
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or somewhat less than one seventh part. In the 25 years the exportation of yarns augmented nearly sevenfold, and that of fabrics, less than two and a half fold. But in real or declared value yarn enters in the year 1834, for one-fourth of the whole. There appear to be no records extant earlier than 1814 of the quantity in lbs. weight of yarn exported, and it is hardly worth the trouble to reduce the official valuation of pounds sterling by the scale into pounds avoirdupois; but in the collection of tables compiled by Mr Marshall, from official returns, we find the amount to be, in 1814, 12,782,354 lbs. Whilst from Burns' *Commercial Glance*, with which we have been favoured, we perceive, that Russia alone took last year, 1835, of cotton twist and thread, 21,480,044 lbs. The whole despatch to all countries being, for

1835,	82,457,885 lbs.
against in 1833,	78,712,330 do.

Mexico, which ten years ago did not, we believe, import from hence or from any other country, one single pound of warp or weft, would seem to be making rapid

strides towards the recovery and extension of her ancient manufacture. The exports of yarns to the Republic, which were already in 1834 . . . 455,226 lbs. have advanced in 1835 to . . . 668,866 lbs. being 120,000 lbs. more than the whole shipments of the same article to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia together in 1828.

With our convictions, or, as some would, perchance, designate them, prejudices, we are always disposed to examine with greater anxiety the progression of external

demand for finished fabrics than for spun cotton. For long past the competition has proportionally been all to the disadvantage of the former, and, therefore, we hail with the more satisfaction the returns for the past year, which exhibit a closer approximation to a *pro rata* advancement of cotton cloths with the products of the spindle than we were prepared to anticipate. The weight of the latter, despatched in the shape of cloths, in 1834, exceeded, by about ten millions of lbs., the shipments of yarns; thus, in

1834, the weight of yarn exported in manufactured goods was	90,780,425 lbs.
of yarns and thread,	80,693,466 lbs.
	<hr/> 10,086,959 lbs.
But in the last year,	
1835, the weight of yarn in goods was	97,822,722 lbs.
of yarn and thread,	84,300,009 lbs.
	<hr/> 13,522,713 lbs.

The surplus is indeed nothing to boast of, but even the modicum of some two hundred thousand pounds in the differential value of labour and profit between the half and the wholly manufactured commodity, the cost of whose raw material is

the same, is no unacceptable addition to the capital stock of national industry.

Mr Burn estimates the respective and the total value of the whole exportation as follows:—

1835. Manufactured goods,	£12,279,107
Yarns,	6,012,551
Thread,	214,914
	<hr/> £18,506,572

His statements refer to England only, it must be observed; the exportation from Scotland passes almost wholly perhaps *via* Liverpool, and that from Ireland, if any, must be quite insignificant. The real or declared values, when made up and published officially, will probably be found to exceed £22,000,000.

Considerable discrepancies exist between the rates of valuation adopted by Mr Burn, and the real or declared values as given in the official custom-house returns; as, for example, the real or declared value of the exports of cottons, in 1834, is stated in the latter to be, in round numbers, £20,500,000 by the former, . . . 17,300,000 A variation of some moment, it

must be owned, upon which, and on the differing data employed, and results arrived at by Mr McCulloch and Mr Burn, in their respective estimates of the amount of capital invested in the cotton manufacture, Mr Baines has raised a lengthened argument, with an evident and, under the circumstances, not inexcusable bias in favour of the economist. After bestowing a careful perusal upon the facts and reasonings adduced, we are compelled to dissent from his conclusions. The estimates of Mr McCulloch of the capital sunk and employed, and the annual value of the manufacture—each valued at £31,000,000—appear to us, on no insufficient grounds, to be considerably overcharged. He

has, indeed, adopted, as a basis, the dictum of Mr Huskisson, in a speech delivered in 1823, and sedulously built up to the party wall of his great master. But, however we may respect the authority, it is necessary to reflect, that the data upon which Mr Huskisson grounded his belief must at that time have been very imperfect. The manufacture is now making strides so rapid, that a few years more may, and will most probably, realize the point of departure from which Mr McCulloch has already started. The limited nature of our space forbids us to open the argument, for, unless we could allow ourselves to treat it at the length it requires, we should be doing both it and ourselves great injustice. We may, however, observe, that we cannot bring ourselves to accept of Mr McCulloch as a controlling authority upon a question which involves for decision the necessity of so much practical knowledge, either in himself or in those who may have supplied him with materials. Apology, at the best, is admissible only in the absence of positive, or in corroboration of circumstantial evidence. In itself it proves nothing; in trades or manufactures, customs vary essentially, and are varied by times and circumstances. Mr Burn, we have reason to know, is a gentleman of great experience in the special department of industry of which we are treating. He resides in the very heart of the first manufacturing district of the kingdom, and having been himself spinner, manufacturer, and exporting merchant, may be presumed to have, as his labours indeed demonstrate, a very sufficient acquaintance with each process and method practised in those several occupations. Parties not themselves versed in the arcana of a large and complicated interest are liable to be easily deceived in, or not fully to comprehend the purport of the information they may acquire; in truth, few traders like to unveil the mysteries of their craft to the curious eyes of enquirers, and may rather choose to obscure or mislead, by way of civilly dismissing the inquisitive philosopher, than fully to enlighten him. But with

the practical man delusion would not be attempted, or, when attempted, fail to impose. The very circumstance, that Mr Burn's calculations are borne out by so high an authority as Mr Kennedy, should, we think, have induced even Mr McCulloch to doubt, at least in the absence of more definite and indisputable data.

The stress which is laid upon the real or declared values of the official returns, between which and the estimates of Mr Burn so striking a discrepancy exists, induces us to add a few observations. Mr Baines assumes that, because no duty is levied on the exportation of cottons, the merchant having no motive to declare falsely, necessarily enters accurate inventories of his shipments. We might ask, what inducement he has to trouble himself about accuracy at all? But it may happen that he has interests to serve. He may declare at the custom-house double or treble the quantity of goods for a given country, to deter others from overloading the same mart, or to induce them to diminish their ventures. He may have entered, with the intention to ship, a larger amount, the orders for which are countermanded from abroad between the entry and the actual despatch. Or he may, which is the most common case, enter heavy and fictitious quantities, in order that his name may figure in the Trade-list as a considerable exporter, by way of acquiring additional or bolstering up a weak credit. Dealers and manufacturers are in the habit of diligently conning over that document, and hasten to pay court to mercantile firms, newly or long established, who are there displayed for the largest shipments. The practice has been, within our knowledge, in former days notorious and extensive in London and Liverpool, where and from whence only bills of entry are, we believe, duly published and circulated. These errors, intentional or not, may be of two kinds, or of both—quantity and value. An example may be taken, where the export, faithfully copied from the custom-house entries by Mr Burn, exceeds the real or declared official statement, both in quantity and amount.

1834, Yarn and Thread exported,	(Burn)	80,694,066 lbs.
Do. do.	(Custom-house)	76,478,468 lbs.
1834, Value,	(Burn)	£5,841,909.
Do. . . . *	(Custom-house)	£5,211,015.

It must be observed that Mr Burn's publication refers only to England, but it is incredible that the exports from Scotland and Ireland should be large enough alone to account for this difference; yet both statements are, or they ought to be, in respect to quantities, drawn from the same source. The excess will, however, more often tell on the side of real or declared values. Whilst upon this subject we may as well hint that the patent of the Trade-list publication ought either to be abolished, with compensation due to parties, if entitled, or placed and conducted under more efficient management. As it is, the merchant is heavily taxed, both in the price and the concomitant disadvantages of a close monopoly and an inferior commodity.

The state of imposing grandeur which the cotton manufacture has now attained, and the accelerated rate of its progression during the year just ended, are great cause of triumph and congratulation, not alone to the masses composing that mighty interest, but to the united empire. Magical as was its creation, instantaneously as it burst from its shell, almost full fledged, and clothed in a few years with the full blown luxuriance of seeming maturity, for which as many centuries have in other arts scarcely sufficed, yet does it bear about it all the elasticity and freshness of early youth; it has not yet even arrived at the heyday of the blood, but bounds along as if in the very spring tide of its days. Its career is that of the Amazons, that noblest river of the world, widening, and deepening, and fertilizing, as it courses impetuously onwards its thousands of miles, until become itself a sea, it rushes into alliance with the great Atlantic. As the majestic river god takes his rise in the anteo-argentiferous *cruas* of the Peruvian Andes, and rolls his Pactolean flood over shining sands of precious minerals, so the gigantic manufacture—wonder and glorious issue of creative genius—spreads

far and wide its hundred arms, and gathers into its lap the glittering treasures of the whole globe—enlisting under its banner, in its forward march, entire populations—loading the land with cities and towns, factories and manufactories—pressing into its service alike the powerful stream and gentle steamer—shaking the solid earth with the never-ceasing thunders of steam—crowding the highways, and oppressing the ocean itself, with its countless carriers of products and returns. Whatever its natural capacity, and however nobly endowed by invention, its parent, the infant giant was, moreover, nourished into its herculean proportions by a war monopoly and the fostering aid of bounties and protective regulations. We are assured, indeed, by the seers, that to legislative cares it owes nothing, just as we have it, under the hand of that lively person, Mr P. Thomson, that the navigation laws had been the bane instead of the germ, which the obsolete wisdom of Adam Smith and Sir J. Child pronounced them to be, of the maritime glory of Britain. It is not easy to treat with people who cannot be brought to deal upon the square;—who tell you that commerce flourishes best where least defended, and when examples are quoted where industry prospers most, although most thickly fenced round with aids and guards, answer with a fatuous simplicity, that it prospers *in spite* of restrictions. It would be easier, as we know from some experience, to fix the furtive, askance, and wandering eye of the copper-coloured Indian, than to drive such slippery casuists into a position; the difficulty for the cook is not in skinning the eel, but in playing holdfast with the wriggling slimy creature. When the crafts which have ever taken root and thriven without kindly shelter and purveyance have been enumerated, it will be time enough to combat an argument that which as yet is no more than shallow pretence. When babes and sucklings on the "let

alone" philosophy, bereft of the mother's fostering care and the father's watchful eye, shall grow erect to manhood, and display, untutored, all the intelligence of man, then shall we be converted from the error of our ways, and learn to believe that a monopoly of the raw material was the real source of the domestication of the woollen manufacture in England, and not the friendly laws by which it was created and protected; although the same and stronger causes failed in Spain to produce the like effect.

The state of the cotton manufacture, brilliant as to all appearance it is for the present, and rich in prospects for the future, is, it may be feared, not without its perils. Recent and considerable insolvencies at home and abroad, have partially lifted the veil and laid bare some of the nakedness of the land. A trade of unwholesome consignment would seem unprofitably to have swelled the amount of exports, and a traffic of bill advances, renewable and often renewed, to have been carried on, with advantage, doubtless, to the Board of Stamps and Taxes, but neither advantageous nor creditable to the interests of the manufacturers. If the extent of the evil were limited to consequences already accomplished, the warning to others might be accepted as indemnification in full for partial injury. But in the course of our experience we have observed that pernicious example spreads abroad with the baleful and subtle fleetness of the plague, and with all its deadly certainty. Manufacturers are beyond all the most sanguine and undoubting race of traders; they are also, on reverses of trade, the most desponding. Each man strives to outstep his neighbour. Power is laid on—the wheel put at greater speed—the shuttle taught to fly with the velocity of the whirlwind—factories built, and machine shops stormed for power-loom and self-acting mule—without reference to markets, or thought whether the capacity of consumption be rateably augmenting with that of production. As stock accumulates and purchasers grow shy; as pay day arrives for the *matériel*, and banking credit is overpassed, there is no remedy

but one; the commission merchant is there with his stamped paper, renewable for a three-fourths advance; the store is cleared forthwith, and its contents transferred to Rio de Janeiro, Havanna, Mexico, Singapore, Calcutta, or any other place from which a decent *pro forma* account of sales has been received, or can be made up. The picture may be looked on as too darkly coloured, we hope against our fears that so it may prove—but on a topic so delicate it would ill become us to found apprehension on idle surmise or the loose conversation of the day. The results upon trade of the Prusso-Germanic customs' league yet to be experienced, may be temporarily mitigated *pro tanto* by the recent advance of cotton fabrics, because the Tariff, unchangeably adjusted by weight, will bear less oppressively upon ascending values. It must, notwithstanding, partially exclude from Central Germany many descriptions of fabrics. The calamitous fire at New York can hardly fail to visit upon this country, but more especially upon the manufacturing districts, no inconsiderable portion of loss arising from that awful destruction of property, estimated at nearly five millions sterling; by reducing to bankruptcy so many debtors, and involving in addition no mean amount of valuable commodities directly belonging to natives or branches of firms of this country there resident. The melancholy effects may be experienced slowly, but they may be anticipated not the less surely.

We have taken occasion, in a former number, to hint our fears that the multiplication of joint stock banks in Lancashire has been a business of too much haste to be of good speed; we question the prudence of applying steam power to paper money and discounts as it is to calicoes; we distrust the system by which shareholders have been allured; and without meaning disrespect in any quarter, we must be excused for an opinion that the directors (self-appointed in a manner) as a body are not of the standing, nor qualified by that extensive and general experience which alone could compensate the want of more special instruc-

tion. It is worthy of remark, that whereas the increase in the circulation of Bank of England notes, in the quarter ending on the 26th of December last, was short of £300,000; that of private and joint stock banks was no less than £713,000; the total circulation of the latter being to the former only as 11 to 17. Some proportion of this augmentation may be fairly accounted for by the advance in prices, and the accelerated movement of external commerce, so far at least as manufactures are concerned, during the past year; it may reasonably be doubted withal whether the monetary supply has not run too far ahead of the legitimate demand. The wary and measured step of the Bank of England should be significant to the local banks; it ought to lead to imitation as well as approval. Cautiously as it extends paper issues, with no less care it adds a like amount to its stores of hoarded bullion. It was made matter of bitter reproach against the Manchester banks (there were then no joint-stock banks) in 1823, that they encouraged overtrading and extravagant speculations in building mills and manufactories through the superabundance of money based upon the unlimited issue of their own bills; but what comparison could the mills then constructing bear with the immense number recently raised or now in progress? And what were the facilities for overissue of bills with the half dozen banks then existing, contrasted with those of the same number of joint stock banks which have since started up, and are waging a fierce competition with them of bills and promissory notes?

There are, moreover, other subordinate causes for disquietude, lest the smiling appearances of improvement be more apparent than real. We have heard, and upon authority we are not permitted to doubt, that no inconsiderable mass of fictitious paper, in the shape of home and foreign bills of exchange, is in the course of regular manufacture and circulation in the manufacturing districts. A system of the most flagitious imposture has been combined with consummate dexterity, and is in course of action with its ramifica-

tions widely spread here and abroad.—whereby a paper currency, of the most worthless quality, has been forced largely upon the market. Its chiefs are not unknown to fame, and their headquarters are, we understand, for greater safety as well as convenience, now planted in the French capital. They have their formally installed banking firms, there, in Brussels, in Amsterdam, as well as in the British metropolis. Neatly engraved bills of exchange, headed from those places are not unfrequently to be met with in the trading capitals of the north of England; we have ourselves had a sample one laid before us. Paris is, we believe, the place for choice, the drafts drawn from whence appear to be in most popular request, and most unsuspectingly swallowed by traders. The great recommendation to the utterers is, that as this class of bills requires no stamp, the traffic can be carried on to any extent with the less capital. Bills at sight, or a few days date too, are occasionally and artfully circulated, but for very *small sums always*, in order to puff their banking firms into note, with a view to other sorts of transactions on a larger scale. The general establishments, from what we learn, are conducted with perfect order and *selon les regles*. No mercantile firm, or wholesale dealer, or manufacturer, is more regularly assorted with managing clerks, travellers, and agents. One of the methods by which this nefarious commerce in bills is made productive has come to our knowledge. For a bonus of five per cent those needy tradesmen who are content to embark in such dishonourable dealing, are accommodated with bills ready drawn, accepted, thickly endorsed, and made payable at all manner of places in London, from a banking to a pot-house, whose names and abodes are to be found in the Directory. The parties for whose use this trashy paper is prepared, must either remit the money to the directing office in London when the bills are at maturity, so that they may be taken up, or they are at liberty to retire them through any other agency more trustworthy, for which purpose respectable and unsuspecting indivi-

duals are often or directly employed themselves. As awkward mistakes are apt to be made by the *employées* of the head office when intrusted with cash remittances for that purpose, the latter modes are often prudently preferred by those interested; the difficulty being to prevent the return of bills, invariably refused payment when presented, with the significant notarial stigma on the face, in addition of "parties not known." The agents residing in the principal towns on the look-out for customers; and also charged with providing such proportion of inland or country prepared bills—bills from one town upon another, as may be ordered from headquarters, are remunerated with something less than a half share of the commission. *Neither principal nor agent ever draws, accepts, or endorses himself either in his own or fictitious names*, these operations being invariably performed by a set of vagabonds, to be found at some particular rendezvous of a beer shop or low public house, whether in London or the country, whose services may be had for half-a-crown per thousand amount.* To the peculiar process by which affairs are regulated abroad, our information does not extend; but we may add that the *bills on unstamped paper*, before alluded to, purporting to be drawn from Paris or elsewhere upon London, are stated to be in reality fabricated in the latter place, although the copper-plate impressions of the blank forms are struck off and transmitted from the former. Into these matters it behoves the Board of Stamps and Taxes to make inquisition. These statements, which are derived from sources that leave little room to question their general authenticity, are singularly confirmatory of a curious story which, about two years since, appeared in the *Liberal*, a paper published at Brussels. It appears that a young man of Castres, of good family, long absent from his country, had returned there, attacked with a malady which proved mortal, and made, previous to his dissolution, a confession, of which the following is an abstract: He declared that a treaty of alliance had been concluded betwixt the sharpers (*filous*) of

London, Paris, and Amsterdam, with a view to the extension of operations and greater mutual security. Establishments were formed and carried on with a machinery of comptrollers, consuls, and sub-directors, all persons of good address and fashionable appearance, and never wanting letters of introduction to respectable houses in the place fixed upon for plunder; not plunder in the shape of theft or housebreaking, but forgeries and commercial swindling of a more *respectable* nature. This young man himself had been appointed, conjointly with persons named Duez, Legouge, and certain Jews of Amsterdam, the direction of the organized brigades for turning Brabant to account, in place of one Malbouche, who had been unlucky enough to get himself condemned to ten years of hard labour, but had fled to Paris. Moreover, certain ladies, assuming to be widows of colonels, were said to have a roll assigned to them in this association; and what is most remarkable, the greater part of these *chevaliers d'industrie* were provided with letters of recommendation from Lafayette, Lafitte, and the most publicly known men (liberals) of France and England; at the which, in the case of the venerable and truly patriotic (however mistaken) general decaesed, we are the less inclined to wonder, seeing that, with the kindest heart, the hero *des deux mondes* was of weak and credulous character, and therefore a likely subject to be practised on, as he was daily, by any sharper who prated liberalism and dubbed himself suffering patriot or philosopher.

It will be perceived that our misgivings point at overtrading, with its co-relative accompaniments, in the creation and overflowing of fictitious capital and an epidemic fever of restless speculation. The political excitement consequent on the organic changes of the last few years may have tended in no small degree to occasion this state of commercial fermentation. Whilst we sincerely trust that the humours may run a harmless course and work themselves off safely, let not our manufacturing friends take these warnings in evil part and close their ears;

if they serve but to restore them to their customary habits of cool and calm calculation our end will have been answered. There is where-withal under their eyes food ample for reflection: spinning and power-loom factories upspringing not by scores but by hundreds—not the work of years but of days—not to make good the waste of wear and tear, but as if the whole world were naked and their's the mission to clothe it. With sympathetic glow the Poor Law Commissioners are seen labouring with zeal not less reckless though more unprincipled; sending forth their assistants as apostles to preach to the innocent rustics of the South, the Garden of Eden—of high wages and pure morals—to be found in the steamed and gaseous workshops of the North. The wondering farmers drink in the tidings of this El Dorado; unwilling paupers, with no alternative but starvation and the Poor Law, are carted off by hundreds or transported in boat loads by thousands, and shot into the market-places of factory labour with as little ceremony as so much rubbish—with less than a slaver discharges his unhappy cargo on the Cuban coast, and marches them over to the *barbours*. But what of that? Poor rates are diminished, and will shortly be abolished in Buckingham and Suffolk—flourishing reports are presented to Parliament, and printed and published—the commissioners show value given for salary received—and who no happy as the worthy secretary, who studied the poor in police courts, who classed them all in the category of culprits at the bar, who was honoured with the eulogiums of Lord Brougham and the more lasting, as solid, memento of some twelve hundred pounds a-year for the masterly performance. Should those reverses arrive to which all trades and occupations are periodically subject, even when the crisis is not prematurely hastened by some pervadug mala-

ria of heated fancies and dreams of sudden wealth, what shall become of this redundant importation of miserable emigrants? Are the factories in course of erection destined to perform the part of workhouses, and the groans of half-starved wretches to be heard where the speculative builder fondly anticipated the roar of the blowing machine? Will these commissioners, who have arbitrarily interfered for the rich in the supply and demand market, and kept down the prices of labour, undertake to provide for the victims of their interposition? Will they, in adverse circumstances, undertake beneficially to dispose elsewhere of the superfluous provision, and prevent, in behalf of the poor, a depression of labour wages, as for the wealthy orders they have stayed their advance? This is their bounden duty, since they have ventured, unauthorized, to regulate the channels of demand and supply; an intermediation which, to show the stuff of which political economy is made up, has been a fruitful source of declamation with these same parties and their ally of the *Westminster* as gross robbery as well as tyranny towards the people.

Far be from us the desire to damp the laudable aspirations of legitimate enterprise, but we are doing no disservice in reminding our traders that a spirit is every where abroad countermining and counterworking us; the unholy league is one of friends no less than foes. The increase of the cotton manufacture abroad is correspondent with that at home, and in proportion to that increase must gradually supplant us in domestic marts, however unable to dispute supremacy with us in the common foreign field. The consumption of cotton wool in the manufactories of the Continent of Europe was, according to the last returns which have been given in Burn's Glance, in

1833,
That of England and Scotland being,
1833,

Bags and bales. lbs.
428,000 or 132,020,560.

877,480 or 282,675,200.

So that nearly half as much cotton is used up abroad as we spin and manufacture at home.

From French returns before us it appears that France alone consumed in

1822,	215,000.	Bales and bags.
1830,	254,000.	Do.
1833,	279,700.	Do.

or nearly one-third of our deliveries to the trade in the last mentioned year. The progress of the United States has, however, been infinitely more rapid. The first exportation of cotton wool commenced in 1791, and is stated by Mr Marshall, from

1791, Foreign cotton re-exported,	.	.	51,614, lbs.
Domestic cotton	.	.	131,702, do.

In 1835 the production had grown to the almost incredible quantity of . . . 164,100,360, do.
Of which taken for home consumption, . . . 80,284,560, do.
The home consumption for 1827 having been . . . 35,770,288, do.

It follows that the American manufacture has considerably more than doubled within eight years, whilst that of this country during the same period has advanced no more than about 35 per cent. It is a fallacious opinion that America is unhindered from climate to spin the finer numbers of yarn; she is, on the reverse, endowed with every variety of climate, and in the possession of almost a monopoly — certainly the means of unlimited supply of the raw material, with a tariff prohibitory against manufactures, as that of Prussia, there is nothing to retard her continued advancement in the same ratio. The march of France has been more measured, but she has still kept her position comparatively with this country; her manufacture is, however, of much older date than 1810, which Mr Baines assigns it. Although, however, we counsel prudence, we have no chicken-hearted apprehensions of rivalry. The new markets of China, though overdone perhaps for the moment through excessive overtures, will recover with time; for to establish new markets must ever be a work of time in the conciliation

some late official reports to Congress, we believe, at 189,316 lbs. In a return in our possession, taken from the *National Intelligencer*, the then official paper at Washington, of the date, which is more detailed, the quantities are thus placed.

of tastes, and the acquirement of correct information whereon to found a trade, more especially in an empire so unchangeably disposed by the spirit of its institutions. The commerce of Turkey, European and Asiatic, with that to Persia over land, is susceptible of great extension, and we have, which other states have not, a vast and exclusive field in our own colonies. Brazil and Cuba, under wise regulations, may be made more tributary as industrial marts; at present we are second even to France in the exports from the latter. Spain, we fear, will relax her system little in our favour; the indication of a large departure from prohibition rigours would, in all probability, risk the loss of Catalonia to the federal monarchy. That province, equally and justly renowned for the industry and ingenuity of its inhabitants, appears to have made no inconsiderable advances in the cotton manufacture.* Were we disposed to credit the marvellous tales of Dr Bowring, there might be some danger of overthrow to our cotton manufactures on the side of France, because, although he admits that the prices of labour there, as measured by its product,

* The Señor Bonaplata whose manufactory was burned down during some late patriotic tumults in Barcelona, was in Manchester during the year 1828, and purchased, we believe, many thousand pounds' worth of the most finished machinery from Messrs Gower of that town. We met him in Paris in 1830, after the revolution of July; he was engaging some English mechanics in France, and one, his overseer, he had with him when he visited us, on his way to superintend the erection of some steam-engines in Barcelona.

and the superiority of mechanical skill on our side do operate so far as 30 or 40 per cent in our favour (about the real amount, we suspect, the worthy commissioner knows very little), yet he is so awed with the unapproachable proficiency of the French fabricants in the arts of design, their splendid powers in pattern drawing, and their superlative taste, that it is clear he considers the dear fabrics of Rouen and Tarare, and the prints of Mulhausen, must eventually carry away the prize from our cheap bargains. As the doctor, though a thorough Gallomania, may not be quite past cure, we will venture to him that it might be as well for him to visit the wonders of his own, before he proses so much and so ludicrously about those of other countries. He surely remembers the story of the Englishman who pottered back one day to look at some magnificent scenery in his own estate of which he chanced to be first told when gloating, with all the extravagance of a connoisseur, over something vastly inferior in Italy.

The doctor * never heard, perchance, because enquirers and listeners only hear, that the English pattern drawers, upon whom he affects to look down with such sovereign contempt, are yet so highly esteemed and sought after at Mulhausen, that they can most frequently obtain higher remuneration there

than at home. Nay, even in silks, his friends in the city could inform him, that English patterns are not seldom preferred in France, and that dealers here are in the habit of despatching the newest fancies, the moment of their appearance, to their agents in Paris, in order to be introduced, if possible, by the Lyons manufacturers at lower prices for these and other markets. In the article of printed cottons, we have now on our table, and have had the opportunity of comparing various styles of the last autumn deliveries of Messrs Wells, Cooke, and Potter of Manchester, with some of the best productions of the first print works in France; and whether in beauty of design or finish of workmanship, there is not the comparison of a moment between the sets; having ourselves heretofore taken some pains in France in registering the stocks of the most celebrated *Magasins*, we are enabled to testify that this is not the solitary exception, but the almost universal rule and result of examination. We might have selected for the test, without risk, the workmanship of calico printers of more humble pretensions in point of skill than the respectable firm we have mentioned, which justly ranks second to none in the special departments of the elegant combinations of taste, and their inimitable transference, in all the brilliancy of colours, to the magically impressed cloth. We shall long, therefore,

* The doctor is certainly a most unlucky personage in his facts, labours, and travels. We observe that in the very first week of the Session he has already managed two short speeches, besides one at Lord Melbourne on a deputation, the burden of the song being in all—"I have travelled France,"—and "traversed Spain,"—and last, the "Cantons of Switzerland." Wondrous voyager in terre incognite! and wondrous things he tells of! We would suggest to the worthy M.P. for Kilmarnock a republication of all his works, speeches, and travels on the following novel plan. —A second edition of the "Report on the Public Accounts of France," with a Commentary and copious notes (the ten millions of notes abstracted by the defaulter from the French Treasury), by the unfortunate functionary Kesner; the first edition, which cost the public so many thousands being in the market as waste paper—as predicted by Marshall. A second edition of his "Reports on Commercial Relations with France," with a glossary and illustrations, extracted (by permission) from Maga. His "Travels" in verse, set to music; we should recommend the Aria, "I've been roaming, I've been roaming," as exceedingly appropriate. Considering how eloquent the Doctor always is about foreign journalism, no wonder his movements are so faithfully chronicled abroad and gazetted by the *Globe* at home—upon the same principle, we presume, that they "Chronicle small beer." It is so entirely in the line of the "ne'er do well" Ministry, that we are rather surprised, with accomplishments so suitable, they have never thought of despatching the *very hablador liberal* (so he is designated by the Spanish patriots) on a *secret mission*.

maintain our superior excellence in the more finished processes of the cotton manufacture; but it would be idle to deny that the relative distance betwixt us and our competitors in the honourable race, far from being upheld, has been insensibly and year by year diminished. At the very moment that we are now writing, we learn that accounts have been received from Malta that France, our good neighbour and ally, has promulgated a new tariff of duties for Algiers and its dependencies, amounting, as in France itself, to a virtual or positive prohibition of British manufactures in that portion of the continent of Africa which she was bound in honour, and on the word of two Kings, to evacuate after vengeance taken for insults to her flag. This, then, is another of the grand results of four years' commercial and costly negotiations. We ought, indeed, to have expected nothing better from a course of undignified tampering with subordinate officials of the *bourgeoisie*, and intriguing with Parisian and departmental journalism, viewed, we have good reason for saying, and it is only reasonable to conceive, in no very favourable light, by either the French monarch or his Ministers. In face of all these adverse demonstrations, and when practical wisdom and profound intelligence were never so greatly needed at the head, and among the subordinate officers of departments, it is rumoured that one lawyer is to replace Mr Lack as Secretary of the Board of Trade, whilst another has actually been appointed to the Colonial Office, in lieu of Mr Hay, an old and efficient public servant. For the loss which the public will sustain in the retirement of the former, we refer them to the masterly instructions drawn up by him for the missions of Mr Jacob to enquire into the corn trade of northern Europe; and we beg them to contrast the same with the miserable abortion of instructions drawn up by the Right Hon. P. Thompson for the French Commission. Honest Sir

John Tyrrell observed some time ago, at an Essex meeting, that they had already more than sixty lawyers in the House of Commons, and that, for his part, he thought the country would do better with a less number. There are people who think, moreover, that half a hundred might well be spared, to make room for men better qualified to understand and serve the true interests of the country. The case is not intended when we see them daily transferred to offices entirely repugnant to, and inconsistent with, all their former studies and pursuits.

Here we must conclude, having already too far transgressed the limits which other calls upon our publication necessarily impose. We had purposed to have pointed out the ways and means for gradually enfranchising the cotton manufacture from its absolute and unenviable dependence upon one market alone for the raw material, accompanied with a more ample development of the defensive position which it now becomes us, and will shortly be imperative upon us to assume. The begging system has had a long but never doubtful trial of four years with France—the *démolition* would be farcical and ludicrous were it not that, with the charges saddled upon us, it would look too much like laughing on the wrong side of the mouth. It was also our intention to have entered into some details illustrative of the condition, social, moral, and physical, of the great body of the working classes engaged in, and dependent upon the manufacture, for which we were not without the requisite means. For these diverse objects, occasions will probably present themselves hereafter; we shall console ourselves for the delay, as our readers also must, with the hope that we shall, before resuming our labours, enjoy the advantage of the ruminations of that profound wisdom which is “fructifying” at the Board of Trade, or dallying with Don Carlos at the Home Department.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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OXFORD AND, OR HAMPTON.

THERE are notoriously two ways of destroying a church, one by open violence, and the other by making it destroy itself. The former way was the style of brute minds and barbarous manners, the rude constancy of those savage nations, the Roman Emperors, and those still darker savages, the barbarical and provincial tyrants of the middle ages, under the instigation of the Pope, and of him by whom the Pope was instigated, as palpably as ever the swine were instigated by "Legion." The latter is the more subtle contrivance of more subtle times, more effectual, in every sense of the word, at the period, and more conclusive in finally extinguishing all hope of restoration. The Christian religion resisted the severest shocks of open force under the first persecutors, was actually purified by the resistance, and finally rose superior to the idolatry and the despotism which had strove for three hundred years to bury it in its own blood. But corruption was a more powerful antagonist. The encouragement of schismatic ambition, the public honours lavished on daring heresy, the profligate expenditure of the Imperial patronage on men of doubtful morality and unscriptural principles, was the deathblow of the original Church of Greece and Italy. Good men instinctively shrank from communion with avowed revolvers; a system of slavish superstition in ceremonial and sullen infidelity in doctrine arose both in Constantinople

and Rome. Christianity perished in all the great, opulent, and populous communities, and existed only in the little, impoverished, and scattered tenancies of the Asiatic forests and Italian mountains. The Church was utterly ruined, and ruined for a thousand years.

The Church of England has some strong resemblances to the original Church of Christianity. Rising, like the Apostolic Church, against a period of spiritual tyranny, darkness, and persecution, it boldly struggled its way into light, and in that light it has risen into the natural supremacy due to knowledge, sincerity, and virtue. It is now nearly as old as the Christian Church in the time of Arius; in the era of Elizabeth, it is nearly three centuries old. During that period it has had trying difficulties to encounter, in the attacks of arrogant power acting through an undefined constitution, in the encroachments of infidelity stimulated by foreign corruption, and in the caprices of the popular mind alternately inflamed by sectarian violence and political passion. But however temporarily shaken, it has ultimately recovered from every shock, has actually gone on from vigour to vigour, and stands at this moment in a position of high activity, of purer spirituality, and of more genuine adherence to the letter and the spirit of the Scriptures than at any other time within British history.

When we say this, we know the

unfitness of all exaggeration on such a subject. But we speak from sincere conviction, founded on the fairest general opportunities of knowledge; the Church has never reckoned a larger number of sincere and sound teachers of its truths since the first days of its deliverance from Popery. We affirm, without fear of contradiction, that, from whatever cause, the clergy of England, since the beginning of the century, have exhibited a newborn zeal, a manly labour of scriptural acquirement, a heartfelt diligence in the detail of their pastoral duties, and even an eloquent and glowing power of appeal from their pulpits and in their publications, that form the most remarkable contrast with the clergy of fifty years before. We may allow that there is still much to be done, that the period of great commanding minds in the Church is still to come; that we are still to look for the Chrysostoms and the Augustines. But nothing can be more incontrovertible than the fact, that the clergy of the present day approach nearer to the accomplishments of these pre-eminent men, than the mass of their predecessors; nay, that occasional instances of mental vigour and spiritual feeling are given in our day, which would have done no dishonour to either; and that piety, devotion, and our without extravagance, and the solemn dedication of head and heart to the cause of Christianity throughout mankind, qualities nobler than all eloquence or learning, and more effective in the mightiest of all benefactions than all the attributes of genius and power, are becoming, hour by hour, the more authentic and acknowledged characteristics of the Church of England.

That an establishment, thus virtuous and growing in virtue, thus combined with all the historic greatness of England, and thus on principle, loyal, subordinate, and attached to constitutional government, should be the first and most necessary object of protection to the state, would be one of the most natural of all conclusions. But the conclusion, true in principle, would be ~~false~~ in fact; and the Church of England is now made to feel that the connexion which she so long and justly regarded as a source of

public strength, may be made a formidable impediment to her national services. We are not about to ask by what individual folly, presumption, or cupidity, this evil is about to be done. We leave all the pettiness of partisanship to the busy triflers in public life. This is the day when such triflers are still more trifling; the day of Cabinets of a month and Statesmen of an hour. Wise or weak, they pass before our eyes too rapidly for us to fix their character, or even mark their misdemeanours. Our contemplation is turned on graver things than those ephemera. We see a steady sullen system at work, and look to the principles that move the machinery, on whose spokes and rims the transitory statesmen of our day are whirled into a moment's notoriety, and then snatched away from the eye. Let no one charge us with the shortsightedness of mistaking the men of any Cabinet, since the days of Pitt and Perceval, for more than the well-dressed dealers behind the political counter; the spruce apprentices to a gay and gainful traffic, manipulators of ribbons and gew-gaws to catch the crowd of fashion, disinterested or retained without exciting the enquiry of any rational mind as to the cause; and all mere instruments in the hand of the master dealer within. That master dealer was and is Popery, the enemy of all truth, liberty, and virtue; sworn to destroy the Church of England as the great embodying of all these, and determined to achieve the object through whatever sacrifice of the country.

The history of this project and progress is notorious. The unhappy concessions to popular clamour in 1793 first gave the right of voting in Ireland to Papists. The immediate result was the surrender of nearly the whole representation into the hands of a faction. That faction was fiercely opposed to England. The leaders were neither Protestants nor Papists, but infidels and republicans, equally and utterly contemptuous of all religion, all liberty, and all government. The Papists had now become the virtual masters of Parliament. The faction hoped through their means to become also masters of the country. They proposed terms to Popery, the terms were the abolition of all Eng-

lish authority, the ascendancy of the Papist, and the slavery, robbery, and expulsion of the Protestant. Assailing the Papist by his inveterate passions, they found no obstacles in his religious principles, his oath of allegiance, or his professions of loyalty. The league of atheism and superstition was instantly made, and the conspiracy was ratified on the same altar which had so lately pledged the Popish community to indissoluble alliance with England. A bloody rebellion was at once the rebuke of English credulity, and the repayment of English favours. But the English Cabinet awoke at last to a sense of its imprudence. A great minister was at its head, who had the rare dignity of mind to acknowledge his own error, and the fortitude to resist its consequence. The Irish Union was his measure, dictated by the wisdom of England and the necessities of Ireland, by the passions of neither, and the security of both. It bowed down, if it could not break, the power of the evil spirit which had so long domineered over Ireland; and in that chain it held the disturber and tempter for thirty years. The fatal act of 1829 let him loose once more, transferred the faction to this country, and from that hour every step of England has been downward; every great institution of the land has been menaced, or overthrown, the whole of the parliamentary constituency has been given into the hands of the rabble of revolutionists. The whole of the old corporations have been crushed, to lay the groundwork for a new power of the rabble. But the church has been made the most furious object of attack. Its Irish portion has been reduced to the verge of ruin, and is now living on alms. The English portion is already under the hands of a legislation which begins its patronage by pronouncing, that all church property belongs to the state, and thus is to be at the disposal of the predominant party of the hour; and follows up the principle by proposing a reduction of no less than five-and-twenty per cent of its income.

We have gone into this brief detail, merely to connect the facts of this general assault of the great

establishments of England with their purpose. The Irish faction now wields the will that wields the country. It had been predicted in the strongest language, in 1829, that this fearful result would be the direct offspring of the admission of Papists into the legislature. The prediction has been verified, syllable by syllable. A Papist junta, which no oaths can bind, is master of the State, and it has resolved on the ruin of all that constitutes the strength of the empire.

But its first hatred is against the Church of England. The double experiment of violence and fraud is now in action against the Establishment. As in Ireland in 1798, the political Disenters, still baser than the Papists, for hypocrisy is baser than open vice, have joined with the worshippers of wood and stone. The old league of the schismatic and the bigot, is renewed; and both, pledged by the common principle of bitterness, proceed to a conspiracy against Protestantism. The Disenters have had their portion of the assault already assigned to them. Their attack has been made on the Universities.

We now come to the grievance of the passing time. The Universities vigorously repelled the attack, and their libellers were not suffered to seize upon those great founts and seminaries of Protestantism. We shall allude but slightly to the condition of the Episcopal bench. The days were when the suspicion of heresy would extinguish all hope of the mitre. But our days are more *liberal*, and the loudest charge of the most dangerous and hostile heresy has not been understood to offer the slightest obstacle to prelatic ambition. Nay, there have been instances where, from the utter absence of all the natural sources of ecclesiastical honour, from the acknowledged shallowness, indolence, and inaptitude of the individual, it has been left to the nation to imagine whether his reputed heresy was not the sole ground of his success. Thus, if we find one individual advanced to the highest ranks of the church, yet known to fame only by his denial of the sacredness of the Lord's day; and another raised to its highest emoluments,

yet distinguished from the herd alone by the charge of Socinianism, we are left to the perplexity of asking, whether the articles of the church are not a dead letter, or whether the principles of Christianity are not changed? The result of this condition of things, whether intended or not, undoubtedly must be to alienate the inferior clergy from their natural heads, to alienate the nation from an establishment which they have learned to distrust, and with the weight of the bench to break down the church of which it was designed to be the support and ornament.

But in the appointment of Dr Hampden it is impossible to avoid discovering a still more direct hazard to the existence of Protestantism. The most dangerous perversion is the perversion of the young. To extinguish the Church of England, the true process is to poison the sources of its learning. The *rising* clergy of the Establishment are beyond the power of perversion. Their habits, feelings, and practice are fixed. But turn the rising generation into Schismatics and Dissenters, Papists and Infidels, and the triumph is sealed. The fate of the Protestantism of the empire is inevitable. The Church may last for the present generation of its pastors, but it will never last another.

Of one point, however, we must make our readers aware. They may conceive Dr Hampden to be a formidable kind of personage, one of those subtle masters of dispute, who have so often exhibited their powers of perplexing honest ignorance—a potent Jesuit, or species of canonical Shafesbury or Hume. On this subject, we can assure them that they may discharge themselves of all alarm. Scepticism never displayed its follies under more unhappy auspices. Courtesy must give way to truth on such occasions, and truth must pronounce Dr Hampden to be among the weakest possible instruments of error. He stands before us, evidently uttering propositions of which he is as little competent to judge the ultimate evil as any solemn simpleton alive, and pronouncing his grave absurdities in language the most

wordy, worthless, unscholarlike, and obscure, that it has ever been our fortune to read. In the mere matter of style, we unhesitatingly pronounce Dr Hampden's publications to be below criticism. They decide his rank as an English writer at once. Absurdity could not have found a more fitting vehicle. But let us try him out of his own mouth. He had passed silently down the drowsy channel of academic obscurity, from year to year, utterly unknown beyond the walls of his college, when, in 1831, it occurred to him that he might venture into a more stirring course. The abolition of those tests, imposed on the craft of the Dissenters by men who knew the Dissenters well, had been proposed by the lovers of novelty. Every man of common-sense within the realm knew as well as he knew his own existence, that the demand of the Dissenters was not for toleration, but for power—not to escape an injury, but to usurp a privilege—and that from their intiguing spirit, their reckless use of all means, and their indelible hatred of the Church and Monarchy, they would have used the relaxation of the tests to the ruin of the Universities. But, as on all occasions where any thing is to be got, dissenterism will find advocates among the idle, the vain, or the ambitious, even of the Universities. The advocacy was actually and rapidly rewarded, not by national respect or individual conviction, but by good fat stalls and rich benefices. Higher prizes still were in the wheel, and the price of the ticket was well known. As we cannot enter into Dr Hampden's breast, and we certainly have no desire for the investigation if we could, we shall not impute to him the eagerness to be tempted which has disgraced some of his bustling contemporaries. But it is remarkable that his first work at all known was a pamphlet in favour of the Dissenters. That any man, who values the monarchy can espouse the cause of a body whose essence is republicanism—that any lover of the constitution can desire to revive the days when triumphant dissenterism broke down its last fragment, and especially that any ecclesiastical member of the Establishment should

attempt to throw himself forward as the champion of a creed whose moral and political anathema has raged against the Church of England from the beginning, is a phenomenon which justifies some enquiry into his motives. If Dr Hampden, and persons like him, doubt all this, they are only the more ignorant and the more unsuitable for public confidence. But whatever the Doctor may think of his new *protégés*, every reader of the history of the unfortunate Charles and the regicide Cromwell, and every common observer of the ways of mankind in our own time, knows that the Dissenters would rejoice to see the Church of England trampled under foot, its clergy stripped to the last shilling, and the very name of the noble, learned, and sacred establishment of our religious fathers a mockery and a dream for ever. We shall not touch upon a few, and but a few, features of the performance by which the Doctor volunteered the display of his sincerity in this thieving cause. He begins his "Observations" by proposing "to enquire into the nature of those differences by which we are separated into distinct communities," and how far we are "justified in our *exclusiveness* by the nature of the revelation which we hold in common."

His first attempt to gloss over the question is by the following narrow and illogical definition of dissent. "What is dissent in religion, but difference of *opinions arising out of the different conclusions* drawn by different minds out of the same given elements of Scripture." Here the Doctor takes it for granted that all dissent is born of a *source* examination of Scripture; that there is nothing of worldly vanity, intolerance, or party hostility in the enquiry; that the Scriptures in their purity have been adopted as the *sole guides*, and that such Dissenters as the Humes and Gibbons, atheists and scoffers on principle, have never existed.

But again he says, "It ought to be a matter of preliminary consideration whether such conclusions from Scripture, such constructions of texts, have in themselves, independently of their relative evidence in comparison with one another, any proper authentic validity as religious

truths." This sentence itself is an example of the pompous verbosity of this most puzzled of all professors; and "independently of their *relative evidence of folly in comparison with one another*," nine tenths of his sentences are on a happy equality on this head. But the extractable meaning is, that *all religious doctrines are equally and merely matters of human notion*. But what, for instance, are we to think of expressions like this? "*If all opinion, as such, is involuntary in its nature—it is only a fallacy to invest dissent in religion with the awe of the objects with which it is conversant.*" In other words, all opinions, however rash, foolish, and vicious, are equally guiltless, all being *involuntary*. On this showing, the felon has only to argue his belief that burglary or murder are innocent recreations, and he becomes innocent forthwith—all opinions being involuntary, that is, *irresistible*, in their nature. But what grosser fallacy could be pronounced? Are not men as accountable for their *opinions*, for the mode in which they form, and for the use which they make of their means of forming them, as for any other moral or physical act of their being? And would not this theory of involuntary opinion be the cause of every iniquity of mankind?

Again, says the Doctor, "No conclusions of human reasoning, *however correctly deduced*, are properly religious truths," and "it by no means follows that what can be *proved out of Scripture* must therefore be truth of revelation." But what other instrument to judge of truth, human or divine, have we but reason? *Proof* is evidence, truth is the knowledge which we derive from this evidence. Revelation supplies the facts, reason shapes the conclusions from those facts, and those conclusions, *correctly drawn and proved*, are the doctrines which Scripture was *designed to teach*, and which, therefore, we are bound to learn. But if the Doctor here mystifies himself in verbiage, he soon speaks more openly, and has the boldness to pronounce, that "in the Scripture itself there are *no doctrines*." And this is the Regius Professor of Oxford! But what says St Paul? "*All Scripture is given by*

inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect." Now here not only is the word which startles the Professor, but the whole argument goes to the sacred validity of the conclusions which reason is empowered to draw from Scripture. The Professor has had the absurdity to say that facts alone are to be regarded as objects of revelation. But here the Apostle rebuts him at once, and distinctly states "reproof, correction, and instruction" (matters which essentially take the shape, not of facts, but of conclusions), to be the true work of inspiration. Or, to place the point in another light, what is the value of scriptural facts taken nakedly? Are they of any value above any other facts? Thus, if we are simply told in Scripture that eighteen hundred years ago a man of unblemished character was put to death between two criminals on the hill of Calvary, what use (we speak it with reverence) is there in this knowledge more than in that of the death of any other innocent sufferer? But let the doctrine be added, that this was the sacrifice for universal sin, that it was the triumph of the Divine Mercy, the origin of all Christian grace, and the pledge of man's immortality, and it becomes a vast, influential, and splendid act of Providence. On the principles of this superficial and perplexed Professor, all those doctrines are mere human conclusions, and therefore capable of being disputed and innocently disbelieved and denied to the end of time. Must we not ask, then, is there no possible ground of truth in opinion? If the Apostle forbids us to be blown about "with every wind of vain doctrine," does not this expression imply that there is such a thing as sound doctrine? Or, if Scripture commands us to "take heed how we hear," is not this a caution against the hazard of forming careless opinions? Still, says the Professor, there are no doctrines in the sacred books, the inference being, that every sect is on an equality as to Scripture. In this case the Sadducees ought not to have suffered the rebuke of our Lord on their false conclusions

touching the resurrection. "And Jesus said to them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God." The subject in question was clearly not a matter of fact, but of doctrine—it being the future state of the dead.

But we must abstain from wandering through the theological *sylva* of this singular divine, and limit ourselves to a few extracts. He still maintains a little hedgefencing for the Sectarians. "In religion," he says, "few Christians, if any, really differ. All acknowledge, with nearly unanimous consent, the great original facts of the Bible." If this be the case, it only shows us how useless the mere acknowledgment of the facts must be to true religion. But to go to other things, the Doctor's notion of St Paul is among the most extraordinary that ever dropped from the pen of a divine. "In the epistles, 'what is the *chaff to the wheat*?' I appeal from the logical criticism of St Paul's words to their apostolical spirit—from Paul *philosophizing* to Paul preaching;" a decorous allusion to the "appeal from Philip *drunk* to Philip sober," but palpably implying, not simply disrespect to the apostle's character, but disbelief of his words. With him, Paul, in all that he terms philosophizing, has evidently no authority whatever. He proceeds—"Other communions are not necessarily in error because we hold them to be so; but viewing their opinions as erroneous, we must guard against them, as feeling that we ourselves should be heretical and profane, if we should change and adapt such opinions; for example, as believers in an atonement—as Trinitarians." Thus the Professor distinctly tells us, that the man who denies the atonement, or the divinity of Christ, may be as much in the right as he who believes in both; in other words, that the doctrines have yet found no secure evidence, and, of course, may be totally untrue! And those are the expressions of the chief teacher of Christianity in the chief college of Christendom.

The "doctrinal statements of our articles" with him are "pious opinions." We know what value the Professor places on pious opinions. He wishes also that the "articles

had less of *dogmatism* in them ;" in other words, less of rash and presumptuous conclusion.

"Again," says Dr Hampden, "when I look on the reception by the Unitarians, both of the Old and New Testament, I cannot, strongly as I dislike their theology, deny to those who acknowledge this basis of divine *facts* the name of Christians." Now, the despised authority of St Paul says, "If any man love not Jesus Christ, let him be anathema." Does the Unitarian love Jesus Christ? He denies his divinity, his atonement, his sanctification, every attribute and service, on the ground of which Christ demands, or can justly receive, our love. The Christ of the Unitarian is to him no more than a wise and holy man, who died long ago—a Jewish Socrates. Yet not even a wise man; for, by his example, he led his followers into hazards which did not befall those of the Greek. Nor a good man either; for he suffered himself to receive marks of adoration, to which, as a mortal man, he could not have been entitled, and even expressed himself in language which, to this day, perplexes many with the strongest notion that he was a divinity, and left the world with a declaration that *he* would send the Divine Spirit upon his followers, be a king, and finally raise them from the grave. With this mixture of pretension and meekness, the Christ of the Unitarians is actually inferior to Socrates, who never pretended to be a god, who obeyed the religious system of his country, and dying with fortitude, made no bewildering promises of a future kingdom, which he had not power to realize. The Christian's belief that Christ was the true God alone, justifies all those facts, and all the ardour of holy gratitude—the height of human and divine love—the full offering of the heart upon the altar. He worships the God of mercy in the form of the man Jesus. But the Socinian being, by his own evidence, unconscious of any merit, mercy, or excellence in the Son of Joseph, which can authorize love to Christ more than to Socrates, it is therefore *impossible* for him to comply with the conditions of the Apostle. He is therefore *anathema*—sentenced by a voluntary exclusion from the great

communion of the faithful. Be he what else he may, he is *no Christian*.

But we are weary of this laborious folly, and must ask under what marvellous misconception he could have signed the Articles; or under what possible form of self-satisfaction he continues in an establishment which holds the doctrines of the divinity of our Lord and his atonement as *truths* of the most unquestionable and sacred kind—the very anchors of human hope, and ground of all salvation?

But we have a much more important, though unwilling, question to ask. By what circumstances has an individual maintaining those opinions been suffered to pass so long with impunity? But for his political pamphlet, soliciting the attention of the Ministry to his prudent respect for the Dissenters, a pamphlet of which he has just reaped the ignominious reward, he might have, to all appearance, gone on for years, haranguing, preaching, blundering, and bewildering in the presence of the whole body of the Oxford divines. Where were those learned men, when the Bampton Lecture Sermons of Dr Hampden were preached? In these lectures we find such insulting expressions as the following:—"If it be affirmed that the *notions* on which their several expressions (those of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds) are founded are both unphilosophical and *unscriptural*, it must be remembered that they do not impress those notions on the faith of Christians as matters of *affirmative* belief." In other words, the propriety of suffering those creeds to exist results simply from its being immaterial whether they are believed or not.

"To deny the *essential* *variableness* of such documents (the creeds and articles) is to admit a human authority on a parity with the authority of inspiration." In other words, the attempt to secure a faith by a distinct statement of its principles (the object of all creeds and articles) is a hopeless task, though evidently resorted to by the primitive church in the Apostles' creed, and adopted, in every succeeding age, with the express view of excluding heresies. But if their *essence* is to be capable of change, what is the value of their

truths? All must go on shifting for ever.

"Surely," says this divine, "the revelation of the Divine Unity was not meant to convey to Israel any speculative notion of the oneness of the Deity, but practically to influence their minds in regard to the superstitions from which they had been brought out!" In other words, the Professor is entitled not merely to enter into the councils of Heaven on the subject of the Unity, but to limit the purposes of the revelation.

"One fact is clear, through all the labyrinth of variations which theological creeds have exhibited, that there is some extraordinary communication concerning the Divine Being in these scriptural notions. To us it matters little what opinion on the subject has been prior. All differences of the kind belong to the history of the human mind, as much as to theology." In other words, the doctrine of the Trinity may be as truly reckoned a creation of the speculative mind as a truth of Scripture. It is but a *theory*, and to be treated like its kindred fellows, whims, fancies, and speculations of the human mind.

"Christ is said to be our atonement, not that we may attribute to God *any change of purpose towards us*, but by what Christ has done, but that we may know that we have passed from the death of sin to the life of righteousness by Him; and that *our own hearts may not condemn us*." In other words, it is not that "God was in Christ," as the Scripture says, "reconciling man to himself," nor that we were purchased with a price, namely, the blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot, as Scripture also says; but that to *quell our natural mania* on the subject of our sins, God sent his son on earth to give us a proof of forgiveness, and this was all. But no expiation was made, and no consequent appeasing of the Divine wrath, or reconciliation of the Divine justice and mercy, by any payment whatever of the penalty in our room. So say the Socinians too.

It is true, that in another passage, Dr Hampden adopts the Scripture expressions, and uneasily talks of there being "no rational doubt that Christ brought life and immor-

tality to light, or that he died on the cross for our sins, and rose again for our justification." But he speaks ever thus suspiciously; he gives us no clue to his *own* meaning in the words; and while we know the reservations under which the strongest language of Scripture has been occasionally used by men willing to escape when they could, we must have fuller evidence than those words, that the Regius Professor believes in the great leading doctrine of Christianity.

To have suffered language like this, which we have quoted, to pass in the presence of the University, would be a serious charge against its Christian sincerity, if we were not aware of the unlucky spirit of etiquette which so often checks the course of reason and duty. If that spirit had been postponed for a while, and the preacher of the Bampton Lectures had been called on openly, and at the moment, to account for his extraordinary tenets, the University would not only have done itself honour as a guardian of Christianity, and have checked the progress of an audacious absurdity, but would have been spared the infinite vexation of an appointment which is now disturbing it to the core. Perhaps, however, all is for the best; perhaps the early suppression of those opinions and their advocates would have contributed only to increase the slumber of the colleges until they had grown torpid, and ceased to be counted, or capable of standing in their old offices, of bulwarks of the faith. Now, however, they have been fully stung into life. The feeling awakened by the attempt to force Dr Hampden upon them, following the attempt to force the Dissenters on them, and both combined with the declared project of giving degrees without reference to either Cambridge or Oxford, shows what they are to expect, in what light they are viewed by faction, and what efforts must be made instantly and urgently by both, if they are not to betray the purposes for which they were raised, and for which they have so long been held in honour by England. This is the coming age of universal trial to the Church of Christ. That the trial will be forced on by every malice of infidelity, every passion of super-

stition, and every art of worldly cunning, covetousness, and rapine, it is utterly impossible to doubt. It is equally plain that the Protestant Church of England is destined, whether for its final purification or its fall, to bear the first shock of a persecution which is already menacing Protestantism in every part of the world. But in all the convulsions of the Church in earlier times, we have had the high encouragement to know that its ultimate safety has been made to depend largely on its own virtues; it uniformly sank where it abandoned energy, zeal, and fortitude,—but the presence of those virtues was always a pledge of eventual triumph. With the full acknowledgment that success is the work of Heaven alone,—and that without its aid in the cause nothing can prosper,—we are fortified in the reality of mankind's good truth by the undiminished experience that it is as sure to call down the protection of Him in whom are the fates of churches and empires.

In the remarks we fully desire to disclaim any imputation on the Ministry as such. We are not in a condition to know whether the act which has so deeply offended the religious mind of England has been more than an act of simple ignorance, or a foolish haste to provide for an importunate suitor. In this we perfectly disunite the actual individuals composing the Cabinet of the hour from the faction which we denounce and abhor. We do not give the Cabinet, as such, credit or discredit for caring a straw about Dr Hampden's rise or fall. But we fully believe that his promotion is the work of that powerful influence which has had all our late Administrations in the hollow of its hand, and which, whether it act in Ireland by putting the clergy out of the hope of subsistence, in the Colonies, by founding Popish churches and colleges, or in England, by breeding dissension in our old Universities, and erecting colleges of Dissent, we believe to be one and the same combination of Papistry and Jacobinism, which is hurrying the whole constitution, in church and state, hourly down a precipice. But though Dr Hampden's work is a proof that he was never made to stand in the front of either good or evil, though it is actually

among the poorest performances of the day, the matter must be taken up by authority. We have the inherent and official guardians of the church in the high places of the legislature. We must demand of the bishops and archbishops that the whole transaction shall be solemnly and publicly enquired into before the House of Lords, and that the Cabinet shall be allowed at least some better opportunity for the explanation of its motives than by paragraphs in newspapers. It has been said that the Archbishop of Canterbury had made some kind of remonstrance to the Government. If he had, nothing can be clearer than that it was totally ineffectual. He has now to try his steps in a direction where his remonstrance will at least be public, and his clergy will be able to see how far the church is to be supported or abandoned by the authorities of the empire. A similar duty is expected from the whole bench of bishops; and they may be assured that nothing would more surprise the general church than to find that, on such an occasion, a determination of silence should be ultimately taken by their lordships. Bad as the signs of the times are, this would be the worst. Then indeed should "Israel fly to the mountains." Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than to have the question hushed up by Ministers as a matter of mere private patronage. It is public, and pre-eminently public. The whole voice of the great Protestant University cries out "Sacrilege!"—the whole voice of the acting clergy of England echoes the cry. Every man who acknowledges Christianity in the land, demands that the charge of heresy shall be investigated. And to this investigation we are confident that their lordships, the prelates of the church, will feel themselves instantly and effectively bound.

We are satisfied, too, that like the countless majority of the church, their lordships will consider that their spirit of investigation might be extended with great advantage to the source from which Dr Hampden's opinions have flowed. By some unhappy conjuncture, not a few of those individuals, who, whether as dignitaries of the church, heads of

colleges, or masters of our public schools, have, to say the least of the feeling, *astonished* the public sense of Christianity of late years, have issued from ORIEL COLLEGE! Thus, one figures as a denier of the sacredness of the Lord's-day, another gives us notions of the Sacrament equally new and startling, a third propounds that Scripture gives us little more than a string of *naked facts*, and that all the *doctrines*, which our blindness conceived that the facts were given merely to enforce and substantiate, are little better than *theories*, conclusions of man; propositions so unsubstantial that it is impossible for any man justly to pronounce the denier of every one among them to be in the wrong, if he believes himself to be in the right. That even Oriel College may harbour within its walls many individuals utterly incapable of those daring fooleries, we have no doubt. But the public experience on the subject has been so unfortunate, that when we see "Fellow of Oriel" annexed to the title of a publication, we instinctively expect it to be some frothy, presumptuous, giddy performance; some indigested residuum of its commonplace books, some flattering impertinence of coxcomb professorship elated with its station, and in sheer ignorance imagining itself qualified to throw new lights on matters which scorn its meagre illumination. Are there no visitors appointed to this college? Is the discipline of the Church to be exercised on the salaries and sentiments of poor curates, while the highest appointments and emoluments of the Establishment are thus left at large? The enquiry would well befit the wisdom and piety of the bench.

We will not suffer ourselves to believe that the enquiry can be impeded by any consideration of the political favouritism of those professors—though it is a remarkable circumstance, that every individual of them who has thus exhibited himself as a Whig, or, as Lord Lyndhurst expresses it, "a Whig and something more." In fact, whether those persons are heretics and infidels or not, we never saw a heretic or in-

fidel in this country who was not a "Whig," and ready to be "as much more" as he could get any thing by. No men worship the rising sun with mere Persian idolatry; and it must be confessed that they have found the game a thriving one. They are already rapidly advancing towards all the authoritative situations in the church. A few years more, and we know of nothing that should prevent them from realizing their whole eager vision of pride and lucre. In this emergency, the great call is on the still incorrupt prelates of England, and the call on them is for instant activity. They must relieve the church of all stain of somnolency when her very religion is at hazard. They must look into the condition of the colleges, and where they have the power, and they have much, should mark with their strongest reprobation the first step to the appointment of professors of suspected principles. Oxford is now tainted with the inconsistency of being indignant against him as a fit professor of theology, whom she had already, without a remonstrance, placed in the chair of moral philosophy. The taunt is partly justifiable. For though the election to the latter professorship was rather of a private order, and at Oxford its weight in public opinion is comparatively trifling, yet, unless the new light of Dr Hampden's mind was of an extremely recent origin, this admission to the chair of philosophy must have been a prodigious sacrifice to the genius of etiquette. But the time is come for a spirit of a different kind, and as it is suffered to guide the church, so shall religion in England stand or fall.

While we write these pages the question of the Regius Professorship has not gone further than the indignant discussion of the colleges and the public. Probably before our publication meets the general eye, a final decision may have been reached by authority. But close how it will, the principles which we have laid down are not the less true, essential to the safety of the church, and equally essential to the integrity of the constitution.

SAMPAYO, THE CONTRACTOR.

Who that served with the British army during the Peninsular Campaigns but will recollect the talismanic name of "Sampayo?" the great contractor! whose *firmão* opened every store, and cellar, and strong box to its favoured possessor; and whose sign manual (a very *conundrum* in caligraphy) was a "Bon" for any sum, from one dollar to one hundred thousand, throughout the lands of Lusitania.

In the variety of histories, memoirs, recollections, and reminiscences of the eventful war in the Peninsula, the most interesting of modern times, the name, the fame, and services of this important personage (whose talents and exertions strengthened the arm of victory) has been most unaccountably and unjustly overlooked; "HAT STREETS" even to a contractor! and a memoir of the life and extraordinary career of that fortunate individual may, even now, be acceptable, as all the warriors, horse and foot, "pioneers and all" have had their say, and told their interesting tale.

Senhor Henrique Texeira * Sampayo, the hero of our memoir, was the second son of a worthy old Portuguese, long settled at the island of Terceira, where he held the office of administrador of the *Fabrica Real de Tabac*; one of those monopolies which sovereigns of former days did not disdain to appropriate to themselves, as a source of sordid profit and of corrupt patronage. The farmer-general of this lucrative monopoly for many years was the celebrated Bruno Quintella of Lisbon, a nobleman not only of immense wealth, but of great liberality, and a most generous patron to his dependents, a very numerous class, as his contract extended not only to Her most Faithful Majesty's European, but also to her Transatlantic dominions. Under such a master, old Sampayo contrived to rear a large family in circumstances of credit and respectability; and as they advanced in years, put them

forward to push their fortunes in the parent country.

It may now be about half a century since the eldest son of the Administrador, Senhor Antonio Sampayo, left his native isle for the capital of Portugal, with his first mercantile adventure, consisting of the produce of the Azores. A brief experience in business, added to a large portion of natural good sense, qualified him for that post which the patron of the family procured for him—that of Portuguese Consul-General in (the then Kingdom of) Ireland: an office which he held with the highest credit to his name and character for nearly thirty years, and with the general esteem of all ranks. His station was fixed at Cork, where the emoluments of his consulship, joined to his business as a merchant, placed him in rather a high position in the commercial circle of that opulent city. He, too, had married early, and became the parent of a numerous offspring, all of whom, in after life, sustained, in their respective spheres, the honourable reputation which the worthy consul had established.

To this first and thriving outshoot from the parent stock, the prudent sire committed the destinies of his second hope, Henrique. Unacquainted with business, but rich in talent, the youth commenced his career in the humble capacity of clerk in the counting-house of his brother Antonio, who was, by several years, his senior.

The implicit obedience exacted on the one side, and cheerfully paid on the other, between parent and child, and senior and junior of the same blood, relationship, and pretensions, is one of the most remarkable and amiable traits in the Portuguese and Spanish characters; and to the honour of our mercurial neighbours at the other side of the Channel (with all their fickleness and frivolity), the same delightful feeling is observable amongst them. Senhor Antonio, therefore, while he indulged his

* Pronounced *Tessira*.

younger brother in all those rational pleasures which the gay metropolitan city of Munster at all seasons offers, never for a day relaxed that rigid control over his time and services which he exacted with impartiality from all his establishment. It was under such a judicious system of discipline, that Henrique acquired those close habits of business, that spirit of commercial enterprise, but, above all, that perfect knowledge of the English language, which, joined to his consummate address and fascination of manner, laid the foundation of his future greatness.

After a laborious and faithful service of seven years, Senhor Henrique was despatched to Lisbon (liberally funded by his affectionate relative) to pursue his future course as merchant on his own account, besides acting as the representative of his brother's houses in Cork and Dublin. Little could the anxious adventurer of those days anticipate the splendid destiny to which, after some severe trials, a few eventful years was fated to lead him. This important era in the life of Sampayo occurred at nearly the close of the last century, when he had probably passed his twenty fifth or sixth year. At Lisbon his name and relationship to the national consul in Ireland, gained him many friends and supporters, but his chief stay was the old and assured friend of his family, the noble Quintella, whose name was a "tower of strength" in Lisbon, then an emporium of wealth and commerce. Under such happy auspices, Sampayo soon began to feel his strength; year after year his speculations extended and flourished—he had married, and in a few years became a childless widower—but Lisbon, the region of intrigue (however cloaked and disguised) had its secret pleasures for such a character—(a Joseph Surface in all but his villainy!) He had long speculated upon a connexion with some of the departments of the Portuguese Government, as the high road to wealth and influence; this was an object which, for some years past, he had sought with the keenest avidity; at length the opportunity presented itself; death left an opening for his proposing himself to undertake the general supply of naval

stores for the maine service of Portugal, at home and abroad! It was a bold adventure, but by dint of bowing and bribery he succeeded in obtaining the contract: his efforts to effect which with due *echaf* strained his personal resources to almost the last crusado, but by forming a connexion with a large mercantile house in London extensively engaged in the Baltic trade, and the ready assistance of funds, volunteered to him by the princely Quintella, he was enabled to fulfil his first year's contract to the perfect satisfaction of the minister and the intendente of marine, each of whom, of course, received substantial proofs of his grateful consideration for their favourable report. Thus far his prosperous bark flew before the breath of fortune. Two more such years would have placed him above the vicissitudes of a life of trade and toil; but, alas for such hopes! the great disturber of Europe, the ruthless destroyer of thrones and dynasties, set his unhallowed hand on the possession of Portugal! a country linked in close and ancient amity with his great, his powerful, his unbending foe, Great Britain! To sever this alliance, cemented by ages of uninterrupted friendship, the crafty Napoleon put in motion every engine of power and corruption. He first attempted to cajole, he next bullied the weak and timid regent, who, struggling between his sense of honour and duty towards an old and faithful ally, and his fears for his existence as an independent sovereign, offered every concession, short of shutting his ports against British ships, with the hope of averting the threatened hostility of the haughty ruler of France. Vain effort! His offers were treated with contempt, and but a brief period allowed to him to decide on this important and most iniquitous demand. Weak in intellect by nature, and the want of proper education in his youthful days, he became, in his more mature years, the slave of a bigoted and ignorant priesthood, themselves (as the intelligent historian of Portugal, Murphy, justly observes) the deluded dupes of the very superstitions they inculcate. Still, under all these disadvantages, the Prince Regent João possessed a high sense of honour and good faith,

creditable to his personal character; and his firmness under the trying circumstances of that distressing period makes us regret that a disposition, so prone to virtue and integrity, had not been cultivated by an early education suitable to the man and the future monarch. Assailed alternately by those faithless Fidalgoes, who had already been brought over to the views of Napoleon, or were madly jealous of that British influence which swayed the mind of the Prince, as well as by the disinterested advice of these noble and patriotic Portuguese who preferred death or exile to a state of vassalage under the Imperial dictator, the Prince threw himself at once into the arms of Great Britain; and yielding to the most honourable course, agreed to expatriate himself and family, and re-establish his throne in his South American dominions. This determination once made, became irrevocable. Arrangements were immediately commenced for the emigration of the court and its followers, but with all the secrecy such extensive preparations admitted. Much, however, may be done, even in a court or palace, to conceal these intended measures from the great body of the people, where no such organ as a public press exists to give the information.

After a treacherous calm of many weeks, that infamous decree, viz. "THE PRINCE REGENT OF PORTUGAL HAS CEASED TO REIGN!"

burst like a thunderbolt on astonished Europe! This decree, which will for ever stamp disgrace on the name of Napoleon, was, by the wise dispensations of Providence, the instrument of his eventual destruction, of the frustration of his gigantic plans, and of that bitter stroke of retributive justice under which the tyrant at last sunk, to rise no more! The citizens of Lisbon, roused by this insult to their sovereign and their country, indulged in the hope of meeting their invaders with arms in their hands. Their spirit was good, but, vain and uncalculating, they saw not their impotency for the awful contest.

Sampayo's visions of future greatness vanished under these depressing events—he was deeply committed—all the profits of years of

industry were sunk in his current contract. Stores to a vast amount had been delivered to the Portuguese Government, the value of which he saw but slender hopes of ever realizing—all access to the royal person was forbidden—the bureaux of the several departments were closed pending the appointment of a regency and the nomination of ministers. Sampayo's ruin seemed inevitable!

So rapidly did Napoleon follow up his denunciations of vengeance against devoted Portugal, that the advance of Junot's army had actually reached the frontiers of that kingdom ere the self-deluded Lisbonians could be brought to believe in the full reality of the awful threat. The now no longer concealed preparations for the departure of the royal family changed the doubts of the alarmed citizens into absolute despair; but their loyalty and devotion to the House of Braganza, and their anxiety for the personal safety of the aged Queen and their beloved Prince predominated over every selfish feeling, and they now rather hurried, than by their entreaties or expostulations retarded the royal flight. The moment at last arrived for the affecting separation of a sovereign from his faithful and devoted people. It was one which ages will not obliterate from the hearts of the loyal Portuguese.

The great conflict with his feelings which the Prince Regent must have endured, when tearing himself away from the grasp of tyranny, from his native land, and his hereditary throne, had in some degree subsided, when he felt himself under the never-failing protection of the British flag. His mind partly resumed its tranquillity under the hopes of happier days.

Surrounded by those faithful nobles who were prepared to share his exile, the Regent could now devote the few days which remained to him to exercise his powers in Europe, in appointing the regency, selecting a Ministry suited to the exigencies of the country, and in giving his final orders for the conduct and distribution of the army. These last duties performed, to Providence and to his faithful people he left the rest!

The dreams of defence which the citizens of Lisbon had once so fondly indulged in, gave way to the bitter certainty of their utter helplessness. The various corps of armed volunteers now returned to their civil habits, and the city, in gloomy silence, awaited its fate. Every precaution which a wise and watchful government could adopt, with a prudent regard to the alarmed and excited feelings of the citizens, was set instantly on foot by the new regency. The troops of the line, in and near Lisbon, the urban militia, or *ordananzas*, as well as the *guarda policia* (cavalry and infantry, a most efficient body), were placed on permanent duty, and judiciously distributed through the widely extended city for the suppression of any popular tumult or disturbance. The guns of those forts which bore immediately on the Tagus and the harbour's mouth were dismounted, to guard against any impediment being offered, either by foreign or domestic foes, to the transit of the royal squadron.

On the day previous to that on which, it was secretly whispered, the squadron would take its departure, Sampayo hurried alongside the ship which bore the royal standard of Portugal at the main, where, having been fortunately recognized by the Duke de Cadaval, to whom he was known as being connected with the Government, he obtained permission to ascend, and, by a lucky chance, was shortly enabled to present himself to his Sovereign's notice. Humbling himself almost in the attitude of prostration before the Prince, he represented the appalling ruin which hung over his house and his connections, while, placing in his Royal Highness's hand his account of stores delivered by him into the royal arsenal amounting in value to nearly one million of crusadoes (about £150,000).

No man in Portugal, or elsewhere, could have told this melancholy tale with more imposing effect than the humble suppliant. His story excited all the sympathies of the weak but humane prince, who, while deploring the misfortunes of his subject, felt that the power of relief had passed into other hands; his Royal Highness, however, did all which his fettered

circumstances admitted. He wrote with his own hand an acknowledgment of the debt to the full amount, and an earnest recommendation to the Regency to discharge it out of the crown revenues, which he vainly imagined the rapacious invaders would have held sacred. To this document he affixed the royal seal and sign-manual. Could he at that moment have abstracted from the crown jewels then on board a gem to the full value of Sampayo's claim, his kind and generous heart, moved to the extreme of pity, was equal to the act. But previously to dismissing his petitioner, he drew from his coat pocket a magnificent snuff-box, on the lid of which was the miniature likeness of Napoleon, set round with large brilliants (the gift of the wily despot to the too confiding Prince, in former days). This costly present his Royal Highness placed in the hands of the still kneeling and astonished Sampayo, whom he courteously dismissed with the most condescending expressions of kindness.

Sampayo hurried to the shore with a heart full of gratitude and buoyant hopes. The gloom which hung over the city was, however, but ill calculated to sustain them, and he hurried to his silent home in that state of the deepest anxiety which the critical situation of his country and himself could not fail to inspire.

During the whole of the remainder of that day, and also during the night, express followed express, in rapid succession, each announcing the nearer approach of the enemy. On all sides, and from every voice, "*they*" was still—they come! At the dawn of the following day it was known in Lisbon that the advanced cavalry, the flying artillery, and general staff of the invading army had reposed a few hours the preceding night at Villa Franca; by seven they had reached the village of Sacavem, within ten leagues of the capital. There, however, the passage of a river presented a temporary impediment, and would cause a delay of at least two hours! Eight o'clock, the hour of high water at the bar of Lisbon, arrived, when the unmooring of the royal squadron was announced by a salvo of one hundred guns from

the ships—the streets in a moment became literally swarming with crowds of the inhabitants of all ranks, rushing towards the river's bank, which was quickly lined for miles, all eager to bestow their benedictions on their departing Sovereign. The morning was brilliant—a keen north-easterly wind, the fairest that could blow, had at the first break of dawn rent the curtains of night, and not a speck remained in the illimitable sky to dot the azure expanse. The glorious sun shed its radiant beams over that extensive and beautiful living panorama, which Lisbon and its surrounding heights present from the Tagus. The moment the majestic vessel which bore the royal standard first moved from her anchorage, the motion was cheered by the “vivas” of a quarter of a million of human voices. When fairly under weigh, the ship neared as closely as safety would permit the right bank of the Tagus, so as to allow the shouting, weeping multitude a last view of the royal family. The poor imbecile Queen (who evidently had some faint glimmering of the light of reason at that moment, and appeared sensibly to feel her situation) was recognised on the deck, supported by two nobles, waving her feeble hands to the congregated thousands, and the good Prince Regent, surrounded by his children, stretched forth his extended arms, while with tears he received this last mark of homage and affection from his faithful people. On casting his eyes towards the castle of Lisbon, which overlooks the city, he beheld with a swelling heart the ancient standard of his royal house still proudly floating over the lofty battlements, while from below, its batteries returned in thundering peals the Sovereign's valedictory salute!

Before noon, the myrtle-clad hills which crown the eastern quarter of Lisbon presented the rapidly moving masses of the advance of the French army in glittering array; whose leaders then for the first time came in sight of that city of palaces, its beautiful and shining harbour, and far beyond, the distant ocean. O! with what maddening feelings must they have gazed on the last lingering frigate of the squadron,

which having waited to receive by telegraph from the outer fort the intelligence of the entry of the French into the precincts of Lisbon, spread out her white canvass to the freshening breeze, while winging her way way over the blue Atlantic!

From that sad day—memorable in the annals of Portugal, until a very brief period before the British army came to its relief, poor Sampayo's life was passed in constant terror. Known as the partisan of Britain, both by connexion and interest, all his movements were scrupulously watched, from the first day the French assumed their sway. His letters were intercepted; but these contained nothing to commit him—merely formal countermands to former mercantile orders, “*in consequence of the altered circumstances of the country.*” Of that his bitterest enemy could take no hold. Then again, all his books, papers, and accounts in the royal arsenal were sealed up and embargoed for future examination. This, intended as an act of oppression, was a precaution which he would himself have solicited had he dared to prefer such a wish. But the reign of terror had commenced. Even the servants of a man's household in those days were objects of suspicion and of fear. It therefore required the constant exercise of all Sampayo's constitutional prudence and reserve, and those consummate powers of dissimulation so characteristic of the Portuguese, and which none ever possessed in a more perfect degree than Senhor Henrique, to guard against the danger of being suspected of hostility to the French.

His mercantile concerns were, in a manner, entirely suspended. Commerce was for the moment annihilated. His presence no longer became necessary either at his counting-house, or on 'Change. He kept himself for months in the strictest seclusion from society. By this circumspection, and the avoidance of all intercourse with that portion of his fellow-citizens who were avowedly favourable to the British, that rigorous system of surveillance by which he, as a marked object, had been so long beset, became gradually relaxed.

After a long absence from the public eye, he at length ventured to

occupy his old berth at the opera St Carlos, the centre pit-stall, just behind the capacious orchestra. The warm and affectingly friendly greetings with which he was welcomed by some of his former acquaintances, who had found favour with the powers that then existed, and whose principles he despised, drew upon him the attention of the ever-watchful Junot; who, although he occupied the royal box, in the centre of the first circle, surrounded by his brilliant staff, and with all the appendages to royalty itself, took occasion, between the opera and the ballet, to pay a visit to his *chère amie*, the Condessa D'Ega, in her *loge grillée*, which was in a direct line with the orchestra. Sampayo soon perceived himself to be an object of more than ordinary attention with the military chief; he therefore put on his best smiles and most obsequious demeanour when addressed by one of those pliant traitors (whom tyrants and usurpers find their ready tools in every soil), who had evidently a part to act. This person, whom he had long known (after the usual reciprocated villities of the snuff box), effected great regret at his friend Sampayo's long absence from the haunts of fashion; and especially his non-appearance at the levees of the General, whom he extolled as the most amiable and condescending of men; whose sole anxiety was the happiness of Portugal (?), and to draw around him persons of honour (!) and talent. The base sycophant concluded his fulsome eulogium by an invitation (which Sampayo correctly construed into a command) to form one of the bowing crowd, who on each opera night regularly lined the passage from the royal box to the grand staircase, in order to make their humble obeisance. As the politic Sampayo, who had a point to carry, eagerly expressed his happiness at the opportunity of enjoying that honour, and at the close of the performance joined the slavish group, his anxious friend pushed him forward into a conspicuous position, and on the approach of the great little man the performance of his silent homage attracted the General's particular attention. It had always been a remark in former days that Sampayo's bow

was unrivalled in Portugal for ease, grace, and dignity; how he acquired it was best known to himself, but such was in truth the fact. Now, as Junot was a shrewd fellow, and had had his attention previously called to this individual, he marked his acknowledgment of the salute with more than usual courtesy, while he merely bent his head a little to the right or left to the bowing crowd as he passed towards the street.

And this was the man whose nose his Imperial master used to tweak until the tears came into his eyes; whose ears he often pinched almost to bleeding; and whose whiskers he plucked until the roaring sufferer cried out for mercy; whose clever little wife was, in her husband's absence, *compelled* (as she asserts) to endure the honour of the Emperor's midnight visits in her chamber as she lay in her unsullied bed; whose paternal, fraternal (or heaven knows what) lectures she was bound to listen to, until she could prevail on his Imperial majesty to leave her to the solitude of her chaste conjugal couch; and whose tender adieux for the night were expressed by a gentle pinch of her pretty little toe through the satin coverlet of the bed! What a playful tiger! no wonder that Junot became a favourite. But to our hero—Sampayo retired to his house that night full of a project he had long contemplated, and that which induced him to reappear in public. He had drawn up, at various periods of his seclusion, memorials and petitions to Junot on the subject of his long standing claim on the Portuguese Government. These had been revived again and again according to circumstances, but never presented. Encouraged by the gracious smile of the General, who, although affecting not to interfere with the Government, still virtually directed all its proceedings, he struck off at once a memorial in which embraced all his claims, in which, making a virtue of necessity, he waived his demand for payment, and barely solicited the restitution of the surplus of his stores then remaining in the dockyard and arsenal, and wholly useless, not a ship of war having been left to bring any portion of them into use. This paper he had translated into the French language.

and having screwed up his courage to the task of a personal presentation, he made the necessary preparations. He solicited and obtained permission to attend the great man's next grand levee.

On the day appointed for that ceremony, Sampayo found himself in front of the palace of his friend the baron, which Junot, with his usual discrimination, had selected for his headquarters. Alighting from his calash, he saw himself surrounded by a display of military pomp to which his eye had been little accustomed. British commanders-in-chief (as he had seen on the occasion of General Sir John Stuart's service in Portugal some years before) are generally content with a couple of grenadiers to grace their porch; the artful Junot, wisely calculating the value of display with such a people, had the whole of the Largo de Quintella filled with troops. His own regiment of hussars, of which he was so proud, furnished two squadrons as part of his guard of honour. Two hundred whiskered grenadiers lined the entrance-hall and staircase, while, as if these were not enough to inspire awe in the gaping crowds, two bright brass nine-pounders, one on each side of the outer porch, were posted, each attended by its gunner with lighted match resting over his shoulder.

Sampayo ascended the splendid marble staircase with a throbbing heart, and bowed his way through the glittering crowd into the grand saloon, where he was not long unrecognised. His presentation was (at his own request) almost the last on that day; his desire was to engage, if possible, Junot's attention to him for a few minutes. His personal appearance was plain and unassuming, such as became a merchant, but in the strictest conformity with court costume; the slightest deviation from which would have given unpardonable offence to the vain Junot. Here his elegant, his unequalled bow once more attracted attention, as he respectfully presented into the General's hand his elaborate memorial. Casting his eye hastily over the paper, he passed it into the hands of his attendant chief of the staff, and desired Sampayo to remain for a conference on the breaking up of

the levee. This was conducted through the favourable interpretation of his friend the Baron, who, although a reluctant and compulsory host, was obliged to do the honours of his palace.

Sampayo was, to his great mortification, as little of a Frenchman as his Excellency was a Portuguese, but the latter was so entirely won over by his insinuating and elegant address in the few sentences of French which he trusted himself to pronounce, that Junot's usual *hauteur* softened down into the most condescending affability of manner. Elevated by his success, Sampayo saw his moment for the *coup de main* had arrived, and seized that propitious moment to flash across the eyes of the flattered Junot the brilliants of his splendid snuff-box, as he, with almost *bowed* knee, presented its perfumed contents to his Excellency's extended digits. Junot appeared struck with delight at the likeness of his royal master (his admiration of whom almost approached idolatry); it is possible, however, that on this occasion the costly brilliants, shedding around their lustre under the rays of a midsummer sun, might have laid claim to a portion of his admiration. Be that as it may, after an audience of half-an-hour, Sampayo humbly took his leave *minus* his snuff-box! which, after the most pressing entreaties, he was happy enough to prevail on his Excellency to accept. An "*adieu, mon ami*," from the great man, sent him home in the highest hopes and spirits; but with that deep reserve which never through life forsook him for a moment, he forbore to hint, even to his own brothers (two of whom had been for some years in his employ), the thoughts and hopes which then swelled his heart.

Junot, although (like all Napoleon's generals) rapacious and grasping, was not without a dash of romantic generosity in his nature, which in his situation was a redeeming quality. He could not reconcile to his better feelings the acceptance of such a costly present from the ruined merchant without some efforts to render him a service in return. He accordingly took the trouble of entering into the circumstances

detailled in the memorial, which proving to be perfectly correct, he took the earliest opportunity of giving a proof of his good intentions. Sampayo was agreeably surprised at receiving an order, directed to Magendie, the French Minister of Marine, for admission into the Royal Arsenal, and the restoration of all his books and papers. This mark of favour was followed by another still more important; commissaries of marine were appointed to attend Sampayo in the identification of those stores which had not been paid for, preparatory, as it was insinuated to him, to their entire and unconditional restoration. The goodly work went on for two or three weeks; the *precious* oil, which never fails to give rapidity to the wheels of all official operations in that country, was liberally applied by Sampayo to quicken the labours of these functionaries. The schedule was completed, even vessels chartered to take the articles to another market; the official signatures of the higher powers alone were wanted to the document to authorize the well-fed commissaries to make the delivery. One week, one little week more, and Sampayo's triumph would have been complete, when the whispers of a British squadron, and a large fleet of transports, swarming with troops, having been seen off the north coast of Portugal, at a moment dashed the cup of joy from his expectant lips! but even this, the heaviest stroke which misfortune had yet inflicted, did not strike his equanimity; whatever were his feelings, they were hidden even from those most in his confidence. His hopes from Junot were now at an end! The appearance of any person in public, known to have been connected with the English, became dangerous to themselves. A furious proclamation was issued by Junot, forbidding, on pain of instant military execution, all intercourse or correspondence with the British army, which it soon became known had partly disembarked at the Mondego. The citizens, native as well as foreign, were prohibited from meeting or assembling, even in their private residences, to the number of three persons; an embargo was ordered on all the ports under

the power of the French; even the fishing-boats, by which the markets of the metropolis were supplied, were compelled to anchor under the guns of fort St Julian, where sentinels were placed on board, to prevent or detect the introduction of British letters or proclamations. The forts of the Bugio, which commands the bar, with Cuscaes, St Julian, and Belem Castle were strongly reinforced, as were those on the Alentago bank of the Tagus. Notwithstanding all these preventive measures on the part of the French, the grateful intelligence of the landing of Sir Arthur Wellesley's army at Figueras, and its advance, became universally known, and afforded a gleam of hope to the suffering Portuguese. The citizens were doomed at this anxious period to a state of almost domestic imprisonment! scarcely daring to venture out for the necessaries of life, and even then under the terrors of the French bayonet. Patrols paraded the streets every hour of the day, and domiciliary visits during the night, attended with every species of insult and indecorum, kept the wretched city in a state of hourly terror, not more from the atrocities of the demoralized French army, than from the apprehension of the outbreak of the desperate and blood-seeking portion of the Lisbon mob. It became but a choice of miseries, and the trembling citizens were compelled to solicit the protection of those very troops, by whom they were so insulted and oppressed, as their only security for life and property; and even of these but a few weak battalions remained in Lisbon and the forts. This deplorable state of things existed from the last days of July until the middle of August, when the city was roused from its torpor to the bitterest feelings of grief and despair by a general salute from the castle and all the river batteries, in honour (as it was stated by the first bulletin of the Imperial army) of a brilliant victory obtained over the English, who, it was modestly added, had found safety from entire destruction by a sudden retreat to their ships! To render General de la Borde justice, this was not *his* report. This was the action at Roleica (17th August 1808), in which the British army

flashed its maiden steel on the Portuguese soil with a far different result from that stated in this lying bulletin, manufactured at Lisbon to repress the rising spirit of the people. In order to keep up the delusion, a field-officer of the 29th infantry, with three or four others, whose gallantry in a charge led them too far in advance of their battalion to regain their station, and, when wounded, had fallen into the enemy's hands, were hurried on to Lisbon, and unfeelingly paraded through the streets as a trophy of victory; but a few days more dispelled the atrocious cheat. Sir Arthur's splendid defeat of Junot's army at Vimeiro, on the 21st of August, could not be long concealed, succeeded as it was by that unfortunate armistice, which, by affording the defeated French a safe retreat on Lisbon, led the way to that disgraceful convention of Cintra, which will ever remain a standing blot on Britain's fame!

The tedious negotiations by which this convention was protracted, beyond all calculation, by French chicanery, feebly opposed by British honour and good faith, kept the anxious Portuguese in a state of awful suspense as to their ultimate fate. But when the terms of this convention were at last made known, their feelings of bitter indignation knew no bounds. "What!" said they, "the defeated French army beaten by a handful of Britons, and, on their self-chosen field of battle, to be suffered to depart with all the honours of war, and laden with the plunder of our country? Now, that that gallant handful of warriors have been strengthened by the presence of fifteen thousand fresh troops, eager for battle, the thing," they argued, "was monstrous" (and well they might); "and, to crown all, at the expense and cost of Great Britain!" This was, indeed, "*making a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy*" with a "*vengeance*." These were the remarks of the most loyal and intelligent Portuguese. But the evil was past remedy: British honour was pledged to the performance of this humiliating convention. The patriots of all ranks saw with grief this fatal error, but forbore, from a feeling of

gratitude to their brave deliverers, to receive with other demonstrations than those of the most, unbounded respect and honour the few British officers (principally the chiefs of military and civil staff) who were permitted to enter Lisbon until the final embarkation of the French.

Amidst the scramble to secrete or carry off their plunder, a considerable portion of valuable church property, in plate, jewels, and pictures, was rescued from the grasp of these insatiate robbers by the promptitude and energy of Lord Beresford—a step which gained that gallant officer present applause and future popularity amongst the Portuguese.

The hated tri-colour still floated over the castle and the batteries; but on the embarkation of the last detachment of the French, this odious emblem of tyranny gave way to the national colours. No sooner did it display its argent field and azure border to the breeze, than its reappearance was hailed by the roar of cannon, the clanging of ten thousand bells, and the enthusiastic "*crao*" of the whole population. The enfranchised citizens, almost frantic with delight, poured out by hundreds into the streets and squares, expressing their joy by embracing all they met, bestowing their *garlicked* kisses on old and young of both sexes. Nothing short of such an unequivocal guarantee for his personal safety could have drawn Sampayo from the gloomy but secure sanctuary of his dwelling. But *his* enthusiasm, regulated by prudence, never went beyond those congratulatory smiles which he could so well command; not but that he hated the French from the depths of his Portuguese heart, but he feared them, if possible, still more, and inwardly trembled at the bare idea of a re-action.

The British troops were cantoned and encamped in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, within a circuit of two or three leagues. A cordon was drawn around the city, to prevent the unrestrained visits of officers and soldiers, unless when on special duty. The principal officers of the quarter-master-general, commissariat, and medical departments,

of course excepted. On one occasion, when a group of the former of those officers were assembled in consultation upon a matter of local arrangement in the grand square of the Inquisition (called the *Praça Roscio*), the temporary absence of those Portuguese interpreters induced one of the party to make an enquiry (as well as his imperfect knowledge of the language allowed him) of one of those lazy idlers, who stood with stupid gaze, staring at the "Ingleses;" but failing to make himself understood by the most tormentingly dull and senseless *canaille* in Europe, he was relieved from the embarrassment by a gentleman who advanced, and in a respectful manner offered his assistance. His address was that of a person of a superior class of society. His language almost marked him as English or Irish; but the rather nasal twang, so inseparable from the Portuguese utterance, and his looks and gestures, stamped him as one of the country. This gentleman volunteer appeared to be about forty—perhaps less; but a peculiarly serious expression of countenance, and the appearance of a liberal sprinkling of grey hairs through his glossy black locks, baffled all calculations as to his precise age. The stranger was in height something above five feet nine, rather full in flesh, but wholly free from that prominence of abdomen which few Portuguese of either sex escape after a certain age. His pale but intelligent features were occasionally lit up to strong expression by the flash of a full and searching dark grey eye; and in his frequent smile, which broke through his habitual gravity of countenance, displayed a set of perfectly well formed teeth, clean to a perfection—a rare thing in that country, even amongst the most elegant of their female nobility. Nothing could be plainer than his dress. A black coat and vest, drab kerseywere breeches and half-boots displayed the upper portion of a well-shaped leg. Disdaining the use of the cocked hat, worn by every shopman of the town after the departure of the Freuci, this plain citizen wore an English round hat, in the left side of which was stitched his emblem of

loyalty, the crimson and purple Portuguese cockade, not exceeding in size a dollar's breadth. His left hand (which, white and well-shaped, gave proofs of his gentility) held a handsome but plain gold snuff-box, the tender of which acts like a letter of introduction throughout this snuff-taking nation. That he was no common man, could be seen at a glance; but the officers to whom he had offered his services were not prepared to find a person of such universal intelligence, and one so perfectly acquainted with all the localities of this extensive city. The buildings to which their immediate attention had been directed were those assigned for barracks for a British brigade, and an adjacent one for an hospital. The stranger ventured to dissent from the arrangement, pointing out, for both purposes, a different but far preferable locale, the sight of which instantly decided those functionaries to adopt the change. This, however, was but one of the many services which the stranger rendered in the course of his two hours' attendance on the British officers, who, on taking their leave, with a thousand thanks to their intelligent guide, requested to know to whom they were indebted for such obliging attention and valuable information. The modest stranger, with a bow (which only one man in Portugal could execute), placed in the hand of the chief officer a small card, on which was written—

H. T. Sampayo,

7.

Largo do Carmo.

On their arrival at the palace of Queluz, where headquarters then were, the whole party were loud in the laudations of their Lisbon acquaintance; whose card having been shown to some of the public authorities from Lisbon, then in attendance on the commander-in-chief, their report was so flattering to Sampayo's character for talents, enterprise, and integrity as one of the body of Lisbon merchants, that an express was sent off instantly to

invite him to headquarters. His appearance and conversation next morning confirmed all those favourable impressions which the mind of the commander-in-chief had received from the reports of the previous day, and Senhor Sampayo was handed over to the commissary-general forthwith, as a valuable and most desirable ally.

With this officer a temporary arrangement was entered into, by which Sampayo was induced, by a liberal commission, to procure the supplies necessary for the maintenance of thirty thousand men, with the usual proportion of horses and followers, the extent of which may be roughly calculated at one hundred and fifty tons of bread, four hundred large oxen, and five hundred pipes of wine, *per neck*. The bare commission, however moderate, on the outlay for such an enormous supply, was not to be despised by Sampayo; but in accepting the charge, he had ulterior projects in view, which he in a very little time realized.

Although known to be reduced in funds, his credit had never suffered; and when, encouraged by the proffered aid of the liberal Quentilla (always, and under all reverses, his steady friend), he engaged to take up the entire supply on his *own* account, as general contractor, a million of dollars were in one hour placed at his disposal by his mercantile friends, whose capital had remained so long unemployed. Supplies of cattle, grain, flour, oil, and wine, soon poured in on him from all quarters. Abundance of rations, and regularity in their supply, will never fail to keep an army in good-humour. Inexperienced as Sampayo was in military arrangements, he soon discovered the mode of giving satisfaction to all parties. Never was such delicious wine served out in the shape of a *ration* as that which found its way to the tables of the *general officers* and staff! The whole of the commissariat lent their (*of course gratuitous*) aid to facilitate and help forward all his arrangements. Every thing promised favourably for the spirited contractor, when, just on the eve of renewing his first month's experi-

mental contract, an officer arrived from England, with the hitherto unknown rank of *commissary-in-chief*! who, by virtue of long and sedentary campaigns in Whitehall and Scotland-yard, was destined to work miracles of efficiency and economy in that important branch of the service. As the first step in which a chief, civil or military, usually shows his power, is to neutralize, if not destroy all the advantages gained by his predecessor (*e. g.* Sir Hew Dalrymple's notable interference, by arresting Wellington in his career of victory!) so in the instance alluded to. "*All existing contracts are annulled,*" was the first order promulgated by the recently arrived chief. The first act of his unfortunate administration in forming contracts proved a most unlucky one. Disdaining all advice, he, in an unguarded moment, accepted a proposal for the general supply of the army from a person, whose only introduction to him was his having been for some time employed as a secret agent (or, in other words, a *spy*) at Lisbon in the pay of the foreign secretary in Downing Street! This man, although long resident in Lisbon, possessed neither friends nor abilities to conduct such an immense undertaking; he had neither money, influential friends, nor credit. This was Sampayo's third serious check in the pursuit of fortune. He, however, with apparent cheerfulness, resigned his charge, and even went so far as to transfer over to his rival his stock of cattle on hand, in order that there might not be the smallest interruption to the regularity of supply which the troops had hitherto been accustomed to. This plausible act of liberality won golden opinions for Sampayo, while by his management he relieved himself from his stock at his own price, and at the same time of a monstrous daily expenditure for food and herdsmen. All the available supplies within fifty miles of Lisbon had long before been forestalled by his agents, so that Sampayo had but to wait, silently exulting in the anticipation of that failure which every thinking person saw to be inevitable, and which, as predicted, one short fortnight produced. The unluckily-

selected contractor broke down under the weight of a responsibility he had not the power to support; and thus once more threw the cards into Sampayo's hands. The embarrassment caused by this untoward, but easily foreseen failure, the grief, chagrin, and disappointment felt by the commissariat-chief (who was a talented, honourable, and in manners most amiable man, but physically incapable of the task he had undertaken), brought on a severe attack of gout, which for some time placed him "hors-de-combat." Under such circumstances, Sampayo might have almost dictated his own terms; but he felt that moderation would more fully re-establish his popularity with all parties, while a grasping advantage, taken in a moment of necessity, might eventually destroy it. To the advances made to him by the commissary next in charge, he professed all obedience to the wishes expressed by the commander-in-chief, and tendered his humble services in *any* manner most conducive to the advantage of the army.

It was a most critical moment; the season was already far advanced. Sir John Moore's army, destined for Spain, lay inactive in the vicinity of Lisbon, destitute of those grand sinews of war, *money* and *transports*. Of supplies there were abundance, but without the latter, they were useless for the purposes of an advancing army. By the dint of exertion, however, on all sides, these deficiencies were in time (not perfectly, it is true) supplied; and that brilliant army, high in courage, spirits, and discipline, commenced that memorable march, which was doomed to end in the "loss of all but its honour."

Sampayo, now without a rival, stretched out his hands to grasp at power over all the resources of the country. His agents were distributed in all the productive districts, to buy up or forestall, not only present stock, but the crops of the succeeding year. The rich Beira, the fruitful province for grain and cattle, was already his own. In every town, from the Tamego to the Tagus, there might be found an agent of the great contractor. His

Irish connexions were stimulated to keep up his supplies of wheat, flour, and barley from that teeming land of plenty (and, alas! distress). One of his brothers was despatched early in the following year to the United States for a similar purpose, while another was sent to the empire of Morocco, to endeavour to obtain periodical supplies from the Barbary ports. When remonstrated with by his friends on these apparently prodigal and premature orders (with a demand of little more than twelve thousand rations daily), his pallid features relaxed into a significant smile, as he answered, "*Gentlemen, you know not what events another year may bring about. Wait, wait a while, and you will see that all these precautions will be found necessary.*" He spoke prophetically. Sampayo had taken a more enlarged view of the state of Portugal, as connected with England, than those uncalculating mere matter-of-fact monitors. As a proof of which, when even heads of departments, military and civil, looked upon the evacuation of Portugal by the British as the necessary and unavoidable consequence of the fruitless and calamitous campaign of Sir John Moore, when preparations for dismantling the forts on the Tagus had actually been commenced, when the ordnance stores were being packed up, and the military chest held in constant readiness for removal, when the croaking Whigs and their subservient organs the Whig newspapers, cried out on the madness of maintaining a further contest in Portugal, Sampayo's confidence in British policy and British integrity never for an hour abated! On one occasion, in February 1809, when the commissary in charge at Lisbon, after dinner at Sampayo's own house, jokingly said,

"Sampayo, you had better pack up and be prepared to embark with us!"

"Sir" (said the shrewd contractor emphatically), "you know nothing at all about the matter!" Then, recovering himself, and advancing his snuff-box with one of his insidious smiles, said, "*Pardon, Senhor!*" (mem. the parties were as intimate as *Peacocks* and *Lockets*).

"Your government, sir, are not such *burros** as to throw the game out of their hands so easily. No, sir, although we were reduced to LISBON ALONE! it is still defensible."

"Pshaw, Lisbon! an open town defensible" (answered the epauletted civilian).

"Yes, sir" (coolly retorted Sampayo), "a French general would have defended it against all your army—but, sir, so long as England has a regiment on foot and a ship to float, she will not give up her ground in Portugal—she is fighting her *own* battle on our soil."

Highly as Sampayo thought of the military prowess and talent of the *French* generals, he lived to see an *English* one drive them from one end of the Peninsula to the other, after having defended Lisbon quite as effectively as the most renowned of their marshals, and perhaps infinitely more so. But the fact was, that just then the recollection of the Convention of Cintra and the unfortunate issue of Sir John Moore's campaign, had impressed on the mind of even the most sensible Portuguese (and Spaniards too) an unfavourable opinion of British generalship. What a revolution of sentiment did not three short years produce! The months of March and April brought out strong reinforcements to the British army, which cheered the almost sinking hopes of the doubting Portuguese; but the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley to assume, for the second time, the chief command of the army, dispelled all their apprehensions, so powerful is the magic of a name linked with victory!

The new commander-in-chief, although personally knowing nothing of Sampayo's merits, yet finding him in full possession of the confidence of the public authorities, Portuguese as well as British, with his accustomed sagacity wisely left him to pursue his plans uninterrupted by any specious novelties which a new commissary-general might attempt to introduce. The consequence was, that by Sampayo's "prevoyance" the commander-in-chief was enabled to push on his

army towards the north without other impediments than those which nature presents, and that scantiness of means of transport which was throughout all our Peninsular campaigns a crying evil; but even this grand deficiency had been greatly corrected in course of time by the powerful genius of the great leader of our armies; who, to his fame as the first *Fighting* General of the age, may claim that useful but less shining quality of being the very best *Commissary-General* that ever took the field!

The army halted at Coimbra for its more perfect organization, and distribution into divisions and brigades, which occupied a week. Sampayo accompanied headquarters to this famous city (an epoch in the life of one whose travels into the interior of Portugal never probably extended beyond the cool and balmy shades of Cintra).

Here, then, in the grand Praça, Sampayo was seen, each morning of his sojourn with the army, surrounded by commissaries, quarter-masters, *juiz de toras* (local magistrates), butchers, bakers, bullock-drivers, farmers, and labourers, issuing his various orders and directions with the most imperturbable placidity, in the selfsame well-brushed black coat and vest, the veritable drab kersey breeches, the milk-white stocking and well glazed half boot, a cane under the right arm, and the eternal snuff-box in the left hand, the same complacent smile! there he stood, as if removed by a stroke of enchantment from the Lisbon 'Change to his present position. Next hour he would be found at the Camara, interpreting to those high authorities the wishes or desires of the commander-in-chief, in another kneeling at the feet of the bishop, kissing the sapphire ring which adorned his reverend finger, while invoking his Excellency's benediction on his honest labours; or (what was of much greater value in his—Sampayo's—eyes, highly as he valued the "benedicite") the diocesan pastoral injunction to all his flock (lay and ecclesiastic) to bring forth, without reserve or excuse, their cattle

and the fruits of the earth upon the requisition of the devout contractor!

Of a verity, there was not a man in Portugal, if in Europe, better fitted for the task he undertook. He knew the weak point on which to attack his countrymen, and never let slip an opportunity of pandering to that inordinate vanity which is the national foible. Every man *in office* whose appearance indicated the possession of a *second* shirt was invariably addressed as *Ilustrissimo*, but if boasting of a *third*! he was approached as his "*Excellencia*!" Sampayo's mild and persuasive address, his coolness under every provocation, and his patient perseverance, was with such a people the most certain mode of overcoming every difficulty, and helped to temper the impetuosity of the British authorities in the vain and fruitless attempt to drag on the dull and plodding Portuguese officials into that alacrity which is so totally foreign to their habits, and indeed to their very nature. By such conduct he became popular with all. The generals and staff looked on him as the prince of contractors; with the commissaries he was their magnus Apollo—the golden idol of quartermasters and storekeepers, and only *second* in reverence and respect, to their protector St Antonio with all the farmers, bullock-drivers, and muleteers attached to the army, to whom he was always a liberal friend and a voluntary interpreter on those too frequent causes of complaint by these poor people against the rather sharp practice on their heads and shoulders by their very gallant but unpolished friends and allies from Great Britain.

From this period, until Wellington found it necessary to concentrate his forces within those celebrated *Lines*, (not very correctly named), of "*Torres Vedras*," Sampayo's zeal and activity never slumbered; and when that awful moment did arrive, and one which his sagacity had foreseen and provided for, he felt a confidence in his means and resources to meet the emergency.

Not only the British army, but the Portuguese also, under Lord Beresford, were to be maintained with their usual daily rations. But

relief was demanded for the swarming thousands of houseless, famishing fugitives, who, by the cruel necessities of a state of war, were compelled to abandon their burning residences and desolated lands, now rendered a desert (in order to retard and distress the advancing enemy), and had found a refuge within their lines.

This was the moment of Sampayo's triumph; every eye beheld, and every voice applauded his wisdom and foresight. His magazines were full, to overflow, of all the necessaries of life. Magnificent in extent and convenience as were the public granaries and storehouses, they were found insufficient for the immense quantities of commissariat stores and provisions which were daily landed; churches, convents, and private buildings were assigned over for their reception,—while the Tagus bore on its ample bosom supplies of all the munitions of war to the amount of millions! While the besiegers were eating their horses, the *besieged* were in possession of all the comforts enjoyed by the British soldier under a liberal Government; and never were the splendid resources of Great Britain more proudly, nay, prodigally displayed!

Sampayo's house became the rendezvous of the general and staff-officers, whose duty occasionally led them into Lisbon; his establishment, always respectable, now became more costly; his hospitality was unbounded, and every thing appertaining to his *menage* assumed a more expensive garb. He alone remained unchanged;—his hour had not yet arrived!

Not to dwell on the "thrice-told tale" of the fluctuating events and heart-thrilling vicissitudes of that interesting war; from the moment when the "spoiled child of victory" (as Massena had been designated by his royal master) fled before the more favoured son of *valour* and of *prudence*, to that brilliant period when the all-conquering Wellington turned the fierce tide of war into the heart of proud France, Sampayo enjoyed an unsullied, uninterrupted career of honour, credit, and prosperity!

Various were the calculations on the amount of his property, at the close

of the war in Portugal; some as extravagant above as others were below the reality,—that was, of course, his own secret; but one circumstance became known in a certain circle, which, while it marked the splendour of his acquisitions of wealth, still more strongly proved his noble and generous feelings. To his elder brother, Antonio, who was then advanced in life, and although in affluence, surrounded by a large family,—he owed a debt of gratitude, and it was nobly repaid. On the New-Year's day of 1811, this excellent brother was surprised by the receipt of bills on the British treasury to the amount of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS! the spontaneous, unsolicited gift of his attached and grateful relative!—This was an act which deserves to be recorded for the honour of all parties.

On the final winding up of his accounts with the British Government, it was confidently stated that he had realized a fortune of two millions sterling! besides a debt due by the Portuguese Government on his old claim, and recent contracts of half a million more!

Enormous as this sum must sound in the ears of the uninitiated in the mysteries of great mercantile speculations, to the better informed and calm calculator, it would seem but a very moderate percentage profit on such a vast and long continued outlay. Many of Sampayo's British friends, high in military and diplomatic rank, strongly urged him to transfer himself and wealth to England, the seat of every luxury to the affluent, and of security also. But Sampayo, who often, in his humbler days, pined for the change, had too long luxuriated in those voluptuous pleasures so congenial to his nature and his nation, to abandon them, now that unrivalled wealth placed all his desires within his reach. Besides, he had an innate horror of the rude but honest freedom of John Bull, and a truly Portuguese terror of the license taken by our newspapers, in presuming to gossip, pry into, and expose all the little "fantasies" and "gouts" of their betters. Never did he exhibit such warmth of feeling as on the occasion of the unfortunate investigation on the affair of the Duke of York and Mrs Clarke

in 1809. He literally trampled on the British journals! It was the only one on which his natural or assumed reserve gave way to bursts of indignation. But we are dealing more with his public than his private character; let that pass with the trite remark of that great latitudinarian in morals, Napoleon Bonaparte!—"tout le son gout respectable."

The Portuguese Government, unwilling to lose such a man and such a fortune, threw out a bait which Sampayo's ambition could not resist. He bound himself to Portugal!—and a short time saw him raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Texiera! to which was attached one of the Crown estates for ever; equal in value to the amount of all his claims on Government.

The Peer instantly forsook his books and business; consigning such drudgery to his brothers, he withdrew to the palace which he had purchased on the east end of Lisbon, overlooking the golden Tagus,—a magnificent retreat!—becoming all at once invisible to his commercial, military, and commissariat acquaintances and cronies of the olden time, he never appeared but on State days, when he passed into the glittering circle of the Court, not a dazzling fortunate *parvenu*, but with the cold and dignified air and manner of one born to wealth and title!

The alliance of the richest man in Portugal (and a noble too!) was eagerly coveted by the family of many a proud fidalgo, whose ancient blood would have cuddled at the bare idea of such a mixture in his days of trade! The Baron, although secretly desirous of a noble connexion, was fully aware of these prejudices,—but by his unapproachable *hauteur*, blended with all the affected condescension of the courtier, he awed the pitiful noblesse of that country into admiration of his dignity! The Portuguese sildagoes were ever either tyrants or slaves!

At length, after various preliminaries, and that tedious and extraordinary courtship of the country, which does not admit of any exchange of familiarities beyond a salute of the *hand* between parties destined to pass their lives together,

or even a tender "*tête-à-tête*," the Baron suffered himself to accept the title of son-in-law to the Comte de Penicks, whose little *pecuniary* embarrassments he was allowed the honour of removing.

The Baron, notwithstanding his marriage with a very fine young woman in the earlier part of his life, whom he prematurely lost, and his many little subsequent *attachments*, had never yet been hailed by the endearing name of "Papa!" By the aid of his saints, whom (by his daily prostrations at the adjacent church of *Madre de Deus*) it is presumed he invoked, the young viscondessa, in the course of the second year, presented him with a little Senhor Henrique, to succeed to his wealth and honours. Certain lampooners of Lisbon were pleased to exercise their wit, or probably *malice*, on this occasion; but we shall not rake up the chronicles of scandal to bring the trash to light. How this fortunate god-send was received and celebrated must ever remain a family secret; for the domestic proceedings of a "Casa trobre" are as inscrutable to the eyes of the profane and vulgar as those of the once formidable chambers of the horrid Inquisition. Excepting on the saints' and birth-days of the heads of houses, there are few social assemblages of the friends of families; and even on these occasions, there is an utter absence of all that joyous hilarity with which such anniversaries are marked in other countries. The young folks are obliged to conform to the tedious ceremonies of the evening, equally with their seniors, and have no opportunity for the exchange of thoughts (not always the most pure), except in the movements of the waltz or landoon, and oftener by the language of the eyes and fingers, in which latter mystery the "*mininas*" (or young ladies) are precocious adepts. Thus the rising generation are early initiated into all the arts of hypocrisy and deception, which are the besetting sins of the Portuguese. Hence that licentiousness—that depravity, which marks the career of the young *fidalgo* when once enlarged from the parental roof; hence, too, that deeply-rooted jealousy amongst all classes, which (*it is shocking to admit*) wisely

prohibits even *brothers* or *cousins* from paying those unreserved visits to their female relatives, on which no restraint is laid in countries less tainted with deadly vice! It is by no means a pleasant task to allude to the impurity of morals, either of nations or individuals, but there are some abominations in that land of vice and ignorance on which it is impossible to shut one's eyes, or restrain one's indignation.

On the return to Portugal of João VI., to resume his European throne, the Baron Texiera was, of course, amongst the first of his *order* to render his homage to his gracious master, who was not a little surprised and pleased at the change a few short years had produced in his former petitioner's rank and circumstances. While offering his congratulations to the Baron, his condescension extended to the acceptance of a pinch of snuff from a perfect "*far niente*" of that splendid box which he had so generously presented to him some years before. The only alteration the artist was ordered to make was, the substitution of the face of King João (the ugliest perhaps in Europe) for that of the strikingly handsome Napoleon!—an ebullition of loyalty which enabled the Baron to renew his protestations of duty and attachment, and which were repaid on the moment by the grand cross of the Order of Christ! The probability was, that the ever-cautious Baron had a picture of *Napoleon* (then on the distant rock!) in his secret cabinet, in reserve for future possible events.

The Baron was soon called to the Ministry, and the bureau of finance very judiciously placed in his hands. The affairs of Portugal, however, for some years possessed little interest beyond their local sphere. But at that period, when whispers of conspiracy against the amiable King João, in which a criminal participation was ascribed to his son Dom Miguel—about this period Texiera, who probably foresaw a coming storm, withdrew for a while from public life, on the convenient plea of ill-health. The monarch, apprehensive of danger, retired to a country-seat, a few leagues distant from Lisbon, accompanied by some faithful

peers, while his Ministry were taking measures to defeat the foul intrigues of an unnatural son and a dissolute queen! Standing aloof from all parties, the Baron found ease and recreation in the splendours of his magnificent abode, which, to its internal comforts, possessed the additional luxury of extensive gardens, pleasure grounds, and parks.

On the suppression of this alleged conspiracy against his liberty (some say his life) and throne—the deportation of the ungracious prince, the banishment of some, and the imprisonment of others, of his evil advisers—the almost broken-hearted João once more returned to his capital. On his route he was received with every demonstration of respect and attachment by his loyal subjects, whose affection for his person was deep and unaffected. When within a couple of leagues of Lisbon, the royal *cortège* was met by Texiera, who, descending from his carriage with unusual alacrity, instantly threw himself on his knees before his Sovereign, and tendered, with his loyal duty, his life and fortune at his Majesty's command. This might have been about as sincere an offer as others of a similar nature in a country we are better acquainted with; but it was not without its effect, or instant reward. The King desired to know from his lords in waiting the name of the village in which this loyal rencontre occurred, and being informed "*Povo*," commanded the kneeling Baron to "*Rise! CONDE DE POVO*." After hand kissing and congratulations, the *Conde* took his place in the cavalcade, and on his arrival in the suite of his royal master in the capital, received the usual greetings of his friends and all the foreign Ministers.

His palace on that, and the two succeeding nights of general illumination, shone like a meteor of light. He sent one hundred mill reas* to each of the convents of monks in Lisbon and its vicinity for a display of fireworks and rockets, these reverend padres being, time out of mind, the most scientific professors of the polytechnic art. Happy had they always confined their talents to this harmless science. The *Conde*

did not omit to send a liberal benefaction to the church and hospital of Sr João; but with all his gratitude and enthusiasm, he was averse to entering into ministerial connexion with the Government—his keen perception discovered the seed of future troubles for Portugal.

The death of the weak but amiable king, the proclaiming of Dom Pedro, the subsequent abdication of that wayward scion of royalty (into whose brief life so many extraordinary events were compressed) in favour of his infant daughter; the usurpation of the crown of Portugal by the faithless Miguel; the transportation to the most pestilential quarters of the globe, of some, and the sacrifice of others of his formerly respected friends, did not elicit from the wary *Conde de Povo* the slightest outward demonstration either of regret or approbation. At the period of the voluntary contribution, or rather forced loan, the *Conde's* great wealth pointed him out to the satraps of the Cabinet as a tempting prey; but his voluntarily contributing a sum equal to £20,000 sterling anticipated compulsory measures.

Time wore on, and strange events arose. He lived to see the beloved Miguel (as his sycophants named him) driven from the throne and the country which he equally disgraced, and once more "*Imperial Majesty*" (without an empire) exercise the functions of royalty on behalf of his daughter-Queen; at length that illness, which it is believed was at first assumed for a political purpose, now appeared in alarming reality. Now was the moment for that domestic solace and careful attendance which the stricken sinner requires; but the *Conde* was not a man whose habits or tastes could enjoy the sweets of unsophisticated tenderness, even if such had been within his reach, which the gossip of the day denied. Be that as it may, he sunk into the tomb at a period of life, when, under another order of affairs, domestic as well as political, it might have extended to a good old age. Take him for all and all, he was a man of extraordinary talents, profound worldly wisdom,

* A dollar and quarter each.

great foresight, and of the most consummate address, which he had the tact to adapt to those whom he addressed with singular felicity and success. Without the advantages of classical education, and the limited knowledge of only two languages, his own and the English, his deficiencies never appeared in conversation or in argument. His boundless hospitalities, his evenness of temper, or suavity of manner, could not fail to make him many friends; but far, and above all his good points, his perfect knowledge of the English language proved the ladder by which he ascended to the pinnacle of fortune; from being at first useful, he became in the course of time indispensable! His disposition presented the anomaly of the most inordinate covetousness to acquire wealth, with an equally powerful desire to expend with a generosity approaching to prodigality. His domestic expenditure before his advance to the peerage was liberally profuse, and his benevolence was unfettered by any cold considerations. He never saw distress without bestowing his ready relief; and although, like all Portuguese, obsequious even to servility towards those above him, he never exacted that homage from those beneath; he was a kind master, a liberal dealer, and a generous friend. With all his gravity he could relax at his own table, not only enjoy, but really tell, a good story at the cheerful board; but then, never until his younger brothers had retired. His faults (perhaps they deserve a stronger term) were few, but they were those of his nation, and his unrestrained indulgence in licentious habits, ultimately hurried him from life in premature decrepitude and decay; his virtues we have given him due credit for, and they were all his own.

Of the junior members of the Sampayo family, the next in rank and seniority to the Conde, was the late Senhor Francisco, his head-clerk and manager of accounts for several years. He was known in this country for the last fifteen or sixteen years as having been Portuguese consul-general, and latterly chief agent and secret "ministre" to that libel on royalty Dom Miguel. This gentleman (lately deceased)

was intimately known to most of the staff-officers in the British and Portuguese service who had served last war, as the kind, the ever-ready and obliging "*little Frank Sampayo*," a Lusitanian dandy, to whom every fresh arrival from England brought a remount of coats, hats, and pantaloons, of the very latest fashion.

The usurper Miguel, not being acknowledged by our Government, sent Francisco Sampayo (who with all the juniors of the family added that of "*Texiera*") as consul. He was not *recognised*, although tacitly permitted to exercise the duties of that office. On the deposition and disgrace of his master, Dom Pedro sent a legitimate consul to supersede him, and Senhor Francisco's functions ceased; but he was still the secret organ of communication between the exiled Dom and his noble and honourable friends in this country. His family now say that he had been honoured with the dignity of a Baron by Miguel. If such was the fact, he was guilty of the modesty (very rare with a vain Portuguese) of concealing his honours; for no one (at least publicly) had heard of this promotion until a late announcement of his death, under the title of "*BARON TEXEIRA DE SAMPAYO*!" There is a Conde de Sampayo in Portugal, of ancient and renowned family, but to whom this family cannot claim the remotest connexion.

Not one of the Sampayos possessed a scintilla of the talents of Henrique, and their deficiencies were often deplored by their highly-gifted brother in those moments of confidential friendship, in which he unfolded his inmost thoughts to one who long enjoyed his esteem, and who was his British correspondent for very many years after the war. Poor little Francisco's prosperity did not sit gracefully upon him; he became inflated with his wealth. The newspapers stated that he died possessed of a fortune in British and foreign funds to the startling amount of nearly six hundred thousand pounds! His three younger brothers will no doubt become sharers in this new windfall, in addition to the already too liberal (for their stations) provision made for them by their noble brother on his deathbed.

SONNETS ON THE OFFICES AND FORTUNES OF POETRY.

By W. ARCHER BUTLER.

" I do not know what *poetical* is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing? "
As You Like it, Act m. Sc. 3.

THE PRACTICE OF POETRY.

On witching error! Am I but deceived,
 When smit with love of sacred song, I find,
 In the mazed motions of a busy mind,
 That spirit of rarer bliss which men have grieved
 To seek in vain on earth? Too well I know,
 By fits of changefulness and hours of pain,
 My feeble soul strung to a lower strain
 Than those glad souls that circle me: and so
 Out of my very grief I wring a pleasure,
 And being unloved, I love ideal things,
 And not possessing, hope: while memory flings
 Mists rich with shadowy splendours from her treasure
 Of clouds, around the barren past. I seem
 To men a dreamer. True; and have *they* too no dream?

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

Say, can'st thou paint a picture in thy soul,
 And feed upon its beauty? When thine eyes
 Stray o'er the page where elder bards enrol
 Their treasures, will the vision'd scene arise
 Reflected in thine inward mirror,—skies
 Bright as *they* built their heaven withal, and streams
 Like those that warbling wander'd through *their* dreams?
 If so, the poet's spirit lives again,
 Renascent in thy bosom, blessed one!
 Blest in thy wordless poesy, though pen
 Hath never frozen its flow: Ah, if alone
 Thus murmuring music words may ne'er express,
 Thy dumb thoughts find no echo among men,
 Beloved, thou hast not fame, but thou hast happiness !

POETRY MISTRUSTED.

I bid my soul forsake her ceaseless dream,
 Nor blame the woes of life, but make them *less*,
 The fellow-citizen of man should deem
 To fly the world a gentle selfishness.
 Boast ye this shrine of peace the Muse hath wrought?
 A dome of gilded clouds! Ungrateful thought!
 Hath she not boons bestowed that far outshine
 Her changefulness, her sorrows? Broken views
 Of the unknown Transcendent—the Divine,
 And those immortal longings that infuse
 The God into our human souls, were mine
 When boyhood little ween'd that these were "dews
 Of Castalie" so famed, and could not count
 Nor can, the truant steps that bore it to the fount.

POETRY IN ACTION.

To deem in every heart thy heart reflected,
 To see in every face thy wishes met,
 To dare awakening a tranced world, to set
 Thy soul as Truth's high bulwark heaven-erected :
 To hope that tyrants may be taught to feel,
 That blind resistance can be taught to know,
 That proud weak man, however taught, will show
 Fealty to aught but sin, to aught else learn to kneel :
 To love, and in the appetence of love
 To deem thyself beloved, to doubt, discover,
 Despair, and die : to be—the vision over—
 Scorn'd by the more than dead that creep above
 The grave of him who too much loved the light,—
 This is to *live* the verse I only dare to *write*.

THE IMPULSE OF POETRY.

What then still binds the Poet to his page ?
 Feelings that there alone are not disguised,
 That may be uttered, never realized ;
 His thoughts his own, his actions with his age.
 Know that he breathes not the dull present time,
 But peopling the unlimited vacancy,
 Fills the twin spheres of Hope and Memory,
 With the quick creatures of immortal Rhyme ;
 And graver spirits fashioned of pure thought,
 Of Contemplation urgent for the truth,
 Of Love that hath eternity of youth
 In good men's breasts, of Peace that comes unsought,
 Yet will not come implored ; with these He lives,
 Pitying a lifeless world where he alone survives.

AN HUMBLER ASPECT OF THE SAME TRUTH.

Too daring words ! I feel the mute dissent !
 The kindly seriousness of thy meek eyes
 Uttering to mine their unexpressed replies,
 Pleads gently for a lowlier sentiment.
 Breathe it its own meek spirit on my lay !
 Be He alone the poet in whose strain
 The soul divine of sympathetic pain
 Feels, suffers with our suffering human clay.
 Ah ! greatest far of poets was the man
 Whose form enshrouding immanent Deity
 Mourned from the cradle to the cursed tree,
 While still his speech, investing as it ran
 In holiest Idyls lessons pure and deep,
 Told of the vines, the birds, the lilies, and the sheep ! *

THE CREED OF POETRY.

Obscurely bright the glories of our being,
 And vigil'd from on high ! Hope, Peace, and Love,

* Matt. vi. 26, 28. xviii. 12. xxi. 33, &c.

An heavenly sisterhood unseen, all-seeing,
 Enfold its birth ; while Wisdom's matron dove
 Unbinds the silvery whiteness of its pinions
 Above the cloud of dreams that vests our path,
 Where float that Triad in their dim dominions,—
 Unknown, beloved ! to some ; but he who hath
 The vision penetrant of Poesie
 Beholds the mystic spirits of our life,
 Hope gleaming smiles upon uncertainty,
 Peace heaving slow the wand that stilleth strife,
 And Love—winged, laughing spirit ! bright and free,
 'Twining the flowery wreaths that link my heart to thee !

THE DEATH OF POETRY.

From the mute wilderness that hath no name,
 Mysterious glooms, and vision-haunted woods,
 Realms that were his alone and Solitude's,
 A stranger came—wo that he ever came !
 The world beset him and they gave him fame,
 And he was dazzled ; but these glittering goods
 Poison'd the springs of his diviner moods,
 And his exultings sicken'd into shame.
 He could not breathe their air, and so he died.
 Then was he buried in an alien land,
 And dark Hypocrisy upheld the bier,
 Dull Avarice forcing the forgotten tear,
 And Envy holding curses in her hand,
 With cold Indifference linked and hollow-hearted Pride !

ITS REVIVAL AND IMMORTALITY.

The powers that quicken earth, air, sea with thought,
 The fiery spirits of the universe,
 These, the true mourners of the Faerie's hearse,
 Unseen came near, his tombless essence caught,
 And bore him, while even haggard Death's lean lips
 Smiled sullen, *not* to his forsaken home
 But its bright model in a world to come,
 Unshadow'd bliss and light without eclipse.
 First Hope came near and gazing on him wept,
 Till his dead pulses beat, and then she smiled ;
 And fluttering Joy came near, and sorrowed wild,
 Till new-born breathings told her he but slept ;
 Then follow'd Love, and kissed his sealed eyes,
 And Poesie awoke, awoke in Paradise !

STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

In a late paper on this subject, I may seem to my readers to have followed it too much into obscure corners, and not to have treated it in the broad and general signification of the title prefixed. I think, however, I can justify the plan I have pursued. The great interest which Protestantism in France inspires arises from the hope, that through its influence Christianity may again be revived in that country. To expect this from Catholicism, is to be blind to the glaring fact that Catholicism has alone generated the infidel spirit that reigns there, for superstition and incredulity react upon and alternately produce each other. I am inclined to go even farther than this, and, adding to a truism an assertion, to maintain that Popery subsists by infidelity, and that they must both stand or fall together. For more than the last century the former has kept its ground in France at least, without having any internal strength. During that period a strife has been carrying on between Christian and infidel principles, and to this contention it is that the Roman Church has owed its passive and inert existence. Timid, perplexed, and indolent spirits have, to shun the contest, taken refuge in a haven where they may sleep, amuse, or torment themselves, as seems good, exempt from every exertion of manly emancipated thought. But men's minds are at present almost universally suffering a change. The strife alluded to seems to be drawing towards a crisis; and those who believe that the Gospel is from God, are anxiously watching to see whether this change, when perfected, will not assume a Christian character. There are in France some circumstances which make this appear likely. There has taken place in that country a thorough *break up* of mind; all the old moulds of thought have been burst asunder; the new ones sought to be formed have only proved that "the earth hath bubbles as the water hath;" and the escaped intelligence, roving abroad without a body of organs, a mere element among elements, and therefore in-

capable of aught but destruction, seems to cry out with desperate energy, and with its every voice, "*Who will show us any good?*" To speak more clearly, no one can have attended to the mental phenomena of France for the last twenty years without perceiving that, instead of the expression of a *will* therein, as heretofore, there is only the expression of a *want*. Neither in politics nor in philosophy are there the same determined views, as formerly gave such unconquerable energy and strength to the whole nation. Confidence has departed from reason, and hope from Revolution. Yet, far from a disposition to acquiesce in the interregnum of principle at present existing, there are internal ferments in the heart of society, which are not the less significative, because they appear to have no distinct purpose. The new literature of the country gives vividly back the image of this state of mind. Instead of speaking out in the calm, polished, ironical, self-satisfied tone of the classic time, it breathes the feverish ardour of a distempered heart; a wild fire runs through it; profound but turbid emotions well up from its fountains; and even in its most impious and impure specimens is mingled a strain of—what shall I call it?—not religious sentiment but religious torment. Never do I read a modern French book without feeling at once that it is the production of a very troubled mind. Taste, which formerly distinguished the *belles lettres* of France, is too calm a quality to be at present appreciated; and what is called genius, is nothing but an intoxication and bewilderment among thoughts which ought to be classed separately, but which are wildly shuffled together. In Romance we find metaphysics, in Metaphysics poetry, in History all three. A work pure in its kind, or sane in its conception, it is almost impossible to meet with. Good sense, or what Voltaire called a "*sentiment de convenance*," has been utterly banished; not to be considered tame, an author must be rhapsodical. This character of the

popular literature shows the popular mind to be in a condition unfixed, indeterminate, passionate, having no specific attraction, and yet full of vigour. I do not know whether I shall be understood when I say, that I attribute this to society's having the spiritual aspirations of men on its hands. With these subtle and fiery spirits it knows not what to do. Popery will no longer house them; infidelity has thrown them up; and whilst they continue to wander *ad libitum*, they must needs produce the utmost disorder and frenzy in every train of thought. But this cannot last. Some great gravitating principle has ever drawn nations within its vortex. Not one however, at present, bears rule in France. Infidelity has exhausted its best energies, and driven away into mysticism, which is also *intransigence*. The rush that was made lately towards St Simonianism, and that not by the vulgar, but by men highly educated, and many of them very distinguished authors, proves what an intense desire and tendency there is among Frenchmen to adopt some religious creed. I cannot forbear, therefore, to think, that the Gospel will at last attract their vagrant intellect. Christianity, even as Catholicism, has, thanks to the genius of Mons. de Chateaubriand, been relieved from the blight which the withering jeers of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists cast upon it. Since this good service has been performed, the light in which it has been viewed by Frenchmen has been curiously puzzling. They have been attracted towards it, and repelled, captivated, and disgusted. Whenever a glimpse of the gospel has allured, a blotch of Popery on its face has driven them back. Their minds are in a strait about it which is truly pitiable. They can neither reject nor receive it, neither confound it with Mahometanism or any other mighty fabric of superstition, as was done heretofore, nor adopt it as a revelation purely divine; but with neutralized feelings, and at a respectful distance, they are content to regard it with mingled admiration and aversion. In this disposition, however, there is no hostility. I believe, on the contrary, that the

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words "we would if we could" would aptly express the sentiments of all serious Frenchmen with respect to their adoption of the Christian creed. During the last year a still farther progress has been made. Monsieur Michelet, who has succeeded Monsieur Guizot as historical lecturer at the Sorbonne, has delivered lectures touching the Reformation, taking so favourable a view of the characters of the reformers, that the Archbishop of Paris complained that they were calculated to promote heresy, and interfered that they might be put a stop to. Mons. St Marc Girardin has also lectured in the same sense, so truly in the spirit of the reformed faith, that extracts from his lectures have been published in all the Christian journals of France. Both of these gentlemen are engaged at present in works relative to the Reformation. Mons. Michelet has lately published memoirs of Luther, of which notice has been taken in this Magazine. This work has created a great sensation in Paris, and is popular beyond any book that has appeared for a long time. Fifteen, ay, or ten years ago, to write of Luther, with a view to drawing attention towards his character and doctrine, would have been considered as a proof of imbecility or bigotry; but now our great reformer is a favourite in the salons of the French metropolis, and his memory, the object of affectionate admiration to men, all of whose antecedent thoughts and sympathies have been purely infidel. This surely is a sign of the times. The writers of the daily press, too, are beginning to perceive that civil liberty is inseparably connected with the doctrines of the reformed creed; and one meets frequently with articles on that subject, in certain journals, which, considering where they are found, are as strange and startling as they are gratifying. In brief, there are observable many indications of an approaching *saï* in the French mind towards Christianity. As a source of increase to this happy tendency, one looks naturally to the Protestant national Church of the country. But in this quarter, I am sorry to say, little hope

is apparent at present. The origin of this Church explains completely its character. Its existence marks not the triumph of irrepressible convictions, but is a cold official record of a despot's good pleasure. No fervent arduous zeal, no enthusiastic will to make religious truth victorious, went forth to its building up, but it came as a boon to a prostrate people, who, far from having strength to conquer, had hardly strength to desire it. An old broken party of fugitive, recreant, disgraced, and spiritless men, were called together by Napoleon, and made the object of an administration which had the outward appearance of a worship. But the ancient feudal Protestantism thus dug up, after its warrior spirit and spiritual life had long departed from it, was and is nothing more than a bloodless, marrowless spectre. Deriving its existence from a government, it has never known any other life than that which a government can impart. Conventions are alien to an establishment of this kind, for it does not spring out of them, neither are they transmitted to it. The wide interval of time that elapsed between the abolition and re-establishment of the reformed worship was sufficient of itself to debauch the minds of the descendants of the primitive French Protestants from the purity of their creed. Their relaxed attention to it, in an atmosphere of superstition and infidelity, made it naturally fade away into a colourless prevaricating rationalism. It would have been almost impossible for them, in such a position, to have preserved a vivid unadulterated faith. That they kept themselves separate at all from infidels and Romanists, as they did in almost undiminished numbers, is rather a matter of wonder. As might have been expected then, a pale reminiscence of the Gospel was all that survived the long per-

secution. The teachers were not better off, in this respect, than their flocks. Instead of the decided views and doctrines entertained by their fathers, a timid and superficial philosophy, which is neither Christian nor infidel, but which neutralizes both, is the ground to which their cowed spirits have retreated. The Reformation, as represented by such men, must needs appear to the last degree unattractive and unimportant;* and to the material existence of Protestantism, in its actual state in France, I attribute it that its doctrines have not, especially of late years, since infidelity has been on the wane, been deemed worthy of more attention. It is true that some pet and quickening airs from England and Geneva have latterly blown freely over the languor of certain churches, and there are at present symptoms of an extensive religious revival. Still, the general character of the Church being such as I have described, I became speedily aware that I must look elsewhere than in the national temples and congregations for what I came to find—a bright, active, zealous Christianity, full of spirit and power as well as sobriety and soundness. This I have followed, and it has led me into secluded spots, and among humble individuals, who have nothing but their faith to make them worthy of notice. In these little societies, which I have been led to frequent and to study, I place my hope that spiritual life may again be infused into the National Establishment; that French Protestantism may thus be *retempered* in the Gospel; and have a church truly Christian, occupying an extensive territory, and recommending itself to the reason and conscience of the whole nation. There are actually in France about a million and a half of Protestants, enjoying an established worship; and yet this great body

* A passage in Mr. Bulwer's book on the monarchy of the middle classes, confirms the views I take of Protestantism in France in the above particulars; but what I deplore, Mr. Bulwer seems to think quite right. "The French Protestants," he says, "are called Calvinists and Lutherans; but the Calvinists profess few of the doctrines of Calvin, and the Lutherans few of the doctrines of Luther. The confession of faith belonging to the old French Reformed Church has lost its force, and no promise or profession as to his dogmas is exacted from the minister on ordination."

makes no impression whatever on the general population. They exist as though they existed not—they are completely *overlooked*. If the active character of the Gospel and the Reformation were impressed, only in a moderate degree, on the sluggish mass, their influence would go farther towards changing and Christianizing the moral condition of their countrymen than any other cause it is possible to imagine.

In continuance of my last paper on this subject, the first place to which I shall introduce my readers is Tullins. This is a town about four leagues distant from Grenoble. It has a population amounting to about four thousand inhabitants; but, though this is not inconsiderable, its character is rather that of an overgrown village than of a bourg. Commerce, properly so called, there is none, unless flaxcombing be dignified with that title. Its inhabitants are nearly all farmers and husbandmen; they enjoy generally very easy circumstances, and have some individuals among them extremely rich. Yet they are all, in the best and strongest sense of the word *rustics*. Their ignorance, however, not being united with poverty and want, is not vicious. Rural occupations, and an abundance of the necessaries of life, have kept their manners pure. The proof, and certainly one of the chief causes of this, is apparent in the fact that *gendarmes* are never stationed or seen in the town, nor has a single national guard of the place ever equipped himself with a uniform or been called into service. Three years ago every inhabitant of this primitive spot was a Roman Catholic. At about that time a missionary was sent there by the Continental Society. He was, however, so ill received, that no one would allow his house to preach in. He was obliged to hold his first meetings in a wine-cellar. At present there is in the town one of the most remarkable Protestant churches of France. The first converts had been, as has usually happened, bigoted but sincere Papists. They amount to fifty in number. This may appear to my readers inconsiderable; yet I can assure them it has never

been my lot to meet in any part of the world *half as many* of the same stamp united in one society. Half a score of such form generally the *salt* of a mixed multitude of professors. The Gospel not having been taught these men from their infancy, it has come upon them suddenly as a revelation of surprising things, and the impression made on them is so vivid—undimmed—undaunted by equivocal examples—that their faith, to use the most appropriate expression I can find, *sparkles* in their whole demeanour. In fact they have not contemplated the Gospel through the medium of men—a medium so cloudy, so perverting, so repelling; but have sought it directly, where alone it is to be found, pure, beautiful, and powerful, in the New Testament. I passed several days with this singularly interesting society. The pastor has a meeting at his house twice or thrice a-week, for his whole flock, when the Scriptures are read, and hymns are sung, and there is prayer. I was present at two of these meetings; and I can safely say that I never saw any where decorum and reverent attention so happily blended with an expression of deepest religious emotion. Throughout my whole tour I have not met with the slightest symptom of fanaticism. Every where the newly converted people seem to be *on their guard* against it, being warned that it is the danger to which their inexperienced fervour chiefly exposes them. I begin, however, to think that fanaticism has always been the work of artful religious demagogues, and has never arisen of itself out of the chastened enthusiasm which Christianity inspires. The members of the new church at Tullins unite with their zeal a conduct in their daily avocations so exemplary, that they have the good word of all the inhabitants. The fraternal affection and close family communion which binds them together strikes and captivates attention, and they are not so separated from those who partake not their convictions as to exclude benevolence. The smallness of the community in which they live prevents that unhappy contraction of sympathy within a particular circle which too often characterises

professors in other parts of the world. They are necessarily obliged to mix in their daily labours indiscriminately with their townsmen, and their religious sentiments being thought so strange and remarkable, they are constantly called upon to explain them. They are therefore *misunderstood*, and universally respected; and I believe would be joined by many, if mere approbation of their opinions entitled one to become a member of their society. But, as there is a great distance between approving of certain propositions, and cordially adopting them as vital truths, none will venture to incorporate themselves with the new converts, whose minds, or at least desires, are not wrought up to the same pitch of devotion as theirs are. This is all right. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that the meanness of their place of meeting deters numbers from frequenting it. A place where the Gospel is preached in France ought at least to have some semblance to a building intended for public worship,—otherwise the worship itself has a “hole-and-corner” air, and can scarcely command respect. A room, of shabby appearance and of difficult access, at present serves the Protestant congregation of Tullins for their chapel. This congregation has been called into existence by the instrumentality of the Continental Society, in a spot the most promising for the spread of a truly Gospel Christianity. It only remains now, in order to give this work the character of durability, to record solidly the noble deed, and impart to it efficiency and perpetuity, to erect a building there where one has never yet existed, for the solemn services of the New Reformed Church. The actual flock are themselves too poor to do this. Religious societies may have other and more pressing calls upon their funds. It is good, nevertheless, to mention the want of a temple in this place, as one of the utmost importance. Indeed I regard Tullins, and every thing connected with its young church, as demanding the most particular attention. It is a centre to a multitude of villages and hamlets, in all of which the power of Popery is extinct, though its name

and forms remain, and, like the ghastly walls of an edifice untenanted with life, throw their black shadows over the land. That the church of Rome is truly at present but a great stalking phantom, inspiring neither dread nor respect, the experience of the *Colporteurs* has proved to me. I fell in with two of these humble but effective agents at Tullins. They had just arrived from traversing the range of mountain country between Grenoble and that place, selling New Testaments and tracts. They related, in one of the meetings above mentioned, their adventures during the last week. Every where they had been well received, and in some villages with the utmost cordiality. Sometimes in the places where they lodged the people of the house refused to take any thing for their entertainment. They told us that several families had received the Gospel with so much avidity, that they (the *Colporteurs*) were hardly suffered to retire to rest, but whenever they proposed to do so, were asked to read one chapter more out of the New Testament, and continue their conversations. In one hamlet it had been determined that some of the principal villagers should go to Tullins and beg the pastor of that place to come and preach to them. Not, however, to make too much of a marvel of all this, I must add, that throughout my tour in many spots I have occasionally encountered *Jansenists*, and I am inclined to believe that in the particular region of which I am now writing, they are numerous. It is needless, perhaps, to remind my readers, that in the most essential doctrine which divides Popery from the Reformation, viz. the doctrine of free grace, the Jansenists are thoroughly Protestant. But what is surprising, I have never found that Jansenism has been taught by the priests. On the contrary, the few of this persuasion I have met with have been those who gave no honour to the priests. Of the word Jansenism they had also never heard till I brought it to their ears, and I did not think it worth while to explain to them its signification. I am forced, therefore, to attribute their adoption of a doctrine never expounded to them to a

sincere feeling of piety, which leads indeed directly to it. Wherever I have met Papists who have been really pious, they have been Jansenists; and I have been always of opinion that the Reformation was marred a second time in France, blighted in its bud, by the unhappy miracles at the tomb of the *Abbé de Paris*. Owing to the slight sprinkling of Jansenism which one finds almost every where, not among the priesthood but among the people; Popery in that country, even when it is bigotted, has not the bitter, ferocious character it exhibits in Spain and in Ireland. The *Colporteurs* I have spoken of assured me that the opposition they met with was so slight as hardly to deserve mention. And here it may be as well to inform my readers what description of men these *Colporteurs* invariably are. They belong always to the humblest rank in life. The two I met were, the one a disbanded soldier, and the other by trade a wheelwright. The latter had not abandoned his ordinary calling, but when work is scarce, he takes his knapsack, filled with Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, and traverses the country to sell them for the Continental or Evangelical Society. It is a very good sign that there are so many men of this class of life so unequivocally pious and well conducted, that they can be sent in couples almost over every tract of the south, and many in the north, on a mission which requires so much temper and prudence. Let no one feel a sentiment of disdain towards these lowly servants in a great cause, for *colportage* is the only means which can possibly be imagined as adapted to carry the Bible in every various direction over the whole surface of France. Without exaggeration I may say, that the French nation have hitherto remained as ignorant of this book as Mahometans are. The removal of this ignorance must of itself effect an immense change in their character. By the diffusion of the Scriptures, Christianity will be discovered *popularly* not to be identified with Popery; this distinction, made widely and generally, must lead directly to the result aimed at; and the method and instrumentality employed to effect this mighty purpose bear up-

on them the marks which, according to all analogy between providential interpositions immediately relating to the Christian dispensation, they ought most emphatically to have, viz. great humbleness and apparent meanness in the agency made use of. It is this reflection that makes one linger with so much hope over spots which, if they had not so much of promise in them, would lose a great deal of their interest. Tullins is one of these. There is in its immediate neighbourhood, at a hamlet about a league distant, several converted Roman Catholics, among whom there is a whole family very zealous, whose house serves for a little church to the villagers who are disposed to assemble there and hear the New Testament read. I accompanied, one Sunday, the pastor of Tullins to another village at a greater distance, where he preached to about fifty persons, the whole population, I should think, of the place. These persons had not been previously warned of the pastor's intention to visit them, they came to hear him spontaneously, almost without an invitation. The great majority of the inhabitants of all these villages are Roman Catholics. Some nominal Protestants, however, there are; that is, persons without any religion, or any form of worship whatever. Where Protestants in France are not sufficiently numerous, they can neither have a church nor pastor of the national establishment. It happens, therefore, in many parts that there are a multitude of scattered individuals whose fathers belonged to the Reformed faith, but who are themselves abandoned altogether to the most brutal and hardening ignorance, which they take a pride in, believing it to be derived from their ancestors, and to be a badge of their race. I must not omit to mention, in concluding what I have to say about Tullins, that a Catholic priest, who from conscientious motives has thrown up his office, though he has not yet separated himself from his church, has taken refuge among its little flock. This circumstance is chiefly remarkable, that it has not provoked the priesthood of the town into any manifestation of hostility. The apathy thus shown characterises both the

priests and their parishioners in that place; and nothing can prove so clearly that the power of the Church of Rome is an illusion passed and gone for ever, as that it cannot retain its influence over populations the most simple and primitive, and therefore most disposed towards credulity and priestly subjection. The reason of this is, that every doctrine of that church, and its every rite and ceremony, has some popular joke or obscene anecdote for its *pendant*, and laughter most effectually kills devotion, when devotion arises not out of rational convictions, or homely intelligible truths, but has for its object *mysteries* which one is forbidden to examine into. A creed built up of mysteries addressing themselves exclusively to the imagination, is a frail and delicate thing, for the moment they are associated with ideas impure or ridiculous, their poetry has gone out of them, and their virtue along with it.

Grenoble is a city about four leagues distant from Tullins. It contains from about thirty to forty thousand inhabitants. There is a Protestant temple there, and a small Protestant population; but although there has been a faithful and able minister of the gospel exercising his ministry for more than thirteen years within its walls, his exertions have hitherto produced no results. I might attribute this to many second causes, but choose rather to refer it to one which is almost universal in its operation, viz. to the general character of French provincial towns. These exhibit neither the comparative simplicity and purity of rustic life, nor the activity and intelligence of a great city. The vices of a metropolis are brought to them most effectually by a garrison, or a public school, or theatres, whilst the mind, the genius, the enterprising spirit, and commercial, literary, and political agitations which preserve large populations from utter stagnation and corruption, are only to be found in the capital. Every thing of the smallest promise which the provinces may produce is transported immediately to Paris. They are reduced to a state of mere animal life. Mayors, *prefets*, and *commandants de place* form their high "nota-

bilities," and make them feel that they are merely *appendant* on the great metropolis, and have no independent local character or consequence. We whose happy land is covered over with cities, all of which have a distinct importance in themselves and are fountains of intelligence and active life, whose men of wealth, genius, and philanthropy, are to be found busy and enthusiastic in all parts of the empire, and whose *mind* is not attracted towards, and kept strongly within one centre, but diffused over the whole territory, can hardly conceive of the death of intellect, and the deadness to every generous impulse consequent thereupon, to which the monopoly of Paris reduces the provincial towns. These are, in truth, nothing but a multitude of *bureaux d'administration*. I feel quite convinced that the centralizing system has even a worse effect upon the moral than upon the political condition of the French people. Whatever subject one may be considering, this system constantly presents itself as the source of every evil. By it the provinces are drained of all that is good. Every man capable of making an impression on the people betakes himself to Paris, where he loses all originality, and all power of serving his country. Those who remain behind form mere vegetating communities. They receive, nevertheless, all the corruptions of the capital; its filthy scum flows over upon them. Such populations, stagnant, stupid, and depraved, afford a very ungrateful soil for a preacher of the gospel. A simple, good man, especially if he have no great power of eloquence, which must generally be the case, can hardly make the pure and spiritual truths he announces acceptable to such audiences as he will be likely to find. That his doctrine comes not from Paris will generally be quite sufficient to persuade them that it is utterly unworthy of attention. The French people acknowledge that in the olden time they blindly and stupidly idolized their *grande monarchie*, still more blindly and stupidly do they at present idolize their *grande ville*. A whole nation of thirty-two millions lies prostrate as a victim before one city, which has

ever been its curse; the active, zealous, energetic propagandist of the deadliest moral pests over the empire. Unless the centralizing system be broken up, a philanthropist would almost wish, even at the expense of a revolution, that federal governments should be established in France. If Lyons were, as it ought to be, the metropolis of the south, then would all the cities of that beautiful region burst into new life. A vast tract of territory, so fertile, so rich in natural resources, so prolific in genius (for most of the greatest men of France have been Southern), would not then present a surface abandoned to mere animal and mechanical existence. To prosper in any, and in every sense, a nation should be of small circumference, or have many centres of action. A remote influence is always a blight upon individual exertion and distinctive character. The condition of Grenoble, which is the condition of almost every town of France of the same *calibre*, has suggested to me these reflections. Though a handsome well-built city, and surrounded by one of the finest landscapes in the kingdom, so picturesque that its superb hills and luxuriant valleys remind one of Switzerland,—it is but a sink, a foul suburb of Paris. The reckless military libertinism of a garrison of four thousand men, and the full blossomed vices of the students of its *École de Droit*, with the inane free thinking nonsense of both (the only two orders of men who remain faithful disciples of Voltaire, so low has infidelity fallen), pollute and poison the atmosphere of the town. In it (his birth-place) there is a statue of the Chevalier Bayard; and when I thought of the high chivalric heart of the Knight “without fear and without reproach,” and of the noble and salient impulses which, even with all their wildness and lawlessness, gave a redeeming glory to his age, which fell without partiality upon almost every particular region of the empire, I felt that the feudal system was better than the centralizing one. No single man of mark inhabits Grenoble, or ever comes near it or any of the other French provincial towns, except as a traveller. They are all morally

mere flats; yet am I persuaded that energetic and devoted men might make an impression on them. Reservoirs of dormant waters, as they are, for the use of the capital, they might be moved and impregnated with healing and vivifying virtues by the gospel, as the pool of Bethesda was by the descent of an angel.

I must now pass over several Protestant churches to come to Mens. This little bourg is situated in the department of the Isère. Its site is in a valley among mountains which heave up their heads all around it as boldly and wildly as waves of the sea. The billows of that great ocean of sky-communing pinnacles, the Alps, come as far as here. Nothing can give a more perfect image of quiet and repose than does the tiny-looking town—a little nest of thatched houses, lying in a soft lap of land in the midst of the gigantic scenery about it. Though there is a good road to the place, public carriages never traverse it, for the steep ascents and descents are so constant, that it has been found impracticable to do so. Mens is thus cut off from all intercourse, not absolutely necessary, with the great world. It has a population of about two thousand five hundred inhabitants, half of which are Protestant, and half Roman Catholic. I was attracted towards the spot as the first scene of Neff's labours. It and the neighbourhood about it was, as he called it himself, “the land of his affections,” and certainly these affections have been well returned. All things are here of him. The inhabitants consider him as their apostle, and speak of him with an overflowing abundance of heart, which shows how deeply his active love towards them has sunk into their memories. His letters and scraps of his hand-writing are preserved by numerous and affectionate disciples, and exhibited before strangers as the curiosities the most worthy of interest which the country affords. In every society, in every meeting held for religious purposes, one hears some of his striking popular remarks, or some anecdote relating to him repeated, which, though heard perhaps many hundred times, never fail to produce a visible effect. When one contrasts

what Mens, from all accounts, *was*, with what it *is*, one understands the ardent gratitude and veneration in which the name of the man who produced so great a change is held. When Neff first visited this place, its inhabitants were as barbarous as their abode is remote from civilisation. In such intense brutality were they sunk, that when he, whom they now hold so dear, began to preach to them, he was hoisted after in the streets by the mob, who set up the impious cry "*I has Jesus Christ.*" The earnest eloquence, unflinching perseverance, and painful self-sacrificing labours, which he devoted day and night, not to his own interests, but to theirs, soon, however, drew great numbers to him by a kind of magnetic attraction; and so greatly was he beloved at last, that he used to say, "These people love me too much, surely they do not understand me." It is singular that Neff, though he inspired so much enthusiasm, felt very little himself; he was never elated, a strong will made him triumph, and strong convictions kept him incessantly active; but this will, as his whole life proves, had not even a *shadow* of personal motives to stimulate it, and these convictions brought with them little of personal joy. He used to say, "I show others the streams, but I have no refreshment from them myself;" and when one complained to him of a similar state of mind as an excuse for slackened exertion, he said, "The way for a man perishing in the snow to warm and rescue himself is not idly to complain, which will only bring his calamity to a fatal crisis, but to hasten to the succour of his companions in a like condition." So arid and black was his internal experience at times, that he declared often to his intimate friends that he thought himself so worthless an instrument that, "when God had done with him, he would break him to pieces." The providential and merciful design of such painful thoughts, which the holiest men have ever been subject to, is evident. St Paul had his thorn in the flesh, and he has told us *why*. It is only in death that such characters are sensible of their great triumph, as was Neff. He died of hunger, in its acutest tortures, not

being able to receive any sustenance from the diseased state of his stomach, but his mind was ascendant over his bodily sufferings, and his last written and spoken words were, "*I ascend to my Father in perfect peace; Victory, victory, victory!*" This remarkable man, though he did so much for Mens, found always a party there so strongly opposed to his views, that he felt it necessary at last to quit the spot and repair to the high Alps. His sojourn at Mens was not long, yet, brief as it was, it sufficed to strike out a work and communicate an impulse which has made its church the most zealous, perhaps, and the most effective certainly of any in France. This church belongs to the national establishment, and affords an example of the immense advantage which a state worship, when truly fulfilling its design, has over detached or sectarian congregations. The appearance of order, regularity, decency, and respectability which it exhibits, contrasts pleasingly, yet painfully, with the exterior meanness and distressing shifts and anxieties which all the churches I had previously visited labour under. Nothing brought this contrast more strongly out than the temple in which the public services are performed. It is an ample building, conveniently fitted up, and was formerly a chateau of the famous Lesdesguieres. To sit within its walls in the hours of Sabbath worship was a luxury to me after having been accustomed, during my tour, to the scarcely decent rooms in obscure corners in which I found gospel ministers and their flocks obliged to take refuge. Protestantism, indeed, at Mens has its genuine respectable aspect. It is neither represented by a dead form nor by a seemingly disgraced and outcast sect. If it existed elsewhere, in places less remote and more populous, as it does here, it would soon *tell* upon the nation. The Protestant inhabitants of the town amount in number to about twelve hundred. Of these three hundred are professors of evangelical principles, and are distinguished by the scrupulous strictness of their conduct. The half of these at least, I should think, are persons whose piety is far deep-

er than any external demeanour can show it. I do not know whether I should not include in this calculation many of the inhabitants of the surrounding hamlets. All that I can positively say, is, that by a great proportion of the small community, greater perhaps than I have mentioned, religion is considered the great and important business of life. Never have I entered any place where it seemed to be so paramount. Almost every spot, however obscure, has something peculiar to distinguish it; either its site, or its commerce, or its manufactories, or its historical renown. Mens has none of these, but it has an attraction above them all: its staple commodity is the gospel. Besides the regular church services, there are held in the town three religious meetings on week-day evenings, at which one or other of its two pastors, and generally both, are present, and preside by turns. These meetings are held sometimes at one house and sometimes at another, and are always fully attended. The pastor opens them by reading a chapter from the Bible, after a hymn and a short prayer, which is followed by a familiar exhortation to the company. All then are at liberty to make any remarks that may suggest themselves, and a conversation, which is always grave, simple, and instructive, ensues. This lasts for about an hour, when one of the society is invited to pray, and, after the prayer, all return home. On Sunday there are also three meetings between the regular services of the temple, two for women and one for men, so that on this day one experiences, without any interval of worldly thoughts, nothing but the delicious mellow emotions of deep piety. It may be thought perhaps that these meetings, with the constant entertainment and excitement of ardent feelings, however pure in their source, may be calculated to overheat the temperament and degenerate into excess. And there would be this danger certainly if the pastors were not men of great sobriety of mind. To give an instance of this, I have only to mention that I was myself promptly silenced when attempting to relate (it was to feel the pulse of an assembly, though

I had no doubt individually of its temperate character) the history of Colonel Gardiner's conversion. Such histories, the pastor told me, he always avoided and discountenanced as tending to produce superstition. Hard labour too, and an unremitting inculcation of *duties*, counteract the evil effects which might arise out of a fervour so frequently alimented. Thus accompanied, warmth of feeling cannot be too diligently fostered, for it is only on a warm substance that the seal of the gospel can affix its ineffaceable impression. In order to facilitate the frequent coming together of the members of the church, there is a house, maintained at the common expense, for the reception and entertainment of the inhabitants of the surrounding hamlets. These persons, though generally suffering no want, have scarcely ever money to spend, their means consisting in the productions of their little farms, not in coin. If, therefore, there were no place in which they could be received without incurring expense they would be completely excluded from the services and meetings I have spoken of. The multitude of villages under the care of the two pastors is very great, probably one hundred and fifty, and these are scattered about at great distances from each other. They are little hives of life which one stumbles on among the hills, sometimes perched upon elevations and sometimes hidden in sheltered nooks, looking always so picturesque, and respiring such profound tranquillity, that one cannot behold them without indulging in Arcadian fancies. Of course it is quite impossible for two pastors to give a sufficient attention to all these hamlets, but they informed me that in eighty of them they had established, in the winter season, schools, and have removed the complete ignorance of the gospel which formerly prevailed in them. One of the pastors goes every Sunday to one of the hamlets, always at a great distance, to preach, whilst the other remains to officiate at Mens. Many of those which are near constitute little churches in themselves—I mean that they hold religious assemblies always on a Sunday, and frequently on a week

day. It is no uncommon thing for the villagers, after having attended the temple service and other meetings at Mens, to return home to their retreats in the hills and conclude the evening by a village *reunion* in their own houses. One may meet groups on a Sunday evening traversing the mountain paths, and chanting together sacred hymns. Such a spectacle gives almost to winter a summer smile. Spots, in which a few years ago the Sundays were devoted to rustic revelling and drunkenness, are now consecrated by the voice of prayer and the song of praise. I visited two of these spots on a week day with one of the pastors, on which occasion we held two *contemporary* meetings. These meetings, took place in a *cowhouse*. Though not compelled to do so by poverty, the villagers always live, during the winter season, under the same shelter as their cows, sheep, and goats, preferring the warm atmosphere produced by this quadruped society to the heat of a fire under their own roofs. I cannot say that I found any thing disgustingly unclean in this, but whatever displeasing impression it might have made on me was more than effaced by the reflection that people so utterly uncivilized, had their hearts brought under a choicer influence than any civilisation can impart, an influence which no refinement can dispense with, and no rusticity, however gross, can hinder from operating. One of the effects of this influence is, that dancing throughout Mens and all its neighbourhood has ceased. Far be it from me to stigmatize this healthful and delightful exercise as in itself vicious. One who refuses to be charmed at the display of grace, beauty, and enjoyment which it is calculated to afford, must appear like a base compound of a monk and a Goth. The dance is the most ancient, universal, and seemingly innocent pleasure that sparkles on the top of the cup of life, whether savage or civilized, rustic or refined. To be young, to feel the joy of existence, and to dance, seem almost synonymous terms. But the danger of this pleasure is, that it more completely unballasts the mind than any other, and spreads at the same time a full

sail to all tingling and thrilling vanities. Taking an epicurean view of life, which consists in deeming it most virtuous to extract, as it were, its otto of roses from existence, and reject as much as possible the rest, it may be considered almost a religious rite, yet I cannot find it in my heart to condemn it. As a popular recreation it would be morose to do so. Only it must be confessed that there are individuals, and even peculiar societies, to whom it would be injurious. There is a deep interior peace of mind built up of a reflective and contemplative habit of thought which every highly wrought excitement, except in singularly happy temperaments, threatens to unseat. It is only natural, therefore, that those who aspire to maintain this state of feeling should shun an amusement which has for its express object to volatilize and dissipate all serious dispositions. I have made these remarks because I have observed that nothing gives generally offence, or checks sympathy towards a very devoted description of Christians, so much as this abstinence from dancing. So far has this been carried at Mens, that, of the three annual balls which formerly took place in the town, not one can at present be got up. The reason of this is, that the Roman Catholic population are determined not to be outdone by the Protestants in piety. The leading members of the Roman church have, therefore, also set their face against popular *fêtes* and amusements. There is no doubt a good deal of piqued Phariseism in this, but the effect, upon the whole, is good, for in order to be consistent with the high pretensions set forth, the inhabitants have no indulgence for any sort of excess or debauchery, and I never knew any place where intemperance of every kind is so much discountenanced, or considered so disgraceful. Emulation between the two churches has produced this result. I should have been glad to have seen this emulation carried further, and to have learnt that the Catholic vied with the Protestant clergy in educational efforts. But I was informed that the priesthood here were hostilely apathetic to instruction, as I had

found them every where else. Till the time of Neff, indeed, education at Mens was utterly neglected, and it was some time before the simple rustics of the country could be persuaded that they would derive any benefit from an ability to read and write. Actually there are in the little town three schools for the Protestants—one *communal* school established by the government, and two gratuitous schools instituted by the pastors. One of these latter is of so important a description that I must dwell on it at some length. It is a normal, or model school, intended to form schoolmasters to be afterwards sent to, and settled in the numerous villages and hamlets throughout the surrounding departments. No school of this kind has ever before existed in these parts. The most excellent pastor of Mens, Monsieur Andre Blanc, one of the first disciples of Neff, and animated with all the zeal and energetic philanthropy of that apostolic man, was the first who, with his coadjutor, foresaw the immense advantage of such an establishment, and, undeterred by the difficulties of the enterprise, got together funds temporarily sufficient to set one on foot. Previously, these two zealous men had been accustomed to instruct schoolmasters themselves, or pay out of their own scanty salaries for their instruction, and then place them in such villages as could be induced to profit by them. This suggested the necessity of a normal school. The great difficulty which the cause of education meets with in France, is the want of persons fit to teach. If the ordinance of the Government, by which it is provided that every *commune* shall have a school, met with no other impediment in its execution (and it does meet with many), this one alone would be sufficient to render it of no effect. A seminary for schoolmasters must therefore be, especially in remote spots, a very great desideratum; and this the model establishment at Mens proposes to furnish to a wide district. The kind of instruction to be there imparted is also exactly what is wanted. Rustics require but little of learning or science. The great qualification for teaching them is the

possession of sound religious knowledge, and this, in the school of Mens, is made of paramount importance. Schoolmasters sent from thence would also, in many cases, have a double task to fulfil; they would be pastors as well as teachers. Ministers of the Protestant Church in France are far too few in number to attend to the whole Protestant population. Of the hundred and fifty villages under the care of the pastors at Mens, hardly more than the one half can be benefited by their ministry, and those can only be visited at distant intervals of time. One may easily conceive, therefore, the incalculable value of an institution which proposes to furnish large tracts of country with masters thoroughly possessed of Christian principles, and zealous for their dissemination. Considering the anxiety which the French Government at present either feigns or feels for the general education of the people, one would think it would have seized at once upon the enterprise of the Mens pastor, and taken it under its own wings, for the project is worthy of state protection and support; but I am sorry to say it has received neither. With the exception of one inconsiderable Government donation, the normal school of Mens has been precariously and meanly maintained by the almost extorted contributions of those who hardly appreciate its design. The pastor assured me that this school alone gives him more trouble and more uneasiness than all the other labours of his ministry put together. Whilst unwilling to abandon so promising a speculation, he is harassed daily to procure funds for its continuance, which he has been able to do hitherto, in a manner miserably insufficient, by a system of begging, as it were, from door to door. What makes him feel particularly sore at the inadequacy of his resources, is the fact, that he has received lately from the departments of the Isere, the Drome, and the Ardeche twenty demands for masters more than he has been able to grant. He believes, however, that, should his school overcome all difficulties and succeed, it would then be endowed by the state with funds for its future

maintenance. At present, though belonging to a national church of France, it is obliged to appeal, in every direction, to Christian philanthropy and liberality for its support.

There is still much, and of deep interest, that I might add of Mens, but if I did, I should render this paper too long. I will therefore conclude this part of my subject by relating a singular, and rather comic fact, which lately happened there. An Englishman of distinction having heard of the fame of its church, determined to visit the spot himself, and ascertain whether all that had been told him was true. From Geneva he traversed the country in his carriage, and having got through the difficult mountain roads, and alighted at the little auberge, which is the best inn of the place, he asked for Monsieur Blanc. A house was pointed out to him where a gentleman so called resided. He entered, introduced himself, and began forthwith to speak of Neff.

"Neff! Neff!" said his host, recollecting himself; "ay, ay, I did formerly know a man of that name."

And then he related many anecdotes of the person so suddenly brought to his memory, very much calculated to produce hilarity at a mess-table, but not much to the honour and glory of an apostle. Having regaled the noble foreigner, who sat mute with astonishment at these stories, Monsieur Blanc called for a pipe, and invited his visitor to take another, and join him in a *petit verre* at a *cappé*. His lordship, or countship, was so terribly and justly shocked at this, and so thoroughly convinced that he had been imposed upon by tales which had not the shadow of a foundation, that he immediately ordered his carriage and returned to Geneva, without making any further enquiries. I need hardly tell my readers that the Monsieur Blanc to whom he had introduced himself, was not the pastor, but a *vieux militaire*, bearing the same name. When I heard the anecdote, the story of Sheridan giving himself out when found drunk in the streets, for Mr Wilberforce, was brought to my mind. I should not have thought it, however, worth mentioning, if the comic adventure had not been

circulated to the disadvantage of Monsieur Blanc the pastor. His first knowledge of its having occurred came in the shape of a letter, enquiring, from a third person, if he, (the pastor) were not subject to fits of absence and light-headedness? The ludicrous mistake having in this manner had the serious consequence of wounding the feelings of one of the most excellent and amiable men that ever did honour to a Christian ministry, and of injuring him, at least for a season, in quarters in which he deserves to be esteemed, I think it only right to state the matter as it really happened.

From Mens I passed into the department of the Diome: I was four days traversing the mountains on foot with a guide. Through these tracts the footpath is sometimes only to be discovered by an experienced eye. It was a dull and heavy course I was making. The landscape all around me was "barren and bare, unsightly, unadorned." The hills in this country cluster so close upon each other, that those beautiful openings and enchanting valleys that mountains generally enclose within their embraces are very rare. Naked and rocky heights, unconscious of all verdure, and, when I saw them, covered with snow, prevent the eye from ranging beyond the melancholy barrier they throw up before the horizon. Cataracts tumbling from their sides, or congealed midway in their descent, and the monotonous raving of frequent currents of water over their stony channels, gave a character of desolation to the scene which was utterly disheartening. I had seen before, in an earlier part of my tour, the snow clouds waving in billowy undulations over a wide expanse of hills, and the mist, the dimness, the smoking vapour that sailed wildly and murkily through the air, imparted, from the very extent of the view, a strange and delightful excitement. The next day perhaps I witnessed the sun breaking through curtains of dense fog, and revealing suddenly thrones which stretch into the sky, whose summits gleamed like huge crests of diamond and alabaster. At such moments I have repeated that line of Ovid, "*Os homini*

sublime dedit, celumque tueri, jussit," and thought I understood it better than I ever did before. But the journey I was now upon offered none of these optical recreations. External nature fell as a weary weight upon my eye; yet in the very centre of scenes so forbidding and so joyless there is a village perched upon a hill, and surrounded by others, all particularly fertile in stones, but in nothing else, which it was my special object to visit. This village is called Auelon. There are in it about one hundred houses, and perhaps three hundred inhabitants. It is not only distant from every high road, but from every road made for wheel carriages. A place more secluded, or of a more melancholy aspect, it is impossible to conceive. The whole population, with a very scanty exception, is Protestant. But though they pretend to be genuine Vaudois, and never to have received or needed the Reformation, it is certain that their doctrine, however uncorrupted, was, till two or three years ago, a dormant one. Drinking to excess, and even gambling, made as much havoc in the midst of them, in their stronghold among the hills, as it would have done in populous cities. They had not for years been visited by their pastor, a decrepid old man, residing four leagues distant from their village, and a perfect oblivion of religion would have been the consequence had there not been an old soldier, who had served in all Napoleon's wars, among them. It is singular that this veteran had got the habit, even during his campaigns, of reading the Bible. When his term of service had expired he returned to his native village. Here he thought he should meet with that sympathy in his Christian feelings which his military comrades had refused him. But he was mistaken. The Bibleman was the mock of the villagers. Nevertheless, being somewhat more instructed than they were, and having seen so much of the world and experienced so many moving adventures, his opinions had a certain importance and weight, and made some impression. At about this time a preacher, employed, I believe, by the Continental Society, visited the place. He preached in a field,

there being no convenient house in the village to hold an assembly in. His first sermon had the effect of sending thirty persons home, totally changed in their sentiments; this number increased rapidly. The electric shock of conviction communicated itself from one conscience to another, and at present I should say that all the inhabitants, making a slight exception, and allowing for varying degrees of devotion, find their greatest happiness in reading the Bible, and assembling together for the purpose of hearing it read and of prayer. This may at least be safely said of the majority. These villagers are happy in having a mayor, one of themselves, equally simple and rustic as the lowest among them, who is a man extremely intelligent. He is at the same time their pastor and their schoolmaster. I was surprised to find him in possession of books which I should have thought could never have found their way into his hands. The best religious works and religious journals are sent him from Paris at his own expense, or he is considerably the richest individual in the little community; and the school under his superintendence is admirably well conducted. There being no house of public entertainment in the place, a stranger who may visit it betakes himself to the mayor's house, where he is received with patriarchal simplicity and hospitality, and cannot fail to be highly gratified with the sensible conversation of his entertainer. In his house assembles the whole congregation; that is, the whole village, every Sunday, and on one week-day afternoon. My visit having fallen towards the time of Christmas, I found it was the habit to hold a meeting during that season every evening. The one at which I was present was over-crowded, and never did I in my life experience such a genuine superabounding gratification as I did in seeing so many prisons, lately, in every moral sense, as incult, waste, and repelling as the country they inhabit, at present, in the signification of inspired writ, affording a striking example of the wilderness rejoicing and blossoming as the rose.

I have now taken my readers over

the most remarkable places I have visited. From what I have seen in them they may judge of the similar revivals in religion which are taking place, in a more or less degree, in twenty-five other localities I have myself counted in the departments of the Isere, the Drome, and the Ardeche. These form an archipelago of spots, within a very limited circuit, from which great encouragement to gospel labourers may be derived. With the exception of the exertions of one or two national churches, all that has been done, *i. e.*, in the track I have been following, has been done chiefly by the instrumentality of the Continental Society. And even in the national churches the first impulse came from that quarter, for Neff was invested with a clerical character, and supported in his labours, I believe, by its means. This society has at present in its employ several agents, among whom there is a very able and zealous promoter, in the departments above mentioned. To their efforts the awakening that has taken place is mainly attributable.

In concluding this paper I must recur again to the general character of French Protestantism. The great importance of well understanding this will, I hope, be my sufficient excuse, if I should seem to repeat myself. The character which the Reformed Church has acquired in France is altogether peculiar; peculiar, not from its rejection of Evangelical doctrines, but from its indifference to all doctrines. Christianity must appear to the great majority of French Protestants to have in it nothing positive or defined at all. A certain laxness of opinion, and a considerable abatement of fervour may characterize, perhaps, all long established churches. With us, for instance, the early enthusiasm and zeal of the Reformation has subsided into a concentrated feeling of respect and reverence for the Christian religion, which, even where there is nothing more, has a powerful and beneficent influence. But this state of feeling does not describe the reformed population of France. Their sentiments are much more negative. As the effect of their long proscription, they have brought their vagabond habit of neutrality among all

opinions into their religious worship. This gives to it an appearance singularly revolting. There is in it neither conviction nor that veneration and hallowing attachment to a creed which is its best substitute. On entering a French temple one experiences the same sensation as on entering a Jewish synagogue. Its services appear like a wretched effort, not to serve, but to keep up the memory of an abolished religion. They would indeed resemble a funeral requiem over defunct Protestantism, if they had the solemnity and decency of so touching a ceremony. The only symptom of religious feeling I have seen among the old French Protestants is one which, taken by itself, shows that superstition, or an inclination to trust in external rites, is the last relic of devotional sentiment that remains among them. They have a most indecent eagerness to receive the sacrament. Hordes of persons utterly ignorant and careless of religion crowd to this ceremony. Many pastors, shocked by such a profanation of the Lord's Supper, have refused to administer it to such individuals; and the consequence has been that these faithful and conscientious men have been invariably ejected from their ministry by the consistories. I must repeat here again that the first step towards rendering the Reformed Church of France effective is the total eradication of this consistorial power. So great is the tyranny it exercises over pastors, that they are deprived of the exercise of their own judgment and free will. I was told by a pastor at La Voute, near Valence, that the consistory crippled his exertions in every way; not only had they set their face against every religious assembly, though held in the temple, except of a Sunday, but they regarded him with an evil eye, because, even within the limits prescribed by themselves, he made appeals, they declared, from the pulpit which *troubled the consciences* of the people. It would not be so bad, however, if the various consistories acted together, and had some common centre for reference and appeal. For then they would reciprocally check each other, and the fear

of publicity would be ever before their eyes. But as it is, they exercise a petty local authority, bitterly narrow and arbitrary. The government always sides with them, and neither the public nor the churches in general know any thing of their proceedings. The pastor I have just alluded to told me that he wished much to be present at the anniversaries of the religious societies at Geneva and at Paris, but that he was quite sure, if this motive for absenting himself from his parish should be suspected by the consistory, they would refuse him (which they have the power to do) leave of absence, in the fear that he might become infected with a zeal for the gospel, which of all things they most dread. Under any other pretext he said he could obtain leave as often as he liked. This shows very strikingly the miserable state of inanition into which Protestantism in France has fallen. I am happy to say, however, there are some signs of its beginning to recover its genuine character. I was told by an old pastor, that fifteen years ago he could not count six ministers of the established worship who preached the gospel. He thinks that at present, out of the six hundred belonging to the national temple, there may be two hundred who, with more or less effect and sincerity, uphold Christian principles. At the former epoch, he assured me that the preaching of Socrates instead of Christ was almost universal. Actually, in the great majority of pulpits, an insipid dilution of the truisms of moral philosophy take the place of Christianity. Still a progress has been made, and is making. It must spread, however, much wider before the French Reformed Church can be other than a very melancholy and disheartening object of contemplation. It has not yet risen above the

double degradation of its late ignominious proscription and permissive re-establishment. It has no consciousness of being *a power* in the state. Every other body of men, representing distinct doctrines, opinions, or interests, is a power; but Protestantism, nationally considered, is *lumber*. This is the more deeply to be deplored, as the mind of France, as I have hinted before, is undergoing a process of transformation. Uncertain on all moral subjects, it is yet not sceptical. A glut of infidelity has produced a reaction of feeling towards religion, which Popery cannot respond to. There is therefore a fluttering, an idle flapping of speculative air, whilst—previous to a new plunge into wilder mental aberrations than ever—the question is put on all sides, “Christianity, or no Christianity?” Shall it continue to be said that in such a state of things as this, an organized Protestant Church, having more than a million of adherents, has no influence, is not felt, is hardly known to exist, is not refused to or even thought of? I trust not. I trust that all I have seen is merely a beginning. If, indeed, we compare what has been doing almost imperceptibly the last two years with what has been done the last century, we shall find that the two years weigh most in the balance. Excepting at Mens, all I have witnessed has been brought to pass within little more than the latter period; and we may cast our eyes far back into the history of France before we light upon an epoch in which such things, unimpeded, either by persecution, proscription, or the vigilant jealousy of the government, *could* have happened. In almost all parts of the kingdom, however, symptoms of a revived religious feeling, similar to those I have noticed, may be at present discovered.

JOB PIPPINS: THE MAN WHO "COULDN'T HELP IT."

CHAPTER V.

Bats cautiously opened the door, and one stride brought the new visitor close to the prostrate Pippins.

"What carrion's this?" asked the new-comer, jerking his toe against the shoulder of the bacchanaal, happily insensible of the enquiry. Bats was about to explain, when the quietist stopped him by a gesture of impatient command, and by an evidently educated twitch of the hand, possessed himself of the repeater, temptingly peeping from the pocket of Job. Phineas's face fell into shadow at the dexterity of the operator. If there be, as we devoutly believe, honour among thieves, sure we are it is alloyed with envy: a man with a hand like a ham cannot complacently view the snaky palm of a more perfect brother. Hence the bite of Phineas at the adroitness of Skinks, who, indeed, bore about his person ample *prima facie* evidence of superior talent; his coat was finer, his—but we must attempt a sketch of Skinks.

Our new friend was a highway Hercules. Could he have condescended to eat what dull people call honest bread—that is, as Skinks thought, bread without any butter—he might have passed a useful life in a caravan. Many a man, with far less pretensions than Skinks, has lived very respectably as a giant. With no assistance from the shoemaker, Skinks stood six feet five. No man had a more ingenuous face, for he looked the varlet that he really was. His eyes were most meditative in their expression, but constantly wandering; he always looked like a man who has lost his purse, and shrewdly suspects it to be in his neighbour's pocket, yet wants the courage to tax him with the accident. His skin was sallow from midnight watching; (his works, we mean pistols, like the Greek's orations, constantly smelt of the oil); his voice had sunk, beneath the night air and brandy, to a raw and rugged bass; and his temper, tried by several juries, had suffered somewhat from the ordeal. His language

was generally laconic, but sustaining and sympathetic. Many a trembling, sinking passenger had he, with one word, prevailed upon to stand. His strength was amazing; for often, like Milo, had he stopped a carriage in full career with only his forefinger—on a trigger. So much for the man of clay. His dress was worthy of its tenant; he wore a claret-coat, "smeared" with lace that passed for gold—black velvet breeches, and boots,—certainly from the last of the ogre, who, when we were young, was wont to take three leagues at a step. A three corner hat, bound and looped with bright metal, half-cocked upon his head, fearfully harmonized with a brace of pistols in his belt. A huge pig-tail hung, like a dead snake, down his back. Such was the man who now with folded arms looked contemptuously below on Pippins,—asleep and dreaming,—we know not what, for there are deep things in drunkenness.

And where was Molly? Drawn to her full height, her face flushed, her bosom heaving, and her terribly black eyes fairly eating the colossus before her—he all the while as insensible of the attention as his prototype of Rhodes. "Lucius, Lucius," cried Molly,—and at length Skinks, by a growl, acknowledged the appeal. "Molly!" and he sat down, and Molly sank upon his knee, and writhed her arms about his neck,—Skinks, in deep contemplation, slowly winding up the repeater he had plucked from Job, the heart-strings of Phineas cracking at the sound; and Bats gasping and glaring with jealousy at the "happy pair," for Skinks had a bear's love for Molly. It might be he was drawn towards her by a sympathy, independent of affection; her father had been hanged, and only for shooting a gamekeeper.

"What luck?" Mortlake ventured to enquire of the serious Skinks. "Any thing upon the road?"

"The road!" echoed Skinks, with the disgust of a man who feels

he has mistaken his profession—"That a man of my standing should be brought to rob on foot! May the hound that shot my mare—well, well," and Skinks ground his teeth, strangled a rising groan, and breaking into a whistle, tapped with his fingers on the back of Molly,—Bats choking in commendable silence. "This is the first prize I've drawn these ten days," and Skinks somewhat ostentatiously displayed Sir Scipio's repeater.

"'Tis easy to bag the bird when another has sprunged it," said Phineas, and his lip quivered.

"What now!" growled Lucius, "what are ye but hands and feet,—dead flesh, if I had not the head to move it. Jack-of-the-Gibbet, though a scarecrow of ten years' hanging, were as serviceable a rogue. Springed it! Well then, we'll take Blenheim from Marlborough, and give the victory to the drummers."

"Why, in such matters," sullenly replied Phineas, "I don't know if there aint sometimes worse used folks than drummers."

"Hold thy tongue, Phin," counselled Molly—"thoult ruffle Lucius!"

"The hangman ruffle him and band him, too," muttered Phineas indistinctly.

"Who growled there—thou, Phineas, or the dog?" and Skinks determinedly put aside Molly, and advancing towards the rebel, looked him into quaking. Skinks stood for an answer.

"A dog," said Phineas, in a tone not unworthy of the quadruped. Skinks sank tranquilly on his seat, and Molly resumed her throne upon his knee.

"That's the worst of Phin," cried Bats—"he doesn't know common sense. He'd rob a captain of all that makes his commission worth a farthing; the profit and glory of other people's work."

"Be still, Bats—be still," and Molly knitted her brows, and turned towards the offender, who glowed a deeper scarlet at the reproof; his very hair seemed to grow redder as Molly spoke.

"No meanness of spirit," pursued the quickened Bats, "to quarrel about a trinket like that, Philu. All such knick knacks are the fair per-

quisites of the captain for expenses and news upon the road."

"Well said, Bats," and Molly smiled graciously upon the talking snake about to sting her.

"To be sure; I shouldn't wonder if the captain means to give that watch to the blue-eyed girl at the plough. She's a kind thing, and the captain loves blue eyes, Phin; he says they're so innocent."

Egypt's asp was not a surer reptile than Bats. Molly, struck to the heart, where an old, old wound was festering, sprang to the earth, quivering, like an arrow newly fixed, with passion. Her eyes looked swollen with rage, her large throat dilated to a pillar; her coal black tresses were stirred as by the air, and her lips moving with inarticulate sounds, she leapt like a cat on Skinks, and tearing the watch from his pocket, with the swing of an Amazon dashed it to the floor. Skinks jumped to his feet, whilst the wheels of the repeater prettily described circles around him. (It is the privilege of beauty to make us forget time; even Sir Scipio would have been puzzled to identify his own repeater.)

Skinks could ordinarily master his feelings, but not when lound up with a gold watch and chain. He applied a terribly significant monosyllable to Molly, and with his clenched mullet-power fist, struck—

Whimper not, sweet Cupid! Dry thine eyes, and feed thy mother's doves—and then, fair Venus! shriek not a second shriek—and ye, eternal Graces, huddle not like frightened fowl together. The face of Molly was not profaned; at his last public hour Skinks was spared that tighter pang; for, happily, Bats rushing before the fair, received on his more appropriate nose a blow that fairly pasted it to his cheeks. Down, of course, he fell; but falling, cushioned his *os sacrum* on the belly of Pippins, who, by the profoundest grunt, acknowledged the deposit. But the blood of Bats, as might be seen from his nose, was up, and in a second so was Bats himself. Seizing a bludgeon, perhaps as hard as Skink's fist, he made at his assailant; when Molly—we will not stay to analyze the mixed feelings of gratitude and love that moved her—clawed up the draught-board, and striking it with vehement

precision on the skull of her preserver, she split the checkered tablet, holding the astounded Bats in a square collar of pollarded wood. Had Skinks been a common man, he might have struck his powerless foe; but Skinks had magnanimity, and tickled by the dilemma of his enemy, he roared a laugh; and Mortlake and Phineas, like true courtiers, joined in chorus. Bats dropt his club, and wiped his nose. Molly, releasing her prisoner, folded her arms, and with the look of an injured empress, sank, wordless, on a tub. Bats still tried coaxingly to raise his nose, though looking as he would not have objected to a new one, cut by Tallacotian cunning, from the heart of Skinks.

The impressive sound uttered by Pippins in the fall of Bats awakened the attention of the captain to the sleeper, "Where did ye pick him up, Bats?" asked Skinks, in a most honied tone. Bats was not to be mollified by such peculiar attention, still his soul rankled with his late injury, still he glared, and, silent still, he felt his no e. Phineas gave the necessary information; in few words condensed the protestations of Job as to the accident which had possessed him of the watch, and then, with a speaking wink of the eye, pointed out the bloody napkin!

"Got it honestly, eh?" said Skinks, with the smile of a Judas. "Ha! the thief's above his business. Pick up the pieces, Phil." and he pointed to two or three fragments of the watch glittering on the floor. "Let's look at his honest face," and the obedient Phineas turned Job upon his back, he having rolled over when relieved of Bats. Skinks took a burning brand from the logs, and

stooping near Job's feet, stretched it within singeing distance of his cheek. "Ha! ha! ha! an old bird, my lads. I know him as I know my nails—a nursery thief—a bread-and-butter footpad. Why, he was tried at York for stealing a coral and bells from the mayoress's baby. I saw him in the dock; somehow there was a crack in the indictment, and Bill Ticket—for that's his name—crept safely through."

It is to be feared that when Nature made Job Pippins she did not break the die, but in the same mould made one William Ticket; for that the story of Skinks was cold, malicious slander, we cannot believe. No; in possessing himself of the property of Pippins, he was sustained by the virtuous conviction that he was punishing a too lucky, a too dissimulating thief. William Ticket was despoiled, happily for him, in the person of Job Pippins.

"I'll tell ye what we'll do," said Skinks, oracularly; "we'll"—

"Ugh!" roared Pippins, flinging up his legs as though under a galvanic battery, the toes of his thick soled shoes striking the under jaw of Skinks against his brother like a plate of iron. Skinks blasphemed—and Bats, smiling for the first time, took his fingers from his nose.

Job was not a salamander; a red hot spark from the blazing wood had inopportunely lighted on his cheek as the too near Skinks was about to pass sentence—a sentence, we fear, in which the jaw of the judge was made more evident than his justice.

Sentence was passed—immediately carried into execution, and where, and in what state was the culprit—where was Job?

CHAPTER VI.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of fickle April; the sun was up in his brightness—the fields steamed with odours—the birds sang and twittered—the limping hare now hopped along the mead, and now sat and licked her dewy paws—the rooks cawed their sweet domestic cares—the hedgehog rejoiced in his new-warmed blood—the snail, like creep-

ing Envy, crawled his slimy way—the lambskins frisked, and still Job Pippins slept.

Thy hand, reader; step this way. Thou art in a most delicious meadow, within three yards of the sleeper. See yon dry ditch; there—there lies Pippins!

We paused, and our heart rose within us as we looked upon the

dreamer. Touched by the softening influence of the season—for in spring time our heart turns to a ball of honey—we exclaimet, "Ha! here is penniless worth upon its couch of nettles; thorns at its side, nightshade at its head, and crawling, creeping creatures round about. Poor soul! The toad still squats at thine ear, and the raven is thy constant serenader!" Saying this, and dropping tears beyond the average size, we walked on; for Job began to yawn, and we were fearful that he would ask our hospitality. Sentiment we can, and ought to bestow upon the wretched—rolls and butter cost money.

Job woke, and as he woke his temples were pierced by nails driven to the head by one short stroke, and then some half-dozen lancets were struck into his skull, and his eyes were turned to two lenses, burning hot, and his tongue was an unmanageable bit of hard, dry leather, retaining a high flavour of the tan. In other words, Job felt the last night's gin—such being the late feelings of those (our authority is a late member of Parliament, an eminent water-drinker) who indulge in spirituous liquors.

Job was in his shirt; and, like Hamlet in the same garment, pale. However, casting his eyes on his linen, he more than "rivalled its whiteness," for he turned to a corresponding yellow. The vestment that "most domestic ornament" his shirt—was stained with unseemly blots of blood. Whether he had merely "assisted" at a tragedy, or had been a principal, was a doubt that, for a second, withered him like lightning. Then it all came upon him—he hurt—Molly—the drink—the—the—and then he passed into that confine where darkness swallows all things. An insect ticked its little note. "The watch!" cried Job, and stood upon his feet; the trees, and fields, and herds, yet whirling round him—and the blood glaring like red fire—and Job, gaspingly applying his hand to his flesh, and feeling that at least he ought to have a very serious wound.

It was, we repeat, a balmy day in April, when Job Pippins, reduced to his last garment, stood in a field with the wide world about him. Hatless, shoeless, hoseless, he stood upon the

grass, the bold zephyrs playing with his shirt—his tattered flag of terrible distress. And Job began to feel the sickness of hunger; he looked at the cows, and yearned for his breakfast. Job resolved and re resolved. Should he try to regain the hut, whence he had been so inhospitably spited? Then he thought, what availed a naked man against four men and one woman? Should he run to the first house and publish the whole story? Again, who would put faith in a man with so slender a wardrobe? At this moment of indecision, a bull in the next field, annoyed or scandalized at the appearance of Job, leapt the low fence, and unhesitatingly ran at him. Job paused no longer, but made for the next meadow, and scaling a five barred gate, saved himself in the main road, the bull shaking his horns, and casting a reproachful look at the fugitive. The destitution of Job was perfect, as he thought, without a new affliction; a few seconds before, and he could have dared Fate to do its worst, in the firm belief of its inability. Vain, blind man! He was then the sole proprietor of a whole shirt; and now he stood in the London road, with almost all the hinder part of that unique garment impaled on the dead brambles surrounding the fatal five-barred gate. The retreat of Job was most ignominious; he had not even saved his colours. (Moral: Let no man with one shirt despise the frowns of Fate.)

Job stood in the road, his heart sinking deeper and deeper still as he wistfully beheld his lacerated property held by the thorns, and still vigilantly guarded by the bull, who to Job looked as though he felt the full importance of the trophy. In the impotence of rage, Job at length with a disdainful action turned his back upon the bull, who took the insult with the most commendable philosophy.

And now, thinks the reader, Job is at the zero of his fortune. He is naked, hungry, penniless, and where shall he find a friend? The river—yonder river, that like a silver thread intersects those emerald fields—that shall be unto him clothes, meat and lodging. Mercy on us! suicide? No, no; Job had a just value of life; when it was only worth throwing

away, his opinion was, that nothing further could hurt it. The river, it will be seen, was Job's Pactolus.

Quitting his foe, Job made for the stream, while his fancy peopled its banks with a hundred racing, leaping, shouting schoolfellows, with whom, despising birch—despising the deep moral of the primer tale, in which the impartial pedagogue flogged alike for swimming and for sinking—Job was wont, in boyish days, to dive. Job sighed as he thought of those happy, reckless hours: then what was a shirt to him? His father bought it, and his mother made it!

Job crawled and slinked across the field, and was already among a clump of alders, overhanging the stream. Was the great enemy of man cooling his burning limbs in the bright waters? Or had some pitying angel, softened by the nakedness of Job, lighted among the trees? Was it a temptation of the Devil, or was it the beneficent gift of a kind spirit? Job was perplexed: well he might be.

Reader, put thyself in the moiety of the shirt worn by Job; think thyself thus naked, weary, hungry, destitute; and then imagine a very handsome suit of clothes—hat—gloves—shoes—walking-cane—all that "makes the happy man," lying, a golden waif, at thy foot,—no visible second person near. What wouldst thou do? No matter; listen what Job did.

Job sat himself upon the grass, changed his equivocal shirt for the ample piece of ruffled "aired snow" before him, tried an experiment with the shoes and stockings, which answered the fondest hopes of the essayist,—girded his loins with the providential pair of breeches—donned the vest and coat,—took his—yes, *his*—hat, gloves, and stick, placing the cravat in his pocket, to be tied in moments of better leisure, and—Job was always a fast walker—in three minutes he was again in the main road. Again he passed the noted gate—there was still the bull, his glaring eye still upon the remnant of the shirt. As Job glanced at the rag, he flourished his cane, and smiled supreme contempt.

Job journeying onward, something weighty struck at his leg. He put

his hand in his coat pocket, and pulled out a purse; it contained eight guineas and as many dollars. This was too much; Job sank against a tree, and overcome, one hand holding the purse, and the other placed upon his heart, thanked Providence!

How long Job might have dwelt in the grateful reverie we know not, had he not been disturbed in his thanksgiving by the noise of an approaching cart, rattling along at full speed. Two men were in it, who, as they passed, greeted Job with a wondrous whoop; and one of them added to the exclamation the following curious enquiry:—"I say, Bill Ticket, when did you cut your teeth?"

"It's plain," thought Job, "the clothes belong to Ticket." Job paused—he had surely seen the men before; and yet they passed so rapidly, that—but then Job was not aware that, possibly, they were going to see a swimming-match—a very private meeting—between a young Oxonian and the Dolphin. We know not that such was really their destination—we can only speak to the match.

As the suit worn by Job had a local reputation, he saw, with unaffected pleasure, a return post-chaise halt when near him, and heard the postilion ask his honour "if he'd ride?" Job entered the chaise, pulled down the curtains, and went whirling off to the next town, a distance of ten miles. At least twenty times, in the solitude of his carriage, Job pulled out his purse, and counted his money.

The postilion had orders to stop outside the town—Job had business in a neighbouring village. There, he thought, he would calmly pass the day—it was yet early morning—and at nightfall travel towards London. Job had not breakfasted, and, as he crossed a bridge, the inn on the opposite side seemed to open its doors wider to receive him. At this instant he heard a shriek, and looking saw a girl tearing her hair, and clapping her hands, and pointing to what seemed a mere ball in the water, though, on closer inspection, it appeared to Job a child's head. Job leapt into the stream, and swam in the direction of the child, whose

neck was all but in the grasp of his preserver, when, for the last time, it sank. Job—the tailor had made his coat somewhat too tight under the arms—though an expert swimmer, was trammelled in his movements; he dived and he dived, as though in a well he was diving for truth, and

still, like many divers, brought up nothing. Again he went down, and he rose with the body of Augustus Winks, son and heir of Nicholas Winks, Esq., proprietor of yonder splendid mansion, Ladybird Lodge, with the lawn sweeping down to the water's edge.

CHAPTER VII.

"A perfect gentleman! the fineness of his linen declares that," exclaimed the laundress of Ladybird Lodge, talking of Job, at the time a distinguished tenant of the best bedroom of the house. "A perfect gentleman! you might draw his shirt through a wedding-ring!"

"I wonder if he's married," said an under-maid, looking at the foot man.

"Swims like a duck," replied the inconsequential functionary.

"If Master Augustus had been drowned, what a shocking thing! And to-morrow, too, with such a dinner for his birth-day!"

"Well, I suppose the gentleman will stay to dinner. I'm sure if he could eat gold, it isn't too good for him." (Job had long been of that opinion.)

The above is a brief extract of a conversation, animatedly pursued in the servants' hall, on the philanthropic swimmer put to bed in the blue room—Nicholas Winks, Esq., hovering about the providential visitor, with clasped hands, and all but streaming eyes, and now calling him the guardian angel of his race, and now recommending another half fowl—(Job breakfasted in bed)—and now insisting on a few more layers of hot blankets. It was in vain that Job again and again bulletined his convalescence; the grateful father insisted that, after so generous an action, he must be greatly exhausted. Then he rang for more coffee and toast—then he rushed to the next room to clasp the little Augustus, preserved from a watery grave, and now pickled with hot salt—then he returned to Job, and vehemently declared that the doctor—the family doctor—must see him.

"A clever man—practice of ten thousand a-year—an extraordinary man. Doctor Saffron—you have

heard of Doctor Saffron?" Job had heard the name, but, we fear, doubted his skill, for he resolutely declared his determination not to admit him. "If he had done any thing to serve Mr Winks he was glad of it—but he had a mortal antipathy to all doctors."

"Well, well! Yet if you'd only let him feel your pulse, and show him your tongue," Job frowned, and bit his lip. "Enough—I won't press it; but if you should catch cold for saving my blessed child—where *are* the hot blankets?" And Winks snatched at the bell with most benevolent fury; he then ran out, and Job finished his first fowl, and tenth cup of coffee. And still he ate, luxuriously pressing a bed of down, over canopied with richest silk. At length, somewhat appeased, Job sat up in the bed, and was beginning to ruminate, when the too-careful Winks re-entered the room, bringing with him the infallible Doctor Saffron. Instantaneously Job dived into the cider, as though it was another stream, and another child within it.

"Forgive me, I can't help it, my dear friend, do speak to the doctor—do"—Job maintained a dignified silence. "Well, then, only your pulse and your tongue. You may be ill and not know it—mayn't he, doctor?"

"Nothing more likely," said the wise Saffron.

"I ask no more—only your pulse and your tongue."

Job, finding there was no escape, ventured to put out his arm—Saffron pressed it, taking out his watch—Job felt a quail as he heard the tick tick of the repeater. "Humph!" said Saffron, so—releasing the limb—"if you please, sir, your tongue."

Job now adroitly pulled his night-cap—a gorgeous family affair, with a most exuberant tassel—down to

the tip of his nose; and drawing close up to his under lip the snowy sheet, he resignedly dropt his tongue upon it. With a keen imposing eye, Saffron pondered on that most musical organ.

"Ha—furred"—he said—"much furred! Yes—the effect of the water."

Job said nothing; but he thought—"gin-and-water."

"Well, sir," proceeded Saffron to the all but invisible Job, "we must have a few ounces of blood."

Job shook his head, and drew his mouth into an eyelid hole.

"Now, do—pray, do let the doctor bleed you," and Winks rang the bell. "Pray do—lives like yours, my dear kind sir, are not—bld Nancy bring a basin—I say, lives like yours are not to be trifled with. Indeed," and Winks spake in the most winning modulation, "indeed, the doctor must bleed you."

Still Job shook his head, but the invincible Saffron stood with his ready weapon. "Some practitioners, sir, would await the slow operation of aperients, but in cases such as these, I always attack the bowels with the lancet."

"To be sure," acquiesced Winks, his own bowels being no party to the operation.

"This way, Nancy," said Saffron, and a serious-looking damsel, with a very handsome china bowl, a piece of Nankin worthy of the blood of Pippins, approached the bed. "Now, sir, your arm, if you please—never been bled, perhaps? 'tis nothing—nothing I assure you—'twill not confine you—no, you may get up to dinner."

"I should hope so," said Winks; "and, doctor, you dine with us to-day of course?"

It was with some anxiety, that Job awaited the answer of the man of life and death.

"And to-morrow—certainly."

A groan died in Job's throat, and with the resignation of a martyr he extended his arm. So long as the doctor remained in the house—so long Job felt he must be very ill, and keep his bed.

"Beautiful—beautiful," cried the encouraging and self-complacent Saffron, as Job's blood fell like a rivulet into the basin, Nancy becom-

ing whiter with every drop. "Beautiful," and Saffron looked as a miser would look at molten gold. "There is nothing like bleeding, Mr Winks—only last night Sir Scipio Mannikin was saved by it—pray keep your arm still, sir—yes, Sir Scipio should raise a tablet to the lancet."

"Razor," thought Job.

"Sir Scipio!" cried Winks, "he's Augustus's godfather—he dines with me to-morrow."

"No shivers, I hope?" kindly enquired Saffron of the patient, seeing the bed begin to shake under him. "No shivers?" Job pursed his mouth into a negative, and continued to shake.

"It's impossible he should come," said Saffron, "though he's out of danger, thanks—thanks to a providential accident that threw me near him in the hour of peril. Steady, Nancy. Apoplexy."

"And, of course," asked Winks, "you bled him?"

"Of course he was bled," responded Saffron.

"Any more news of that affair?" questioned Winks in a low significant tone.

"What, the—the barber?" and Saffron leered and gave a shrug.

"For myself," said the liberal Winks, "I don't believe the scandalous rumours of wicked people,—I think her ladyship, though merely the daughter of respectable people, and married from a tenth-rate boarding school, I think her incapable of—by the way, doctor, what sort of a fellow is this Pippins?"

"You never saw him? Oh, a—a—"

"Good looking, I hear."

"Why, women have odd tastes, Mr Winks. I don't see much beauty in a narrow sloping forehead, high cheek bones, freckled skin, a nose stolen from a pug, and eyes that belong to a fish. How do you feel now, sir?" asked the doctor of Job.

Job set his teeth, and with some difficulty at self-command, nodded his head.

"I knew you'd be better. As I say, happily for the ugly, women have odd tastes. For my own part, and I trust I am as far above prejudice as any man—for my own part, I should be sorry to be upon a jury, with only the evidence of his looks."

"It's very odd—I hear a subscription has been raised for him?" said Winks.

"Shouldn't wonder if the women give him a piece of plate—that is, if he be not hanged before 'tis ready. For they're after him."

"Why, nothing new?—nothing."

"Oh, I don't know what hasn't been missed since he was last at the Hall—and only last evening—but by-and-by you shall know the whole affair. All I say is this; I devoutly hope the scoundrel will be hanged! How do you feel now, sir?" gently enquired the doctor.

"How do you feel now!" softly sounded Winks.

"Fainted—fainted!" cried Saffron: "Water, Nancy—water! and that thick cap—away with it," and Saffron's own hand was stretched to grasp the tassel, and in another half second the face of Job would have lain bare before its libeller, had not the patient resolutely gripped his head-dress, and shouted, "better—much better—very well, indeed."

"I told you so," said the satisfied Saffron—"now, you see," he added with the look and tone of a triumphant demonstrator—"now, you see what bleeding is. Take away, Nancy," and Saffron bandaged the arm. Nancy bore away the blood, and was soon beset by the anxious servants. They all gathered around the bowl like spirits evoked by a German wizard. The under-butler, having duly scrutinized the gory contents, half-shut his eyes, nodded thrice, sucked his lips, and said oracularly—"It's very plain—he's a gentleman born." In matters of blood, profoundest heralds have had their blunders—let us not ask too much of an under-butler. Return we to the patient.

"He had better keep his bed to-day?" asked Winks benevolently.

"Yes—to-day," sentenced Saffron.

"What may he take?"

"Let me see. Why, to-day, I should say he may take—a—what-ever he likes."

"What! with the beginning of a fever?"

"My system," said the emphatic Saffron. "If what he eats does him no harm, 'tis plain he's better; if, on the other hand, it does, to-morrow the symptoms will be stronger, and we shall have the better authority to go upon."

So saying, Dr Saffron took his hat and cane, and returned to the convalescent Augustus.

Winks crept closer to the patient. "My best friend—the preserver of my child, the saviour of my house—what would you like to take?"

Job replied, with a tremulous voice, "A glass of rum and water, hot, with sugar."

It was a fanciful wish for a feverish patient; but it was complied with to the letter—no, not to the letter. With the guest of Jonathan Bradford at the Oxford inn,—

"He said not if a lemon he would like;"

but the under-butler, like the afore-said provident Jonathan, in the simple language of the dramatic poet,—

"Brought one."

And now draw the curtains, and tread softly, for Job is sleeping. At his earnest desire, he had had a private interview with Jacob Goose, the man especially ordained to paddle Augustus in the boat, but whose wilful negligence had endangered the child's life, and lost to himself his place at Ladybird Lodge. Job, we say, talked to Jacob ere he was thrust from the door. What he said to him here matters not; doubtless he gave him some golden rule for his future days—some amulet to wear at his breast—some phylactery to bind around his brow. Job slept; he slept in down; and he who but in the morning was shirtless, and "couldn't help it," was now guarded as the eye and heart of a princely house—a jewel—a talisman—a wonder-worker; nor "could he help it."

Had he dived in his half-shirt, perhaps he had not slept in the blue-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning all was animation in and about Ladybird Hall. The birth day of Augustus was to be solemnized with unusual splendour. At an early hour, Winks, the grateful father, was at the bed side of Job, who declared himself unable to join the dinner-party, at which, next to the epeigne presented to the host for his breed of bulls, Job was expected to be the principal attraction.

"And was ever any thing so unfortunate? Dr Saffron can't see you; he has been up all night with Lady Gemini, and doesn't, he writes, expect to get away before to-morrow. He can't come."

"Do you know, I think I'll try to join you." Winks pressed the hands of Job between his own. "Yes, I—I think I shall be well enough; but—but"—

"Very true; your wardrobe"—

"Quite spoilt—impossible that I can wear any thing again."

"Of course, of course. Let me see—will you pardon what I am about to say? I have a suit; I'm sure 'twill fit you—'twas made for me. I never wore it but once—when I was sheriff of the county, and took an address to court. I may say it—a handsome thing; a chocolate cut velvet, with flowers down the skirts, and nosegays embroidered at the pocket-holes;—breeches to match—and white satin waistcoat, flourished with gold. I'm sure they'll fit you—hal I was much thinner then—sure they'll fit you."

And Winks, evidently exalted with the project, ran from the chamber in active pursuit of it.

We pass the process of the toilet. Enough for the reader, if we present to him Job Pippins—we beg Job's pardon—John Jewel, Esq, arrayed in the very court suit of the ex-sheriff of the county—a suit originally purchased in the vain expectation of knighthood. Whatever may have been the suspicions of the frank and overflowing Winks, the portrait drawn of Pippins by the hand of Saffron made the masquerader perfectly secure; for he looked and moved a new-made count. Had not the dinner-bell summoned him

away, Job had pined, a new Narcissus, at the mirror. But the truth is, he was a remarkably pretty fellow—a truth published by the general stir and simper of a bevy of ladies, gathered to do honour to the natal day of Augustus, and, incidentally, to reward, with gentle words and sweetest smiles, his happy life-preserver. Job wore his arm in a sling—an additional and touching claim to the sensibilities of the women. As he entered the room, and cast his eyes bashfully around him, there was in his face a look of confusion, which, though it might with some take from his breeding, with others it added considerably to his merit. A cynical male guest whispered to a companion—"The fellow is looking round for applause." Perish all such ill-nature like a pestilent weed! When Job looked round, he looked for—Dr Saffron.

Job had suffered, as he thought, the whole round of introduction, when Winks brought to him a young fellow, who, for limb and figure, might have passed for Job's twin-brother.

"My dear Mr Jewel, I must make my friend Frank Triton known to you: your tastes, your accomplishments, must, I am sure, most closely ally you."

Job and Frank mutually bowed, when Winks, in a sort of trumpet whisper, audible throughout the room, applied his mouth to Job's ear—

"Splendid fellow! he's almost beat the dolphin."

Job bowed still lower to the near conqueror of such an adversary.

"Beat the dolphin; but—by-and-by"—And Winks significantly lifted up his fore-finger, and smothered a chuckle, sliding off to an unexpected guest, introduced by Frank.

"Mr Jewel, Mr Wigmore."

Mr Wigmore raised his broad back a half's-breadth from the mantel-piece, and having "thrown his head" at Job, returned to his easy position. He was certainly less polished in his look and manner than any of the company, and yet Job felt less at ease before him. The

women—bless them!—fluttered around Job, and his bravery was the theme of their silver tongues. For the ten thousandth time, Mrs Winks, "as a mother," thanked him; and then grandmothers, aunts, cousins, all put in their peculiar claims to thank him in their various capacities. Then came enquiries touching his health. How was his head—how was his arm—how was his fever? To all such queries, Job, considering the shortness of the notice, replied very gracefully—

"Quite well, I thank you." At last, by the number of questions confused and bewildered, Job, without knowing when he answered, or what sort of person he was replying to, bowed mechanically, and still said—

"Quite well, I thank you."

A dead silence for a second ensued, and Job found himself in front of Mr Wigmore.

"How's your gums, sir?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

General attention was drawn upon Mr Wigmore, who, insensible as a target, received the eyes of the company. A titter crept through the room, and some of the men laughed outright.

"It was only yesterday a fellow asked about my teeth," thought Job. And he looked timidly in the dead-wall face of Wigmore. It was an anxious moment for Job, when, happily for him, the servant arrived, and Mrs Winks was led to her chair by Job Pippins John Jewel, Esq.

The dinner began with more than ordinary gravity. That great event in every twenty-four hours, on the present occasion, received its more than legitimate attention at Ladybird Lodge. Job acquitted himself with praiseworthy elegance and heartiness, and whilst more than one fair feeder whispered of his grace, Mr Wigmore loudly complimented him on his appetite. Winks, and not for the first time, wondered why Frank had brought his friend. But Job, it must be owned, was all watchful politeness; and he had his reward. Doctor Lullaby, an exemplary clergyman of eighteen stone, sat near the turtle. Thrice—in those days of innocence men were not restricted alike to one wife and one soup—thrice the doctor had been helped, and still he sat with one eye

slumbering on the last ladlefull. Often he wished to ask, and as often repressed the ignoble weakness. Job saw the internal struggle. Again the doctor turned to gaze—sighed—and was about to turn away his head for ever, when Job, with the dexterous hand of a juggler, seized the ladle, and ere the doctor could wink, its contents lay melting in his plate. The doctor's face was radiant with pleasure, and thrusting his right hand under the table, he clawed hold of the hand of Job, and squeezing it until the knuckles went like cracking walnuts, he cried in a subdued voice, spasmodic with delight, shaking on the last word—"That's—*that's* friendly!" Few saw the deed, and none but Job Pippins heard the thanks.

Nothing of further importance occurred, until a splendid turbot mutely put in its claims for applause. They were briefly acknowledged by the doctor—"This fish, Mr Winks, was caught in a silver net."

"I think it the finest fish that swims,"—rashly observed Frank Triton.

"What! better than the Dolphin?" asked Winks, with the thrust of a gladiator.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Wigmore; and a timid lady, only six months a widow, jumped in her chair, as in a menagerie we have seen a lady jump when too near the bars.

"What is this about the Dolphin?" asked Mrs Winks, with the eyes of wondering innocence. Winks gave a sidelong look at Triton, who returned an expostulatory glance, and Mrs Winks sat unanswered.

"Do you know, sir,"—and Wigmore, in thorough bass, addressed Pippins—"do you know, sir, how they are going on with the pearl-fishery?"

"Not the slightest notion," said Pippins, with new-born dignity.

"It must be a very hazardous employment for the poor men," remarked the widow.

"Not at all," said Triton—"Not at all—for they only employ such as are predestined the other way."

"Is that true, sir?" said Wigmore to Job, appealing to him as a first authority.

"I should think the fishery doesn't employ all such," said Job, blindly jumping at what he thought might

prove a hit. Winks rubbed his hands—the doctor hemmed, and Wigmore, for a second, wrinkled his brow.

"For my part," said the widow, with a recollection of youth, "I prefer pearls to diamonds."

"Which would you take, sir?" said Job, becoming in his turn assailant, to Wigmore.

"Oh, I should certainly take," replied Wigmore, smiling a grim gallantry, "whatever the lady took."

"Then I say, pearls," concluded the widow.

"Pearls," decided Wigmore; and again he put a smile into his face that would have dissolved Cleopatra's union. Then, turning round to Pippins, he bluntly asked—"What do you think of coral, sir?"

"Really, Wigmore," interposed Triton, feeling tender for his own reputation, "you catechise Mr Jewel as though he were a merman."

"Very right—very right, Frank. Pearls and diamonds,—he has saved the richest pearl for me, and all I say is,—and what I expect my friends to say is,—God bless him!"—and something of the father stole into Winks' eye, and his wife looked with all her heart in her face as she turned to Job.

"Ha! you should have seen Mr Jewel. I'm told he dived, and dived like—like"—

"Like a Dolphin," said a young fellow, wickedly supplying the simile. Again the men shouted, and the women wondered—and Winks, looking with a laughing desperation at Triton, cried—

"I'm blest if I don't tell it." Triton, after many unsuccessful appeals, resigned himself into the hands of Winks. "You have heard of the man we call the Dolphin—I beg your pardon, Mr Jewel,—you're a stranger—well, we have a fellow here, who, I really think, could swim against a whale. However, my friend Frank thought himself a match for him, and—ha! ha!—yesterday morning, it was agreed that nobody should know it, and with only one for an umpire, the match was to be decided. Well, though Frank was only next to the Dolphin himself, he hadn't a chance; and so he was about to return to his mother earth, when he found that the water-nymphs—the pretty river-

goddesses with their 'pearled wrists,' as Mr Milton says, I remember—conspired to 'take him in.' And how do ye think they managed? Why, they had stolen his clothes." The gentlemen shouted again at this reduction of Frank to a state of innocence, but the women, by their staid looks, clearly thought it no joke. By the way, Pippins indulged in no unseemly merriment.

"True, Mr Jewel, true—in other words, some hang-dog thief had run away with them." Job's jaw fell like the jaw of a dead man, and he sat as upon one entire and perfect blister.

"They hadn't left him—ha! ha! ha!—they"—and here Winks, with praiseworthy prudence, put the edge of his hand to one side of his mouth, that the intelligence might reach Job's private ear alone—"they hadn't left him even a shirt"—Job's teeth chattered—"no, not even half a shirt." Job

"Thought of the murders of a five-barrel gate,"

and the table, and the guests spun round, and he distinguished no face, save the face of Wigmore looking sternly at him.

"Ar'n't you well?" cried Mrs Winks, and there was a general move towards Job.

"It's my fault! I would make him come down. Is it your head, Mr Jewel?" said Winks.

"Is it your arm?" compassionately asked the widow.

"Is it," asked Wigmore, we mean, Captain Skinks—for it was he, indeed—"Is it your teeth?" And as he put the question, his fingers played with the chain of Sir Scipio's repeater.

"Thank goodness!" and Mrs Winks pointed to the object without—"Thank goodness! here's Doctor Saffron on his horse!"

"My bed—my bed!" roared Job, and he leapt up, and actually fought his way through the guests—gained his room—and plunged into bed.

Doctor Saffron lost no time, but immediately followed Mr Jewel. Again the doctor had his finger on Job's pulse—but again Job wore his nightcap down.

"Humph! I think—I"—but what the doctor thought, the present chapter leaves us no space to record.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

ALCIBIADES THE YOUTH.

SCENE I.—VI.

"Rear not within your walls the Lion's seed;
Once rear'd, you follow where his fancies lead."

ARISTOPH. *Ren.* 1427.

THE Philological Museum—long a case of suspended animation—will revive, we take it for granted, when the Eldolon of Niebuhr, chased out of Hades by the indignant ghost of Livy, shall revisit the glimpses of the moon, to blow the bellows for its editors. Not indeed from the farthest end of that large, cold, ill-painted, half-diningroom, half-study, in one of the few dull domiciles of Bonn, wherein, seven years ago, we upheld, in eloquent debate, the cause of Shakspeare, Scott, and Schiller, against the self-styled Historian of Rome—but which has been burnt down since that memorable day—will the breath of inspiration issue. But only let it come from a Teutonic University—clogged with a sufficient conglomeration of gutturals—and whether it bring with it "blasts from hell," or "airs from heaven,"—a third new system, entirely re-thought and re-written, of Ausonian story, or a tardy recantation of doubts as to the veracity of Moses—we will warrant its being eagerly inhaled, and gladly reproduced in German-English by the humble votaries of Niebuhr—man or shade—on the banks of the Cam. And, in the event of that blessed consummation, we make it our particular request to the learned C. T.—whoever may lurk under these mystic initials—that he will continue, from the fifth number of the Journal in question, his profound enquiries into the exact period of Athenian *hobble-de-hayhood*. We are a poor sleeper—seldom enjoying above eight hours' unconsciousness at a stretch without turning—and know the value of a good soporific. Moreover, we are just going to begin our Scenes of *Alcibiades the Youth* with one that properly belongs to *Alcibiades the Hobble-de-hoy*; and we should like C. T. to get some German professor to tell him how to tell us the precise age of our hero at the date of the ensuing dialogue.

SCENE I.

The Antechamber of Pericles.

Slave (as Porter). ALCIBIADES.

Alc. (Entering.) Is Pericles within?

Slave. Within—but hardly to be spoke with.

Alc. Why not, pray?

Slave. Because he's thinking over and arranging, at this moment, how he shall give to the Athenian people an account of his administration.*

Alc. (Laughing.) Hem! Why don't he rather think of contriving to give them no account at all? Methinks that would be a good deal easier.

Per. (Smiling,† as he opens his door.) Excellent advice! But hark'ye, coz, you are ripening a little too fast into the statesman. Mean while, come in, Master Alcibiades.

Alc. I have your leave then?

* Like the illustrious Member for Greenock, at the close of each session of his attorneyship. What parallels there are in true history!

† We are sorry not to make him *laugh*; but that was an effort of hilarity in which Pericles was too stately to indulge. (*See Plutarch.*) Of many similar improvements upon the too fortunate Melssner, our besetting sin of bashfulness forbids us to take notice.

Per. You have. And yet the slave was right: this morning I am at home to very few; but of those few you are one. (*Alcibiades goes into the room.*)—And now, what hast thou brought me?

Alc. The certificates of all my teachers for the month, which ends to-day.

Per. Good! (*Taking them from him.*) From thy smiling countenance I judge beforehand that they speak favourably of thee.

Alc. That you might gather from the simple fact—that I bring them MYSELF.

Per. (*Looking them through.*) Very good! And yet—am I mistaken?—have I overlooked it? No, 'tis really so. Alcibiades, these are not the whole; there is one awaiting.

Alc. Impossible. What one?

Per. Ismenias's.

Alc. (*Disdainfully.*) Ismenias's! The flute-player's! How should his name be found among those of these respectable persons? A scrap of dirty linen looks only all the worse for putting it beside the purple.

Per. Witty, sensible young gentleman! Dost think I have so utterly forgotten the last play, as not to detect thee stealing thoughts from it?—You know that I engaged Ismenias to give thee lessons in the flute: why do I not find him here?

Alc. (*Offended.*) I shall attempt no witticisms, else I should have answered: you find not him—because he found not me.

Per. (*With a very serious air and tone.*) And so then—this artist may have had good reason to complain, that you received him in the rudest manner—laughed at his performances—and forthwith showed him to the door? I made as if I could not credit such a charge; and pressed him so earnestly that at last he promised me to visit thee once again.

Alc. (*Interrupting.*) A promise which—that I must bear witness to—he truly kept; only that I—forgive my frankness, Pericles—gave him exactly the same reception as before.

Per. (*Angrily.*) How? Is this the filial obsequiousness you promised me? Dost thou presume so to deal

with the instructors whom I appoint for thee?

Alc. O no—no—my father! Ask all the others, and my praises will—I know—ten times outweigh the blame. Do but just spare me this one Ismenias.

Per. Why, what hast thou to say against him?

Alc. Against him? Nothing at all. But a mighty deal against his *art*. I must much deceive myself, dear Pericles, or you have often yourself laid down, that you could not endure those things which are good in only one point, and bad in many.

Per. That's true enough.

Alc. Then it *does* surprise me that in thy so penetrating eyes the learning of the flute—more especially for a free-born man—should find any grace at all;—an art that belongs so plainly to equivocal things, if not to worse than equivocal.

Per. The proof, coz, the proof?

Alc. Is very easy to find, cousin!—Of all the instruments ever imagined suitable for men of rank, it is the flute alone that disfigures one's features, and distorts one's face.—Harp and lyre alter not the lineaments. The free-born man, while he strikes them, retains his nobleness of aspect. Joyous emotion, gentle melancholy, flights of soaring thought, by turns beautify his countenance—responsive to the melodies that are streaming out beneath his touch; and the musician grows at once more worthy of love as a man—of admiration as an artist. Not so the flute-player. His puffed-out cheeks, his starting eyes, his writhen mouth, make him unknowable even by his friends—(*with an air of extreme disgust*)—so ugly that—away with it! I cannot bring myself to finish the picture.

Per. (*Aside.*) My life upon't! 'tis Aspasia has given him this lesson.—(*Aloud.*) Did it cost thee much trouble, boy, to get this little oration by heart?

Alc. I got it not by heart. But I won't deny that I thought over and arranged in my own mind what I have spoken.

Per. Fanciful whimsies!

Alc. If this were *all*; but I have store of other reasons. When we

touch the lyre, what hinders us to speak, or to accompany its chords with song? The lays of our poets then receive and yield a double charm. The envious flute alone takes all the breath—engrosses every vocal organ of the player to itself. Standing, more than all, in need of some support—alone of all it would appear to scorn it. O, henceforth let the sons of Thebans learn it—those step-children of nature, to whom she has refused the gift of eloquence;—'tis excusable to strain after small accomplishments, when great ones are denied us. But we Athenians—we, the most eloquent people of all Greece—and I—from my very infancy, in all the games of my companions, the *SPOKESMAN*—me—thought we had gotten our lips for something better than to play the flute with!

Per. Bravo, boy, bravo! You play the orator at least to admiration. One reason more—but one—as trivial as you please—and you shall triumph; Ismenias shall have his dismissal.

Alc. (*Clapping his hands.*) Only one? O, how good of you, dear Pericles, since I have at least a dozen all in readiness! My reasons hitherto have been drawn from things terrestrial; my last shall be taken from the Gods themselves. Tell me, my father, who are the chief protecting deities of Athens.

Per. A curious question! Minerva and Apollo.

Alc. More curious still, that precisely these two divinities have declared themselves the flute's sworn foes! Was it not Minerva who flung it from her in a rage, when the other goddesses made sport of her distorted countenance? Did she not curse with a dreadful curse whoever should thereafter take it up? And he, who poured out the full weight of that tremendous curse

on the unhappy finder*—was it not Apollo?

Per. Hush—hush—dear coz!—Here is the dismissal for Ismenias, and thine own release for the day. By my faith, I fear—did I not speedily give in to thee—we should have the whole story of divinities, male and female, to go through. For the future, if I may venture to advise, trust rather to your own invention, than to the inventions of our priests, and of our—

Alc. Cousin, dearest cousin, for Heaven's sake don't utter it. I tremble lest you should mean to say, our *Poets*.

Per. Well, and had I said so?

Alc. Ah, it were ungrateful.—'Tis they that give thee immortality.

Per. Only they?

Alc. At least they chiefly—they most securely. Thy magnificent Odeum, thine image from the hand of Phidias—O, his most lasting marble is not so lasting as the pages of our poets. Forgive me, if I presume too far; but you know that I have already studied Homer; and yesterday, when you were talking with Aspasia of the merits of Phidias, of the service he had done thee with reference to posterity, the words were hovering on my tongue:—show me the buildings—the works of art—of Agamemnon's times, whether they have been preserved so well as the songs of great Mæonides!

Slave. (*Coming in.*) Pericles, the Sophist Damon.

Per. Admit him. (*Smiling.*) I am sorry he should interrupt thee, Alcibiades. I see you're in the humour to dispose to-day of all the stock you have been gathering for some time back.—And it loses nothing in thy hands. But, you perceive yourself, two Sophists at once are too much for me.

Alc. (*Aside, as he goes out.*) Especially when the first alone is—
MORE THAN THY MATCH!

A modest speech that last—from lips just darkening with their nascent down! But, *à propos* of this small circumstance, we will furnish Messrs Combe and Simpson with another trifling *datum*, on which they may construct

* Marryas, to wit.

a diagram of our hero's bump of self-esteem. We wish, for his sake, it were untrue; but, between ourselves, we have it from a sure source; nay, it was current in all the barbers' shops, braziers' shops, perfumery-warehouses, and cobblers' stalls of Athens, some two or three and twenty centuries ago.

Menarches had been the friend, the very Pylades of Clinias. He remained the friend of the family. (You have one, dear reader, in your own family,—and a very good natured, bad-tempered, disagreeable old gentleman he is.) One morning, Alcibiades, duly sent by the higher powers, waited on him. It was a house, after all, at which the youngster had picked up a deal of good, though it was not his fashion to acknowledge it. "Upon my word," says the senior, greeting him with the customary kiss, "Upon my word, Master Alcibiades, thou wilt soon be quite a man."

"By what have you just learned to make that out?"

"By this shade upon thy upper lip. 'Tis only down as yet; but patience, my young spak, 'twill soon be hair."

"And I am much obliged to you for finding out for the first time to day, and that too from my BEARD, what I think my conversation might have taught you some years back!"

Indignant—as he spoke—the coxcomb turned upon his heel, and left the threshold of Menarches for ever.

Too revengeful by half!—We could, we confess it, have cut the throat of our family-friend when he called attention, before a large dinner-party, to the budding manhood of our first starched neckcloth. But to have cut his acquaintance would have shocked our moral sense. And yet—for Alcibiades—remember how he was beset! Now the *Apollo* of the artists, as once their *Cupid*—to some he was the beautiful youth—to some the sparkling wit—to some the nephew of Pericles—to some the predestined minister of Athens. Followed—flattered—upon all sides, the wonder is that we should be ever able to exhibit him in more amiable colours. Across even the brightest portions of the canvas on which he is to figure, the shadow of SELF must be permitted to fall!

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Pericles.

PERICLES. ALCIBIADES.

Alc. (Entering hastily.) 'Tis done! I've taken it!—the first important step.

Per. (Surprised.) What's done?—What step?

Alc. The step upon a course, whereon one should either never enter or bravely persevere; a course that now and then leads to greatness, often to ruin, and not seldom to both together. The step to STATESMANSHIP.

Per. Have you a journey to the Indians before you, that you are already practising yourself in riddles?

Alc. Perhaps! But yet, before I read them, do tell me, Pericles, how much money was there in the purse you gave me yesterday?

Per. Did you not count it? Do you value my presents so little as—

Alc. Just because I do value your presents!—They are dearer to me for the giver's sake than for their own. Besides, count money! I leave that to the merchants and economists, two classes of individuals to whom I don't pretend to belong.

Per. Well; let one of your slaves, then, do it for you, since you are so anxious to know.

Alc. Can I so, good uncle?—*(Showing the purse quite empty.)*—See, accused be the obolus that tumbles out of it! I have scattered it all among the people.

Per. (Astonished.) Art thou mad? The whole sum!—why was this?

And why to day? And why without saying to me a syllable beforehand?

Alc. Because I myself knew nothing of it when I left the house—because in order to say beforehand one must see beforehand. (*Laughing.*) A truth, as I take it, which may explain the reason why so many of our priests' prophecies are—unfulfilled.

Per. Son of Clinias! (*With a reproachful mien.*)

Alc. Enough. I will be serious; only be not quite so sharp with me. —I went out—a little while ago—to visit the fair Samian, whose beauty is making such a noise. It was natural, therefore, was it not, that on such an occasion I should go equipt with arms more sure than graces of body—or of mind—to triumph over the heart of a female.

Per. Bravo! already so mature.

Alc. The fruit of a good stem ripens fast. Now, pray uncle, don't interrupt me again!—My slave was carrying the purse which I had got from you behind me, and all day-dreams of ambition were swallowed up for the time by certain feelings, which to thee need no description. Yet the sound of a commotion in the market place induced me to make a slight deflection, to see what it was about. I reached the spot, and lo! there stood NICIAS, surrounded by a crowd of people—He had been delivering a speech—as frigid as himself, no doubt, and as washy as a day of rain—and was endeavouring at last to put the proper fire into it, by throwing money to the hungry mob.

Per. Nicias, the son of Niceratus?

Alc. The same.

Per. What!—I should scarce have looked for his haranguing them so soon.*

Alc. My astonishment was yet greater than yours can be. Although not exactly of the same age, we have known each other from childhood—known each other as those who mutually hate. He, forsooth, would always play the leader, the adviser; while his timidity unfitted him for the lowest subordinate. In every little enterprise it was my business to breathe courage into the breasts of our associates; it was his to rob

them of it. To spy out faults, difficulties, dangers, was his main philosophy, and often was he in the midst of his sage demonstrations that our project was impossible, when we—had already accomplished it.—To see him upon the bema, and the money flying from his hands; to snatch the purse from my slave and make my largess fly about in twice the quantity; all this, believe me, Pericles, was the work of a single moment.

Per. (*Smiling.*) I do believe it.

Alc. And approve of it?

Per. And approve of it.

Alc. (*Seizing his hand in ecstacy.*)—Glorious man! O, my uncle! my dear uncle! so promptly, and so nobly ought the man to speak, who is the head of Athens and a model for us. Thou approvest of my liberality,—for that I thank thee! But not thou alone, the Gods themselves approved of it—gave me, in one and the same instant, a double recompense. For hardly had I spoken three words, and scattered the first handful, when the whole assemblage deserted Nicias and gathered around me with shouts of joy. In vain he bawled and prayed! Scarce a score of old decrepit grey-beards, with greedy eyes, but weary legs, remained beside him, not daring to mingle in the tumult that was raging round me. Unnoticed and ashamed he slunk away; while I was followed home with all the parade of a victory.

Per. A flattering reward for so ambitious a youth!

Alc. And yet not my best reward. This only flattered me. Another circumstance repaid me, and with usury—bestowed on me the fairest boon which mortal breast can crave—a FRIEND.—(*Opens the door and calls.*) Come in, Antiochus. And thou, Pericles, behold him of whom I spoke!

(*A young man, in a meanish dress, comes in and salutes Pericles respectfully.*)

Per. (*With an air like that with which a Radical Aristocrat regards a Ten-Pounder,—except when he wants his vote.*) And thou, who art thou?

Antioch. (*With a confident look.*) Alcibiades has named me right—Antiochus.

* Judicious Nicias!—he never did when he could help it.

Per. (*As before.*) A name common to too many to distinguish thee.—Thy father?

Antioch. Speusippus;—fought at Mycale; and—fell.

Per. I cannot remember to have known him.

Antioch. That I can well believe; since he was poor, and—what was worse—what kept him poor—he was honest.

Per. (*Disusted.*) Alcibi—

Alc. Before I confute thy glance, and O, it is *not* one of those that do thee honour—but before I confute the meaning of that glance, hear what I have to say for my friend. The Samian girl, to whom I was going, loves nothing half so much as a tame bird. For her sake and for the joke's sake, I got a quail, and was carrying it to her in my bosom. No wonder that in the heat of throwing about my money, I forgot the little wretch; and still less wonder that it took advantage of my carelessness to seek its freedom and be off. I set up a loud shout, as I saw it fluttering away; the crowd around me shouted too, and—down they ducked again after the pieces that lay scattered on the ground. Antiochus alone tore himself from the spot, and hastened after the bird, whose elipt wings could not bear it very far nor very high. Luckily he

got hold of it and brought it back to me.

Per. Is that enough to—

Alc. Enough, methinks, and more. Do you forget what he was leaving?—his *intercal*:—what he was running after?—my *gratification*. Show me, amid the swarm of those that buzz about thee—show me three friends, who, for the hope of doing thee a kindness, would abandon their own visible profit—would let go money—treasure—and up to this time half a dozen drachmas were a treasure to Antiochus—for the sake of serving thee; name me but three such friends, I say, and I own myself in error.

Per. You are very apt, coz, to treat trifles as weighty matters.

Alc. And yet you yourself have often noted it as the first badge of true sagacity—to detect in trifles the material of weighty things to come. See how well I follow your instructions! And now, Antiochus, thy hand! In ten days hence shall every one who talks of thee speak no more of the son of Speusippus, but of the bosom friend of Alcibiades—shall thy name, which hitherto the first of the Athenians knew not, be known and honoured by all in Athens, the greatest and the least. Come, that I may clothe thee in a manner worthy of thyself and me!

And so Alcibiades loved Antiochus—as the fabled Prometheus is said to have loved Man—because he was *his own creation*.

He had other pets too; and you shall see how he sometimes used them.

SCENE III.

A Walk near Athens.

ALCIBIADES—GLAUCIAS.

Alc. So then—they were talking of me in your circle—were they?—And what were they pleased to say?

Glauc. Many things so strange, that for my part I would not believe them.

Alc. If they were only *strange*, why

not? Never fear, out with them! You know I make no secret of my faults; all I beg is—no *advice* as to my future doings.

Glauc. Advice to thee! About as rational as Xerxes' whipping of the waves! But tell me, have you really a dog that cost you seventy minas? *

* Seventy minas—about L.280; or, in comparison with the general price of commodities, nearly L.840, in the time of Pericles.

Alc. To be sure I have. D'ye think him too dear? 'Tis the prettiest creature ever lived. Have you not seen him yet? He'll charm thee. Why, man, Hyperbolus himself could not spy a blemish in him.

Glauc. Especially—forgive me for speaking to thee about such trifles—especially his tail is very handsome.

Alc. (*To himself.*) Ha! ha! that known already! (*Aloud.*) At least it was so.

Glauc. What? Could it be true then that out of mere caprice you've cut it off?

Alc. (*Laughing.*) Precisely so—

only I should not have thought that Glaucias would have sung its elegy.

Glauc. But say: what could make thee do it? Do you know that all Athens rings with it? And that all, with one voice, cry shame upon thee?

Alc. Bravo!

Glauc. Bravo!—How? Because—

Alc. Bravo, I say—because all happens as I wished. Well for me if rumour never speaks worse things of me than this! Curiosity and envy must always have some food to stop their maws. I threw them a morsel—you perceive—to take them off my weightier designs.

Forgive us, good reader, that story from old Plutarch, for the sake of an ancient proverb! And, as for docking tails—we only wish the fashion would revive—especially in cases in which the wearers are not, dog-like, “honest creatures,” and the abomination is voluminous. Turn now over another page of your Plutarch, or your Laughton, and mark how we shall again better the Boetian!

Alcibiades has told you he loved Poets—sacred choir! Of course, then, he shined in his heart of hearts great HOMER as supreme—among Greeks the unapproachable. Moreover, his was the true instinct. He hallowed Homer the one—the Personal—the Undivided. Unaware of Hedlin and Perrault—of Vico, and Bentley, and Heyne—unversed in Wolfish Prolegomena—unscared by the rod or ribbon of Sir Godfrey Herman—un-educ'd by our excellent Nelson Coleridge, on this point, alas! after the fashion of his myriad-thoughted uncle-sage, erratic in his brightness—he tore and scattered not the Chian laurels, leaf by leaf, amid a host of small anonymous. Happy Alcibiades, to side in the impulse of his fine perceptions with a Milman—a Clinton—and our sublimer self!—Like Payne Knight, too, he could not abide interpolations; but, *unlike* Payne Knight, he would not sit in false judgment upon genuine passages, nor seek to throw his perfume on the violet. Of the plays of Richard Brome he had probably read as little as ourselves (for we quote from a quotation), yet he enacted a spirited commentary on certain lines of that no doubt unequalled comedian's *Antipodes*.—

“You, sir, are incorrigible, and
Take license to yourself to add unto
Your parts your own free fancy,” &c.

SCENE IV.

At first, a Street in Athens. Scene changes to a Grammar-School.

ALCIBIADES, ANTIOCHUS.—*Afterwards Two Schoolmasters.*

Alc. You teach me to understand the character of Achilles!

Ant. Who is not, however, I trust, your favourite hero.

Alc. By no means; else must I be as unjust as Jove, when he lets Hector fall. But my favourite book, beyond all question, is Homer. Out of him I first learned to read, and never since has he quitted my table.

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Ant. Gianted: and yet you might forget him here and there.

Alc. I might, but I never do. But why dispute so long about the matter? In Athens, let one be in what part of it you please, there must be a copy of Homer not far off. (*Looks about him, and points to a neighbouring house.*) See there! a school! Let us go in and ask for him.

Ant. With all my heart.

(*They enter, and find a number of Scholars with two Teachers.*)

Alc. Are you head-master?

1st Teacher. I am; and I bless the day on which we have the happiness to see the son of Clinias among us.

Alc. I thank thee; but, to be plain, our visit to-day is not so much to thee, as to thine Homer.

1st Teacher. (*Shaking his head.*) My Homer?

Alc. We have been disputing about a passage in the Iliad. Each of us thinks he recollects it; but each recollects it differently. Give us the poet himself, that is may decide which is in the right.

1st Teacher. I am sorry, young gentleman, that you will not find your arbiter here: I have no Homer.

Alc. No Homer? You are jesting.

1st Teacher. Why should I be jesting?

Alc. No Homer! and art a school-master?

1st Teacher. That I certainly am; but—

Alc. (*Furged*) One of those cases, which no *but* can justify! (*Howling his ears*) Take that, as a hint to get one as soon as possible. Come, Antiochus, let us go to MEN. (*Going.*)

2d Teacher. Stop a little, impetuous young man! Be not so incensed. I have what you want.

Alc. Seriously?

2d Teacher. Here it is.

Alc. (*Unrolling the copy.*) Thank thee! — First rhapsody — second rhapsody — third rhapsody — (*suddenly stopping.*) But what's all this? What's this blotted out—and this written on the margin?

2d Teacher. These are passages, which I have altered. Look, here you will find a number of notes that will show you I can not only read Homer, but improve him.

Alc. (*Laughing disdainfully.*) And you have not yet received a remuneration from the state?

2d Teacher. None!

Alc. Take it then from me. (*Beats him.*)

2d Teacher. Help! Murder! Help! (*The children laugh.*) Mad, saucy boy! Art thou come hither to insult us?

Alc. Not at all! But I am here to avenge Homer; to avenge him for the wrongs which you have done him.

Ant. (*Interposing.*) Alcibiades—this heat.—How can you judge of things you hav'n't even looked at?

Alc. As if there were any need of looking in this case!—Cast your eyes upon his beard, and tell me, would he have grown grey as a mere schoolmaster, had it been in him to better Homer? Come, I say once more, and let us go to MEN. (*They go out.*)

2d Teacher. Ah, if he was not the nephew of Pericles!—(*To the First Teacher.*) But I pray thee, friend, help me to indite a satire upon this young reprobate!

1st Teacher. Be that thy business. Be it mine to devise some way to get it read. For, trust me, hadst thou in very deed the spirit of Maenonides—and couldst thou blacken our insulter into a second Thersites—I doubt if there be one soul in Athens who would think of taking our part against this darling of the people.

The Dominie spake sooth—he *was* their darling. It was but a few days before that a Spartan guest had left the house of Pericles on his return to Lacedaemon. "Well," said his host, "when thy countrymen shall ask thee, what was the *greatest* thing thou sawest in Athens—and what the *most marvellous*—how wilt thou reply?"

"The *greatest*—Thee: the *most marvellous*—thy Nephew."

"And what dost thou find so marvellous in Alcibiades?"

"He is the first youth I ever saw, whom *all envy*—and *all love*."

Let the Dominies, then, bring their action for assault and battery. The verdict of the dicasts will be that of a "most intelligent and impartial" English Jury on an injured husband—who had merely grilled his drunken wife over a slow fire—"Saved the carmin right." And we would have freely offered for the same discipline—no not Bentley, whose very impertinences are redolent of genius—but *inter alios* Mr George Burges, so wittily

designated by Bishop Bloomfield as "the author of a new Greek Play, which he entitles the *Supplices of Æschylus*."

Major canamus!—Inform us, gentle, learned, and discerning public, what is your opinion of SOCRATES? That question has sometimes been a poser to ourselves. We have written upon all sides of the subject. First, in flaming adolescence and the height of a green appetite for paradox, we ran a muck at the venerable street walker in a style that startled both sides of the Atlantic. The Quarterly called us a Northern Aristophanes—the North American smote us with paternal tenderness—and the New Monthly, then commanded by our well-beloved Thomas Campbell, likened us to "a butcher-fly, fastening by instinct and by preference upon those parts only that are defective and disgusting, and making the taint it does not find, by its own pestiferous blowing." Modesty prevents our translating the equally flattering, and not less eloquent things, that were said of us in the Scandinavian and Slavonic dialects. "Åwerl," thought we, "it's a' ane to Dandie"—and so we scrambled back into the King's highway, prating about the "wisest and best of uninspired mortals," in a vein that might have cheered the midriff of Priestley and his weak and shallow school. But, in what we esteem our happiest mood, we have observed a golden mean—a sort of pepper-and-salt mixture, half warm with eulogy, half acid with satire—thereby siding, as we potently believe, with Plato himself, on whom, when the bees bestowed their honey, they did not forget the sting. In short, we offer a golden key to the Socratic character in one immortal sentence:—*the son of Sophroniscus was: a man of woman born!* The worthy midwife—his mother—was lineally descended from Japhet. It follows that her offspring was of composite structure:—very honest, very vain;—highly independent, a small degree pig-headed;—pious, but somewhat indiscreet;—more certain of his neighbour's errors than of his own truths;—too fond of playing with edge-tools;—and, though a popular Professor of Moral Philosophy, not precisely the best instructor for such aspiring youths as Critias and Alcibiades. That *last* charge against him we made sixteen years ago—and Xenophon has not yet answered it.

The Professor was not, then, as Meissner supposes, *virtue incarnate*. But his lectures were occasionally quite edifying; and, as the course is *gratis*, we will step in for once.

SCENE V.

The House of Socrates.

SOCRATES. ALCIBIADES.

(ALCIBIADES comes in, red with anger.)

Soc. Eh! What! My good Alcibiades, you seem to be in a mighty heat—or a mighty *passion*.

Alc. And cannot possibly *seem* so more than I really *am*.

Soc. (*Laughing*.) That I can well credit, since you have a large stock of the—shall I say the *inflamable*?—about you. But what has made it flare up just now?

Alc. You must surely know Alcæmon?

Soc. The son of rich Megisthus?—A little.

Alc. Give thanks to Heaven, that you don't know more of him. He is the stupidest, the most insufferable boor beneath sun and moon.

Soc. Very possibly.

Alc. A booby—about whom one can doubt only whether his body, his head, or his heart be worst; and with all this so intolerably proud of his riches!

Soc. Let him! Must not every one value himself for something? Who would not throw life from him with contempt, if he did not think himself possessed of some one superiority to others?

Alc. Quite true! But to make the rest of his fellow-mortals *feel* this superiority—is that necessary too?

Soc. Unquestionably not. Does Alcæmon do so?

Alc. To be sure he does. I was in company with him. Two whole mortal hours did he harangue, till

his tongue must have been as dry as our ears were weary, and all the time of nothing but the troops of slaves he had inherited—the grand houses he had bought, built, or meant to build. At last he came to his estates in Attica, and—would you believe it?—had the audacity to compare himself with me.

Soc. Indeed! And you—did you bear this patiently?

Alc. No; trust me, I did not. At first I was giving him my mind quite coolly; but he was so rude, so outrageous—

Soc. That you became so too? Wasn't it so?

Alc. Undoubtedly.

Soc. Tell me, then—was it because that rudeness of his in conversation seemed so wrong?

Alc. To be sure it was.

Soc. Didn't you observe that it offended the whole company?

Alc. I couldn't help observing that.

Soc. It seemed, then, quite out of place in the society of free-born noble youths and men. Did it not?

Alc. I should think so?

Soc. Tell me now, dear Alcibiades; suppose Alcmaeon were to come into your circle with soiled and tattered clothes, would you think it necessary to tear and dirty yours?

Alc. Why should I?

Soc. Or suppose he chose to set himself among the hired buffoons, that are but too often found at your tables, would you do the same?

Alc. Scarcely.

Soc. And why not? Because, perhaps, it would be an impropriety, a lowering of your rank, and an offence to the company?

Alc. Precisely.

Soc. Did you not say just now—or was I mistaken?—that a rude tone in conversation was out of place, and an offence to good society?

Alc. I said so, undeniably.

Soc. Well, then, I do wonder you should imitate Alcmaeon in this one impropriety, when you would scruple to follow him in others.

Alc. Ah! but *those* would disgust all alike; *this* touched me only, or at least me most nearly. Besides, when once my blood is up, how

can I get it down again for every fool?

Soc. To be sure, to be sure! It is difficult enough. And the company? Which of you did they decide for?

Alc. For me. Wouldn't you?

Soc. O, clearly. Would you have the kindness, dear Alcibiades, to fetch me down that roll?

Alc. With pleasure. (*He takes a roll from a shelf, and unfolds it.*)

Soc. You know what these lines here represent?

Alc. Greece. I know that map well. They say it was Pythagoras who sketched it.—(*Warmly.*) He was a wonderful man, that Pythagoras!

Soc. He was, indeed; even if he has not sketched out this plan exactly as he should.

Alc. It is at least the most exact we have.

Soc. I am glad you think it so.—But my eyes are somewhat dim. Be so good as point me out the Peloponessus.

Alc. Here!

Soc. And Attica?

Alc. Here!

Soc. And your estates?

Alc. My estates?

Soc. At least the space they occupy; and Alcmaeon's too, that I may compare the two properties together.

Alc. My good Socrates, how should I find it here? What had the drawer of this map to do with my estates?

Soc. And yet this map is so correct!

Alc. Most certainly.

Soc. And your possessions are so important and so great!

Alc. Important, without doubt, to me; but not to him.

Soc. And why not?

Alc. Because, when a man is directing his attention to the extent of whole states and countries, this or that particular property cannot possibly interest him.

Soc. Very true. Is it the case, then, that in every contemplation of a whole we lose sight of particular parts, and their comparative relations?

Alc. How do you mean?

Soc. Suppose now that Pythagoras had written a history of his times, would it not have been his

duty to hand down to posterity the virtues and talents of some particular individuals?

Alc. Of course it would.

Soc. The leader of an army, for example, is merely a single individual; yet, if the enemy be conquered by his wisdom or his valour, does not this individual merit praise and exaltation?

Alc. Unquestionably.

Soc. Or the peaceful lawgiver of a people? Would it have been right to let the name of Solon perish?

Alc. Certainly not.

Soc. Would it, then, have been likewise the historian's duty to mention what estates he had, and how many slaves?

Alc. Hardly.

Soc. Which, then, would count for more in the eyes of a Pythagoras—property in land and goods, or the riches of the mind?

Alc. The last, I must acknowledge.

Soc. And what appears of small importance in the eyes of a Pythagoras, would it not, in the eyes of a higher and more enlightened Being, appear of less?

Alc. Most probably.

Soc. In the eyes of a God, then, what seemed to Pythagoras a grain of sand would scarcely seem an atom of dust.

Alc. Very likely, I admit.

Soc. O, Alcibiades, and thou art not ashamed to pride thyself on things too unimportant for even the geographer, whose sole business is with earthly magnitudes! Thou canst heat thyself, and wrangle about possessions, which, not only to beings of a higher nature, but even to the wise among thy fellow-men, seem insignificant! What are thy estates in comparison with Attica? What is Attica in comparison with Greece? What is Greece in comparison with Europe? What is Europe in comparison with the universal mass of earth? Reck not of it, this unanimated mass! Possessions on its surface confer not immortality. The poor Aristides' name is known as well and widely as the wealthy Cimon's. That in thee, which lives, which thinks—this emanation of the Deity—far, far out-values thy domains. For *this* the gods themselves take thought; on *this* posterity will meditate, so thou but rightly use it. And here shall no Alcibiades hope to brave thee, if thou only *will* be what thou *canst*.

Alc. Socrates, I *will*. Here thou hast my hand upon it! But let this mutual grasp be likewise a pledge from thee, ever to warn me, when thou seest me stumble.

Soc. A favourable omen! He who beforehand fears to stumble, treads cautiously; and he who treads cautiously, does not stumble often.

There—you may judge from that, even without reading Plato, if you are so unhappy as not to be competent for the first of purely intellectual enjoyments. With what sudden bursts of genial eloquence the talkative old man would sometimes lighten up the prolixity—the captiousness—and the not infrequent sophistry of his dialogue-discourses! Thus did he—for a season—hold Alcibiades, as fast as ever dog held pig—*by the ear*. The fascination was complete, to the amazement of all Athens. And, for the first time in his life, Alcibiades confessed obligation. Loudly—as all worthy pupils are always and everywhere called upon to do—did he vaunt his professor as the foremost among men.

“Do you know any thing sweeter than our Chian wine?” Anytus once asked him at one of their jovial banquets.

“O yes!—the kisses of Eudemia!” answered the rogue, threw his arm round the neck of his beautiful neighbour, and tasted the said sweets more than once, in payment of his flattery.

“And would nothing be sweeter to thee than Eudemia's kiss?” asked an envious damsel in the company.

Alc. Nothing.

Damsel. I adjure thee, by the life of thy Antiochus, speak truth. (*Jeeringly.*) Why so studiously si-

lent, Eudemia, when one is putting questions for thy benefit? Dost thou not feel quite so sure of thy victory? Were I in thy place,

I should help to ask him if he knew any thing sweeter than my kiss.

blades, what seems to thee yet sweeter than this? (*Kissing him.*)

Alc. Nothing, nothing, by my head!

Nothing but—the praise of Socrates.

We can only wish the avowal had been made—in better company. But it would not do to slur over “that frail but polished sisterhood, who in Athens,” says a modern writer,* after Athenæus, “were not more distinguished for their external attractions, than for mental culture and scientific pursuits.” Often so, at least, if not quite so uniformly as the great antiquarian and the learned Reviewer would seem to insinuate. Assuredly, moreover, Alcibiades did not quite cut their society in the height of his Socratic *haison*; nor did the sage himself refuse—pupil-attended—to visit their boudoirs. Such, Oh excellent Jameson—such, Oh admirable Hooker, were his professorial excursions! No hammers and pudding-stones,—no *hœnti sœet*, and specimens of cryptogamous plants. Class, *Polypandria*—order, *Monogynia*—name, *Hetera Attica*, vulgarly called *Athenian* * * * was the natural production to which he drew the observation of the shooting mind. Let us conclude, then, for the present, with his prelection on Theodota. Xenophon† has been beforehand with us here; but he has unaccountably omitted to mention, that it was Alcibiades who praised her to his teacher as *indescribably* beautiful,—(“let us go *we*, then,” said Socrates, “what cannot be *described*,”)—that it was *with him* and a younger *élève*, Apollodorus, that the professor paid his visit—and that it was *for him* she was sitting to a painter, in the character of *Dançé*, when the visit was paid.

SCENE VI.

The Chamber of Theodota.

SOCRATES. ALCIBIADES. APOLLODORUS. THEODOTA.

Soc. (*After a long visit, preparing to go.*) Well, my friends, it was very kind of Theodota, at all events, to favour us with a view of her attractions in such slender drapery, and to show us, by a living example, what is the highest possible pitch of corporal loveliness. And yet it might still be made a question, which party has been the more obliged to the other—we who have seen her beauty, or she who has let it be seen?

Alc. As how, my father?

Apoll. Socrates, you're jesting.

Theod. (*Bitterly.*) Or are at least very grateful—in the philosophical style.

Soc. Not too fast, lady and gentlemen! Is it a greater advantage for us to have seen, or for her to have been seen? Is not that what it comes to?

Apoll. and *Alc.* Undoubtedly.

Soc. Well, then! She gives our

praise, which flatters her self-love in the mean time, and, by being spread abroad, may hereafter advance her interest. We, on the other hand, gain certain amorous fires and longings, to torment us in absence, disgust us with inferior charms, and keep ever alive within us the wish for a fresh view. Apollodorus went very near this enchanting creature. Let him own—whether he did not burn to go yet nearer. Thus does *she* become the worshipped one; *we* are no better than the worshippers.

Apoll. How subtle, and how true!

Theod. Very flattering indeed, son of Sophroniscus! By Jupiter, at this rate, it would be my business to thank you for this visit.

Soc. (*Laughing.*) Dearest Theodota, it lies in my power to make those thanks come warmer from thy heart.

Theod. And pray, what hinders thee?

Soc. The want of better acquaint-

* Edinburgh Review, No. 109, Article on GREEK ALTHOURESSES.

† Memorab. III., 11.

ance with thee, although I have already (*pointing to Alcibiades*) a surety here, for whose sake you would hardly refuse it.

Theod. Understanding it shall go no farther than besecms a grave philosopher.

Soc. Of course, of course. But forgive me, Theodota, a single piece of curiosity. The interior of your house is so magnificent, your furniture so costly, the number of your slaves—all sumptuously habited—so large, and your own dress so splendid, that I thought at first I had come, instead of Danaë's brazen tower, into the temple of Plutus. Have you great estates?

Theod. (*Taunting.*) Oh dear, no!

Soc. Or valuable houses in the town?

Theod. Not at all.

Alc. (*Aside.*) What is he driving at?

Soc. A rich portion from your father, then?

Theod. The furthest in the world from that!

Soc. (*Is astonished.*) And yet such marks of opulence! So many expensive trinkets! So many works of art!

Theod. All presents from my friends!

Soc. Thy friends? Ha, by the divinity of Juno, a goodly property! A troop of friends, methinks, is better than the treasures of Cræsus. But a rare piece of fortune, too! Tell me, how did it befall thee? Through pure luck? or some artist-like contrivance?

Theod. Why, what contrivance could I practise here?

Soc. What, none? O then shall a spider beat thee in wisdom, foresight, and art! To her, too, 'tis oft mere chance that brings the fly. But at least she spreads the net in which it is entangled.

Theod. You advise me, then, to make ready such a net? Is that it?

Soc. At least you must not hope to be always catching the most precious of all game—by accident! See you not how toilsomely the huntsman chases his? How—even for the insignificant hare—he spares no labour—for it he foregoes his rest by night, he suffers heat by day; for it he breeds, rears, trains, his multitude of dogs;—some to find it in the

form, some to track its foil, some to run it down? Nay, how, if all this be not enough, he seeks with snares to intercept its way?

Theod. You harp long upon your huntsman. Pray which device am I to borrow from him?

Soc. Perhaps the whole of them! At least, in lieu of a tracking-hound, thou must get thee a friend to find out the rich young voluptuaries, the connoisseurs and amateurs of beauty—since the Alcibiadeses don't always snare *themselves*—and to drive them, when found, into thy net.

Theod. My net? What net should I have?

Soc. One, by which all men are easily entangled;—thy beautiful person; one—well deserving that on it, as on the bosom of Danaë, the favour of gods and men should fall in golden showers! Especially (*with an impressive tone*) since we may hope the second—is still more indispensable gift—is not wanting.

Theod. And that is?

Soc. A soul to match this setting! A soul that teaches thee how to look on him whom thou wouldst please; what to say to him whom thou wouldst kindle; how to receive honour with dignity, disdain with indifference; how 'tis thy behest to be agreeable to him that truly loves thee, grateful to the generous, officious to the sick, compassionate to him that is unhappy, kind to a faithful friend. Sure I am that thou understandest how to love, voluptuously—tenderly—confidingly—at once. And since thou possessest so many exalted friends, thou must know how to win them by words as well as actions.

Theod. No, Socrates; by all the gods, you imagine arts in me which I know nothing of at all.

Soc. (*staring.*) Nothing? What! thou understandest not how much depends on going half-way to welcome inclination, without letting it appear so? *For* neither wins us friends nor keeps them. Only by softness can so shy a quarry be attracted—only by graciousness be held.

Theod. A truth sufficiently self-evident!

Soc. Such things alone must thou at first require of thy friends, as they do without trouble, or with

pleasure to themselves. Complaisance thou must endeavour to repay with complaisance;—so wilt thou chain them ever faster to thee;—make their love more durable—their liberality more profuse—thyselves more necessary to them. Above all, be heedful to manage thy caresses! Even the daintiest meats, to him that seeks them not, are often disagreeable—to him that is satiated, disgusting. But only waken hunger, and the homeliest fare is welcome.

Theod. But how shall I contrive to wake this hunger?

Soc. Clearly not by this richly lavished finery only! Clearly not by even these fascinating attitudes alone! The one frequently displeases, and to the other one becomes at last—accustomed. But by never pressing any thing upon satiety—by fleeing even from aroused appetite—so fleeing as to enhance it by delay.

Theod. Upon my life, Socrates, such good—worldly—common sense till now I never looked for in thee. Can't you become yourself my hunting-comrade in this chase of friends?

Soc. (Laughing.) Why not? If thou couldst but persuade me!

Theod. And how shall that be done?

Soc. Nay, nay, my good Theodota, see thyself to that!

Theod. (Looking coquettishly at him, and assuming a still more charming posture.) Be then so very good as to come often to see me!

Soc. (Mocking.) Bravo, fair Greek! One part at least of the decoying trade thou hast caught up fast enough,—as far as looks and tones go. But to tell thee the plain truth, 'tis no easy thing for me to be often idle. What with public and private business—my wanderings about with youths, who put some trust in me that must not go unrequited—all this keeps me in perpetual employment. Besides, I have sundry female friends that never leave me

day or night, for ever teaching me their spells and potions.

Theod. What? Art thou skilled in these too?

Apoll. (Aside.) The first I ever heard of it!

Soc. (Jestingly.) To be sure I am! Tell me, how otherwise would Apollodorus, Phædon, Critias, and the rest of them be always in my train? How otherwise could I bind this all-conquering son of Clinias so close to me, that even thy charms—in spite of their novelty—can keep him from me only—a few days at a time?

(ALCIBIADES blushes and looks down.)

Alc. (Aside.) Oh, my master, how ashamed of myself dost thou make me!

Soc. Only ask him yourself, Theodota; what spell, what philtre I have used to tame him.

Theod. By all that's sacred, do but lend me this spell, that I may try it first upon thyself!

Soc. Jupiter preserve me!—I don't wish to be attracted;—at the most I would attract.

Theod. And hast already. Hereafter gladly will I visit thee—if only sure of a reception.

Soc. Truly, somewhat doubtful! since ever and anon one yet more trusty friend—calm Contemplation, or the heavenly Muse—is wont to visit me. To exchange these for restless love would be silly at my age and in my condition. But enough for to-day! Household affairs demand my presence. Whether these young gentlemen (*pointing to ALCIBIADES and APOLLODORUS*) will stay by the couch of Danac or follow the son of Sophroniscus, must be left to them.

Alc. I go with thee.

Apoll. And I.

Soc. (Sarcingly.) See you there, Theodota? A new proof of my enchantments! How otherwise would these young fellows leave the most charming of all women for an ugly old carle like me?

The sermon may be fair enough, Dr Socrates—and an affectionate disciple has thought it worth recording—but we doubt the discretion of the text.

Now, soft music, Mr North!—rose paper and gilt edges for your next Number, Mr Blackwood!—we are coming to ASPASIA.

FANNY FAIRFIELD.

PART III.

"Then gently scan your brither man,
 Still gentler, sister woman:
 Tho' bath may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside ye huanan—
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *why* they do it—
 And just as lamely may ye mark
 How far perhaps, they iue it."—HUMPH.

THE lingering disease of Frank's aged relative at length terminated in death, and the young man, having made some hasty and temporary arrangements connected with the small estate bequeathed to him, set his face homeward with lover-like impatience. But that feeling was not all made up of pleasurable anticipation, and the anxious misgivings by which it was alloyed increased to a painful degree as he approached his native village, and the termination (whether good or evil) of all doubt and conjecture.

Nearly eight long weeks he had been separated from Fanny; and the style and brevity of her letters during the latter part of his residence in Derbyshire had disturbed him even more than the longer and longer intervals occurring between each; the latter being nevertheless a startling circumstance, Fanny's readiness with her pen considered, and the freedom and fulness with which, during the first weeks of their separation, she had apparently poured out every thought and feeling in frequent communication. But this was not all: Frank's vague apprehensions were painfully stimulated by a letter from his old father, who, having occasion to address his son on business (nothing short of necessity ever roused him to so unusual an exertion), concluded his epistle with the following startling postscript:—

"*Nota Beny.*—I forgot to say she won't do after all, Frank! At her old ways again—worse than ever.—Best look out for a wife down there: or come back and see if thee and Mary can't make a match on't."

A late September evening had shut in dark and dreary as the coach in which Frank had taken his place wound down the last hill in its approach to Holywell, through which

lay its route to the next post town. Light after light sparkled out from the low dwellings of the straggling street, and from those more irregularly scattered among the gardens and orchards of the sloping upland beyond. But Frank's eye glanced over all to one familiar spot, when, from the lattice of a poor cottage rather apart from the rest, beamed a few small rays that had been to him as an evening star, from boyhood to that hour, and now sent a thrill of gladness through his heart, as he first descried the well known beacon twinkling through the thin autumnal foliage of an intervening pear-tree.

The coach set him down at a turning from the high-road which led straight to the Grange. But instead of striking off into that homeward path, he hastened in the opposite direction, toward the solitary cottage. As he approached, the small steady ray wavered and flickered in the window, and was hastily shifted from its station—and the door flying suddenly open, one of the young lads rushed out without his hat in the direction of the village, and Frank's ear caught the word, "Doctor,"—and he saw figures moving between him and the bright fire-light in seeming hurry and confusion—

"What strange and wayward thoughts
 will slide

Into a lover's head!

'Oh mercy!' to himself he cried,

'If Lucy should be dead.'

For a moment he stood gazing into the cottage—not daring to advance—his knees smote together, and his heart beat with painful violence. But with a strong effort, shaking off the palsifying weakness, he strode on, prepared for the worst, and stood in the midst of the agitated group.

One glance sufficed to relieve him from his most agonizing apprehension. Mark Fairfield and his dame and their youngest boy were supporting the apparently lifeless form of the aged grandmother, who lay back in her old high-backed chair, still breathing; but the sunken eyelids had closed seemingly for ever over the long sightless balls, and the awful shadow of death was on her pale features and venerable brow. A few broken and hurried words were all the greeting between the distressed family and the new comer; and enticed to explain, that his revered old friend had been seized, as they sat at supper, with a sort of fit, during which she had struggled hard to speak, but could only articulate the name of Fanny, before she sank into her present insensible state.

"And where is she? good God! where is Fanny?" exclaimed Frank, as he started from his attitude of awe-struck contemplation, and glanced round the room, as if in search of her who was so painfully missing at such a moment—and then he learnt from the half-hesitating parents that they had not seen her for many days, she was "so taken up at the Court." "And oh! I'm so glad you're come back, Frank!" sobbed the agitated mother—"Now all will go right again, please God!—But what shall I do? If she could but come time enough to give a last kiss to her poor old granny while there's life on her lips!—But father nor I can't leave her, and there's Jem with a sprained ankle, and"—

"I'll fetch her—I'll fetch her myself, mother!—Don't fret—I'll fetch her in no time, never fear," cried Frank, catching up his hat—"though it be from that place I rowed never to go near," he added, in a lower tone to himself, as he started off on his hurried mission.

There were gay revels, and pleasant pastimes, and goodly devices at Lascelles Court that night: and Fanny, if not at heart the happiest of the happy, was to outward semblance the gayest of the gay: fantastically attired for one of the accessory figures of a *tableau vivant*, in which the Lady Gertrude condescendingly exhibited her fair person as the pictured Dian surrounded by

her huntress train. The costume of the living goddess and her attendant nymphs was not so faithfully arranged from Albano's free conceptions as to violate in the slightest degree "*les convenances de la bonne société*"—(we really cannot *anglicise* the comprehensive Gallicism)—but was so happily modified (within that liberal pale) as to afford an exquisite study to the eye of connoisseurship, intent, through its concentrating opera glass, on combination and effect; rounded forms; carnation tints; and voluptuous graces, such as the professional artist might have sought for in vain among the paid models of the studios or of the Royal Academy. The *tableau* in question had been the last and most enthusiastically applauded of a brilliantly successful series:—and Fanny, flushed with the exertion of sustaining her long fixed attitude, with the excitement of her part, the consciousness of having been (though in a subordinate degree) an object of general admiration and of whispered worship more fatally intoxicating, was retreating, through a back lobby, to change her dress in the chamber of Mademoiselle Virgine, when she was met by one of the housemaids, who had been way-laying her for the purpose, with the abrupt intimation that "a young man was coming to fetch her to her grandmother who was dying."

"To be sure, you brant' much of a figure to go with him, *Miss Fanny*," sneered the low-bred girl, as she surveyed her from head to foot, laying a malicious emphasis on the word *Miss*. But the taunting look and word were equally unheeded by the heartstruck creature to whom they were addressed, who rushed past the insulting informant, forgetful of her strange attire, forgetful of herself—of every thing but the import of those fearful words—"Your grandmother is dying"—and, darting down a back staircase leading to the offices, ran almost into the arms of Frank, who had followed his ambassadress so far into the interior of the house, in his impatience to meet Fanny and conduct her to the home where she was so anxiously expected.

But when she thus suddenly presented herself, so strangely meta-

morphosed, he started back in surprise and confusion from the incomprehensible vision; and at sight of him she also stooped short in her headlong progress, as if some supernatural form stood menacingly in the way; and for a moment both stood gazing on each other as if spell-struck. But wildly throwing out her arms, she uttered his name in tones he never could mistake; and then the unhappy young man, as if first assured of her identity and his misfortune, leant back for support against the wall, and turning away his head, as he mournfully waved her from him, said, in a smothered voice, "Oh Fanny!—is it come to this?"

But quickly recollecting himself and the purpose which had brought him thither, he mastered his feelings by a strong effort, and turning to the trembling, weeping, agitated girl, spoke kindly and soothingly; communicating his errand with compassionate gentleness, and her parents' request that she would immediately accompany him home.

"But—but"—he hesitated, with an almost loathing glance at her classical attire. "You can't come with me so, Fanny! I will wait till you have put your clothes on" (to the unenlightened eye of the simple peasant, her state approached to nudity); "but be quick—be quick, Fanny! for your own sake."

Not a word—not a single word was uttered by either (now first meeting after so long separation) as they hastened, as fast as Fanny's trembling, shivering limbs could bear her, towards her father's cottage. Once or twice a half-suppressed sob struggled from her bosom, and Frank felt that the form he half supported hung more heavily upon his arm as they approached the humble threshold. His kind and generous heart bled for her—as well as for himself:—But he trusted himself not to speak—nor did he retain in his cold trembling hand, which, as it seemed sinking from its resting-place, he drew farther within his sustaining arm.—For a moment, as they reached the door, she clung to that arm with a convulsive grasp—but still she spoke not, nor looked up in his face, as the lights from within now flashed upon them both:—and with a deep

sigh he lifted the latch, and drew her gently onward into the house of sorrow—into the chamber of death.

By that hour on the evening of the ensuing day Frank Lovell, having made some hasty arrangements with his father, was already many miles on his way back to the place he had left so lately, little anticipating that he should revisit it so soon, and for no limited period.

And we too, reader, will take our leave of Holywell and its inhabitants for a three years' interval, during which, time, chance, and change have wrought unceasingly the fated work, whose consummation and their end must be corral. Lascelles Court is again deserted. Its noble owners are voyaging toward the "land of the Orange and Myrtle," Mr Lascelles having been thrown out at the last election, and Philhellenism being the latest and most enthusiastically assumed of Lady Gertrude's moral phases.

There is light on the hearths and smoke from the chimneys of the Grange and of Mark Fairfield's cottage; and all looks as it was wont about both habitations. But there is change within. The old farmer's seat is vacant, and "his place on earth knoweth him no more;" and no living soul of the name of Fairfield now dwells beneath their cottage thatch, nor in the village or neighbourhood, where from father to son, for many generations, they had earned their bread honestly by the sweat of their brow—and lived and died "in good repute with all men." What! all gone in so short space?—youth and age—parent and child—so soon gathered together in that last resting place, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep?"

Nay, but one heap—one grassy mound has been added to the nameless graves of the Fairfields since we visited that churchyard. There, on that headstone fronting them, beneath the obituary of his long deceased partner, is engraved the honoured name of Matthew Lovell, with a scriptural text annexed to the memorial of both parents, by filial duty and affection:—and just facing it, on the other side the path, is that last green grave, of the last

buried Fairfield. Though full of years, "the ripe shock" lies garnered there:—she by whose dying bed we last beheld the afflicted family. But where are they—the husband and wife, still hale and vigorous in autumnal strength? Those hopeful, comely boys, fast springing into manhood? and that fair girl, the flower of the flock?—Alas! for her sake, parents and brothers are wanderers (self-exiled) in a far land beyond the seas, where no tongue may inflict shame and anguish by pronouncing the name they once loved so dearly. Fanny Fairfield is a wife:—But not the wife of Frank Lovell. A wife:—not honoured and honourable, but sinned against and sinning.—Miserable! fallen! degraded! lost.—Ah! *not* lost for ever.

We will not follow her through the sickening detail of circumstances that led to her union with Delisle, at no long period after the death of her grandmother and her abrupt parting with Frank. Suffice it, that in an evil hour, overborne and overpersuaded, infatuated, and fatally deceived as much respecting the true state of her own feelings as the character of her new admirer, she became the wife of Delisle, and removed with him to London. For a time her parents continued to receive from her occasional letters, now and then accompanied by such tokens of her loving remembrance, in the shape of small presents, as "it was in her power," she intimated, to send them. But of her husband, and of his circumstances, even from the first, she made brief and infrequent mention, and at last even those slight notices were discontinued, and her letters contained little else but assurances, more and more tender and affecting, of the love she bore to her dear parents, and brothers, "and every body—every thing about dear, dear Holywell!" So concluded, for the most part, the few letters received by the Fairfields from their daughter in the second year of her ill-omened marriage; and so ended the very last that ever reached them (toward the close of that year), with the addition of a few words obliterated by the pen, not so completely but that the keen eye of anxious affection made them

out to be—"Oh! that I had never left it." Once or twice Dame Fairfield had "made bold" to apply to "my lady" during her now "few and far between" visits to the Court, for intelligence of her child; but, except on the first occasion, a few months after Fanny's marriage, her ladyship returned no satisfactory answer to the poor mother's humbly anxious enquiries; and at last intimated to her, though not with unfeeling carelessness of inflicting pain, that she was not now, nor had been for some time past, in habits of communication with her former favourite, "whose misconduct," she grieved to say it, "had made it quite impossible that she should continue to notice her." She did not add—she did not acknowledge to herself, that soon after Fanny's marriage other objects had begun to engross her thoughts and monopolize her interest; nor was she sensible (to do her justice) that this capricious transfer of her favour, by disappointing the expectations of the unprincipled Delisle, had subjected his unoffending wife to the most brutal treatment, and mainly contributed to throw her into the arms of the destroyer, in the desperation of outraged feelings, and under that cruel sense of abandonment so peculiarly open to the soothing influence of sincere or insidious sympathy.

Although Lady Gertrude, desirous to spare the mother's feelings (and her own possibly, for she had her moments of uneasy retrospection), dismissed the poor woman without further detailing the errors of her unfortunate daughter, various individuals of the *lower house*, less scrupulous and more communicative, were ready with "the round unvarnished truth," and it was such as to make the poor but honest parents "go mourning to their graves," but not in the land of their forefathers, nor under the green sod where they slept.

"We can never hold up our heads in our own place again, master, for the shame and sorrow she has brought upon us," was Mark Fairfield's reply to the kind comforting of Farmer Lovell, and his dissuasion from a project that the poor man had embarked in too hastily, he conceived, in the recklessness of his affliction.

A rich agricultural speculator, about to transfer himself and his capital to the backwoods of America, where a large tract of land was already purchased in the name of Sheepshanks (the site of a future Sheepshanksville), by the lure of high wages and ultimate independence had enlisted a train of mechanics, labourers, and their families, as followers of his fortunes and companions of his venture. Mark and his wife, still equal to active and laborious usefulness, and their two promising industrious lads, were eagerly enrolled at the first hint of their inclination to join the party of adventurers; and small time sufficing for the disposal of their paternal cottage and its belongings, the poor family was soon afloat, for the first time in the life of any of them, on the wide world of waters, and looking a last adieu at the hazy distance, where fancy still shaped the white cliffs of England long after the last pale streak had faded in the mingling of sky and ocean.

So the name of the lost one was thenceforth unuttered by any living creature akin to her in blood, in her birth-place, and in her dwelling place, in the happy haunts of her childhood, and of her still innocent youth. But there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and there are memories engraven deeper than even by the strong impress of natural affection. Yet Frank Lovell never spoke of Fanny; nor was her name ever breathed in his hearing by Aunt Amy or Mary, though it still lived in their pure and womanly hearts, and was often recalled, with tenderly compassionate mention, in their quiet communings with each other.

Frank made no alteration in the family arrangements when the death of his father left him sole master of the Grange. Aunt Amy continued to preside over the peaceful household, and though Mary, when the funeral was over, intimated her sense of the unfitness that she should live on a burden on her cousin, and her intention of seeking some decent service, there needed no vehement urging to dissuade her from her purpose.

"Dear Mary! don't leave us," said Frank. "We should miss you more than ever now father is gone.

For his sake stay with us, Cousin Mary!" And those few simple words of entreaty, and the look of brotherly love and kind pressure of the hand that enforced them, fixed Mary's fate at the Grange for as long as her continuance there should be so cordially and affectionately desired. And time made no change in her cousin's disposition towards her, except perhaps to make him more and more sensible how necessary to his comfort she had become; how painful it would be to part with one whose unobtrusive sympathy with his "silent sorrow," and womanly tenderness of pity towards its aching and unhappy cause, endeared her to him even more than the bond of kindred and life-long experience of her worth and her affection.

An accidental circumstance suddenly gave a tongue and language to these suppressed feelings; and thereafter Frank found comfort and relief in unreserved communication with the gentle-hearted and right-minded Mary. He sat reading one day by the winter hearth, in his father's accustomed seat, at the back of which stood a high folding screen, placed there to intercept the draughts from the many doors opening into the spacious old-fashioned room. Behind the screen, unobserved whom it sheltered, entered through a back passage from the dairy Mary and a young woman of the village, with a replenished butter basket. The conversation they were continuing would have passed unheeded by Frank, had not his attention been suddenly arrested by the sound of a too familiar name coupled by the flippant utterer with an opprobrious epithet that sent the warm blood mantling over cheek and brow of the unconscious listener, who, all unseen as he was, shrunk back into himself, and buried his face in his hands as if to hide the agony of that reflected shame. But very soon the bitterness of that sudden passion gave way to better and softer feelings; to the soothing sweetness of another voice, pleading, like Pity's self, for merciful judgment and Christian charity.

"Oh Susan! Susan! do not judge her so harshly," urged the tender-hearted Mary Lovell.—"We do not

know all—we cannot tell how she was tempted; nor how the angels in heaven—God's holy angels! may even yet rejoice over her, a repentant sinner."

That mild rebuke made little impression on the unfeeling girl to whom it was spoken, who replied only by a scornful laugh as she hastened off with her market basket. But it sank into the very heart of that other unsuspected hearer; and as Mary started back, frightened and confused at discovering him in his lurking-place, he rose up, and, gently detaining her, printed a brother's kiss upon her brow, and said in a low voice and with glistening eyes:—

"God bless you for those sweet words, Cousin Mary! and—I bless you."

Was Mary doubly blessed?

Toward the end of the winter, the earlier part of which had been marked by this little occurrence, the affairs of his large grazing concern made it necessary for Frank to pay one of those visits to the capital, from which he now shrank with painful reluctance, and shortened to the utmost:—Never, during his compelled sojourn in the City, venturing to the theatres or any place of public resort, or even beyond the beat of his commercial dealings, in the sickening dread of some encounter that might carry to his heart conviction even more appalling than its present certainty of the lost state of one so dear to him in her days of innocence.

On this particular occasion he had hurried over his business with a most unbusiness-like impatience, and by so doing brought it so near to a conclusion, that on the next day but one he hoped to be on his road homeward. But besides the remainder of his worldly transactions, he had yet an errand of mercy to perform before his departure. To visit for the last time a poor wretch under sentence of transportation in the gaol of Newgate. More than once during his present sojourn in the City, he had sought the cell of the condemned, once an honest countryman of his native village, and now, he trusted, sincerely penitent, though a convicted felon. Frank had promised the unhappy man to see him once again before he left London, and in

fulfilment of that promise he bent his steps towards the prison. In the course of his former visits he had formed some acquaintance with one of the principal turnkeys, of whose humane character the prisoner had spoken with grateful feeling, and Frank was indebted to him for much personal civility and interesting information respecting the interior arrangements of the gaol, as well as for many curious details and anecdotes of its ever-shifting population.

Among its present inmates Evans had alluded in particular to an unhappy man awaiting his trial for forgery, but not likely to live till the assize.

"He is dying, sir—dying in that cell,"—said the turnkey, pointing to a door they were passing at the moment—"And, used as I am to things of this nature, my blood runs cold when I hear the language of that God-forsaken man. None but a wretch God-forsaken could outrage as he does a poor heartbroken creature, his miserable wife, the only living thing that cleaves to him in his disgrace and wretchedness. Hark!" he hastily interrupted, laying his hand on Frank's arm as they stooped a moment near the door in question. "Hark, sir!—you may hear her sobs and his vile curses—and that!—the scoundrel! that was a dastard blow.—Wait a moment, sir, while I step in and interfere, or the villain will murder her." And taking a key from the bunch he carried the kind-hearted man hastily unlocked the door and entered to interpose his merciful authority. From the passage where he awaited his guide Frank could see the interior of the cell and the figure of its wretched inmate, tall and gaunt as a skeleton, seated on his pallet bed, beside which knelt a woman, whose face was hidden on the coverlet, while deep sobs burst from a bosom, the heavings of which seemed to convulse every nerve of her slight attenuated frame. Her arms were flung forward on the bed, the long, thin, sickly looking hands clasped together, and a mass of soft brown hair, burnished with paly gold, from which a ruffian hand had torn off the covering, fell over and about the unhappy creature and almost to the ground

(as she knelt) in rich luxuriance, the more striking from the contrasting wretchedness of her general appearance, and of the old black cloak in which her figure was enveloped. Frank's heart thrilled within him at sight of those bright tresses; for they brought to his remembrance one whose fate might be as wretched as that of the unfortunate he now compassionated. But the tender emotion quickly changed to indignant feeling, as, scowling savagely at the prostrate creature, her brutal husband lunged from him one of those scattered tresses that had fallen on his knee, exclaiming, with a coarse and horrid imprecation:—

"Sell these—these would fetch something;—more than they are worth.—More than these noble earnings of your '*honest industry*,' as you call them." And he dashed down on the floor a few shillings from his clenched fist. "*Your virtuous earnings*, forsooth! Where was your virtue when you took yourself off with that paltry scoundrel of a lord—because you could not bear to live a life of '*guilty deception*' truly!—You might have lived what life you pleased, so it had been profitable to me—what else did I marry you for? And what care I for your repentance, as you call it? And if you chose to find me out in this cursed place (where I should not have been but for you), what good do you me with your whimpering and these paltry alms?—You might help me *now*, if you would"—muttered the wretch, after a moment's pause, dropping his voice and turning away his face as he spoke; but Evans, unable longer to restrain his honest indignation, roughly silenced him, and picking up the unhappy woman's bonnet from the floor where it lay trampled underfoot by her vile partner, he gently raised her from her kneeling posture, and wrapping round her the old rusty black silk cloak that had half fallen from her shoulders, soothed and encouraged her in a voice of kindly feeling, as he assisted her trembling hands to find the combs, that had fastened up her dishevelled hair, and to gather it up, under the bonnet, which she dragged down over her face, and tied, or rather knotted together, with fingers almost unequal to the task.

And yet again, as her humane conductor led her out, she turned towards her tyrant and would have spoken; but before she could articulate a word, his fury burst forth in a fresh torrent of blasphemous imprecation, and Evans, hurrying her from the cell, hastily secured it, while the poor creature cowered shuddering within herself, her head drooping low upon her bosom; and accompanying her to the entrance-door of the farther passage, fastened it after he had seen her safely through, with an injunction to stop and "have something" to recover her in his good woman's room as she passed it, and returned to Frank, full of apologies (little required by him to whom they were offered) for having detained him so long an involuntary witness to a scene so revolting.

"But indeed, sir!" continued the turnkey, "my heart bleeds for that poor creature; an erring one she has been, I believe; but a true penitent she is, if ever there was one, since she who knelt and kissed the Saviour's feet. It would go to your heart to hear her begging forgiveness of that wretch, and receiving back curses from his brutal lips, because he cannot drive her to sinful courses to supply his selfish cravings. She works day and night at her needle, and all her poor earnings she brings him, as you saw—keeping scarce enough to save her from starving; for she is wasted to a skeleton by want as well as sickness; and when my good woman has given her a morsel in our little room, in her way out of the gaol, she has eaten with a famished eagerness that showed how she had pinched herself of every thing. But it cannot last long; the doctor says her husband is in the last stage of a consumption, and in a few days he will be moved into the infirmary, where it will not be in his power to abuse her, as he does in that solitary cell."

Frank felt too deeply interested by what he had heard and witnessed that day not to enquire for the unfortunate woman on his subsequent visits to the prison. But on this last occasion his enquiries were forestalled by the appearance of the desolate creature herself, turning from the gaol, as he approached it, with slow and feeble steps; her head

bowed down upon her bosom and the old straw bonnet dragged so far over her face as to conceal it entirely from Frank's compassionately earnest gaze, though she passed him so close that his ear distinguished a gasping sob. "It is all over, sir!" said Evans, who stood looking after the unhappy woman. That man is gone to his account—that miserable man! Would you believe it, sir, almost his last act was an attempt to strike her, after his speech failed him, and he could curse no longer, as she knelt by his bed with uplifted hands—praying for one word—one sign of pardon. She is gone away broken-hearted to her poor comfortless hole of a room, but my good woman won't forget her, I reckon, no more than myself; and her time in this world won't be long, poor soul! That hollow cough of hers and the red spot upon her cheek are death-tokens, I doubt." After a few more words relating to the unfortunate creature, for whom his compassion had been so strongly excited, Frank placed a trifle for her use in the hands of the humane turnkey, and passed on to the more immediate object of his visit. *That* concluded—his last farewell spoken to the departing exile—the last prayer said with him—the last messages received, as sacred trusts, for his afflicted relatives, Frank Lovell turned away from those gloomy walls in silent and sad abstraction, and proceeded to execute what yet remained unconcluded of his business in the City.

The short winter day was drawing to a close when, after a weary round, he bent his steps over London Bridge towards the temporary home he hoped so soon to quit, for that with which all thoughts of comfort, peace, and social enjoyment were connected in his bosom. The anticipation quickened his pace, weary as he was, and he had nearly crossed the bridge when his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a female leaning, in a half-sitting attitude, against the parapet of one of the side niches. Her figure was huddled up and closely shrouded in an old black cloak, the large hood of which was drawn over her bonnet, as, with head declined upon her bosom, she sat immovable as stone. Frank stopt and gazed. He *could*

not be mistaken. The bowed form, —the dress *so similar*—and *that rent* in the old cloak. It *was* assuredly the same unhappy creature for whom so much compassionate interest had recently been awakened in his heart. And what could be her business, her purpose, at such a place, at such an hour? Frank shuddered as the question suggested itself, and instinctively he drew nearer to the miserable object of his humane solicitude.

But she remained perfectly unob-servant of his approach; and he stopt again, silently gazing on her still motionless form. After a few moments a deep sigh, almost a groan, burst from her bosom; and stretching out her clasped hands, upraised as if in prayer, she rose, and turning toward the water, dragged herself upon the wall against which she had been leaning. Frank stepped close to her, still unnoticed. Her senses were closed to all outward sight and sound, as she knelt now on the extreme edge of the parapet, looking down into the dark water beneath. A moment yet, she crouched immovable, in the intensity of that downward gaze. The next, flinging her arms abroad with frantic gesture, a thrilling cry, "Lord have mercy!" broke from her lips, and she would have plunged headlong but for *that* hand (the instrument of Providence), whose restraining grasp had been upon her garments from the moment of her taking this fearfully suspicious station. She had prayed for mercy in the agony of her despair, and the prayer was heard and granted in the frustration of her guilty purpose. She was saved;—saved from death eternal; but, as it seemed, her days on earth were numbered and cut off, even in the act of interposing mercy. As Frank lifted her unresisting from the wall, her head dropt heavily aside in total insensibility, and a dark stream trickled on the shoulder of her light coloured dress, from which the cloak had partly fallen. The wintry twilight was darkening into night, so that he could but just discern that fatal token—but he *felt* it also—a few drops warm upon his hand, and a sick shudder came over him, for he knew that it was blood, and that it was oozing from the lips of his now

senseless burden. He carried her a few paces, with yet uncertain purpose, and now eagerly accepted the proffered services of a few persons who had gathered about the spot, to call a coach from the nearest stand. By the time it drew up he had regained composure, and decided what to do. He knew not the place of abode of the unhappy woman, but remembered that Evans had alluded to it as wretched and comfortless, and among strangers. Directing the coachman to Newgate Street, he ordered him to stop within a short distance of the prison, at a little shop, the proprietors of which, an old widow and her widowed daughter, were known to him as kindhearted and respectable, though poor and humble, and he remembered to have seen a bill of lodgings in their window.

Sustaining the helpless creature as she lay back, still senseless, in a corner of the coach, he would have removed the bonnet to give her more air but that her head pressed it heavily against the side of the coach, and fearing by the slightest motion to re-excite the hemorrhage, which had apparently ceased, he contented himself with loosening the strings and with guarding her as much as possible from any sudden or jolting motion. He pressed his fingers to the wrist of the thin cold hand that lay lifeless on her lap. The pulse beat feebly, scarce perceptibly; but it *did* beat, and as he ascertained the fact, his feelings gave utterance to a devoutly breathed "Thank God!"

It seemed as if that fervent ejaculation had roused and recalled the slitting spirit. A slight but universal tremor agitated the wasted frame. Twice—thrice, she drew a long, deep inspiration; and when Frank, observing these indications of returning consciousness, bent over the desolate creature, and spoke soothingly in a voice of compassionate gentleness, she gave a shuddering start, and half lifting her head, essayed to speak. But the effort was too much for her feeble powers. She relapsed into her swoon; and Frank perceived, by the flashing lamp light, that large drops of blood were again falling from her lips. And it was now *his* turn to start and tremble with *more* than compassionate emotion.

The slight motion of her head had so changed its position that the lower part of the face became visible, and flash after flash of the brilliant gas-lights lit up this pallid face (so far as it was revealed) with ghastly distinctness. He gazed with a searching intentness that seemed to concentrate all sense and feeling in that deep scrutiny. Those features were *not* strange to him. And yet—"So white! so shrunken! so drawn! It could not be," and he let fall the hand that had been instinctively raised to remove the overshadowing bonnet. But his anxiety was now fearful impatience; his agitation almost uncontrollable. He listened for her breathing, but his sense of hearing was impeded by the throbbing of his own arteries; and thus, with a sudden consciousness of the necessity of self-command, by a strong effort he subdued himself to quietness, if not composure—to be prepared for—for whatever it was appointed him to encounter.

It was well he did so. The coach stopped; the door was opened; the step let down; and the broad glare of light fell full upon his insensible burden. He lifted her out with steady, quiet caution, and as he did so the untied bonnet fell from her head. There upon his shoulders lay that lifeless head; and he looked down upon the pale still face—(still as marble, and seemingly as cold)—looked down upon it fixedly and steadily. Doubt was no more: conjecture at an end: and with certainty came calmness and power. He neither started, faltered, nor exclaimed, but bore his charge into the house; explained, arranged, and directed all with prompt and perfect self-possession; and yet the face he had looked upon—(he took but one fixed look)—was the face of her who *had* been his own Fanny Fairfield!

There was gladness at the Grange; for tidings came that the young master might be expected at his own quiet home on the third day from that on which his letter was dated; and loving hearts made busy hands in the way of preparation, where all was habitually so well prepared, that the most unexpected guest, arriving at the least convenient season, would have caused no confusion in the

household economy. Aunt Amy alread and re-aired the snowy bed-linen and coverlet of the new white dimity bed in Frank's chamber, and Mary laid a whole set of new Holland shirts (her own handywork), strewed with lavender, in his drawers; and the Monday's baking was put off till Wednesday that there might be fresh bread on the table and a hot tea-cake on the evening of his arrival. But the morning's mail of that day brought another letter; the first directed in that well known hand that had ever been unwelcome at the Grange. Frank's coming was delayed, he informed them, by unforeseen circumstances, and it was impossible for him, at the time he wrote, to fix any day for leaving London; but they should hear from him again shortly and fully. His letter was short and unsatisfactory, but they to whom it was addressed were satisfied that if the style was hurried, it was not wanting in affection, and they loved and knew him too well to doubt that he had good reasons for his conduct. So theirs was not the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick;" and they waited patiently for the promised communication. It came in little more than a week—long, full, affecting. Oh! how deeply affecting to those two kind hearts. The letter was addressed to Aunt Amy, but intended equally for both. He told them all, every thing connected with his discovery of the unhappy outcast. All her miserable story, as he had gathered it from herself and others—her wrongs and her temptations—her fatal lapse and bitter repentance—her destitution and misery, and her approaching end. For that it was approaching by the sure and certain progress of rapid consumption was the medical opinion on which Frank grounded his conclusions, though the termination, which seemed at hand when he last wrote, was now apparently more remote, and she might last for a short season.

"Yes, dear Aunt Amy!" ran the affecting letter; "by God's blessing she is spared for the present. Spared 'for a little while,' not to 'recover her strength before she goes hence and is no more seen,' but to feel that her peace is made, and her pardon sealed, and that she may lie

down and fall asleep in Christ, assured of a blissful awakening.

"Oh, Aunt Amy! to tell you how I feel at this thought, is a thing impossible. It went hard with me to give her up—to know that she was the wife of another, for I loved her better than my life. But in time I should have got over that trouble, and been contented and happy again. But when the news of her fall came, when I saw her parents bowed down with shame for her sake, when I heard *her* name and vile names coupled together, when I thought of her living in sin, I could not bear that. I could not bear to hear her spoken of, or to speak of her, except sometimes of late to Cousin Mary (God bless her!), but I prayed for her night and morning that she might not *do in sin*. Now, then, *think* what I feel, dear aunt and cousin! for my poor skill with the pen cannot tell half, and I am sure my tongue could not.

"But now I have something more to say that I am sure you will not take amiss. You have always been the same as a mother to me, Aunt Amy! and Mary as a sister; and God knows how dearly I love and respect you both, and would not for the king's crown do any thing that should look disrespectful to either, especially in regard to Cousin Mary, for whom I know full well poor Fanny could never be fitting company again, if God was to spare her life. But *perhaps* it would not hurt any body's character, nor offend their feelings, if she I once thought to bring home to the Grange as its happy virtuous mistress was to be taken in to lay down her poor houseless head and die in penitence and peace under the shelter of the old roof. But this is only *my own private* thought, and I have not said a word of the matter to poor Fanny, who is far from dreaming of any such thing, or of finding a harbour at Holywell any where but in the poorhouse, now she knows her own natural friends are gone away beyond seas; and a sore cut to her it was when I broke that to her as gently as I could.

"She said to me yesterday, as I sat talking to her by her easy-chair, for she is able to sit up a little now, 'Frank!' says she, 'I should like to die in my own place, and be bu-

ried with my own folk, by the side of poor grandmother, though father, and mother, and brothers will never lie there now. I think I should soon be strong enough to get down by the waggon, and the parish, maybe, would not object to take me into the house for the little time I have to live. Too good a place for me, poor disgraced creature!

"To hear *her* talk so! My own Fanny Fairfield that was! of dying in the workhouse!—Oh, Aunt Amy!—I was too troubled to answer her well, for my heart was in my eyes, and I felt choking; but I made some sort of a promise that she should be got down to the village and taken care of, and then I thought to myself what I have mentioned above. But don't let it trouble you or Mary to gainsay my wish, if it should be any way unreasonable or contrary to your notions of what is right. And in that case, perhaps old Widow Lockwood, that Fanny was so helpful to in her troubles, would not be against taking her in. But if you should be of the same mind with me, dear Aunt Amy, and think it no harm for Mary, then let me have a word to say so, by return of post, that I may prepare things accordingly, and send off Ralph Carter with our covered tax-cart, in which I have been thinking Fanny might be moved down easy enough, if you would put in a comfortable mattress and some pillows, besides the cushions. And tell Ralph to put the old mare in the shafts, for she is able for the journey by easy stages, and goes a steadier pace than Blackbird."

Need any one that has a heart be told what was the answer to that letter? How they to whom it appealed stretched out their arms as it were from the far distance, to take home "the stray lamb, the stricken deer?" How their hearts yearned to minister relief to the decaying body, and comfort to the bruised and broken heart, and hope—the hope that is above all—to the chastened spirit? Had some sceptic beheld the rejoicing of those two virtuous women over "the lost and found," how tenderly, how sisterly, abhorring the sin, they felt towards the sinner, such a one, unconscious of the coincidence, might have exclaimed with the Pagan of old,—*"How these Christians love one another!"*

It was about the close of a mild pleasant afternoon of the second week in February that, a neat covered cart, drawn by a sleek strong-built old mare, and driven by a clean fresh-coloured carter, was seen advancing at a slow steady pace up the gradual ascent which struck across from the great London road to the Grange farm. At the door of the old house, just within its massy spacious porch, stood Aunt Amy and Mary, watching the advancing vehicle with eyes whose earnest gaze was dimmed by gathering moisture, as tender thoughts and recollections crowded into the minds of both, and a deep sense of contrasting circumstances. As the last drew near, a rosy-cheeked damsel, who had been waiting behind her mistress, ran forward to set open the fore court-gate, and be ready with her services. But before Ralph, with a general nod of recognition and greeting, had given his final "Whoy!" and wheeled round the cart (which opened behind) to a convenient station, Frank's hand was on the door-handle, and before the wheels stopped, he sprang out and ran forward to meet and return the affectionate greeting that awaited him. Then, after a whispered word or two, he turned again, followed by his aunt and Mary, and, leaning into the cart, spoke in a low voice to the shame-struck creature, who, now that the moment was come for meeting under her debasing circumstances the virtuous friends of her days of innocence, shrunk back under the shelter that still hid her from their eyes, and almost groaned aloud in the anguish of her humiliation,—*"To the mountains, fall on me, and to the hills, cover me."*

"Fanny! my child," said kind Aunt Amy, pressing close up beside her nephew, and slipping in her hand to seek that of the shrinking invalid he was gently drawing forward with words of cheerful encouragement,—"Fanny! my child—welcome home, my poor girl! Here are none but friends; Mary and I; your own old friends, Fanny!"—and Mary's hand had already found its way into the cart; and as the poor wanderer felt its warm pressure, and that of her aged friend, she clasped both to her bosom—and bowing down her head upon them, wept sweet and

bitter tears. Then, calmed and relieved by the salutary effusion, she resigned herself to Frank's sustaining arms, and lifting her light wasted form from the mattress, he bore her under the shelter of his own roof; Aunt Amy walking beside, and still retaining one poor thin hand in hers; and Mary hastening forward to arrange the pillows in the large easy chair set ready by the screened hearth for her reception. It was not till she was comfortably settled in it that they took more than a cursory glance of that face and form in which the ravages of sorrow, sickness, and remorse had wrought such fearful alteration. Divested of her deep mourning bonnet and cloak, there she lay back on the cushioned chair with a face white as the pillow that supported her head, but for a faint flush on either hollow cheek, and the blue tracery of the veins on the sunken temples and marble brow, over which no vagrant lock strayed from beneath the close borders of her widow's cap. And those pale, half-transparent hands! what a tale of weakness and decay was in the powerless languor with which they had fallen into that listless form upon her lap; their bloodless hue so strongly contrasted by the black gown on which they lay. Could *that* be Fanny Fairfield? For a moment the aunt and niece gazed on that helpless form, and in each other's face, as if in mutual enquiry; while, exhausted by her recent agitation, she lay as described, motionless and silent, with her eyes shut, as if in sleep or swooning. But tears still trickled from beneath those closed lids; and soon in some measure recovering herself, she looked slowly and timidly up into the kind faces that bent over her; and turning from one to the other, whispered faintly, "Oh, Aunt Amy! oh Mary! can you be so good to such a sinner?"

Fanny's days were numbered; and of the brief account few remained to be told over when she was brought to the Grange.* But sanctified and blessed was that latter portion of her short life, beyond any that had gone before, for it was the Sabbath of a soul reunited to its Creator. The trembling hope, born of deep contrition, and fervent faith,

and heavenly love, was hers; and from all these "the peace passing understanding," which can spring only from a sense of reconciliation with God through Christ.

And with the peace of God, its inseparable concomitant, "good will towards men," mingled its divine spirit of love and charity, overflowing even to those, whose feelings and conduct towards the deeply humbled penitent were at first little in accordance with the same spirit. But by degrees old prejudices and prepossessions melted away,—and all hearts were softened towards her who was no longer an object of envy to any; and the hardest and the coarsest forebore to trample on her who, as it were, "laid herself down on the ground that they might pass over."

For sometime after her arrival at the Grange, she continued in a state of such extreme debility that the apothecary who was called in prepared the family for her nearly approaching dissolution. But with the fluctuation so common in pulmonary cases her disease baffled the penetration of professional sagacity; and the remainder of February passed away, and March was in the wane, and Fanny lived to look once more on the green earth and the bursting blossoms; to watch the young lambs at play and listen to the blackbird's song; to take deep delight—deeper, purer, holier than she had ever known in the revival of nature (so typical of her immortal hope), and to prize, as she had never prized before, the first violets and primroses of the year; a renewed and daily offering from the hand that, from her earliest remembrance, had ministered to her tastes and pleasures.

One who had seen her receive from that hand the first of those vernal offerings might have wondered at, as disproportioned to the gift, the deep and tearful gratitude with which it was accepted. But *they* will not wonder who call to mind past circumstances and foregone passages of her young life,—and who, having hearts themselves, can enter into the complicated feelings of hers. Not one of those floral tokens, though daily replaced by fresh ones, would the dying enthusiast part with or suffer to be cast

away. The poetry of her nature had survived its early dreams; and though suppressed by a profound sense of her awful circumstances, flashes of the old romantic feeling would at times break out, called forth by incidents or objects common and trifling to common minds, but in hers touching the mysterious chords of a deeper and more dangerous sensibility.

"No, Mary! do not take them from me," she gently interposed, when her ever watchful nurse would have removed from the little table, where it lay beside her, a small bunch of faded violets that had been replaced by others, fresh and fragrant, gathered that morning by the unforgetting purveyor.

"Do not take away my poor flowers. See!—they are all here," and opening the table drawer, she showed its secret hoard of small withered posies. "And I have a use for them, Mary dear! that you must put them to when I am gone—you shall strew them over me in my coffin, Mary!—and this one—*this very one*—be sure you lay it upon my heart; for it was the first *he* brought me this last spring that I shall ever see, and it seemed to me like a pledge of his forgiveness—though I knew long ago that he had forgiven me; but simple fancies still creep into my poor head at times, though God knows I don't give way *now* to vain and idle thoughts. And, Mary! my own dear good blessed friend!" she resumed, after a long

pause of exhaustion, during which Mary's arms were wound about her, and her tears wetted the tearless cheek that rested on her shoulder, "I have got something else in that drawer, that you must take and keep for my sake, and for the sake of somebody, whose love you are more deserving of than ever I was; you will be his wife some day, Mary dear! and a good wife you will make him; and God bless you both. But when you look at this little book, think sometimes of poor Fanny, and what *she* might have been but for her own folly and wickedness."

"Oh! don't talk so—don't talk so, dear, dear Fanny!" sobbed out the tender-hearted Mary, now fairly overcome by her feelings. "I was never tempted and tried as you were, or God knows what I should have done; and as for—as for"—she did not conclude the sentence, but bending down her head, pressed her lips to the poor, thin, trembling hand that placed in hers a small bound volume of Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, in the fly leaf of which was written, "The gift of Frank Lovell to Fanny Fairfield."

Some time afterwards, when all was over, and Mary re-opened that drawer to take thence the withered flowers for the purpose so affectingly enjoined and faithfully remembered, she found beneath them a scrap of writing paper, on which the following lines were traced in faint unsteady characters:—

"Strew faded flowers and withered buds
Upon my shroud so white;
And slips of yew and ivy studs;
But nothing fresh and bright.
"And print upon the coffin lid
No letter of my name,
To tell the worm who there lies hid,
That thing of guilt and shame.
"And lay me in the loneliest nook
Of all the churchyard green,
Where summer sunbeams never look,
The matted elms between.
"Where dews and hoar-frosts lingering lie
At noon and all day long;
No daisy opens her crimson-eye—
No blithe bird pours his song.
"Then, hard upon my cold, cold breast,
Tread down the closing sod;
And leave the weary to her rest—
The frail one to her God."

But the summons yet tarried. Days and weeks were yet to pass away before the sod should close over that bruised and broken heart. All through April she appeared again to decline, but by a descent so gentle as to be almost imperceptible to the friends who watched her with constant assiduity. All that kindest brother could be to most beloved sister was Frank in the hour of her destitution to her, whom father, mother, brothers had forsaken, leaving her, in their impatience of the shame she had brought upon them, to the world's hard measure and cold charity. But in all his bearing towards her there was, if we may so express it, such a *sincerity* of respectful tenderness as well befitted the relative circumstances of both—the past and present, the former and the actual. Any one who had observed them together would have been apt to say, "These persons are *not lovers*, but they have been *more than friends* to each other." Frank was the first of her three friends to perceive the increase of Fanny's weakness: That as she took her accustomed turns on the sunny garden walk, on soft warm mornings, between him and Mary, the arm that rested on his leant more heavily, and the slow footsteps dragged more wearily along, and that, although she still for the most part remained in the family sitting-room and joined in social worship before retiring to rest, she could ill bear the fatigue of kneeling, and was unable to rise from her knees without assistance. More than once her attentive friends had endeavoured to dissuade her from the exhausting effort, and from sitting up to so late an hour. But the plea she opposed to their entreaties was all-prevailing. "I have so little while to stay with you," she said. "Let me not lose a moment—and do not bid me sit while you kneel—I who should be always on my knees."

Again, just as it seemed sinking in the socket, the flame of life shot up with sudden brightness—so bright, so strong beyond all former revivals, that persons not familiar with the disease might have imagined the amendment to be more than a respite. But those about her were too well informed by the medical attendant to be so deceived; and the

invalid herself, far from partaking of the illusive confidence of recovery so common in consumptive cases, never for a moment entertained a hope—ah! rather say—a *fear* of prolonged life. Yet was she fully sensible of extraordinary renovation, and the consciousness was one of devout thankfulness, for she felt as if it were granted her for a purpose which her soul was "straitened to accomplish."

"If I could but go once more to our parish church!" was the wish that often past her lips—the only one she still clung to on this side the grave. "If I could only kneel down again once more in the very place where I used to kneel in past happy days by my dear parents, I think I should die happier; as if this blessing and forgiveness I can never now receive from *their* lips were left *there* for me—in the house of our heavenly Father."

This fond feeling, which had never amounted to a hope, might now be indulged hopefully. Her recruited strength was equal to the undertaking. She was *certain of it*; and pressed her petition with such affecting earnestness, that the friends to whom she pleaded ceased to oppose her wishes, desisting the more easily as the apothecary assured them there was little risk in compliance.

So, on the first Sunday morning of the first week of the most balmy, genial, and delicious May that ever smiled on an awakening world, Fanny was warmly and carefully wrapt up by aunt Amy and Mary, and once more re-seated in the covered cart which had brought her to the Grange—but now by the side of her three friends on her way with them to the house of God. And yet she had a point to gain, and urged it so pathetically, as to be again irresistible. But the permission she implored was slowly and reluctantly conceded, after earnest and affectionate remonstrance. "Do not take me," she urged, "into the Grange pew, but let me go to my own old place among the free sittings by the communion table. I can be there near widow Lockwood, and she will see to me, if I should be faint or poorly. And then it will seem to me as if I were by grandmother again, and no one will say

poor sinful Fanny thought the place where her honest parents took their seats so long with humble and contented hearts was not good enough for her in her disgrace." It was in vain that the risk and fatigue of sitting on the open narrow benches was tenderly represented to her—God would give her strength, she said, according to her need, and equally unavailing (when such remonstrance failed) was Mary's entreaty to share her chosen seat. "Never, never, dear Mary!" she hastily interrupted, flushing for a moment over cheek and brow—"Go to your proper place, and leave me to mine, for this last time that I shall be seen of men. They will look on me the kinder for my lowliness, and some perhaps will pray for me, as well as with me." "Deceitful above all things" as is the human heart, Fanny's did not deceive her in that humble hope. Many an eye glistened with kindly feeling, and many a heart sent up a silent prayer for the dying creature who came among them that day so changed from the time (but few years passed) when she bloomed the flower of the village maidens, innocent and beloved, favoured and envied—envied for the distinction which has proved so fatal.

"Poor creature! there's no pride left in her now," muttered an old grey-headed man, passing the back of his hand across his eyes, in reply to his wife's sententious observation, how "Pride must have a fall!" and "See what Fanny Fairfield was come to!"

When the Grange tax-cart drove up to the churchyard gate, and Fanny was tenderly assisted from it, and in her slow progress to the church door, by Frank and Mary, significant looks and whispers, little favourable to the poor penitent, passed from one to the other of the village gossips collected round the porch. "Well! it's a fine thing to have friends!"—"Some folks may do what they please, and be never the less respected"—and "How grand she'll be set up again in the Grange pew!" But when it was seen, that, instead of sharing that envied seat with its honoured owners, the self-abased object of their unkindly comments passed on with

tottering steps toward the free sittings for the poor near the communion table, and humbly and thankfully sank into a place where room was made for her beside the widow Lockwood, the ungentle and unchristian spirit of accusation was shamed and silenced, giving way by a sudden revulsion to those better feelings of our nature, the indulgence of which is so delightful, the taste so sweet, it is marvellous how any who have drank of that pleasant fountain can return to "the bitter waters of Marah."

Of all who had beheld her with a jealous eye in the day of her prosperity, or judged hard judgment of her youthful follies, or passed severest sentence on her fall, or—it may be—triumphed in her degradation—not one came that day to Holywell church, but felt before they left it that "mercy is twice blessed," and would have testified the feeling, had it been possible, by word and deed of kindness and pity. And through all restraining circumstances of time and place, and the purpose for which they were assembled, Fanny was made sensible of the change towards her—reading it, when she glanced timidly around, in the softened expression of many "an altered eye"—feeling, deeply feeling it, in small acts of courtesy—in the observant kindness of one who reached across a hymn book—of another, whose ready fingers pointed out the portion appointed to be sung, when, overpowered by emotion, her trembling hand wandered confusedly among the leaves. And most of all she felt it when, among those who remained to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, she drew near to the holy table, and partook with them, for the last time upon earth, of the food which "preserveth to eternal life." As she arose from her knees, assisted by the poor widow who had accompanied her to the altar, another hand, that of an old man who had knelt beside her, was stretched out for her support, and, when she looked up with silent thankfulness into the hard weather-beaten face that was fixed upon her with a softened expression, the more touching from its contrast to the habitual sternness of those rough features,

she saw that it was the face of her father's friend—his oldest and his best—whose knees she had climbed in infancy—who had ever been the first to rebuke and the last to condemn her venial faults, and who (though she knew it not) had mourned her fall from goodness with the mourning whose voice is *silence* before men and *prayer* to the All-merciful. A few steps he walked with her to the bottom of the chancel, where, at their pew door, the Lovells stood anxiously waiting to receive her again into their protecting care. Then stopping, and pressing upon her shoulder his broad brown open palm, he stooped down, and said in a low deep tone of solemn feeling, "God forgive and bless thee, my poor child! for Jesus' sake!" and, turning away into a cross aisle, was gone for ever from her sight before her eyes, dimmed with rapturous gratitude, could follow him to the side door by which he left the church.

"God has been very good to me this day: I have found the blessing!" was all of the heart's fulness that passed Fanny's lips, as, with closed eyes, and face of marble paleness, she leant back on Mary's bosom, in a state of utter exhaustion, on their way home to the Grange. But oh! the unutterable blessedness,—the love, the gratitude, the peace, that had passed into that poor heart! She had drank of the cup of divine reconciliation—she had heard the words of human forgiveness, spoken as by parental lips; and now, half swooning in painless languor, but so far conscious of earth and earthly things, as to know that she lay upon the kindest bosom that ever pillowed dying sister's head; that her hand was in his hand, of earthly friends the truest and the best; sounds of another world were in her ears—sweet voices welcoming, and one, than all more sweet, whose single strain was "Pardon—pardon—pardon!"

Thus blissfully entranced, but in a state of exhaustion that, when all excitement ceased, became total insensibility, Fanny was conveyed back to the Grange, and carried over the hospitable threshold she was never more to pass, until borne thence in her coffin to "the house

appointed for all living." And it was near at hand that last short journey to the long long home. On the next Sabbath but one, when the congregation of Holywell Church met together for afternoon service, a deeper hush—a more than wonted stillness pervaded the assembly. Serious and sad, or gravely thoughtful, was the expression of every face, except that of innocent childhood, full of eager curiosity or wondrous awe, and gaping idiocy, with its vacant smile; and all eyes were turned to the centre of the middle aisle, where a bier, resting on trestles, supported a coffin, covered by its long black flowing pall. In the Grange pew adjoining sat three persons habited in mourning. The deep irrepressible sob of a young loving heart was heard at intervals from one of the two female mourners, and more than once she turned an anguished eye toward that long, black, shapeless mass. The aged woman, her companion, gazed on it oftener and more steadily, with a look of meek and placid sorrow beseeching one who had outlived all passionate but not all tender feeling. None saw the face of the third person—no, not from the moment when he appeared first and alone of the few persons following the corpse—nor during the whole time of divine service, or of the affecting burial service in church and at the grave—nor when, at the solemn words of "dust to dust," and the sound of earth rattling on the coffin, he shuddered with a visible shudder—nor when all was over, and he turned away and departed, in silence and alone, followed only by the solicitous looks and secret prayers of his two fellow-mourners, who, judging with the right-mindedness of unselfish affection, left him in that train of incommunicable feeling, to "pour out his heart by himself," and seek repose and peace in communion with the Father of his spirit.

"Mother! what makes you always look so at that grave by the old lime-tree? and what makes father stop there, when I'm alone with him sometimes, and look at it too so long! so long! and so serious? and one day, when the lime was in flower, he lifted me up, and made me pick a handful of the sweet

blossoms, and strew them on the heap, and then he called me his 'dear little Fan!' and kissed me so, you can't think! whose grave is it, mother?"

These questions were poured forth with the voluble simplicity of childhood, by a little girl, of about five years old, to her mother, a homely-featured woman, but of a pleasant countenance, as the two passed, hand in hand together, through Hollywell churchyard, in their way home from the village.

There was that in the remarks of the innocent babbler that might have awakened uneasy, not to say jealous feelings, in the mind of many a woman, circumstanced as she was, to whom they were addressed. But when did jealous, ungenerous, or unkindly thoughts find entrance in that mind unsuspecting of evil, susceptible only of sweet affections,—the pure mind and trusting heart of the meek and maidenly, the modest and matronly Mary Lovell? who had not exchanged at the altar the name inherited from her parents, now doubly dear to her as that of a husband, whom, next to God, she loved and honoured with that perfect love which is never unmixed with reverence.

With glistening eyes, and a smile, the tender sweetness of which would have made beautiful a more unlovely face, the mother stooped down to caress her little daughter, and seal with her own pure lips the kiss imprinted by her husband on that young innocent brow. "Dear child!" she said, leading the artless questioner to the side of that lowly grave, "she who sleeps beneath was once a young, glad, happy creature, like yourself; as dear as you are to fond friends and tender parents; but trouble took hold upon her, and sickness brought her low; and God took her away early out of this world to a better. We loved her very much, your dear father and I; and so, when you were born, we had you christened after poor Fanny." A child is always interested by a *true* story, however simple—however simply told; and has an intuitive perception of truth.

"Was she very good, mother?" asked the little girl, with a sweetly

serious expression of deep interest, "was she very good, that you and father and every body loved her so; and did God love her?"

In *any* way to deceive a child is for the most part unholy and unwise; for childhood is a holy thing, and wo to those who taint its lovely purity, or abuse its artless confidence. But what questions are so searching in their simplicity, so perplexing in their plainness, so important in their tendency, as are oftentimes those of a young child? How to answer such may well be matter of grave and serious consideration; how to satisfy the eager querist, with strict regard to truth, and tender allowance for her early years.

Mary paused for a moment before she trusted herself to speak, and the expecting child read she knew not what of sad meaning in her downcast face. But in that short interval the Christian mother took counsel of the indwelling monitor, which, if honestly consulted, giveth right judgment in all things, and, looking steadfastly with her soft loving eyes into the listening eyes of the little Fanny, she said, smoothing back her shining ringlets with maternal fondness,—
"God loveth all his creatures, my own child! but none are *good* save Him—none are *born* good. Yet, if we ask Him every day, with all our hearts, and for His dear Son's sake, He will make us better and better, till we are fit to live with Him in Heaven. So it was, my Fanny, with her whose body lies in that grave; but whose spirit, we hope, is now with God who gave it. When you are old enough, dear child! I will tell you more about poor Fanny, and of many things you could not now understand."

The little girl asked no farther question, and holding her mother's hand, walked silently beside her for many minutes. But she treasured the promise in her heart, and often afterwards broke off suddenly in her childish glee, and catching her mother's gown as they passed through the churchyard, whispered, pointing to the lowly grave beside the lime-tree,—
"You will tell me all about her, when I am old enough, mother?"
A.

THE CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE.

FRANCE has always abounded in the luxuries of life; and what luxury does the world enjoy half so much as having something to talk about? Man is by his constitution idle, but by no means indolent—prodigiously fond of doing nothing, and yet prodigiously uneasy at having nothing to do. If philosophers have forgotten to remark this propensity, our only remark on the subject is, that this accounts for their making such intolerable blunders in all that they say of human-kind. The land of gossip is France: John Bull is tame, timid, and barren to the infinite spirit, boldness, and fertility of French talk on every thing and nothing. John loves a newspaper and a coffee-house, it is true; but what is his love for either to the intense passion of the Frenchman, who begins his newspaper in the morning, and pores over it till night? And this not the vast, voluminous, mingled, undigested, and indescribable compound of all things strange and common, high and vulgar, grave and absurd, that invade us in columns by twenty-fours, or ten times the number, at a sitting—the huge mass of accidents, anecdotes, and abuse—coroners' inquests and jail deliveries—railways for breaking every bone in our bodies, and quack panaceas for healing every infirmity of man—governesses, young, pathetic, and accomplished in every art and science, from hemming a pocket-handkerchief to calculating the path of a comet, and housekeepers fit to keep the keys, purse, and heart of the most elderly gentlemen—speeches in the common-council, and the last new adventures of swindling extraordinary—bulletins of Sir Henry Hallford on the conflagration of the College of Physicians, and inflammatory harangues of Joseph Hume. John gets through all this in the course of his cup of coffee, flings it down with his sixpence on the table, and goes forth to the work of his day. Not so the Frenchman's study, or the Frenchman himself. His scrap of a journal, containing a scrap of politics, a scrap of scandal,

a scrap of the biography of some actress, and a *bon mot* on some statesman dead and gone a century ago, serves him for occupation for the next twelve hours. He peruses it, line by line, and precept by precept, at his little *déjeûné*. He then promenades the Tuileries Garden just far enough to reach a seat under the trees, when he hires the paper once more, and gives it a second perusal. Then, having paid his penny for the honours of a sitting, he returns to promenade the streets, lounges into a bookseller's shop, and indulges himself once more with a thorough reperusal of the same little journal. Indefatigable as ever, he then proceeds to his dinner, where the journal shares his homage with his *côtelette*; then drags his slow length to the *vue-de-ville*, where he falls asleep, awakes between the acts, to run into the coffee-room, pay a penny for a glass of iced water, and, under the pretext of this showy expenditure, begs a sight of the little journal, which he again traverses from the first paragraph to the last, and then retires to his attic and his flock-bed, to dream of the *mélange* of Parisian life, see the little journal expanding before his slumbers into an enormous phantom, with one leg on Constantinople, and the other on New York, and rises again only to run to the coffee-house, find the next twelve hours provided with a new copy of the little journal, and be happy for the day.

This passion for making much out of nothing is the true solution of the whole problem of the French character. All is eternal contrivance put into shape by eternal restlessness. This has made the Gaul the best dancing-master in the annals of mankind; this makes him the most adroit of tailors, the most flexible of man-milliners, the most inventive of cooks, the most hazardous of statesmen and phlebotomists, the most tiresome of companions, and the most *professional* of thieves. But we come to the illustration. Who has not heard of Cartouche? Is the glory of France to be concen-

trated in the narrow age of the Napoleons and Fieschis?

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnoua."

In other words, France produced memorable knaves long before the age of the Fouchés and Talleyrands, and they were, like the heroes before the Greek king, "multi," and the breed is indigenous to the soil, and it will flourish while of Paris and the Palais-Royal one stone stands upon another.

The name of Cartouche has run its career of renown through every part of Europe, Asia, and America, and has ranged the borders of Africa, from Tunis to Madagascar. Continental cabinets have envied the dexterity with which he combined robbery and reputation. The North American in his wigwam has been roused to new feats of spoil by his genius for stratagem; the Turk has felt his turban instinctively bow to the grim gallantry with which he cleared his path of his enemies; and the African, wrapt in his lion's skin, and throned upon a pile of skulls, as he heard from the brown pilgrim of the Houran or the blue capped trader of Magadore the exploits of Cartouche, lamented that his Fetish had not given him such a prime minister to cut the purses of mankind. But who knows his history? Who has hitherto been enabled to follow step by step the advance of this model of all reformers—to mark the impressions made by time, passion, and circumstance on this true politician of the highways—to unveil the whole generation of that mind, which, proceeding from poverty to plunder, from petty larceny made a bold stroke for the crown jewels, and, finally, failed as an agitator, only because he was born at the beginning of the eighteenth century instead of at the beginning of the nineteenth? For this history the world shall be indebted to our pen,

"Inauditum, recens, indictum ore allo."

Louis Dominique Cartouche first saw the day in Paris in the quarter named the Courtille. His father was a decent tradesman, and young Cartouche ran the chance of being an honest maker of his bread, and thus dying without his fame.

But the Jesuits were then powerful in Europe; they had engrossed all education in France, a fact which accounts for the pre-eminent profligacy, perfidy, and disloyalty of the century which followed, and which finished the national schooling by cutting off the King's head, and revolutionizing the country. The tradesman sent his son to the Jesuits. The fate of the young genius was fixed from that moment, and swindling marked him for her own. On the road, or off the road, Cartouche was thenceforth a Jesuit for life.

The early talent of appropriation developed itself with great promise during his first year. At the college of Clermont it was in its true bed. He had an original taste for stolen fruit, money, and fine clothes. The two former he indulged by alternately preying on the baskets of the fruit-women who haunted the outskirts of the college, and by examining the breeches pockets of his fellow-students on all convenient occasions. But the finances of the old tradesman were not adequate to the supply of a handsome wardrobe, and Cartouche, on arriving at the ripe age of eleven, at which a French youth thinks himself qualified to make love, money and war, better than any full-grown man of the earth besides, began to reflect on the difficulties that lay between him and a suit of purple velvet, with point lace ruffles, and a Louis Quatorze wig curled down to the waist, a pair of red-heeled shoes, and a diamond sword-knot. He had seen some of these attractions on a marquis of nine years old, who had just become a student of the college, and he determined to try how far he might not shine like M. le Marquis himself. He now began to call his natural talents into action. The marquis had a coxcomb of a valet, a lazy old governor, and a hundred louis a-month pocket-money. Cartouche gained the valet's heart by teaching him a *ruse* by which he was sure to win every game at *Lansquenet*; insinuated himself into the old governor's good graces, by persuading him that the handsome *sarintendante* of a boarding-school patronized by the Jesuits, in the neighbourhood, was smitten with his charms, and won the confidence of

the young marquis by writing all his *billets-doux* to the celebrated Victorine de Marique, then at the height of renown as an opera dancer, and the object of universal admiration to all the hearts of Paris from nine to ninety.

One day, when he was busy in copying sentiment from Madame de Scuderi, to be despatched by especial courier to the boudoir of Victorine, he heard the valet heavily treading through the anteroom, and enquiring into the cause, found that he was bringing in the new remittance of the monthly hundred louis. "That remittance shall be mine," was the resolution formed on the spot. Without awaking the valet's vigilance by further enquiry, he turned himself once more to the pages of Madame, and from the Sorrows of Clelin completed an epistle which enraptured his little employer, and on its arrival at Victorine's boudoir was read aloud to a circle of pious of the blood and court confessors, establishing the young lover at the head of the *beaux esprits* of Europe. As the reward of this service, the marquis gave him a louis, ordered his horses, and galloped out to deposit the epistle in the hands of his courier. The valet and the governor still remained. Cartouche felt the louis a hundred times over in his pocket, and could think only how delightfully a hundred more would feel. He wished the valet and the governor across the Rhine. But they sat down to play at cards. He wished them at the Antipodes. The marquis would be at home again before they had grown half tired of cheating each other. His first act, of course, would be to draw upon his fund, and thus, even if it fell into the hands of his letter-writer within the five minutes after, the prize would be so much the worse worth trying for. He waited for a while, but the game seemed never ending; and having made up his mind, he left the room. In a few minutes after a loud crying was heard outside, the door of the apartment was thrown open, and a peasant boy, covered with rags and mire, and weeping bitterly, brought a letter for M. le Gouverneur. It contained terrible news; the marquis's horse had

been frightened by the firing of some of the royal *gardes de chasse*, had thrown him, and the unfortunate noble was lying at the point of death in a cottage at Volneres, a village three leagues off. The peasant offered to be their guide. "The letter was written by the *cure* of the village, and there was not a moment to be lost, if they hoped to see their master alive." A *calèche* was ordered immediately from the posthouse, the valet and governor got in, and with the peasant boy behind, they set off at full gallop for Volneres.

The journey had been half accomplished, when the *calèche* seemed to reel considerably; the road was, like all the roads of France, one-third the roughest pavement in the circumference of the globe, and the other two-thirds that skirted its sides, mire as deep as a Dutch canal. An unlucky heave of the vehicle soon announced that the left wheel had come off, and a heave to the opposite side deposited both the travellers up to their necks in the mire. On looking round, the peasant was gone. They could conjecture only that he had been shaken off by the roughness of the road. But the point in question was first, how to extricate themselves. This was finally attained by the help of the postillion. They then set forward on their journey on foot to Volneres. Among their discoveries they found that the wheel had lost the linchpin; and from this dated the origin of their fall. At Volneres they were not much more lucky. They found the whole population gathered round a mountebank, who was selling them cures for every disease under the sun. Their singular plight as they stole their way to the inn caught the mountebank's eye, he ordered them to be brought before him, they resisted; it was all in vain. They told their story, and enquired for the dying marquis. The Signor openly pronounced them a pair of bedlamites escaped from their keepers, and offered to cure them with a pinch of his infallible medicine. The populace, in roars of laughter at their contortions, forced the bitter draught down their throats. A riot began. The mayor of the village came to protect the peace. They

were pointed out as the offenders, were both carried formally to the head of the market-place, and placed in the stocks, for a general example to all who appeared with their clothes covered with mire, and who refused to take the grand infallible of Signor Francisco Pancreatico di Mondo-felice. At length, the curé himself came to gaze at the culprits. They again enquired for the marquis; the curé had never heard of him before. No noble with broken bones had been seen in Volners for half a century. They began now to make the discovery that they had been duped. But it was too late to protest their innocence, on such shallow grounds as that they were perfectly unconscious of being guilty. The mayor had pledged his word that they had committed some terrible offence, if he but knew what it was. The curé longed to have his name signalized in the history of the province, by the exemplary manner in which he could officiate at the last hours of the victims of the law. The populace were rejoiced at the chance of a spectacle of gendarmerie, carts, and confessors, which had not been seen in the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." At nightfall, when in the college they would have been enjoying their suppers, the prisoners were conveyed from the stocks to the jail, to be reconsigned from the jail next morning to the *Cour prévôtal* at Clermont.

Cartouche had begun his career brilliantly, and the adroitness with which he had forged the letter, played the peasant, dislodged the linch-pin, and left the two fools to finish their journey in their own way, would have immortalized an inferior genius. His subsequent exploits threw them into the shade. After slipping from behind the *a-lèche*, and gazing from a height in the road at the sight of the rickety vehicle tossing and tumbling in the most promising manner, he had hurried back to the college, changed his peasant rage, and returned to the marquis's apartments. A pass-key let him in. All there was quiet. Their owner had not returned, and now was his time, or never, to be master of a hundred louis d'ors. Yet a slight difficulty remained. He had seen the valet deposit the box

that contained them in his master's bedroom, but the door was locked, and he had not the key. He now regretted having forgotten the precaution of picking the valet's pocket. But even the wisest cannot be correct at all times, and he had clearly lost his opportunity. He might pick the lock, it is true, for he had already taken lessons in the art from a fellow-student, who was afterwards the King's confessor. But his first attempts failed, and the marquis might be expected every moment. In this emergency, he had none but the unwilling resource of cutting out one of the panels of the door. In this he succeeded, crept inside, refastened the pannel, that the vacancy might not catch chance eyes outside, and saw before him the individual moucy-box.

But it was placed seven feet above him, on the top of a huge old wardrobe, and Cartouche, though with the heart of a hero, was still but eleven years old, and four feet high. However, the difficulty was soon got over—a few chairs piled on each other, formed a sufficient ladder, and he at length mounted the wardrobe. All was now in his hand, but the chest was too strongly clasped with brass to give way lightly. He came down again, selected the strongest out of the numerous curling-irons of the marquis's toilet, remounted, and after a few squeezes, forced up the lid.

But at that moment the sound of footsteps in the outer room startled his ear. He listened; he heard the marquis's voice calling for the valet and the governor. This certainly was not the time to proceed with his work; and in a degree of terror, which made him feel as if he were already hanging, he crouched down on the top of the wardrobe. At every step of the impatient marquis, who marched furiously back and forward through the room, he trembled more and more. At last, the young noble flinging himself on the sofa, the sofa touched the door, the panel gave way with a noise, and it was evident that some scrutiny must be the consequence. In his latter days, Cartouche confessed that, trifling as the situation might be, it was one which he would not willingly undergo again. He drew himself up into the

size of a placcushion, flattened himself like an eel, lay as still as if he had been hammered to the top of the huge old chest, and dreaded even to breathe, lest he should make the crazy fabric creak under him. He lay in the intensity of listening, with all the horrors of discovery, and the certainty of being vigorously flogged by the Jesuits, before his eyes. But what was his consternation when he saw the door forced open, the marquis enter, order his dinner to be brought to him in his bedchamber, and evidently prepare to pass the evening there. The little noble had been tired by his ride, was desperately hungry, and not a little out of temper, at the extraordinary absence of his governor and valet. Dinner was brought, and Cartouche found that he had a new pang to undergo. He had remained now four hours without eating, and the smell of the dishes roused his appetite to the fiercest pitch—he would have gnawed a piece of the mahogany he lay on, if he had not been afraid of being heard. Dinner was taken away, the marquis lighted his cigar—a new pang; he then threw himself back in his chair, and fell asleep. Now was the time to carry off the louis, and escape. But as Cartouche slowly drew himself to the edge of the wardrobe, he dropped one of them. It made a monstrous echo, and roused the sleeper, who started from his slumber, and being afraid to remain alone in a room which he had no doubt was haunted, sent for half a dozen of the students to keep him company, and take supper. Cartouche was now in agony. Supper added to dinner, and the young students coming, he knew that he had no chance of escape until midnight. It turned out as he expected.

The young pupils eluded their monitors, and came in in clusters. Cigars, chocolate, wine, and all kind of frolic, were going on in full flow within half a dozen feet of him. There he lay, pining for the loss of these luxuries, starving, squeezed like a sucked orange, dry as the dust that filled his eyes, ears, and nose, and this was to continue till midnight at least. In the mean time, the governor and valet might return. His condition at last grew so torturing, that he was on the point of

making his appearance among the young revellers and confessing every thing, when his name happening to be mentioned, one of them gave the history of some piece of plunder executed by him upon one of the Jesuits who superintended the refectory, for which the fat father promised, in no measured terms, that he should suffer speedy vengeance. Father Moldarno was notoriously the most unflinching punisher in the whole fraternity, and the culprit resolved not to fall into his hands, though he were to die in his present position. He fixed himself again, flat as the boards themselves, and prepared to linger out the night. He judged the time rightly, for it was not till day-break that the supper broke up, and the young entertainer would allow himself to be left alone. At daybreak the valet and governor returned, and he heard from his hiding-place the infinite fury sworn against the incomprehensible villain who had deluded them three leagues from home, pulled out their lynch-pin, plunged them in the mire, and finally left them in the stocks. They had at length been set at liberty by the accidental visit of one of the Jesuits to the village jail, and had now returned wearied to death, and dying with sleep, to take vengeance on the knave who had duped them. Tortured as he was, Cartouche could not help triumphing in this specimen of his ingenuity, and an involuntary laugh from the top of the chest turned all eyes there. Genius is shown in emergencies. A moment before, he would have begun by confessing his object and pleading penitence. But a new idea had flashed into his mind. Gathering up his limbs, he dropped lightly on the floor, pretending that he had mounted his lofty station merely to hear what the marquis and his companions might say of him during the night, and laughing most outrageously at all that had passed, and especially at the narratives of the valet and the governor. The marquis, charmed to find that his alarms had not arisen from ghosts, but from the frolics of his flesh and blood companion, joined the laugh with all his soul, and Cartouche enjoyed the honours of a wit. They now left the room to prepare for

the morning exercises in the schools. But the reflection lay heavy on Cartouche's heart, that after all his trouble he had left the money behind. He feigned an excuse to return for an instant, mounted the spot of the treasure, conveyed it into his pocket, jumped down, joined the marquis as he was sitting down to breakfast, ate like a life-guard, and having enjoyed all that was to be got, walked deliberately out of the college gates with an inward determination never to be found with them again.

"All the roads of the world go to Paris," was the saying of the boastful Frenchman of the days of Louis Quatorze. The road to Paris lay straight before the novice on his sallying from the massive portals of the College of Clermont. But where on earth besides should any man of genius go who had left bondage behind him and had a hundred louis in his pocket? Yet caution was necessary. This was not the day even of diligences, and the apparition of a boy of eleven years old ordering a chaise and pair at the posthouse, would have brought landlord, landlady, and all the waiters in a body to wonder at the applicant. It was also to be recollected that his face was known as one of the students. Great men are made for publicity, yet young Cartouche felt that even publicity must not be too eagerly sought after. He made up his mind, accordingly, to avoid not merely the courtyard of the inn, but the high-road itself, to trust to his feet, his knowledge of the by-ways, and his fortune, and thus to push forward for the only spot on earth where every man may spend his money to the best advantage, whether his tastes be dancing, dress, wine, or fricondeaux.

The month was June, the sky superb, the soil covered with flowers, the sun in his meridian, when the new Gil Blas commenced his experiment of travelling under his own direction. Before leaving Clermont, he had obtained from the shop of a restaurateur, who supplied the students with forbidden pies and confectionary, a considerable stock of provisions of the prohibited order, which he, of course, desired to be placed to the account of his friend,

the marquis, justly arguing, that it would be monstrous to lay out money in Clermont which could be so much better disposed of in Paris; that it was well worth the marquis's while to pay his bill at parting, as, if he had remained in the college, he would have infallibly soon cost him much more; and finally, that if the marquis refused to pay the money, he but furthered the ends of justice in deducting something from the gains of a knave who had made a fortune by plundering his fellow-students.

Cartouche journeyed on joyously for some hours, every moment thinking how delightful it would be to find himself in the guinguettes, the theatres, and salles de danse of the City of the Graces, master of himself and of a hundred louis. But the sun began to go down, the by-ways began to grow darker, and with weary feet he long'd to find some obscure resting place for the night. But this seemed to be somewhat problematical; for all sounds had gradually died away, the purple of the hills was already black, the shades of the thickets round him hid the ground, the fine blue of the summer sky became sprinkled with twinkling stars, which he would have gladly exchanged for a rush-light in any cottage window, and he had a fair prospect of nothing but spending the night in the open air. He now began to think that a bed even at Clermont was better than this pastoral life, and in the first beatings of his heart, he mingled a thought of turning back to his cloister. But he was made for fame, and who can control his destiny. While he was pondering whether to turn his face to the north, east, west, or south, a sudden rustling through the thicket, within a few paces of him, broke off his meditations at once. Those were the days of game laws, and the wild-boar was the privileged lord of the forests of France. The wolf often shared his privilege with him; and the poacher, a fierce mixture of the sportsman, the smuggler, and the robber, made up the muster. To have met any one of the three would have been equally formidable at the time, and the young traveller listened with all his senses wide awake. His first ob-

ject was to get out of this confounded thicket, where all that would be left to remind the world of him might be his bones. With this intent, he bounded on one side, to make way respectfully for the rightful possessor of the spot, and show his respect for the wolf's claims of proprietorship. But he had scarcely plunged his feet into a pool, and his head into a bush, which reminded him, by some thousand prickles, that nothing in life is all made up of rose water and peach blossoms, when shrill whistles rung round him; he listened with his soul on his lips. Silence came once more. Hopedawned in his heart, he clasped his hand on his louis, and began to thak of the guinguettes. But as he was on the point of extracting his torn face and hands from the mass of brambles, footsteps were heard, they were followed by a couple of shots, and the shots by the rush of a huge stag into the very thicket where he was hid. The bound of the animal knocked him head foremost into the pool, and there he lay half stunned, with the stag struggling in death above him. The struggle was soon over, for the bullets had done their business effectually, and Cartouche found himself at the feet of two tall raw-boned, grim-looking fellows, who seemed not unlikely to finish their night's shooting by adding him to their game-bag.

A hundred notions ran through his head in an instant; he thought of pretending to be an idiot, to be deaf and dumb, to be a beggar; any thing to escape. But none of them pleased him. He took his resolution. Drawing a long line of the gore of the stag down his face, he pretended to be dead. The two poachers, on lifting the weight of the stag off him, saw the visage streaming with blood.

"Ho, Jacques," said one, "this is rather a bad business. We have made a hit too many to night."

"No, Pierre," said the other, "as it was you who fired the shot into the bush, you were the man who sent this pitiful thing out of the world. So you must look to it."

"What is to be done if the gardes-chasse get scent of him lying here?" said Pierre.

"Why, any fool in the forest could tell that, toss him into the next lime pit,—and there let them find him if they will," was the answer of Jacques.

The corpse now found the pressing necessity of resuscitation, started on its feet and uttered a loud scream of real terror. The two huge poachers, unprepared for this event, superstitious from the perilous nature of their calling, and doubtless afraid that the cry, which was uttered at the top of the corpse's lungs, would bring all the forest guards on them in a mass, dropped him from their arms, and even leaving the stag beside them, vanished without ever looking behind.

He had thus escaped the lime pit. But he had too much sense to tempt fortune more than was necessary. The poachers might return. He therefore, having no desire for further explanation, pushed out of the thicket, and made for the skirts of the forest. The moon was now up in the midst of Heaven; and if he had been either an astronomer or a poet, he might have been delighted at the sight. But she poured such a blaze along the high-road, and more especially on the caparison of one of the *Maréchaussée*, or *patroles* of the night, that his old passion for solitude seized him with remarkable force, and he darted back into the thicket, wishing the moon and the *Maréchaussée* in the bottom of the Atlantic together.

But this was a night of variety. He had not gone above a quarter of a league, when his ear was struck by a combination of the strangest possible sounds. He heard what seemed to him a Dutch concert of cracked horns, screaming fies, drums, and the beating of flying-pans,—the whole mingled with loud bursts of wild laughter. Cartouche was not a coward by nature. But he trembled from head to foot. He had been long enough among the Jesuits to have heard a good deal about Satan and sorcery, had seen the evil spirit exorcised out of a monk at the expense of a bushel of wax-lights and a barrel of holy water; and had taken great delight in all the revelries of St Anthony. But it was a very different affair to come into full contact with the grisly host in

the middle of a wood full of wild beasts and fellows with guns as long as themselves, at midnight too, and apparently a thousand leagues from castle or cottage. His taste for the sublime was entirely cooled by the situation,—and for once he thought that even the cat o' nine-tails, wielded by the stoutest flagellator in the college, would be a lucky exchange. The "Witches' holy day" was undoubtedly going on in great glee. The roars of laughter, the clamour, the screaming, the bounding of feet, and the cracked horns, were all ringing into the innermost cell of his soul. But where was the exhibition itself? He saw nothing round him but trees, or above him but the glimpses of the moon through their tops. Yet what difficulty ever had Satan in making himself and his imps invisible? Probably the first evidence of their being in his neighbourhood would be their whisking him off his feet some thousand leagues high, to drop him at the ends of the earth, or plump him into Vesuvius. He froze at the thought, warm as it was, and froze ten degrees more when he found himself vigorously grasped by the neck behind, and a rough voice in his ear; "What, ho, Master Spy; what brings *you* here at this time of night?" His tongue cleaved to his teeth. He could not utter a syllable. He even made no attempt to escape, but yielded to the powerful hand which dragged him on through the darkness; he dared not even look up at the monster that now had him in his clutches; or if he had dared, the moon had suddenly grown so dim, that he might as well not have looked at all. He fully thought that all was over with him in this world, that he was fairly in the talons of the prince of darkness, and that his next move would be a plunge into the ocean or the bowels of the earth. Fright, hunger, and fatigue together were too much for a hero of his age, and he fainted.

His next perception of the world was in the midst of a huge old hall; on the middle of whose floor he was lying, surrounded by a group of indescribables, some all but black, some half-naked, some in old silks and faded embroidery, some in hats,

some in headgear of scarlet handkerchiefs wildly drawn round their brows, some in huge Spanish mantles, some in all kinds of costumes, as if they had made a gathering of the rags of all nations; some with handsome features, some with ferocious; but all in the highest gaiety. They were rallying his captor on his prize, and laughing furiously at his finishing his night's work by bringing in a wounded beggar among them. At the end of the hall a long table was laid, to which another crowd were carrying roast and boiled meats in profusion, from a fire that blazed to the ceiling in a large vaulted chamber beyond. He could have sworn that he was in the midst of fiends. The pictures of the witches that he had seen on the walls of every cottage were there to the life; their voices, their strange laughter, and their language, equally strange to the human ear, convinced him that he was in the presence of those who were in the habit of blowing up ships and blowing down steeples, who had carried off Pope Joan, and converted the English in the shape of Harry the Eighth; in short, that the next display would be the sight of the whole party on the clouds for Caucasus, with himself whirling on a skewer and roasting forks before a fire large enough to set Purgatory in a blaze.

But rest, short as it was, shelter from the night, a cup of wine administered by a female hand, and, more cordial than fifty cups of wine, a few kind words from a remarkably coral pair of lips, began to call back the current of life through the wearied boy. He fixed his heavy eyes on the face that leaned over him, and to his wonder saw that it possessed a pair of the most flashing eyes that he had ever looked into in the course of his experience. He now found himself recover surprisingly, and attempted to thank their wearer in his best style. His speech was received with a smile; which increased his gratitude, and he was about to press the remarkably pretty, though rather dingy coloured, hand to his lips, when he was suddenly interrupted by a kick from behind, which fairly extinguished the tender passion for the time, in a determination that the insult should

he thoroughly revenged. The insult was the fellow who had dragged him in, and it was evident that the diamond eyes of the Demoiselle Cassandr  were not to be suffered to shed their lustre with impunity. Cartouche saw a rival at once. Those things have been comprehended with unequalled readiness in France in all ages, and at every age. He constructed his plan on the spot. In open conclave he rushed upon the fellow; demanded justice, and proclaimed him to be a traitor to the community. It is clear that by this time he had tolerably got rid of his superstitious alarms. Cassandr 's eyes were much too handsome for an imp of whatever quality; and in his maiden speech he had already pronounced her an angel. He had fully discovered the fact, that he was the guest of a strong company of gypsies, and that he had to do with human nature, however brown. He now acted with a knowledge of situation which would have been invaluable to a prime minister. As the gipsy sensibilities are peculiarly keen on the point of plundering *from the tribe*, he fastened a formal charge on his captor, of peculation to the great detriment of the sons and daughters of Egypt. "I am sorry," said the young orator, "to be compelled to accuse one of this most excellent and virtuous fraternity of any thing inconsistent with the honour of a gipsy. But facts are stubborn things. This man robbed and would have murdered me. I am a courier from the Neapolitan ambassador to the Court in Paris. I had on my person ten thousand ducats in diamonds, and a bag of a thousand sequins. As I was riding along the route, and a little perplexed by the sudden nightfall, he fired at me from behind the tree that stands at the north side of the image of our Lady at the cross-road of Vendanges. I fell, stunned, and as you see, covered with blood. While I lay on the ground, he robbed me of

my despatches, my diamonds, and my bag of sequins. All this would have been the fortune of war, if the rufian had but a particle of gipsy honour in his existence. But it goes to my heart to think that such noble-hearted ladies and gentlemen as I see before me should be swindled out of their rights by such an ill-looking, jealous, and beggarly rogue as he is."

The young Demosthenes was cheered on all sides. This was much. His captor gave him a look of speechless astonishment; this was more; and Cassandr  rewarded him with the wreathed smile of a Circe; this was most of all. But the interests of justice were not to be delayed; the robber was ordered to surrender the prey. He protested the impossibility of doing any thing of the kind. His surprise made him stammer in his story; and this was conviction. The outcry grew universal. He was given over to the hands of the searchers. Their search was in vain. But what could have been expected? He who would defraud his friends, would naturally hide his plunder. As no acknowledgement of the place where it was buried could be extracted from him, he was sentenced to the whipping-post. He roared, he remonstrated, he harangued, he swore vengeance. All was in vain. The operation commenced; he fought like a tiger, but the blows were laid on notwithstanding. He grew more ferocious still, and pledged himself to make a clean breast before the first mayor or magistrate, and have every one of the brother and sisterhood sent to the galleys. The results of this imprudence was that the lash swung higher and fell heavier on the cuticle of the unlucky defaulter. Finally, he was kicked out of doors, and Cartouche, washed, new clothed, and in the height of popularity, was invited to the supper table, with the pretty Cassandr  by his side.

BERNARD OF VENTADOUR, AND HIS WORKS.

WHEN William, the ninth Count of Poitou, and the first of the troubadours whose remains we possess, died in 1127, the art of song which he had so zealously fostered lived after him—the torch which he had lighted was carried on in the race with the same ardour, and with increased confidence; and a long succession of poets gives us the best proof of the enthusiasm for the art which was now burning throughout the whole land. Though we possess no remains of poets exactly contemporary with the Count of Poitou, it is not the less certain, from the accounts of the writers of the Provençal lives of the troubadours, as well as from history, that the spirit of poetry warmed many a heart, and hallowed the eloquence of many a tongue, of whom we possess no record save perchance that they lived, and loved, and sang. They have been overwhelmed by a long night, either by the capriciousness of fortune, or from other causes which we cannot now trace; but their influence on the national literature was not on that account less remarkable, and they contributed to raise it to the degree of excellence which it soon attained, as much by their precept and example as by the fostering care with which they lightened the labours and encouraged the efforts of youthful genius. Such a one was the patron of Bernard of Ventadour, under whose auspices his talents ripened and his mind expanded, till he earned for himself a well-merited reputation as one of the best writers of love songs of which the whole literature can boast. It was Ebles, the second Lord of Ventadour, a district situated in the most beautiful part of Limousin, who assisted the young Bernard to emerge from his original obscurity, and who proved to him an efficient teacher in the first instance, and afterwards a zealous and indulgent patron. This nobleman, according to Geoffroi de Vigéois, was himself celebrated for the beauty of his songs—so much so, that he is usually called “the singer,” and won, by his cultivation of the national poetry, the love and

favour of his celebrated over-lord, William of Poitou. Of his songs, not one line has escaped the ravages of time, and they must have disappeared very early, as they are nowhere else either quoted or mentioned; but if we may be permitted to judge of his talents by the works of the poet who acknowledged him as his poetical teacher, we must consider him as no unworthy professor of the art which he loved and patronized. Both Papon and Millot have related an anecdote of this noble, which may be mentioned here as characteristic of the age and of the manner of living of the lords and princes of the period. It is taken from the same chronicle of Geoffroi de Vigéois, and may be thus rendered:—“The Viscount of Ventadour came one day to Poitiers, and entered into the palace whilst the Count was still at table. The latter, without rising, gave orders to prepare dinner immediately for his guest. Great preparation was accordingly made; but as the dinner was long in making its appearance, ‘By my troth,’ said the Lord of Ventadour, ‘it is scarcely compatible with the dignity of a mighty noble like you that the reception of a poor viscount like myself should cause you such extraordinary trouble; your usual fare, such as it was, should have been good enough for me.’ No notice was taken of this sarcasm; but after a few days, when the Lord of Ventadour had returned to his castle, the Count of Poitou arrived there suddenly about dinner time, followed by a suite of a hundred knights. The Viscount, who had just sat down to meat, had time to leave the hall before his guests poured into it. He felt that William had wished to take him by surprise, to revenge himself for the taunt which he had directed against him. However, without any appearance of embarrassment, after the ceremonies of reception had been concluded, he calmly desired his people to bring water to wash, and immediately afterwards the table was covered with such a quantity of dishes, that the like could scarcely have been seen

at the wedding of a prince. It had happened that that day a great fair had been held at Ventadour, and the vassals of the Viscount, zealous for the honour of their lord, had with the greatest alacrity carried to the castle all the viands which they had prepared for themselves. Towards evening, unknown to his lord, a peasant, driving a waggon drawn by oxen appeared in the courtyard of the castle, and called out with a loud voice, 'let the followers of the Count of Poitou now come and see how cheap wax is held in the household of the Viscount of Ventadour!' and then having broken the hoops of the casks with which his waggon was laden, an immense number of cakes of white wax fell to the ground, which he left lying there, as if it had been a thing so common in the household that no care was taken of it at all; and having done this he went his way. The chronicle does not forget to inform us that the Viscount recompensed his acute and generous vassal by giving him the property of a place called Malmont, and that the children of this same peasant were decorated with the belt of chivalry."

Bernard of Ventadour was born in the household of this same Viscount Ebles the Second, and it was from the mouth of Ebles the Third, the son of the Viscountess whom Bernard loved, that *Uc de St Cyr* received the relation of those events which are narrated in the *Provençal* life. This life is unfortunately very meagre, and we are therefore dependent on the works of the poet for any farther intelligence we may wish to glean concerning him; but the very circumstance of his having written almost exclusively of himself and his various love affairs renders our investigation the more difficult, because the objects of his passion are all designated by false names, of which two or more in the same poem would sometimes appear to apply to the same person, and because a studied obscurity is cast around every circumstance which might by any chance give a clue to the real meaning of the poet. He wrote no historical songs, and took no prominent part in any of the political movements of his time: he devoted himself exclusively to love and the

service of ladies; and as he appears to have been of a susceptible heart and sanguine temperament, he is now revelling in all the pride and happiness of anticipated success, now grovelling in the very depths of despair, or immersed in sullen sadness at some unexpected perfidy or unmerited rebuff. In the only song of his which is classed among historical serventes, and which does contain historical allusions, there is one stanza of considerable interest, because it shows, that however he may have flittered away his time in frivolous pursuits, or debased his powers of mind by the pursuit of criminal indulgences, there was still within his heart a yearning for better things and nobler deeds—that though the desire of distinction, the love of pure fame, were prevented by circumstances from blazing forth clearly and steadily, yet the sacred fire still smouldered in the recesses of a heart which, full of soft feelings and bright imaginings, was prevented from urging him to play a more exalted part, as much by external circumstances as by any latent weakness of its own. The following passage occurs in a servente, addressed to Johanna Este, in which the poet exhorts the Emperor Frederick the First to punish the people of Milan for their revolt; but before addressing the Emperor he thus speaks of himself:—

"A never-dying fame to gain
I should possess both power and will,
Were not the want of wealth so main
A hindrance to me to attain
The noble ends I would fulfil.
But since it is not God's high pleasure
That I should have fame in such measure;
I must at least myself from fault preserve,
And with that which I have his love deserve."

By considering the expressions in the various songs, along with the traditional account of *Uc de St Cyr*, we shall probably be enabled to throw some light on the history of the poet, and consequently, in some measure, dissipate much of the obscurity which might otherwise present a serious obstacle to the readers of his works.

According to the account of *Uc de St Cyr*, Bernard was born in the household of the Viscount Ebles, of

very humble parents, since, according to Peire d'Auvergne, his father was a trusty vassal and good archer, and his mother had it in charge to collect the dry stalks of the vines used to heat the oven. Notwithstanding his disadvantages of station, the beauty and joyous spirit of the boy, no less than his lively sallies and quick repartees, attracted the attention of the Viscount, and he was easily induced, by the talent for poetry which he appeared, even at that early age, to display, to give him as good an education as the times allowed, that his natural advantages might be enhanced by acquired knowledge; besides which, he himself watched over and directed the poetic talent, which was destined hereafter to shed such a lustre around himself. It is in allusion to the instructions in the *Art de Trobar*, which he received from the Viscount, that Bernard says, in some moment of despondency—

"I ne'er shall gain a poet's fame,
To Ebbles' school no honour prove;
Since ev'n I my songs must blame,
What other can I hope to move."

And again, probably in some moment of brightening hope, he speaks of the same instruction:—

"Without song never Ventadour shall be—
He who knew most of love and courtesy,
Himself did teach me all I know of both."

We can thus account for his allusions to passages in Ovid,* the holy book, as it was considered in the middle ages, as well as for his acquaintance with holy writ. To the same fostering care he also owed the rare accomplishment of being able to write, which he himself, in one of his songs, rejoices at; for being greatly embarrassed how to communicate his passion to the lady of his love, and not daring to speak to her himself, or to employ a confidant to say all he dared not, he hits upon the happy expedient of expressing his sentiments in writing, which, as she most fortunately can

read, will put an end to all perplexity. He says—

"Since I no messenger dare send,
Nor yet myself my wishes tell,
Alas! I am at my wit's end,
But one thing may console me well

"That she is learned and can read.
My hopes then I will write,
And she shall read aright,
How for her love I humbly plead."

The result of all these advantages, both natural and acquired, according to the opinion of one of the best judges of his literature, was, that Bernard became, without doubt, one of the most excellent writers of songs which the middle ages produced. His songs breathe a melting tenderness of feeling, and are remarkable for an extreme simplicity of expression, and for the regular and harmonious construction of his stanzas. It was to be expected, from the manners of the age, as well as from the natural susceptibility of the young poet's disposition, which the nature of his studies and occupations only tended to develop more irresistibly, that he would very soon himself be caught in that flame around which he had been so gaily fluttering; and in one of his poems he tells us, accordingly, that he was wrapped in flame before he was aware of his danger. The wife of the Viscount Ebbles was one of the most beautiful women of the time, and her manners were as pleasing, and her disposition as amiable and lively, as her person was prepossessing. The constant opportunities which the young poet had of seeing her—the familiarity which his situation as the favourite and protégé of her husband permitted, kindled a love in the breast of the youth, which soon swept away before it all the impediments which gratitude and respect should have cast in the way of his passion. He himself paints, with much grace and natural feeling, the progress of the consuming love which made him overstep these barriers, and which hurried two

* Boccaccio speaks of the *Santo libro d'Ovidio*. Ovid and Cato were the names of antiquity which were most known to the troubadours. Virgil is revered rather as a wise magician than as a great poet.

young lovers, the one into confinement, the other into exile — overwhelming both hearts with sorrow. A secret love is still consuming him — he has not received any assurance of requited affection from the lovely Agnes de Montlucon. This song breathes the most humble and devoted love; he does not ask her even to requite his passion, so doubtful is he of his own merits, while she is in the pride and splendour of her beauty, but he beseeches her at least to love him when she grows old, and thus repay all that he has suffered for her sake. He says—

“ From early infancy
I have loved only thee,
And early succeeding year
Makes thee seem doubly dear.
And ah ! it not before,
Love me when thou art old ;
Should thy heart now be cold,
Cherish me then the more.”

According to the custom of the times, he designates Agnes de Montlucon, the lady of his love, by allegorical names, of which “*Bel Vezer*,” Beautiful Aspect, is subject to the fewest doubts as to its application; but he also employs many other names, such as “*Conort*,” comfort — “*Azeman*,” magnet — “*Cortes*,” courteous—which, as his principal object was to preserve his secret, he sometimes employs also, according to the opinion of some, even when addressing the Viscountess. It is probable that, of the uncertain songs, all those which show the greatest desire of concealment in the poet refer to Agnes. In one of these songs, which is addressed to no one, but which certainly seems to refer to Agnes, he expresses his secret wishes, promising, at the same time, the most particular circumspection, which the peculiar circumstances under which their passion subsisted rendered imperatively necessary. The poem may be rendered as follows:—

“ When fields grow green and leaves appear,
And flowers in every meadow spring,
And with their love-notes shrill and clear,
The nightingales begin to sing,
There's joy in them, in the flower's fragrant store,
Joy in myself, but in my lady more.
I am with pleasures compassed on all sides,
But that one joy surpasses all besides.

“ Well does that lady blame deserve,
Who makes her lover pine too long ;
Long promises of love but serve
To veil, and not to heal the wrong ;—
For one may love, and yet pay court else-
where,
Or where no witness speeds lie sweetly
there —
Deign but to love me, lady, you will find
No tongue more true, no more devoted
mind.

“ In truth it fills me with amaze,
That I refrain from lying bare
My inmost heart, where'er I gaze
On her who moves in beauty there.
Nought hinders me from falling at her feet,
But terror, lest my love with scorn should
meet.
Alas ! it cannot be that one so fair,
Should shun all love, and doom me to des-
pair !

“ Would I could turn, by some dark spell,
Into a child each prying foe,
So that none e'er might think or tell
Ought that could work us harm or woe,
Then would I gaze, with still admiring eyes,
On her white neck, and soft cheek's rosy
dies ;
And kiss her lips with such insatiate zeal,
As for two months to mark them with love's
seal.

“ How I of painful musing die !
For oft I am so lost in thought,
That thieves might steal me easily,
Nor of the deed could I tell ought.
Ah ! surely, Love, my prowess you must
fear,
Though without friends or timely succour
near,
That you force not my lady me to save,
Ere from desire I sink into the grave.

“ To find her all alone were bliss,
Sleeping, or else pretending sleep,
That I might steal one maddening kiss,
Since for my prayers no joy I reap.
Ah ! let us taste the joys love has in store,
Time speeds his flight and youth returns no
more.
By secret signals let heart speak to heart—
Since boldness suits not, let us fly to art.”

In another song he complains of her coldness, and reproaches her for treating the passionate outpourings of his long pent-up affection with a levity which it deserved not, and which could not fail to wound very deeply a person endued with such warm affections and susceptible feelings as the youthful and devoted

poet. He seems to express a fear, that while he has set his all upon this cast, she is only playing with counters, and, with the easily excited suspicions of a mind doubtful of its own deserts, he uses the following language of tender reproach:—

“ Time in its changes comes and goes
In years, in months, and in days;
Yet my fond tongue no language knows,
But unchanging love and praise.
True is my heart, and changes never,
One I adore, and have lov’d ever,
Who cheats me with false hopes of bliss.

“ To laugh and sport she takes no shame,
While my heart is crossed with care;
Alas! I play a foolish game.
Since I love twice over there,
That love is surely worse than folly,
Which is maintained on one side wholly,
Unless some compact alter this.

The delight which the beautiful appearance of his lady-love sheds over his heart, and the disgust of life and all around him which he experiences, is expressed as follows:—

“ Ah! what does life avail,
If any day I feel
To see my heart’s delight,
Arrayed in beauty’s pride,
More soft and purely white
Than snow at Christmas tide?”

He humbly asks his Bel Vezor to grant him a kiss to restore him to life, as he was fast sinking under the love that devoured him; but even then he does not rest his claim on his own merits, or even on the excess of his love, but hopes to wring it from her by importunity, which, contrary to what is usual, he seems to consider likely to give additional zest to the favour for which he petitions:—

“ ’Tis time that thou who art
The lady of my heart,
To me should’st coyly give
A kiss to make me live,
If it were but to end
My importunity—
One gift’s worth two, when we
Have wrung it from a friend.”

It was perhaps in consequence of these poems, which could scarcely fail to attract observation where so many were eager to pry into their conduct, and to interpret their very words and looks, that the Viscountess reproved Bernard sharply for his presumption, and desired him to keep out of her sight for a time. Bernard, in consequence, left the castle, and composed, during his absence, one of the most tender of his songs, in which he expresses in the most heartfelt manner his entire devotedness to all her wishes. It may be rendered as follows:—

“ When I see the eace green leaves
Fall slow from each tree,
Though the sight many hearts grieves,
’Tis delightful to me
Oh! I cannot look gladly
On the leaf or the flower,
Where the eyes I love madly
With such pride on me lower.
I could burst every chain,
But, alas! never dare,
But still hope she may deign
To save where I despair.

“ A sad and strange story
Of my fate you shall hear:
She whose love was my glory,
She who showed such kind cheer,
Now from her has driven
Him who loved her the best;
Oh! my heart, by high Heaven!
Seems to burst from my breast.
Inspire her to cheer me,
Ye good angels on high;
If she will not hear me,
Nought is left but to die.

“ I shall trust again, never,
In an omen, or lot—*
By still hoping on, ever,
All this anguish I got.
She spurns me as proudly,
When her favour I claim,
As if I had loudly
Belied her fair fame.
It gives me such sorrow
That my life’s withering;
Yet joy’s mask I borrow,
And with bleeding heart—sing.

* The superstition of endeavouring to pry into futurity by means of lots was common in the middle ages, and many traces of this kind in particular are to be found in Provençal literature. The most usual method was to take the Scriptures, and having opened them, blindfold, the enquirer into futurity considered that the first passage which met his eye contained some prophetic indications of his future fate, and interpreted it accordingly.— Omens, as in classical antiquity, were derived from the flight of birds, particularly some of the hawk tribe.

"Oh! what but mere sadness
 Could I hope it would prove,
 When I dared with such madness
 The most beautiful to love!—
 He did more than destroy me,
 Who the first mirror made,
 Of all foes, who annoy me,
 I'm of none more afraid.—
 From the first day that ever
 She saw all her charms there,
 She to me listened never,
 And but mock'd my despair.

"I may grieve without measure,
 Since my folly destroyed
 The sweet converse and pleasure
 Which till then nought alloyed.
 My high hopes have perished,
 There is shame on my brow,
 Since she I most cherished
 Looks with scorn on me now.
 For a hostage I send her,
 As my truest friend,
 My heart to attend her,
 Till my wanderings end."

Such devotion and repentance could scarcely fail to make an impression in his favour on the heart of Agnes, which of itself was only too well disposed to plead in behalf of the absent lover, and she soon recalled him to her presence, and rewarded his untiring love with a kiss, which, as might well be imagined, called forth from the overjoyed heart of the poet a song expressive of his extreme happiness, and in which, from so joyful a beginning, he anticipates the most happy termination to all his sufferings, and inveighs at the same time with great indignation against all those who made it their business to pry into the secrets of others, and to discover and retail their secret inclinations.

"My song in happiness springs forth,
 In gladder sounds its latest tone,
 And 'tis from its glad end alone
 That I rejoice it e'er had birth.
 That its beginning was of gladness,
 Drives from my heart all trace of sadness—

Therefore should I be of the better cheer,
 Since from their end all good deeds praised
 I hear.

"Joy so o'erpowered me day and night,
 I marvel how my brain ne'er reeled,
 But I to none that breathes revealed
 The secret source of my delight,
 For true love is audacious never,
 But doubts and fears and trembles ever—
 My heart so fears her it loves best to pain,
 I dare not be so bold as to complain.

"In this at least my sense I show,
 That when one asks my true love's name,
 I lie to him and feel no shame—
 It is no proof of sense I know,
 But of childishness and madness,
 When a man enjoys love's gladness,
 That he should lay his heart to any bary,
 Who cannot serve nor aid the wishes there.

"There cannot be, by Heaven above,
 Aught meaner or more base than one
 Who watches, pries, till he has won
 The secret of another's love;
 Ah! wretch, how canst thou feel such
 pleasure,
 My heart to torture without measure,
 Each for himself his business should pursue,
 You confound me, what better than are you?

"Right well does laughtiness besecm
 A lady 'mid the false and base,
 For she can win no honoured place,
 Unless haught bearing force esteem.
 Ah! I entreat that peerless beauty,
 To whom I've vowed my love and duty,
 For no malicious words to change or turn,
 That my foes may with baffled malice burn.

"I little thought that mouth so small,
 Could, when I kissed it, work me ill—
 Yet that sweet kiss had power to kill,
 Unless another life recall
 'Tis like the lance of Peleus hoary,
 Renowned in ancient song and story;
 For from its blow no mortal e'er grew sound,
 Unless 'twere plunged again into the wound.

"Ah! Lady fair! your form of grace,
 Your sparkling eyes made me your thrall—
 Your smile I cease not to recall,
 Your gentle looks and matchless face—
 I might your equal to discover,
 Long search in vain the whole world over,
 For you are fairer than aught 'neath the
 skies,
 Or I behold you with dim-seeing eyes."

In another poem he celebrates the day on which she acknowledged her love to him, and sealed the soft confession with a kiss; nor does he refrain from asking greater proofs of her love, but, after dwelling on the devotion he cherished for her, and the delight he felt at the honour she had done him, he insinuates also his wish that she should recompense his constant love more completely. It is in reference to this that he says,

"Lady, wherever I may go,
 Yours I remain, you I adore,
 And would extol and honour more
 Than to express I e'er shall know.

My fame and happiness depend
On your love only, fairest friend,—
Since it pleased you that I should taste
such bliss,

When the sweet love-tale ended with a kiss.

Ah! may it please you even more to
grant."

Whether these wishes were gratified it is not in our power now to determine, but the following poem, in which he speaks of the honour she had lavished on him sitting on the green grass beneath the spreading pine, might be interpreted in a manner not altogether advantageous to the fair fame of the Viscountess. But it would be unjust as well as uncourteous to rest any such charges on the interpretations of obscure passages in love songs, the more especially as even at the best we are like men groping in the dark, without any certain light to guide our footsteps through the palpable obscure. We subjoin a version of the song, however, as some writers have considered it to belong to this period of the history of our poet, and at any rate the tone of the lines is such as to entitle them to a place in this collection.

"Sweet Monucl, he who from you can part,
And shed no tears, must certes be hard of
heart;

Nor could I reckon him a hearty friend—
Noble and frank, and lovely, kind and true
Is Monucl, and more than any, you
Helis, of all who on my love attend.

"Ah! 'tis the time that birds begin to sing,
And stoiks and herons to the streams take
wing.

Retiring lilies in the bowers I see—
The blue bells in thickets now appear,
And o'er their yellow sands the streams run
clear,

And there burst forth the snowy fleurs-de-lis,
"Alas! sweet faithlessness my day dream
broke,

And poor in love and wretched I awoke,
All by the treachery of a faithless she,
Who blinded me by falsehood and deceit,
Whence sadly now I suffer penance meet,
Since I, ere she destroyed me did not flee.

"'Twas my own hands that did the staff

With which that loveliest one destroyed me
there—

I strove to serve her with my utmost
strength,

Till cheated hopes with ever stinging pain,
Ceaseless misfortunes and uncertain gain,
From my own country banished me at length.

"He little loves who feels no jealous fire;
He little loves who is not prompt to ire;
Nor can he love who ne'er did mad appear;
He little loves whose gifts are small and
slow;

Ah! more is worth if sprung from love not
wo,

Than a whole host of smiles, one gentle tear.

"When I with pity sue at my love's feet,
She with feigned anger all my prayers will
meet,
Till the salt tears burst rain-like from mine
eyes—

When with fond looks she greets me with a
smile,

And I kiss mouth and eyes and cheek the
while;

I seem to taste the joys of Paradise.

"To the true glorious I may joy commend—
What I enjoyed beneath the pines that bend
O'er the crisp grass when she made me her
slave,

Keeps me alive and makes me light and gay;
For I were dead but for that happy day,
And the fond love which new life to me
gave.

"Well may this song deserve the meed of
fame.

Since it began with Monucl's dear name,
And now with joy, whose I am, ends the
stave."

We have no means of determining how long the intercourse between Agnes and the poet continued; this much, however, seems to be ascertained with tolerable accuracy, that the Viscount, whether from some imprudence on the part of the lovers, or from the tale-bearing of officious friends, was made perfectly aware of the injury which he had received, and resented the conduct of the guilty pair accordingly. The fair Agnes was placed in confinement, and guarded with the utmost severity. As to the offending poet, the Provençal life informs us that the Viscount estranged himself from him; he did not even banish him from his court; he did not punish his audacity by any of the numerous means which were in his power; but whether he considered that a mind naturally noble, which had been warped from the right path, would be best punished by being left to its own reflections; or whether the youth of the poet and the affection he had so long manifested for him still filled his

heart, he desisted from any harsh measures, and contented himself with watching his wife, till she, for the sake of her own peace, required of Bernard to depart from her, and not to make his appearance in the whole district. Bernard at once departed from the castle, and left the friends of his early youth, the scene of the first efforts of his genius. But whether it may have been from the perverseness of passion, or that he may have wished to conceal a withering heart under a smiling exterior, a song, which in all probability he composed about this period, is any thing but sad; on the contrary he seems to have written it in a sort of defiance to Ebles, and in order to support Agnes under the persecution which he says she was undergoing for his sake, and to persuade her not to submit tamely to it.

"When 'mid green leaves the fresh flowers
spring,
And the glad heavens and earth I see,
And hear birds in the thickets sing,
My softened heart grows full of glee—
Sure birds act such a joyous part,
I with more gladness in my heart
Should surely sing, since all my days have
been
Songs and delight—I heed nought else, I
ween.

"A nourishment for pride some find
In their good fortune's vast excess,
But I have ever schooled my mind,
Ev'n at joy's height, to humbleness;
Since thou with love my heart didst bless
Nought has disturbed a happiness
None other e'er thus revelled in before—
If God guard thee from harm I ask no more.

"I know when I lay down to rest
That sleep will from my pillow fly,
For when thy image fills my breast
In vain I strive to close an eye—
For where one keeps his treasure, he
Would always wish his heart to be:
This to effect, Lady, my heart I quail,
But all my thinking is of no avail,

"I cannot see thy lovely brow,
Yet to my heart thou'rt present still;
Thou canst not mourn as I grieve now
That for my sake thou sufferest ill:
Thy frame the jealous may distress,
Oh! let him not thy heart oppress—
Since he grieves thee to work him no
vain,
From thee no good for evil let him gain.

"She whom I most desire on earth,
Whom I adore by night and day,
Hears all the prayers my heart sends
forth,
And treasures up each word I say.
Ah! if excess of love can kill,
I shall not live, for my heart still
Is filled with love so fierce yet constant too,
That ev'n the best, beside me, is untrue.

"When I remember all the love
I bore her who could yet betray,
It takes no little joy to move
My angry heart to cheer more gay.
My lady-love, to heal the smart
Send through my mouth down to my
heart,
One long sweet kiss of love and rapture full,
To spread joy there and angry thoughts to
lull.

"May God my Bel Vezet from harm defend,
Near or afar, I'm hers ev'n to the end.
On Bel Vezet, O Lord, thy blessings pour,
If she be happy I require no more."

But another song, which refers to the same circumstance, is remarkable for the grief which pervades it. In the most sorrowful manner he takes leave of all his friends in Provence, and laments the severity of his lady-love, who had driven him from her presence. It seems, therefore, probable, that the Viscountess had cast him off altogether, and more peremptorily commanded him to absent himself from the neighbourhood. Bernard journeyed into France, and from thence he sent the following lines to his friends in Ventadour:—

"In Ventadour my friends have lost me now
For aye, because my lady loves me not;
And since such anger lowers upon her brow,
I have no wish again to see that spot.
Because to worship her is my delight,
She with such anger strives my love to
blight,
No other cause of hatred has she got.

"As the fish rushes headlong at the bait,
Heedless, until the barbed hook he feels—
I pursued love, nor found out till too late,
The subtle flame which round my bosom
steals;
Like a fierce furnace it burns night and day,
Nor can I move one finger's breadth away.

"I marvel not that love made me his thrall,
For one so lovely ne'er on earth was seen;

Beauteous she is, gay, courteous, graceful,
all

Heart could conceive or eyes desire, I ween.
I speak not of her faults, for she has none—
I would proclaim it gladly had she one,
But I find none where evil ne'er has been.

" I still shall seek her honour here below,
Still shall I be her vassal—servant—friend ;
Constant in love whether it please or no—
For from my heart death only love can
rend.

I know no dame, whether she will or not,
Whom, if I choose, I may not love, God
wot.

But every thing to harm some minds can
bend.

" Wishing them gladness to their heart's
content,

I greet Provence, and all the loved ones
there,

Since what I have not thus to you I've sent,
Ah ! who to ask a wonder need despair ?
I know no joy, but that which round me
throws

My Bel Verey, and thereat angry grows
There in Auvergne the Baron of Belenire."

There is every reason to believe, that after this time his devotion to the beautiful Agnes either yielded to the continued severity which she exercised towards him, or the charms of the celebrated Eleonore of Guienne, to whom he henceforward devoted his powers of song, were sufficient to obliterate all traces of his first love. He had retired to Normandy in the first moment of angry disappointment at the rejection of his love by the Viscountess; and there, surrounded by a brilliant court, the first in rank as in beauty, graceful, celebrated, and powerful, he saw the still youthful Eleonore. She was the grand-daughter of William the ninth Count of Poitou, the well-known troubadour, and had inherited his talents as well as his levity. She had just been divorced from Louis the Seventh of France, and was then living in the territories which she had inherited from her father, William the Tenth of Poitou, and assembled about her all that was gay and amiable and beautiful. At such a court, one who had devoted his mind and his talents so exclusively to the service of love, could not fail to be acceptable; and accordingly Bernard was welcomed with enthusiasm by her who was soon destined to wear the crown of England. It

was impossible for a heart ardent as that which beat in the bosom of Bernard of Ventadour, to be restrained by the chilling observances of a court, or the difference of ranks; supposing that either the one or the other had been allowed to stand in the way of pleasure at a court where all were so devoted to all gaiety as the beautiful Eleonore and those who surrounded her; and it can therefore be a matter of small surprise that Bernard should have again rushed into the bands of love, and have devoted the songs for which he was already celebrated, to praise the beauty, and sue for the love of Eleonore as ardently as he had formerly done, when, as he himself says, he acknowledged that God showered on him the greatest blessings and most supreme honour in allowing him to love the most beautiful creature in the world. In a song which refers to Eleonore, he expresses the most extravagant devotion. He says she does wrong not to send for him when she is undressing herself, for he would consider it a happiness to be allowed on his knees to take off the shoes from her delicate feet. It would seem that this poem was composed in England, whither he may have followed the object of such love, when she passed over there after having become the wife of Henry, because in one of the last stanzas he informs us that

" To lull my heart's undying pain
With music fit I made this strain
Far from the land of Normandy,
Beyond the wild and faithless sea,
From her I love when I am far away,
Her beauty, magnet-like, draws back again
My heart which ne'er seeks freedom from her
away."

This stanza, as well as the envoi which closes the poem, must have been added after his return to France, as he says in the latter, "that with the permission of the King of England and Duke of Normandy, he will visit her again before winter surprises them." The poet always uses the lowest, humble, and respectful expressions in the poems which he addresses to the Queen; he speaks of himself as her most devoted vassal; and after praising her beauty, and painting his own affection in the most emphatic manner, he proceeds to incl-

nuate that on her account he has been obliged to retire from the court, and beseeches her not to allow this to be disadvantageous to him; from which it would appear that this poetical intimacy had not exactly met with the approbation of the King. This song may be judged of by the following translation of some of the stanzas.

"By the nightingale's sweet song
Awakened, I start up at night,
While hopes of joy my bosom throng,
And thoughts of love and visions bright.
My heart has ever been a treasure
Of merriment and hopes of pleasure
And thus in joy my song begins aright.

"Oft on her faultless form I gaze
And worship every beauty there—
Were I her courtesy to praise,
Her gentle voice and matchless air,
For years I might on such theme dwell,
Should I the whole truth seek to tell.
She is as courteous as her form is fair.

"Lady, your vassal true am I,
Prompt to serve you with heart and hand,
From henceforth I will live and die,
Rejoice or mourn as you command—
You were my first and only joy,
And you shall all my thoughts employ,
Whilst still in life on this fair earth I stand.

"They know not, who believe me here,
How my free spirit wings its way
At once in her it holds most dear
When I'm in person far away,
My never ceasing thought on her
Is her most welcome messenger,
Because it does her looks, words, mien
portray."

Another poem, which breathes great tenderness, and is full of soft complaints, and rich in all the luxury of wo on which poets so often delight to dwell, when speaking of their own sufferings in love, seems to bear reference to this period of his life; and though it adds no new features to his life, nor throws much light on his condition at the time, being entirely taken up in painting the emotions of his own heart, is yet deserving of notice from the beauty of its beginning, which may be thus translated,

"Where from thy land the summer breeze
is blowing,
I feel by some device
As if there ceaselessly round me were flowing
Odours from Paradise."

The last song which can with certainty be considered to have been written at this period of his career is of a very enthusiastic character indeed. He says he would look upon it as a trifle to encounter the storms of winter without any clothing, because the ardour of his love would protect him from the north wind. Not even for the possession of the rich Friesland would he change the delight he has experienced since he began to love; his lady keeps him in suspense, like the ship rolling backwards and forwards on the waves, and all night he tosses about in his bed, and suffers more than Tristan ever suffered for the sake of the fair Ysolt. He exclaims, "Would to God that I were a swallow, that I might fly through the air, that in the still midnight I might come to her chamber." His spirit flies over, but his body, alas! is at a distance from her in France. From the court of Normandy, Bertrand went to that of the good Count Raimond of Toulouse, and remained there till the death of this prince, which took place in 1194. It was impossible for one with a mind so ardent, and a heart so susceptible as those of Bernard of Ventadour, to remain long without an object whose charms he might adore, and whose praise he might celebrate; and accordingly there are several poems which may be referred to this third period of his life, which, if not as remarkable as the first for the enthusiasm of the feelings which animated them, or for the vivacity with which they express them, are yet most interesting, as they present to us the idea of a mind naturally joyous and full of innocent delight, in all the various beauties of nature, which has been by degrees warped and soured by its contact with the world and its own imprudences, till the bitterness of a worldly philosophy seems to usurp the place of the buoyancy and lightheartedness which distinguished all the efforts of the youthful poet. The following poem may serve as an exemplification of our meaning.

"I would that those who bade me sing
Could learn this truth, that I have now
Nor buoyant heart nor sunny brow.
Sing ye whom song can fill with pleasure,
I strive in vain to frame a measure,

Since I lost all chance of gladness
By a fate of utter sadness.

"Why causes love such suffering?
I sleep not neither night nor day,
When on my couchmy limbs I lay,
The nightingale's song ceases never,
And I who used to sing for ever,
Die with grief I cannot smother,
I lay to see in any other.

"Of love, good friends, this is my rede,
How'er secure you seem to be,
All joy may in a moment flee.
Mine seemed all joy and truth, by heaven!
Yet lasted not a whole day even,
'Tis, where nought is sure, sheer folly
In false love to trust so wholly.

"Love now of me takes little heed,
Instead of smiles frowns on me lower;
Ah! were he only in my power,
'The cattill's wiles should soon be ended.
Love from vengeance is defended,
Since no sword can reach him ever,
None a lance even 'gainst him shiver.

"I love, do thou ne'er in my despite
The joy I sought on others pour;
My suit shall never vex thee more;
For I gain nought but endless sorrow:
Fool, fool is he who trusts thy morrow!
Thy scorn for me broke so lightly,
That the path I follow'd lightly.

"Yet charm'd by visions of delight,
Full of high hopes I linger here—
Rightly my Conort I hold dear,
Who urges me to song and laughter
I tell you, if she could, hereafter
I should live in deathless story,
Clothed in all a monarch's glory.

"Lemosin, to every saint
I commend her who mock'd my wo;
At last now she perchance will know
That I spake nought but truth, when
swearing,
In a far land, to die despairing;
Since devotion nought availed me,
And faith, pity, truth, all fail'd me.

"Let her not me as recreant paint,
Because my present hopes I cherish;
She scorn'd my vows, and let me perish."

Several of the poems belonging to this period are addressed to a lady of his love, under the allegorical name of Conort, who is also mentioned, probably ironically, in the last stanza but one of the poem just quoted. The Envoi of some is sent to Romieu de Vienne, a friend of

Bernard, and, as may be seen above, one is sent to Lemosin, also a friend of the poet, and who appears as interlocutor with him in a tenzo which we shall by and by have occasion to notice. Bernard seems at this period of his life to have been engaged in many love affairs, none of which, however, could have equalled in intensity the passions of his youthful heart; but still, at times, they called up a flame bright as that of former years, only, however, to sink at last into a deeper gloom. The following is in the manner, and written with all the vivacity of his earliest efforts. It is called forth by the joy that he feels at the prosperous beginning of a fresh love, and is full of indignation against the prying curiosity of those talebearers who so often disturbed the mutual intelligence of two happy lovers. It begins, however, with a melancholy dissatisfaction at his own efforts, which was not the characteristic of his early years.

"Ne'er can this strain an honour prove,
Or worthy of my heart's deep bliss;
E'en were it good, it should have shown
My joy more brightly far than this;
For since 'tis love, all else excell'g,
That now within my heart is swelling,
So should the song which sings it be most
rare,
And far excel all strains that ever were.

"How blissfully would grow the love
Of two young hearts, if it could be,
That of those prying eyes not one
Their mutual passion e'er could see.
For courtesy is often lying,
And then false folk, to aid their prying,
Of friendship oft put on the mask aright,
And our worst friend is oft the most
polite."

In this same song, which is addressed to Romieu de Vienne, and which alludes very often to Conort, the allegorical name he at that time used to designate his lady-love, he says in the last stanza but one, that sorrow and pain ever follow on the traces of joy; and that, in the same manner, joy follows close on unhappiness; and that he believes if sorrow did not exist, no one would know what joy was. He says, that from a false love of human praise, he has lost such exceeding joy of love, that if

the whole world were put on one side, and that joy on the other, he would choose the joy, though he knew well how he had been deceived by it. Perhaps a key might be discovered for much of the unhappiness which is so apparent by many of the poems of this period, if we reflect that the poet was now older, that the first illusions of youth had been dissipated, and with the buoyancy of his own heart perhaps there departed many of the charms which he used to discover in the face of nature and in the various ladies to whom he paid homage. To this depression of spirits would no doubt contribute the reflexion, that however much he might have been greeted by the applause of his contemporaries, however well disposed they were to flatter and recompense the successful singer, yet that he felt at his own heart a want, a yearning after higher things, to achieve which he knew himself to be fully capable, but which the humbleness of his birth and the manners of the age seemed to place altogether out of his reach. It was very probably this feeling of secret melancholy which gave an appearance of restlessness and of fickleness to his disposition, which made him endeavour to fill up the void in his heart by means whose inefficacy must have been apparent to him if he could have judged them calmly for a moment, but which, when they failed, nevertheless filled his sanguine heart with disappointment and bitterness. In the following song the beginning is joyous, and he makes an effort to wear the mask fitly, but the chaplet of roses rests on a skull—there is a skeleton at the banquet—and forebodings and sadness break out in spite of him, but still he does find a balm to his wounded heart in the soft breath of spring and all the accompanying beauties.

" Ah ! then to sing is my delight,
When the fresh flowers and leaves appear,
And nightingales, both morn and night,
In every thicket I can hear :
'Tis then that I
Feel swelling in my breast
Joys true and high,
On which my heart can rest ;
For I know well that I though love shall die,

" What glory canst thou gain at all ?
What good, love, can accrue to thee,
Thus to despatch a willing thrall,
One who can neither fight nor flee ?
Thou shouldst be fain
To soothe my throbbing brow ;
I've loved in vain
Through years of torture now,
One from whose heart no pity I can gain.

" My bane has been my faithfulness,
Which to my lady should be dear ;
If I am faulty, or transgress
Through too great love, or anxious fear,
What shall I do ?
Alas, O wretched me !
She's kind and true
To all whom'er they love,
Me she delights to torture and undo.

" Ah ! death alone would be my cure,
For thus she would have had her will ;
But she, the courteous and the pure,
Of all on earth the loveliest still,
Will surely grieve,
And repent too, for she,
I still believe,
Does love me secretly,
And but acts thus to deceive to deceive.

" Sure neither vows nor prayers avail,
And all my service is forgot,
Oh, may the love of Heaven prevail,
To make you, lady, cheer my lot
'Tis great delight
Some little joy to feel,
When day and night
Our hearts with sorrow reel ;
If die I must 'twould soothe my spirit's
sight.

" The world contains one thing alone
Which would my heart with rapture fill,
But that can never be mine own,
And for aught else I have no will.
Yet every day
Through her, good I acquire—
A heart more gay,
Neat person, eye of fire,
I could love nought if she were ta'en away."

There are several very tender songs addressed to Tristran, under which name, masculine though it be, we are to understand another female ruler of this often conquered heart. In one song of this series, Bernard complains of overbearing and false lovers who contest the prize with the humble and true, amongst whom he reckons himself. He says of himself, that as the wind sways the bough here or there, so is he inclin-

ed to bend to every wish of her who notwithstanding is his enemy. He then, in some graceful stanzas, describes the manner in which she finds fault with him continually, and makes him bear the blame of the wrong that she herself has committed. No one, he says, who gazed at her beauty, would ever credit that she could be capable of such injustice, but the water that flows out noiselessly is often worse than that which rushes forth with a great noise. He, however, separates himself from this lady also, and deceived, misrepresented, and with a wounded heart, he bids adieu to the love of ladies for ever.

"When at the dawn the lark I see
Now soar in joyance towards the sun—
Now sink unconscious—ecstasy
So thrilling through her heart has gone—
Alas! it gives me deadlier pain
To witness such intense delight,
I marvel how my heart and brain
Have not from anguish failed me quite.

"I thought I knew so much of love—
Alas! how little did I know!
Since though no vows my lady move,
I still love on and still reap woe,
She my whole being from me reft,
And her own self and all beside,
And when she took herself she left
Nought but a heart too harshly tried.

"My heart against control rebelled,
From that most fatal time when she
Before mine eyes a mirror held
On which I gazed right lovingly.
Mirror, since I thy wonders eyed,
Mine hours by sighs and tears I count,
I perished as Narcissus died
From gazing on the glassy fount.

"The fickle sex is my despair,
My trust in lady's love is o'er,
No praise from henceforth I'll give there,
But my heart's anger on them pour.
To my share joy will never fall
Though I for them so much forego.
Yes! from my heart I doubt them all,
And that all are alike I know.

"Since with my lady nought avail,
Fond prayers, good right, nor pity ever,
Since she thus scorns the melting tale
Of my true love, I'll tell it never.

I cast love from me on the spot—
She wished my death—I answer her
By death—since she retains me not,
Banished I fly I know not where.

"From this, my lady-love, God wot!
A very woman does appear,
For what one wishes, she wills not,
And what one blames, she holds most dear.
Ah! woe is me! I've acted now
As did the fool upon the bridge—
With fruitless waste of strength, I trow,
I strove to climb the mountain ridge.

"Ah! pity is for ever lost,
And I believed it not before,
For she who should have had the most,
Has cast it off for ever more.
Certes all that see it must reprove
Her who allows a wretch to die,
Whose only hope was in her love,
Whose only heaven beamed on her eye.

"You will see me, Tristram, no more,
Wretched I fly, I know not where,
I firmly vow to sing no more,
And joy, and love, alas! forswear."

The death of Raimond of Toulouse probably determined Bernard, thus wearied of the stale and unprofitable world, to retire from it and seek a refuge for his wounded heart and now aged limbs in a cloister, that he might endeavour to expiate for the sins and offences of his younger days by passing the close of his life in the tranquillizing occupations of religion. Accordingly, about the year 1194, he entered into the monastery of Dalon in Limousin, his native country, and there he also died. The exact date of his death is not known, but it may suffice for us that he died to the world, and forswore in very truth the song, and the love, and the joy, for which his youthful heart had beat so wildly, and whose insufficiency for happiness he was thus compelled to acknowledge. His reputation did not die with him, but among the troubadours who followed him, as well as among his contemporaries, he was much and deservedly prized, and many passages from his poems are quoted, and that often, and always with applause. Even the best of his brethren have thought no shame to imitate him.

* Bertrand de Paris de Rouergue, in enumerating popular tales and novels, speaks also "of the advice which Izambart gave on the bridge," which is probably what the poet refers to in this song.

That he had a correct and elevated notion of the art which he himself professed may be readily seen in the following poem, as the sentiment with which it begins seems founded on exactly the same principles as the often quoted rule given by Horace.

" That song can be of little worth
Which springs not from the inmost heart,
And song can in no heart have birth
Where true love fills not every part—
This of my song is the sole art,
That mouth, and reason, soul, and eyes,
Are organs of Love's mysteries.

" Ah! never may I see the day
That love to warm my heart shall cease,
Though hope ev'n should have fled away,
And sorrow should each day increase,
True love will keep my heart at peace.
And therefore feel I joy, that I
On my own heart unchanged rely.

" The love of faithful hearts is seen
By the fond will, the mutual choice,
And nought promotes true love, I ween,

More than desiring to rejoice—
Foolish is he whose wavering voice
Blames at one time love's fickle will,
Now praises what becomes it ill.

" Ah! it would raise my heart above
All passions, fears that round it play,
Could I but please you, my own love.
Merry as Christmas seems each day
When you look on me kindly gay;
But yet so seldom happens this
For years must serve me one day's bliss."

As the picture of conflicting emotions, simply and truly expressed, the following poem may not be uninteresting. It probably belongs to the earlier period of his life, but there is nothing in it which can enable us exactly to discover its date—it seems, however, to be the produce of a mind as yet inexperienced in the ways of the world and doubtful of his own judgment, so as to be anxious to learn and guide himself by the opinions of others. It is as follows:—

" On every tree the tender leaves have birth,
The sun unclouded sheds his brightest rays,
The joyous birds, inspired by love, burst forth
Amid their sports with all their merriest lays.
All worship Love, that now rules all on earth,
Save only you, who will no vows believe,
Whence, lovely lady, I ne'er cense to grieve,
But weep'st dead when all around is mirth.

" How treacherous lovers work me grievous ill
Who for some trifling favours are too gay!
And then, because they have not all their will,
That all love must be false they dare to say;
Yet still they pry and others' gladness chill,
Because they grieve they would that all should mourn,
Yet never from thee will my fond heart turn,
Where'er I go I find thee fairest still.

" Among her peers my lady oft I blame,
And to disparage her in talking seem,
That I may know if she deserves her fame,
And try what others of her virtues deem,
If they as I hold her a peerless dame.
I hear and question too much for my cheer,
Since nought but good on every side I hear,
Whence I more grieve since it but feeds my flame.

" Never did man such grievous chances see
As I for her, but I bear all with ease
When I gaze on her and her beauties see,
And hear that voice which first my heart did please,
And mark her downy cheek, her beaming eye—
In her all beauty found a resting-place,
The more I gaze the more I see of grace—
As I ne'er loved aught else, God favour me."

The love-song, of which we next present a translation, cannot, any more than the foregoing one, be with certainty attributed to any particular period, though, both from the style and the sentiments, we should be inclined to place it also early in Bernard's poetical career—it seems to have a great deal of the freshness of youth about it, and to be full of the humility and modesty which a continued intercourse with the world rubs off like down from the peach.

"It is no marvel if I sing
Than other singers better far,
For love has been my guiding, star.
My song's sweet goal, and rule and spring,
Body and soul, strength, reason, thought,
Upon this east I gladly set,
And tangled round my heart love's net,
Till save his will I follow naught.

"Ah! dead are they whose hearts ne'er feel
The raptures love alone can give,
Twice happier far to cease to live
Than without love through life to steal.
May God ne'er punish me so sore
As to prolong my life one day
After its joys have fled away,
And I can sing and love no more.

"I love the fairest and the best
Of all who on this bright earth move,
I sigh and weep because I love
Too well—hence woe is still my guest.
Can he resist whom love hath caught?
The dungeon dark where I am thrown
Pity can open, and she alone,
Be there of pity I find naught.

"When I see her my love appears
In changing cheek and blushing brow,
As shakes the last leaf on the bough
I tremble with a thousand fears.
I have less wisdom than a child,
So wholly does love rule my mind—
Well might a lady sorceress find
For one thus by his heart beguiled.

"Let me your faithful servant be—
Lady, whate'er be my reward,
I'll serve you as my gracious lord
With vassal's stern fidelity.
To do your bidding see me here—
Frank, lowly-minded, courteous, gay—
You are no bear or wolf to slay
One who trusts in you without fear.

"Love with such sweetness does contrive
My heart to wound, that each day I
A hundred times from sorrow die,
And from pure joy as oft revive.

Such gentle mien my sorrows wear
The joys of others seem less sweet,
Since thus my heart e'en we can greet,
What bliss! when joy shall flourish there.

"Oh! if it could at once be known
Of lovers which are false, which true!
Oh, God! I would that a horn grew
From the deceiver's head alone.
I would give all treasures—were they mine—
That glitter in this world below,
Only to make my lady know
How ceaselessly for her I pine."

The two following stanzas may serve as a contrast to the foregoing—they were composed when Bernard was already beginning to be disgusted with the pleasures which had once acted so powerfully on his imagination and heart. His replies to the exhortations of his friends are full of the weariness of a satiated heart to whom all the uses of the world, especially those which had once such sway over him, appear flat, stale, and unprofitable. Peire of Auvergne, who contends with Bernard in the first tenzo, is a very well-known and celebrated troubadour, who flourished between 1155 and 1215.

"Bernard of Ventadour, my friend,
From singing how can you refrain,
When night and day thus without end
The nightingale pours forth her strain?
Hark! how his voice with gladness quivers,
He sings all night upon that bough,
Ah! he knows more of love than thou.

"Prize, I love sleeping in the shade
More than the nightingale good luck.
Nought you could say would e'er persuade
Me to my folly to come back.
Thank God I burst my chain to shivers,
But you and all who love, I think,
Are tottering on ruin's brink.

"He who knows not with love to bear,
Bernard, no good will e'er bring forth,
Nor shall we find one sorrow there
Which is not more than blessings worth,
If it first harms, it ends in gladness;
No great good can be without grief,
But after tears joy brings relief.

"Ah! Peire, if for a year or two
The world were fashioned to my mind,
Not one of us should ever see
To any one of womankind—
They for a time should pine in sadness,
And to us men such honour pay,
That they, not we, for love should pray.

"Bernard, it would most foul appear
If ladies sued, 'tis far more fit
That men should pray to them and fear ;—
That man shows greater lack of wit
Than he who sows the barren sand,
Who dares them or their virtues blame,
Or speak aught 'gainst their spotless fame.

"Peire, my heart bleeds unceasingly
When on the false one my thoughts dwell,
Who tortured me, I know not why,
Save that I loved her far too well—
Long did my heart unchanging stand,
But ah ! the more I bore, the worse
I found her still, and more perverse.

"Bernard, by grief you must be crazed
If from your heart you banish love,
By which man is to honour raised.
Peire, he who loves has no sound brain,
Since the deceivers still above
All others fame and honour gain."

Limosin, who addresses the poet
in the next tenzo, was an intimate
friend of Bernard, and is the person
to whom he sent one of his songs, as
was before noticed. Nothing is
known of himself personally, but his
name has been rescued from obli-
vion by being coupled with that of
Bernard of Ventadour.

"Bernard of Ventadour, in song,
I, as a friend, attack you now—
Since lost in thought I've seen you long,
I wish at last to ask you how
You stand with love ? A slave or free ?
No favoured swain you seem to be.

"I have not, Lemosin, the heart
To all your questions to attend—
Through grief my life will soon depart—
May God preserve you, gentle friend,
I perish by a false one's guile,
Nor love nor pity aid the while.

"If she once wore a loving mien
All may be happy, Bernard, still ;
No one should quarrel love, I ween,
Since each at last may have his will.
Such angry lovers grieve far more,
And for one pang feel three or four.

"It, Lemosin, was black deceit
That she turned on me with such scorn,
Ev'n when she could my wishes meet,
And comfort me so long forlorn ;
I now as little comfort know,
A. if none e'er had been below.

"Those, Bernard, ever damage feel
Who cannot calmly bear such wo,
For love rules with a rod of steel ;
If you resent such trifles, know
Whate'er be promised all is o'er,
Though hundred faiths were pledged or more.

Such was Bernard of Ventadour,
and such is a selection from the songs
which still remain. Above fifty are in
existence, but many of these are
still in manuscript. Raynouard has
published about twenty-three or four
of them, and of those we have se-
lected what appeared best adapted
for the purpose we had in view. In
conclusion, we may remark, that
simplicity of thought is one of the
most remarkable features in the cha-
racter of this poetry ; nor had the
troubadours, any more than their
contemporaries, any notion of the
complication of ideas, or of the mul-
tiferous adjuncts, all tending to pro-
duce a unity, which developed itself
at a later period. A remarkable ex-
ample of this may be drawn from
their description of the beauties of
nature, with which so many of their
poems begin. The greenness of the
trees and meadows, the fragrance of
the flowers, the splendour of the
sun, the song of the birds, furnish
them with a number of beautiful,
but isolated, images, all heaped to-
gether, which are mentioned merely,
without any attempt at forming them
into a picture by a harmonious
blending of them all together. Ber-
nard of Ventadour is remarkable in
this respect, and it is probably from
the circumstance which we have
just mentioned, that we are to ex-
plain to ourselves the reason of the
very great uniformity of all such
descriptions in the whole circle of
the literature. Bernard of Venta-
dour may be looked upon as the type
of the troubadours, considered as
a minne singer of songs of love ; it
would be interesting to compare him
and his works with the impetuous,
warlike, and powerful Bertrand de
Born, who, to the softer feelings of
the troubadour, unites the love of
war, the impetuous courage, and the
political dexterity which render him
a true image of the warrior poets
which form so prominent a feature
in this literature.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

NICHOLAS KLAUER was a rich burgher of Ingoldstadt, fond of good eating and drinking, and with but one draw-back on his felicity, namely, a lean scolding wife, who was, no doubt, consigned to him by Providence, to teach him that unalloyed happiness is not the lot of mortality. Like the Lord Hamlet, Nicholas was "somewhat fat and puffy," with a round, rosy, good-humoured expression of countenance, and a bald, polished skull, which, in the summer season, afforded a halting place to many a vagrant, unceremonious blue-bottle.

Of course, being rich, our worthy burgher had a high opinion of his own importance, and equally as a matter of course, possessed, in the estimation of his friends, the best of hearts; for, whatever romantic enthusiasts may allege to the contrary, there is nothing like a well-endowed pocket to elicit a man's amiabilities. It brings them out like a fine varnish. Your rich folks are always so respectable—so intelligent—so every thing that is companionable, both at home and abroad; it is your poor devil only that entertains such odd notions of things—is so unsocial—so vulgar—so notorious for his mildewed morality, and incalculable resources of non-payment. You seldom or never find a rich man in the black-hole, or airing his elbows in the courtyard of a jail; no, he is to be met with in the selectest haunts where vice never dares to show her face—at court—at clubs—in my lady's drawingroom, or at my lord's levee—an incontrovertible fact, which, while it settles the question of the superior morality of the wealthy, accounts for and justifies their reserve towards their poorer brethren. But, to say nothing of his moral inferiority, what pleasure, I should like to know, can a rich man possibly derive from the company of a poor one? To laugh at his jokes is out of the question, for who can relish humour that is not indorsed by respectability? If he tells you a fact, ten to one it is a fiction, for poverty is the mother of

invention; he cannot rivet your attention by any piquant small scandals about your mutual friends, which is the very salt of conversation, nothing being more remarkable than the placidity with which we listen to the abuse of our acquaintances, and the dulcet strain in which we put forth our remonstrances of "come now, this is too bad; I really cannot sit still and hear all this," evidently intending thereby to encourage the speaker to go on. The poor man cannot serve up any *sauce piquante* of this sort; and as for his daring to round off a point by poking you in the ribs, or winking knowingly at you with an arch, half-shut eye—those familiar expedients which lend such irresistible effect to purse-proud drollery—why, he would no more think of taking such a liberty than of taking the air on a witch's broom-stick! Of necessity, then, the poor man must be as dull a dog as he is a depraved one; and such being the case, what wonder that a respectable citizen like Nicholas Klauser made a point of keeping the whole fraternity at arm's length, and restricting himself to the society of his moral and enlightened equals, on whose congenial minds his elephantine jokes, and still more ponderous commonplaces, never failed to make the requisite impression.

But to my tale. It was one of those foggy evenings towards the close of autumn, when horses are apt to poke their noses into shop windows, and pedestrians pressed for time to find that they have gone just half a town's length out of their road; in a word, it was an orthodox November evening when Nicholas Klauser sat in his leather-bottomed arm-chair, by a cozy fire-side, with a black cat purring and washing her ears at his feet, and a spacious glass, with nothing in it but a spoon, on the table beside him. His wife—considerate creature!—having quitted him to visit a gossip in the neighbourhood, he had been indemnifying himself for his solitude by a hearty supper, which despatched, he was now, in the true

spirit of luxurious *idlesse*, indulging in a variety of vague listless ruminations; at one moment shaping figures out of the glowing embers on the hearth, and at another speculating on the probability of his escaping the effects of the last mouthful of a delicious *paté*, which, like many another epicure, he had prevailed on himself to swallow, merely because it was the last.

Ah, that last mouthful! How much mischief has accrued to society from indulging in it! Could he but have refrained from the savoury superfluity, and obeyed the remonstrances of nature when she cried, "hold, enough!" Sir Gregory Gaster might have been alive to this hour; but it lay so provokingly before him, right under his very nose, at the late Lord Mayor's inauguration feast, that his epicurism was not proof against the seduction; "it is the last mouthful," said he, "and surely that can do me no great harm!" so he swallowed it, and died that same night of a surfeit. What made a howling maniac of Atkinson, the rich stockbroker? Precisely the same infirmity of purpose exhibited in a different form. He had already anassed a "plum;" and was advised by all who felt an interest in his welfare, to retire and hive his gains; but no, he must first secure one more slice—just one "last mouthful"—of the new tempting foreign loan. Well, he did so; but scarcely was the false hunger of his avarice appeased, when down went the stock, and away went the fortune of the distracted miser. Poor Charles Mordaunt! He too must insist on his "last mouthful," for who does not know that ambition, like covetousness and gluttony, has an ever-craving "wolf in its belly?" Charles had long held a distinguished post in the Cabinet; but what of that? Though high, he was not highest; power had yet one "last mouthful" wherewith to tempt his appetite; and in intriguing for the possession of this, he sacrificed character, and ultimately life itself.

I might enumerate a thousand other instances of the danger of giving way to the temptation of a "last mouthful;" but I am not

writing a homily, so must return to the hero of my narrative, whom I left indolently ruminating by his fire-side. While thus occupied, a sudden knock at the door roused him from his reveries, and, gently raising himself, he began to consider who the varlet could be that thus dared to disturb an Ingoldstadt burgher in the very midst of his nocturnal devotions. Some people speculate on visitors by their knock, and Nicholas was one of these. His first impression was, that the intruder was no other than his wife, returned unexpectedly to moderate any exuberant felicity he might be indulging in; but the *sang froid* of his cat, who well knew the dread, I rap, convinced him that this could not be the case, and he was in the act of puzzling himself with a variety of conjectures, when, bang! bang! again went the knocker, the bell at the same time ringing, as if it were ringing for a wager.

"Who's there?" cried Nicholas, shuffling and grumbling along the passage, in the not disagreeable consciousness of a good grievance; "Who's there, I say?"

"No matter, let me in."

"No matter! But I tell you it is great matter that I should know who demands admittance into my house at this hour. For aught I know, you may be a thief. There was my neighbour Hans Krackjaw!"—

"D——n Hans Krackjaw—let me in."

"Let you in, hey! And, pray, what should I let you in for? You are much better where you are," added Nicholas, in an arch, satirical manner, which had the effect of restoring his good humour, for your slow wag is always pleased when he fancies he has said a smart thing.

"Will you let me in or not?" rejoined the stranger, raising his voice in a most peremptory manner.

"No, I won't."

"You won't?"

"No!"

"Then here goes," and so saying, the stranger kept up such a clattering at the door, now with the knocker, and now with his doubled fist against the panels, that Nicholas, who began to be apprehensive of the

effects of this two-fold assault and battery, thought it better to come to terms with him. Accordingly, after cautiously peeping through the key-hole, in order to get some glimpse of the stranger's face or figure, in which, however, he was disappointed by the darkness of the night, he unlocked the door, and let him in; not a little induced thereto by the rain, which now began to descend in torrents; for Nicholas, notwithstanding his self-importance, was, in the main, a well-natured fellow, and would scarcely have refused shelter, even to a poor man, at such a season.

No sooner had the stranger entered, than he moved briskly forward into the parlour, and ensconcing himself in his host's own sacred arm-chair, said, in a chuckling tone,

"How are you, Nick? Disagreeable night this."

"Nick! Who told you my name was Nick?" asked the burgher, drawing himself up with an air of grave hauteur.

"Oh, I could not be three days in Ingoldstadt without hearing all about the rich Nicholas Klauer," replied the stranger, with a most courteous inclination of the head.

"True—true. Well, but now that you are in, friend, tell me your business. But before you explain, suppose you quit that arm-chair, and take this," pushing an old high-backed mahogany one towards him.

"No, no; but let alone: I am very comfortable where I am."

"Give me my chair," repeated Nicholas, drumming testily with one foot on the floor.

"I shall do no such thing," replied his unabashed visitor.

"By St Jerome! but you are a cool fellow," said mine host, at the same time taking the vacant seat, and laughing in spite of himself at his visitor's consummate assurance. He would not, however, have submitted so readily to his cavalier behaviour had not the latter's air and manner denoted a character far different from those tame, pacific ones to whom honest Nicholas had so long laid down the law. It seemed to be that of a shrewd, reckless adventurer, who had seen life in all its varieties, and could

make himself at home in all companies, utterly careless whether he were welcome or not. He had a grey piercing eye, ever on the lookout, as if for his landlord's silver spoons; a huge mouth, which seemed made for no other purpose than to perplex a perigord pie; broad, square chest, indicating prodigious personal strength; legs bowed like a parenthesis; and large, red ears, which stood off from either side his head, like the paddle-boxes of a steam-boat. The general expression of his cast-iron countenance was that of caustic humour; but it was constantly changing, as were also the tones of his voice, which were now arch and sportive, and now harsh and peculiar as those of a Yankee boatswain. His attire presented nothing remarkable, except that he wore a pair of superannuated black shorts, a seedy cocked hat, and pearl-grey stockings, with clocks running up to the calf of his leg. Altogether his look, dress, and bearing, conveyed the idea of a mouldy lawyer on the hunt for a client.

When Nicholas had completed his inspection of this prepossessing biped, which he did in shorter time than I have taken to describe him, he shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Ecod, you're a beauty," and then again demanded to know the reason of his abrupt visit.

"Why, I have come to sup with you, of course," replied the Unbidden Guest.

"But you cannot expect any supper at such a late hour as this."

"Indeed but I do, though."

"Then you are like to be disappointed, friend."

"I think not."

"No matter what you think; the deuce a mouthful will you get in this house to-night, for my servants are all out, and my pantry is empty."

"Pooh, pooh, Master Nicholas. Supper I want, and supper I will have. Why, what are you staring for? Is there any thing surprising in a hungry man wanting his supper?"

"But I tell you again, I have got no supper."

"That's a lie, Nick, and you know it."

"Indeed! And, pray, how do you

know whether it's a lie or not?" enquired mine host, as much startled as an abbeſs would be, at the sight of a concealed Irishman in her nunnery.

"Oh," rejoined the stranger, with a second courteous obeiſance, "I could not be three days in Ingoldſtadt without hearing all about Nicholas Klauer and his famous vintualling eſtabliſhment. People hereabouts talk of nothing elſe, at leaſt where I have been."

"You have ſaid that once before; ſo I'd thank you to change your tune. I'm not one to be taken in by ſoft ſpeeches; I am as ſick of them as a poor patient of his doctor's bill."

"Hah, hah!" replied the ſtranger, "that's ſo like you—you are ſo droll! Such a wag!"

This well-timed laugh did not come amiſs to Nicholas, deſpite his depreciation of all ſoft ſpeeches. Few men, indeed, who plique themſelves on their humour, can reſiſt the compliment of a hearty laugh, eſpecially when it comes in the right place. Many, otherwiſe adroit, flatterers are ſad marplots in this reſpect. I once knew a gentleman who could never get his riſible muſcles into play till a full half hour after the reſt of the company had forgotten the joke, when he would buſt out with a moſt cacophonous cachinnation, and generally at the very moment when the graveſt poſſible diſcourſe was going forward. Now, the ſtranger was no bungler of this ſort; his reaſonable chuckle, therefore, had all the effect that might have been anticipated, for the burgher was ſo mollified by his prompt appreciation of a good thing, that without more ado he roſe from his ſeat, and hurrying out of the room, returned in a few minutes with the ſupper apparatus, and placing the items, one by one on the table, deſired the ſtranger to fall to; while he himſelf looked on.

And well he might look on, for never ſince the days of Hellogabalus was there ſeen ſuch an appetite as this well-featured viſitor's. Talk of a pike—a ſhark—a cormorant—a porpoiſe! Why, he would have beaten an alderman, giving him the ſtart of a whole veniſon paſty! Not leſs aſtounding were his faculties of de-

glutition. Could you but have ſeen him, you would have ſworn he was juſt fresh from a year's browzing on the Great Zaarrah, with all the thirſt of the deſert upon him.

Though himſelf a ſuperior hand at theſe matters, yet mine hoſt was a mere child compared to his gueſt, and as he ſate looking on, while the latter's huge mouth kept conſtantly open and ſhutting like a box-door on a benefit night, his ſurpriſe was ſcarcely leſs than his admiration, and he began to conſider within himſelf who or what the ſtranger could be. Was he a travelling juggler, whoſe trade was eating and drinking for wagers, or ſome poor ſcare-crow of a ſtudent indemnifying himſelf for a protracted Lent at the University? Was he a player—was he a pedlar—was he this—was he that—was he t'other? A thouſand random ſpeculations paſſed through the burgher's brain, and as he hinted the moſt plausible of theſe to his gueſt, in the hope of drawing him out, he received ſuch curt diſmiſſive answers as ſerved ſtill further to myſtify him; and at length he had nothing left for it, but to ſcratch his head and put on that air of unconcerned ſeriousneſs which is the laſt reſource of men in a ſtate of perplexity.

But though the ſtranger reſuſed to gratify his hoſt's curioſity, he evidently enjoyed his bewilderment; and filling his glaſs, for, I verily believe, the twentieth time, drained it at a draught to the health of Nicholas, and then ſetting it down with the ſelf-ſatisfied air of a good man who has juſt fulfilled a ſacred duty, ſaid, "What ails you, Nick? you look amazed."

"And no wonder. But, I ſay, what are you going to do with that ham bone?"

"Swallow it to be ſure."

"Swallow it? Mercy on us, what a ſtomach you muſt have!"

"Why, what a fuſs the man makes about a ſmall ham bone! There was a time, Nick, when you were running a poor, houſeleaſ lad about Ingoldſtadt, when you would not have turned up your noſe even at a ham bone."

Few great men like to be reminded of their paſt inſignificance, and Nicholas was proverbially ſenſitive

on this point. Looking therefore at his guest as savagely as he could have eaten him, he said,—

"I'd have you to know, friend, that I am a burgher of Ingoldstadt, and will have no freedoms taken with me; so, if you cannot keep a civil tongue in your head, the best thing you can do will be to quit my house."

"Hah! hah! hah!" replied the unknown, throwing himself back in his arm chair, and uttering a sort of hoarse, imperfect bleat, like a sheep with a sore throat; "you are in a passion, Nick; be calm, I beg, as you value my good opinion."

"Your good opinion! Well, upon my soul, you are, without exception, the most impudent dog I ever set eyes on," said the burgher, more and more puzzled to account for his guest's inexplicable conduct.

"Don't be saucy, Nick, or I shall pull your nose," and before the indignant Nicholas had time to express his opinion of this unparalleled affront, the stranger seized the ham bone, and swallowed it with the same apparent ease with which Ramo Samee used to swallow a bolster; his host while he witnessed this achievement, giving vent to his wonder in such broken sentences as, "Well, I never!"—"Can it be possible?"—"Bless my heart, what a mouthful!"

The table being now fairly cleared, Nicholas began to entertain a hope that his guest would take his departure, and to expedite so desirable a move, he yawned as if he had just finished the perusal of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," and threw out hints about its being late, and time for all decent folks to be a-bed. But the stranger either could not, or would not, understand his meaning, whereupon Nicholas was formally proceeding to give him notice to quit, when he was stopped by, "Your ham bone makes a very pretty relish, Master Klauer; but now for serious eating. Where is supper?"

"God help the man, he has just finished it!"

"What, do you call those windy kickshaws a supper? Nonsense, you must be joking. I am sure, now, you have got some other nice little tit-bit in your snuggery."

"Not an atom of either fish, flesh, or fowl, as I hope to be saved."

"Oh, fie, Nicholas Klauer, fie!"

"What I tell you is the fact; I have not a scrap left in the house, unless," added the burgher with a melancholy smile, "you will try the poker."

"Don't talk in this ridiculous manner, Master Klauer. You know well—for I can see it in your hesitating look—that there is just a paté or two left in your pantry, so go and fetch them. Come, not a word, I will be obeyed;" and the stranger cast such a fierce, menacing glance at his host, that Nicholas, who was of a pacific turn of soul, was actually huddled into submission, though it went to his very heart's core to see the dainties which he had specially put by for the morrow's recreations thus consigned to the all-devouring maw of some anonymous adventurer.

As this last reflection crossed his mind, and he saw his unbidden guest making the most destructive inroads on the integrity of his darling viands, his own mouth began to water, and at length his epicurean propensities getting the better of him, he burst out with, "Stop, fair play's a jewel; it's my turn now," and made an immediate snatch at the one remaining dainty.

"Why, you greedy brute!" roared the enraged stranger, hurling his cocked-hat at Nicholas's head, "would you have me die of hunger, while that vile, sophisticated paunch of yours is crammed even to suffocation? For shame, Master Klauer, for shame; how can you expect me to call again, if you treat me in this unhandsome manner?" With which words he laid fast hold of the paté, and bolted it, in what Lord Dufferin significantly calls "the twinkling of a bed-pole."

Up to this hour the honest burgher had kept his fears under some sort of restraint; but they now began to overpower him, especially when he came to reflect on his position. Not a soul but himself and his strange visitor were in the house: the hour was verging on midnight; the patrol had taken his last rounds, and the sound of footsteps had long since died away in the streets. Yet at this very hour, for aught Nicholas could

say to the contrary, he might be sitting cheek by jowl with some cool and practised desperado, who taking advantage of the favourable opportunity, might rob—murder—pop him into a sack—and bury him in the coal-hole. In such an event, who could hear his outcries? His neighbour on the right was a deaf baker, and on the left a bed-ridden bookseller. It was a clear case. Hap what might, he had not the ghost of a chance left—not a peg whereon to hang a hope.

These dismal reflections were not at all relieved by the lights and sounds about him. His favourite cat, with that fine tact peculiar to animals, kept constantly peeping out between his legs, and casting uneasy glances at the stranger—the tall upright clock ticked, like a death-watch, in his ear—the sulky fire set all the persuasions of the poker at defiance—and the lights on the table burned or seemed to burn with a strange, sickly light, throwing the most eccentric lights and shades on the harsh lineaments of the stranger. Nicholas was by no means deficient in personal courage, yet he could not choose but feel alarmed at his position; and when, with a shrewd eye to results, he stole a glance at his visitor's athletic frame, and then took into consideration his own helpless obesity, his very soul sickened within him, and he was thinking by what means he might best rid himself of his unbidden guest's presence, when, as if he read what was passing in his mind, the latter observed—

"You don't half like me, Nick—I see you don't. Well, there is no accounting for tastes, though I have been reckoned handsome, I assure you. However, never mind that; let us talk of more important matters. Your pantry?"

"Is as empty as a poet's pocket."

"Why then, since this is the case, I don't see that you can do better than just step out, and fetch me in a small trifle—say a dozen pounds or so, for I am not particular to an ounce—of something solid, by way of wind-up. You cannot expect a gentleman to live on air, and I have had little more substantial as yet. Now, don't apologize, for I am not at all angry."

"Oh, the ravenous alligator!" thought Nicholas; but he was a discreet man, and did not give utterance to his disgust.

"You are surprised at my appetite," resumed the stranger, "and no wonder, for I look delicate."

"Delicate!" muttered Nicholas, while the phantom of a wan smile flitted across his face.

"No more of this, Nick," said the Unknown sternly, "but put on your hat and vanish; you cannot conceive how hungry I am!"

"What, go out in this soaking shower, when all the shops are shut, and not a mouthful of any thing is to be procured for love or money? Impossible. Only listen how the rain is driving against the window."

"Oh, true; it does rain a little," replied the stranger, with inimitable nonchalance, "but what of that? I shall not feel it; so go, Master Klauer, I am quite hurt to think you can hesitate an instant."

"If I do," rejoined the burgher, in a high state of acetous effervescence, "I'll be!"

A loud laugh—say rather a fierce yell of exultation from the anonymous Scaramouch interrupted his host's further speech. "Mark me," said the former, "the clock is now on the stroke of eleven, and if, when that hour has struck, I find you still here, I swear by all the powers of grace and beauty, I will cut your throat;" and by way of giving emphasis to this threat, he snatched a carving-knife from the table, and began coolly sharpening it on his shoe-leather.

This frightful menace set Nicholas's teeth clattering like a pair of castanets; he made no reply,—how should he?—but moving towards the window, looked abroad on the warthy face of night, which was sullen as revenge, without even the affectation of a smile, except when the moon by fits struggled through the ragged spongy clouds, or some demure maiden star just popped her meek head out and then timidly retreated.

"What! you won't go?" said the stranger, who saw how his host's attention was occupied. "Well, you know the alternative; and I am too much of a gentleman to break my word."

"But I shall catch my death of cold," expostulated the burgher, by way of a conclusive argument.

"Well, is that my fault?"

"Do, pray, have some little consideration. Only look at me. Do you think I am one fitted to go tramping about from house to house in a shower that might soak through the hide of a rhinoceros? Why can't you go yourself?"

"Go myself!" replied the Unknown, uplifting his hands and eyes in astonishment; "what a heart you must have to propose such a thing to a tender flower like me!" Then in a voice of thunder he added,—
"Fly—vanish—evaporate!"

"But surely you will give me time to wrap a woollen comforter about my neck!"

"Nonsense; what can a great healthy savage like you want with a woollen comforter? You see I have got none. However, to show you how considerate I am, I will give you just two seconds to get ready.—Now, is your comforter on?"

"No, I cannot tie the knot."

"Shall I tie it for you?" exclaimed the stranger, with a glance of peculiar meaning: "But hark," he continued, "the clock strikes; now then"—and rising from his chair, he gave a terrific flourish with the carving-knife.

"Hold, hold—I'm gone—God help me!" and so saying, the aggrieved burgher snatched up his hat and umbrella, and hurried as fast as his legs would carry him out of the house.

The night was autumn in its roughest mood; the wind came in shilly gusts, and then died away in low suppressed moanings; black clouds went travelling with all the slow pomp of a funeral procession across the sky; and the fog that choked up the silent streets allowed nothing to be visible, but just the dim, undecided glimmer of a lamp or two, and their reflections in the gutters underneath. Moonshine there was none,—moonshine had it all to herself. It was one of those disastrous nights when humanity is beset by all sorts of grievances—a night provocative of suicide; when heaven scowls on earth, and earth gives back frown for frown; when the fancy refuses to put forth a leaf, and the

yellow flowers of spleen and hypochondriasm are alone in full blossom.

On such a night Blackmore conceived the idea of his "Prince Arthur," and the publisher of that drowsy epic hung himself from sheer desperation!

On such a night the dispirited Pluralist woke up from a dream of "The Church in Danger," just in time to learn that the Tories had sent in their resignation!

On such a night the last new comedy was damned by a damp audience, who were in no mood for the vivacious!

On such a night the ennuyed, solitary old bachelor proposed to, and was accepted by, his housekeeper!

On such a night "Love" flew out of the "cottage-window," and the newly-espoused Orlando had his first contention with his "angel wife!"

As Nicholas, on whom the spirit of this comfortless night pressed with most disheartening effect, went plash—plash—through the mud, which kept spotting him like a pard, and even insinuated itself into an undesired intimacy with his lamb's-wool stockings, he began to soliloquize on the strange posture of his affairs.

"What a condition is mine?" said he, "I came out a man, and shall go back a sponge—there, there's a shocfull, right over the ankles," and he jerked out his leg with that peculiar quiver which a cat gives when she makes her first step into water. "Very hard," he continued, "uncommon hard to be treated at my time of life as I have been to-night, just as if I were a mere nobody; and all by some ruffian adventurer, who, if the truth were known, has not got arix-dollar to save him from starvation;" and as he thought of his unbidden guest's possible poverty came to his aid, and tugging at his waistcoat with prodigious irritability, he resolved instantly to go back and call him to account, and if this had no effect, to kick him into the streets.

Just as he turned to put this magnanimous resolve into execution, a stiff blast came sweeping round the corner of the street where he stood, and after skinning his superannuat-

ed umbrella so effectually that nothing but a strait, upright stick remained in his hand, blew off his hat, while an enormous hail-drop, impregnated with ague, dropped, as if from spite, into the fleshy furrows of his neck, and wept itself to death between his shoulders. To fill up the measure of his sufferings, he heard a voice crying after him, and pricking up his ears, in order to ascertain who could be hailing him at such an hour, recognised—or was it mere fancy?—the authoritative tones of the Unknown!

Where now was his resolution? Alas, it had oozed out, like Bob Acres' valour, at his fingers' ends; and heaving a sigh as profound as if soul and body were parting company, he once again set forward, sounding the depths of the puddles (without missing one) in his road; and looking up at each house he passed, to see if aught was stirring, or likely to stir, while the lively rain kept trickling off his bald head, as if it were a varnished turnip. Vain, however, was his scrutiny. Not the slightest tokens of animation appeared. All was hushed and hopeless as the grave, except when now and then a watch-dog gave out a drowsy bark, or some enamoured tom-cat in hot pursuit of a coquettish tabby, came down with a squall into the mud from the top of a roof or dead wall.

At length, as Nicholas passed down the street where his old crony Hans Krackjaw resided, he saw a light glimmering in his bed-room window, and hurrying towards the house, he rang a loud peal at the bell. For a few minutes no notice was taken of his summons, but when he had thrice repeated it, the window was cautiously opened, and a red worsted night-cap popped out and as suddenly popped in again; while, at the same moment, the voice of Hans cried out, "Who's there?" in that peculiarly tremulous tone which a peaceable householder adopts when he has reason to believe that he is putting the question to a thief.

"It is I, Nicholas Klauer. Don't you know me, Hans?"

"You Nick Klauer? No such thing; my friend Nicholas is a decent respectable body, who would

not go about knocking people up at midnight. Get along with you; you are no more Nick Klauer than I am."

"But I tell you I am that unhappy wretch, and wish to God I was somebody else; I would not care who, provided I was not myself."

These last words were uttered in such a loud, distinct, impassioned tone that Hans could no longer mistake the speaker.

"So then, you really are Nick Klauer?" he replied; "very odd; and pray, Nick, what do you want with me?"

"Supper," shouted the burgher.

"Supper?" rejoined Hans in astonishment, "What do you take my house for a restaurateur?"

"No, no; but I've got the Lord knows who to sup with me, and he has swallowed every thing I have in the house, even to a ham bone. Do, for pity's sake, let me have it, or else—hark, there he is again; don't you hear him," continued the forlorn Nicholas, as the stern voice of the stranger rang a second time in his ear.

"Hear him! Hear who?" exclaimed Hans impatiently.

"The carving-knife—no, the ham bone—that is, I mean, the man who can swallow the ham bone."

"Go home, Nick; you're drunk—shocking drunk! I would accompany you myself, but it rains so hard, and I've got such a cold. Poor fellow! I feel for your condition, so respectable as I always thought you. And your wife, too—what *must* she think of you? Well, it can't be helped;" and with this bland expression of sympathy, Hans closed the window. Strange, that men who will not stir a step to assist you in a difficulty, will yet stand half an hour in their shirts, on a cold rainy night, to fling you good advice out of a bedroom window!

At the next house at which he stopped, Nicholas was doomed to be equally unlucky, with this agreeable difference, that as he rang at the bell, he could distinctly hear the cocking of a blunderbuss—a delicate hint, which he was far too sagacious not to interpret in a right sense.

Whither now was he to betake himself? This was a difficult question to solve; and as he paused to consider of it, he fortunately recol-

lected that a dry, adust old maid, Miss Urgonda Quackenboss, one of his wife's most intimate associates, lived but a few yards off. So away he posted towards her dwelling, and was going off in despair, after having summoned her by name and by knocker at least a dozen times, when he heard a shuffle along the passage, and presently a shrill, irritable voice enquired who it was that was raising such an unseemly clatter; whereupon Nicholas mentioned his name and errand, but was interrupted, in no measured terms, by the indignant spinster, who, evidently imagining that Satan, in the absence of Mrs Klauer, had been inspiring her husband with incontinent desires, exclaimed, in tones of mingled disdain and regret, "What, Mr Nicholas out at this hour? Fleo on you, sir! What will that excellent woman, your wife, say? A gentleman of your respectability! I thought you quite a different character."

"May all the plagues of Egypt light on you, you old skin-flint," roared the burgher, stung to the quick by such wilful misinterpretation of his motives. "Will you, or will you not, listen to reason?"

"No, I won't. Reason, forsooth! What reason can there be in coming out on a rainy night, to take advantage of a helpless virgin? I would not have believed you could be guilty of such conduct, if I had not heard you with my own ears. Rely on it, Mr Klauer, your wife shall hear of your behaviour to-morrow. Skin-flint, indeed!" and without deigning to hold further parley with so astounding a sinner, Miss Quackenboss abruptly retreated, and, as our ill-starred burgher heard the last echo of her wheezing cough, he cursed her—he cursed the unknown—he cursed the whole world, and himself into the bargain, and then set forward again, marvellously refreshed by the fulness and intensity of his vituperative expectorations. Whether cursing or blessing, there is nothing like having one's fit out. A wholesome anathema or two greatly relieves an anguished spirit.

Nicholas had now but one more place to visit, which he would, no doubt, have forgotten, had he not been roused to a sense of his duty

by the peremptory voice of the stranger, which seemed on this occasion to sound close at his elbow. At the corner of the market-place lived a merry, one-eyed, lop-sided tailor, a poverty-stricken dog, but a born genius for a frolic, with whom the burgher had in former days been intimate, but whose acquaintance, as he himself waxed in wealth and dignity, he thought it but respectable to cut. To this cabbage-eating Cyclops he resolved, as a last resource, to make application, and accordingly raised the same uproar at his door that he had raised on the two former occasions. In less than a minute he had the satisfaction to hear an attic window opened; while, in reply to his hurried demand for assistance, the good-humoured snip said, "Supper! Oh yes, to be sure, you are heartily welcome to all I have in the house. The load won't break your back."

"Never mind that; I'm not over nice, so open the door and let me in."

"I wish I could, Master Klauer; but unfortunately I have mislaid the key, so what little I have to give you I must fling out of the window. It is, to be sure, rather an odd way of furnishing one's friend with a meal; but"—

"No matter for that, I'm used to oddities;" and Nicholas shuddered, for he bethought him of the stranger.

"Well, look up then," replied the tailor; "for the supper is coming."

Nicholas, full of faith, looked up, with hands outspread, to catch the descending edibles; but scarcely had he done so, when down on his unprotected head came a jug, full charged with water, which falling plump on his toes, set him dancing like a disciple of St Vitus, while he could hear, as the window was shut to, the sly lament of the transported tailor.—

"Poor dear Nicholas! What a shame to use a rich man in this manner! I hope your toe isn't quite crushed—and I'm afraid it is the gouty one. Hah, hah! was ever such a mischance? And so cautious as I was in throwing the supper out! Why didn't you catch it, Master Klauer? I told you it was coming. Ho, ho, ho!"

This last catastrophe tore to atoms

what few shreds of equanimity the poor burgher had yet been able to keep together. To be insulted by a poor man—a notoriously poor man—and that man a tailor! Flesh and blood could not stand it; and puffing and blowing like a grampus at the bare idea of such an indignity, the outrageous Nicholas resolved instantly to return home, and either assassinate or be assassinated by the Unknown. The alternative was frightful, but there was no help for it.

In this murderous mood he reached his dwelling, and forcing his way, hurricane-fashion, into the parlour, saw—what? Why, his unbidden guest seated fast asleep in his arm-chair, grinning like a hyena, and snoring with an intensity that might have rivalled the united sternutations of the Seven Sleepers. How superlatively ugly the scamp looked! But this was nothing; it was the contrast his cozy appearance presented to his own—the sarcasm implied by his very repose—and the conscious sneer that quivered on his lips, as if, even in slumber, he was playing tricks with his host. This it was that filled the burgher's cup of gall to overflowing; and snatching up the poker, he aimed a prodigious blow with it right at the head of the sleeping beauty. At this instant the creature awoke, gave a laugh which you might have heard a mile off, and before the instrument could descend on his forehead, turned it aside with his uplifted hand as easily as if it had been a peacock's feather; which so electrified Nicholas, who was fully prepared to see him measure his length on the floor, that he rushed out again like mad, roaring as he ran, "The secret's out! the secret's out!" just in time to evade the snatch which the evil one—for 'twas he indeed, disguised in the appropriate costume of a lawyer—made at his coat-skirts.

Away—away he flew, up this street, down that; now scattering about him the thick mud of a gutter, and now stumbling up against a lamp-post—nothing had power to impede or stop his course. In crossing the corner of the great square, he came full tilt against the only pedestrian he had yet met with—a tall middle-aged gentleman in spec-

tacles, who was picking his way cautiously through the slush—and driving head foremost against the pit of his stomach, shot him (ejaculating many a ferocious curse) right into the middle of the road; while, that nothing might be wanting to keep the volent burgher at the top of his speed, he could hear footsteps hurrying after him, and presently the fiend's voice rung in his ear—"Run, Nick—bravo, that's capital; well, who would have thought a fat-Ingoldstadt burgher could have been so nimble?"

"Ay, run, Nick, run—never mind the horse-pond to the right, or the green ditch, flush of chick-weed, to the left. To be sure, the projecting angle of that pig-stye may prove a little embarrassing, especially as the sleepless old sow within is of an irritable turn of mind; and still less is to be said for the facilities of passage afforded by that prickly hedge in front; but no matter—there he goes, charging like a hero into the very thick of the bristling vegetables, wounded in both legs, and by no means scatheless in hands and face. Hurrah, hurrah! Three to one—six to one—ten to one—any odds on the flying burgher!"

On rushed Nick, and close at his heels, on rushed his tormentor—one Nick after the other—the former sighing and groaning, as if his heart would break; the other shouting and laughing as if his sides would split. Such a race! Never within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" of Ingoldstadt had there been known one equal to it.

Once or twice did the frantic Nicholas attempt to pause and take breath, for he had got the stitch in his side; but the instant he relaxed his speed, up came his pursuer, with his incessant shout of, "on, Nick, on; we have far to go yet." Consoling reflection! Especially to a fat man on a rainy night. When they reached the meanest of the numerous villages that lie scattered about within a mile of the town, Nicholas endeavoured to give his fiend persecutor the slip by affecting a vigorous bolt onward, and then abruptly doubling and darting down one of the dark, narrow, cross-roads that intersect the neighbourhood; but he had a sportsman to deal with who was up to all such

manœuvrings, so he was compelled to rattle on again in his old steeple-chase style, while the perspiration poured in streams down his intelligent, but forlorn, face, and his unbidden guest kept crying after him, "on, Nick, to the left—to the left—we shall be at home shortly."

By this time they were close under the low wall of a churchyard which lies away from the more frequented tract, in the heart of a flat, open country, just three miles from Ingoldstadt. Every one knows, or should know, the spot to which I allude. It is of semi-circular form, something like a horse-shoe; and being peopled by local tradition with a thousand phantom tenants, not a citizen who has any regard for his salvation will venture near it after nightfall. A curse is said to be on it. No flower springs up within its circuit; the very grass just acquires a sort of starveling growth, then rots and dies; nothing lives but the deadly henbane, beneath whose shade the soft mottled toad lies couched; or a few lean, shrunken, discontented yews, which look just as if they were planted by some goblin zoologist, by way of a quiz upon vegetation.

Arrived at this forlorn spot, which was made still more cheerless by the spectral waving to and fro of the yews, and the sickly light of the yellow moon which now began to pour down a dim, reluctant radiance, poor Nicholas, shuddering from head to foot—for too well he knew his whereabouts—made another desperate attempt at a retreat; but in vain; he was riveted to the spot like an epic poet to the windows of a cookshop; while, to compel him to an onward movement, his pursuer, making an extempore spring on his back, and clasping him tightly round the neck with both arms, began to spur away at his haunches with such uncommon vivacity, that goaded to supernatural exertions, he made one last convulsive essay, and cleared the low wall in a style that would have electrified the most accomplished leaper of the six-foot club, his goblin rider bearing conscientious testimony to his nimbleness by bellowing out, "Oh rare, there was a jump! Stop, Nick, we are at home at last."

Our Ingoldstadt Velocipeda is now

fairly within the haunted enclosure, and though his demon persecutor has vanished, others and more appalling objects still remain to bewilder him. In whatever direction he looked, there he saw the ghastly mixed with the grotesque, and the material with the immaterial, just as he had so often met with them in those legendary tales of which the Germans of all classes are so fond. The graves about him stirred with life—spectral forms flung down threatening glances upon him from the populous branches of the yews—skeleton faces kept popping up behind every tombstone—and the winding lizard crept out from amidst the rank luxuriance of the henbane, its burnished scales flashing and glowing with a thousand gorgeous colours beneath the meteoric radiance of the corpse-candles which traversed the lazar-house in every direction. Here, in one place, a group of grinning hobgoblins were pirouetting and hobbing to each other, and cutting such incredible capers, that I can only compare them to those practised in the Highland fling during the briskest paroxysms of that picturesque saltation; and just outside the aisle, two monumental knights in armour, whose "united ages" might have amounted to some four hundred years and odd, stood bolt-upright, staring at Nicholas with upraised arms, as if waving him a grim welcome home. But what shocked the good man worse than all, was the sight of a grisly old witch with a beard as black as your hat, ogling a carved Dutch cherub who had just sprung into animation on the head of a tombstone; while another, equally stubbly, was waltzing with a sprightly skeleton on the marble slab of a cenotaph, and as the engaging creature twirled, rattling round her in the dance, she smirked and simpered with a breadth of grin that would have won the heart of an Esquimaux.

Poor Nicholas! Well might he feel the rough, wrinkled goose-skin creeping and shivering all over him at the sight of such unhallowed orgies. Such was his condition that even the hooting of an owl or the baying of a watch-dog would have been ravishing harmony to his soul, as convincing him that something of humanity, however ineffectual, still lingered near him. But all was

intense, awful stillness, the stillness, without the repose, of the grave.

While Nick thus stood transfixed and spell-bound, he saw, in a remote corner of the charmed semi-circle, a man busy digging a grave, and throwing up at every lift of his spade a load that might have killed a dray-horse. The sight of this figure, possibly mortal like himself, inspired him with sudden courage—his heart yearned towards him, and in an instant he was by his side—but what words can express his rage—his loathing—his despair—when in his hideous lineaments he recognised his Unbidden Guest! The fiend's eyes were fastened on him with the benumbing power of the basilisk, and, flinging aside his spade, while a ghastly grin wrinkled his countenance, he thundered in the burgher's ear, "Nick, welcome home!" Instantly the spell of silence that had so long hung, like a heavy air, over the charnel-house, was broken—the old church bell began tolling—strange forms, appared in winding-sheets, sung funeral anthems among the clouds, and, while a thousand infernal voices took up and prolonged the cry "Welcome home," a legion of fiends, each as material as a Glasgow bailie, gathered about the crazed burgher, made busy preparations for precipitating him into the black abyss.

But scared—distracted as he was—Nicholas was not the man to permit himself to be buried alive without a fight for it. A burgher at bay is a dangerous animal to meddle with, and accordingly he set to at the pugnacious imps with a skill and energy that might have created a sensation even at Mouseley-hurst. But, alas! what can one do against myriads? In vain Nicholas kicked—scutched—pinched—and even butted like a goat at his assailants—his strength was fast leaving him, and a sly unhandsome blow in the shins, planted by his unbidden guest while he was manually reproving a squat goblin who had fe-

riously inconvenienced him by the scandalous intemperance of his assault and battery, put an end to the engagement by sending him head over heels into the pit. Down—down, he plunged, performing a world of grotesque gyrations in his descent—ten thousand lights flashing before his eyes—ten thousand bells ringing in his ears—owls hooting—fiends shouting—serpents hissing—cocks crowing—dogs barking—coffins crashing—ding-dong—whizz, whizz—bow, wow—cock-a-doodle doo—bang, bang—huzza, huzza—and he himself shouting out louder than all, "Help, help!—murder!—thieves!—fire!—the devil!—oh, Lord!"—till he woke, to find himself sprawling on the floor, and the cat, whom he had half-crushed in his fall, mewing viciously, with her tail as thick as a bed-post, close beside him! What a situation for a mighty Ingoldstadt burgher!

Woke—woke! Was this a mere dream then? Have we been swindled out of our sensibilities by a drowsy commonplace? Even so, gentle reader, but the dream—call it rather a practical treatise on dyspepsia—has been penned for the best of purposes, namely, to "point a moral," if not to "adorn a tale," for your express edification. *Never eat more than you can digest*—least of all, at supper-time! Remember it is the last load, be it no heavier than a fly's, that breaks the camel's back; and in like manner, it was that "last mouthful" which Nicholas was so resolute in despatching, that conjured up the Unbidden Guest, and all the horrors of the charnel-house. Beware, then, of that last superfluous mouthful, for in it may lurk "more devils than vast hell can hold;" and of all the tribe, none are so malignant as those which are begotten of indigestion, and haunt the slumbers of the dyspeptic!

TRISMEGISTUS.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(DIONYSIUS.)

Εὐφημείτω πᾶς αἰθήρ.—κ. τ. λ.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

KEEP silence now, with reverential awe,
Wide Æther, and ye mountains, and ye meads,
With earth, and sea, and every breeze, and sound,
And voice of tuneful bird—be silent all;
For Phœbus, with his beaming locks unshorn,
Descends among us—on a stream of song.

Sire of Aurora,—*her* whose eyelids fair
Are of the braided snow—her rosy car,
Along the boundless ridges of heaven's expanse,
Drawn by those winged steeds, thou urgest on—
Exulting in thy curls of flaming gold

Thy coronal are rays of dazzling light
Revolving much, and pouring on the earth,
From their blest fountains, splendours ever bright:
While of thy rivers of immortal fire
DAY the beloved is born.

For thee, the choirs
Of tranquil stars perform their mystic round
O'er heaven's imperial pavement;—with thy lyre,
Oh! Phœbus, warbling forth its ceaseless notes—
Delighted:—

While the moon serenely clear,
Borne onward in her steer-drawn team of light
Heralds the changeful seasons—and her heart
With pleasure glows—while clothing dædal earth
With beauteous vestments of a various hue.

II.

(STATYLIUS FLACCUS.)

Εὐδῆς ἀγρόπνου ἑπάργων.—κ. τ. λ.

ON CUPID SLEEPING.

1.

Thou sleepest—thou
In whom the queen of love delights:
Thou sleepest now,
Who sendest many sleepless nights,
And days of tears to mortal wights.

2.

Thou sleepest—thou,
While near thee gleams thy torch of light—
Thou sleepest now
With fingers on thy bow of might,
And arrows ever winged for flight.

3.

Cythera's son,
Be others bold. Yet much I fear,
Thou haughty one,
Lest to *thy* sleeping eyes appear
Dreams which may bring to *mine*—a tear.

III.

(PAUL THE SILENTIARY.)

Ὡμοσα μινάζειν σὺ το τίλόνιν.—κ. τ. λ.

LOVERS' VOWS.

1.

Bright maid, I swore—
Oh! gods, no more on thee to gaze
Whom I adore,
Or bask me in thy beauty's rays,
Rash oath!—for twelve, dull, tedious days.

2.

Alas! to-morrow—
By thy sweet self I swear it—oh!
Creeps on in sorrow,
So long, so listless, and so slow,
It seems, at least, twelve months of wo.

3.

Beloved one,
Entreat the gracious powers for me,
For *me* undone,
Nor in their penal records be
Inscribed my thoughtless perjury.

4.

Nor do thou aid
The gods to scourge my broken vow,
Adored maid,
But let me in thy presence bow,
And soothe my troubled spirit now.

IV.

(ONESTES.)

Ἀμβροσίῳν ἐλικῶντι.—κ. τ. λ.

As nectar welling from the holy fount
Of Hippocrene, doth the spirit cheer
Of him who up the Heliconian mount
Hath toiled, until its crest at length is near;
Such is the steep of song;—but gain that height,
And every muse will grace thee with delight.

V.

(UNKNOWN.)

Μὴ σὺ γὰρ θνήσκῃς ἰὼν ὡς ἀθάνατος.—κ. τ. λ.

EPITAPH ON CASANDER.

Mortal, as if immortal dream not thou
 Aught stable in this passing scene of strife;
 Since the long sleep Casander sleepeth now—
 A mortal worthy of immortal life.

VI.

(UNKNOWN.)

Τίς λίθος οὐκ ἰδάνκευσι.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE SAME.

1.

Is there a stone that did not shed a tear—
 Is there a rock so heartless to forget
 The splendours of thy sun, Casander, set
 In darkness—in thy six-and-twentieth year?

2.

There hath a ruthless, reckless demon torn
 From widowed wife, and from thy children dear,—
 Thy aged parents shedding many a tear—
 All doomed thy premature decay to mourn.

VII.

(LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.)

Τὸν μικρὸν μὲν λέγουσιν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A SMALL VESSEL.

A tiny thing they call me—all unmeet
 To brave, like other ships, the billows' force:
 A tiny thing—yet still when tempests beat,
 Not bulk—but fortune rules the vessel's course.
 In helm or oar to others trust be given—
 My confidence will rest alone in heaven.

VIII.

(AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.)

Εἴ ποτε μὲν κιθάρος.—κ. τ. λ.

ON ARIADNE A HARPIST.

When Ariadne's fingers sweep the strings
 Her pealing accents are Terpsichore's:
 And when her soul into the song she flings,
 Her lofty warblings are Melpomene's:

2

And had she with the Three on Ida striven,
 Paris had bowed to hers—not Venus' charms:
 But hush! lest Bacchus hearing be love-driven
 To clasp our Ariadne in his arms.

IX.

PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Ἀνδροφάνη σαρδὸν παρὰ τιχίον.—κ. τ. λ.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

Serapis to a homicide, they say,
Came in a vision while asleep he lay,
Near a frail wall,—and thus the God began—
“Up, slumber elsewhere, thou most wretched man.”
He started, changed his place, when hark! that sound,
With sudden crash the wall comes to the ground.
With joy the wretch a victim now provides,
Thinking the God is pleased with homicides:
When lo! again that voice is heard by night,
“Folly to deem that I in thee delight!
Though thou hast now escaped an easy fate,
Know, tortures still thy future life await,
For thou upon the cross shalt close thine eyes,
Reserved for pangs of frightful agonies.”

X.

(THEOCRITUS.)

Τήναι τὰν λαύρα, τὼς αἱ δρυῖς.—κ. τ. λ.

Wend onward, goat-herd mine, along that lane
Until thou reach those oaks,—then turn aside,
And thou wilt find an image lately carved—
* Limbless and earless—in its native bark—
Priapus.

* * * * *

Underneath those sacred boughs
Enshrined he sits,—and near his holy fane
An ever-living, ever-gurgling fount
Of water flows—adown those craggy rocks,
Refreshing with its dews the myrtles fair,
The fragrant cypress, and the vine that spreads
Her infant grapes, with tendrils clasping all.

With many-varied trillings—loud and clear
Spring's choristers the merles are chanting there
Their melodies—responsive to the notes
Of the dun coloured nightingale, whose voice
Of bonied music melts in plaintive falls.

There seat thee down, my goat-herd, and implore
Priapus, ever-gracious, to release
This love sick heart from Daphnis,—and forthwith,
If this be grant, my fairest goat is his:
If he refuse—no, he will not refuse,—
Vow him three victims,—first, a shaggy goat;
A heiter next, and then,—a house-fed lamb.
And may he kindly listen to thy prayer.

More of Theocritus anon. Mean while, thanks to Messrs Price and Drake, and laud to Mr Chapman.—C. N.

* “ Quid sit, quod Priapi signum vocetur *τρισκελὴς*, equidem, ignoro. Interpretes tacent. Uno pede potius, sive palo, hunc deum plerumque niti constat. Foret igitur potius *μονοσκελὴς*. Num aliud quid latet? Fortasse *ἀσκηλὴς*? Nihil definio. Eruditiores hunc locum expédiant.”—JACOBS, vii. 194.

Jacobs' words—*num aliud quid latet?*—show that he had a shrewd guess that the genuine epithet is *τρισκελὴς*. Nevertheless, in our version, we prefer his *ἀσκηλὴς*—why we have done so, “eruditiores expédiant.”

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN ALPINE TRAVELLER.

No. III.

THE letters of introduction to Monsieur C. D. at the Fabrica Reall at Pont, which had awaited me at the post-office at Lansilbourg, were honoured by every mark of attention and hospitality that could be shown to us. In this retired corner of the great plain of Piedmont, at the entrance to the Val d'Orca, which descends from the Mont Iseran, in the highest range of the Alps, has been established the first cotton-works in Piedmont. The little town of Pont is situated about six hours' journey from Turin, and here, employing a power drawn from a tributary stream to the Orca, is a factory for the production of common cotton goods, which gives employment to above four thousand men, women, and children. The raw material is received by long land carriage from Genoa, and here it is cleaned, roved, spun, woven, dyed, printed, and prepared for the market, under a hundred forms, for handkerchiefs, dresses, &c. The Sardinian Government has wisely encouraged Monsieur D. in this undertaking, and sanctioned it with the appellation of Royal. The weaving is generally performed in Pont and the neighbouring villages, and hundreds of the inhabitants of the valley are thus employed. The machinery is supplied from Mulhausen in Alsace, at a cost greatly exceeding that at which it could be supplied by our machinists in England. The prohibitory laws, however, against the exportation of machinery, precludes their having it from us, though they have no difficulty whatever in obtaining models of all our improvements in cotton-spinning; and these, if they be important enough to adopt, can immediately be procured from Alsace; but as they are without rivals as manufacturers in Piedmont, the proprietors at Pont are not often induced to make sacrifices of old machinery to improvements in new. The establishment, however, is conducted with much skill and enterprise, and I was interested in observing in such

a place the formation of a new state of society. It has added to their comforts, by employment, and the pay for their industry; and it has increased their intelligence, though not much, perhaps, their morals. Every thing in the factory was shown to us; and embracing as this does the entire process of preparing cotton goods for the market, it was an interesting visit to my companion. In England the scale of manufacture is so enormous, that spinning, weaving, dyeing, and printing, employ different capital and separate establishments. Here an hour's survey embraced all.

Our object in arriving at Pont was to obtain information and assistance in crossing by the Col de Cogne to the Val d'Aosta; but our new and hospitable friends at the Fabrica would not let us off so easily. They informed us that the scenery of the Val d'Orca was not to be neglected, and as we should not pass through it on our way to Cogne, promised to procure mules and a guide for the following day, to visit the Scalare of Cerisole, and in the mean time to make arrangements for our journey to the Val d'Aosta. We gladly placed ourselves in the hands of our friends.

At the Fabrica we had an opportunity of observing some of the extraordinary habits of the bouquetin, or ibex, of the Alps. This animal is now extremely rare; it haunts regions still higher and more secluded than those in which the chamois is found. In some of the mountains of the Tyrol, and in the lofty ranges which sweep down from the Mont Iseran, especially those which flank the Val d'Orca, these animals are sometimes seen; and a hunter who has been successful in the bouquetin, esteems a mere chasseur of the chamois as the follower of a fox is in England regarded by the hunter of a tiger from the East. At the Fabrica was a young bouquetin who came to the call of those who caressed him. We saw him first on a lofty ridge of a house, which

he ran along, and leaping down from point to point, in a few moments came alongside of us. The dogs kept at an awful distance; and at a signal given to the bouquetin to attack them, they scampered off as quickly as possible. Our guide for the journey up the valley was directed to call at a particular house, to show us the skin and horns of one that had been lately shot by a hunter of the valley.

In the evening after our return to the inn at Pont, where we decided upon remaining, though beds had been most hospitably offered to us at the Fabrica, our friends visited us to say, that all the arrangements for an early start up the valley in the morning, and a dinner at the Fabrica on our return, were made, and leaving us a supply of cigars, promised to meet us early.

Before daylight we were roused by Matteo, a servant of Monsieur D., who filled at the Fabrica the station of illuminator of the works. The engineer of the oil-gas apparatus, Mat, was spruced out for the journey, to conduct the *Due Angeli* up his valley, a commission of confidence of which he evidently felt the importance. His jargon, a mixture of Piedmontese and French, was in the proportion of nine to one of the former; but this title of all that he uttered, enabled us to understand him to be a merry, intelligent, and communicative little fellow. He came to summon us to breakfast at the Fabrica, where mules were in readiness. Our friends proposed to ascend the valley as far as Locano with us. They were capitally mounted, and, as I observed, armed with pistols in their holsters. They said that there were some *mauvais sujets* in their neighbourhood, and they rarely stirred two miles from home unarmed. One of the first crosses that we passed marked the spot where there had been a death from murder, not accident, and the record on it asked for the prayers of all good Catholics.

The general scenery in the valley is remarkably fine. The bold mountain forms in the lower ranges are richly clothed with forests, except where precipices burst through them. We passed many hamlets and usines, where, at a trifling cost

in the erection of simple machinery, tilt-hammers and saws are worked by the streams, which flow down every lateral valley and furrow in the mountain side into the Orca. In passing a hamlet near Sparone, we observed what I am almost afraid to describe, lest it should be remembered as *my great mushroom*. But my companion will bear me out when I state, that at a peasant's door, where fruit and vegetables were placed for sale, an enormous fungus, a variety of morel, was offered to us at so much per pound, which I could scarcely have carried. They are occasionally found in this neighbourhood in the chestnut forests, and sometimes exceed a hundred weight. It is called in Piedmontese a *quarino*.

We passed through the village of Sparone, as the people were assembling for early mass. Our appearance excited much attention, but it was transient. We did not escape so well at Locano, where we were detained to have one of my mule's shoes fixed, which had become loose. Here every inhabitant turned out to crowd about us, to stare at the strangers.

Here Matteo received final directions from his master, and our friends galloped back to keep an engagement made prior to our arrival. We pursued our course up the valley, which is not so picturesque between Locano and Novasca, as in the neighbourhood of Pont. There were, however, some fine points of view, where the snowy peaks of the range dividing this valley from the Val Forno appeared over the lower mountains, and the enormous blocks fallen from these strewed the valley around us. Sometimes, where such boulders had rested without reaching the little plains in the wider parts of the valley, these were rich in cultivation, and alternated the beautiful with the wild, as we ascended to Novasca. We did not fail to stop as directed at the village of Arsone, where Matteo took us to the house of M. de Sonetta, a respectable proprietor, to see the skin and horns of the bouquetin recently killed by a hunter of the family. Each horn, round the curve, was nearly a yard long, and had thirteen rings upon it,

these are annual additions, which mark the age of the animal.

We were surprised at the miserable, little poverty-stricken appearance of Novasca. In the maps, it is usually indicated as a larger place than Locano. The latter, however, is a little town, whilst the former is a hamlet of only three or four scattered houses, stuck in a nook in the valley, in the most wretched and sterile spot that could be found. It is proverbially miserable, for Matteo uttered upon seeing it—

“ Novasca, Novasca,
Poco pane lungo tasca.”

Here we put up the mules, and the stock of provisions were confided to the master of a miserable osteria. Our kind friends had provisioned us well for the journey, knowing that nothing but bad wine and worse bread and cheese were to be had at Novasca—a piece of foresight of which we learnt the full value the moment we crept into the dark and dirty den, where two or three poor fellows were eating what they could get, with a content and relish which might have shamed our delicacy, though it could not remove our repugnance.

By the time we reached Novasca, the wind was blowing fiercely in the mountains, and Matteo wisely thought that it would be better to reach the Scalare, about a league distant, as soon as possible, lest a change of weather should altogether prevent us, and to dine on our return. We set off on foot.

The scenery around Novasca is strikingly grand. Bare and torrent-worn rocks, and enormous boulders of granite, form the channel of a cataract, which is crossed by frail wooden bridges, placed from boulder to boulder over a foaming torrent, which is forced to escape through their narrow channels. Before reaching these prodigious masses, the waters are seen in great volume gushing out of a deep rift in the bare mountain side, and spending its fury on the rocks, which it has denuded of all trace of soil or shrub. I scarcely recollect a cataract in the Alps so entirely and sublimely savage. Above and around the rocks whence these waters flash into day are the scath-

ed and glaciated summits of mountains, which are the haunts of the bouquetin, but these were only seen in occasional glimpses. Matteo shook his head upon observing that what we had thought were clouds in these high regions were tourmentes, whirlwinds which raise the snow in volumes like clouds, and are only at first to be distinguished from them by the observant mountaineer. He said that a fierce storm was raging above the Scalare, and whirling the snows about with a frightful violence.

We soon came in sight of the deep ravine of the Scalare, or steps, by which the only path led to the village of Ceresol and the valley above, and soon after passing a little valley on our right, we began to ascend the path or steps cut out of the rock on the left of the torrent, which led up through this fearful gorge in the mountain, and soon looked down the awful precipices below us, where the Orca in a tortuous cataract was foaming and roaring through the obstructions which retarded its descent into the lower valley. The path by which we ascended was so cut out of perpendicular and even overhanging precipices, that it required care and stooping to avoid striking our heads against the rock above us, and thus precipitating ourselves over into the gulf below.

Six or seven crosses fastened to crevices in the face of the rock sufficiently indicated the danger, but Matteo told us that five of these at least were believed to be records of the victims of a villain still living in a house which Mat pointed out to us in the little valley that we had just passed.

The miscreant underwent severe examination at the time, and though no doubt whatever existed of his having been their murderer, the evidence did not affect his life. It was proved that he was the last person seen in the company of two of them, at different times, acting as their guide. It is believed that at the spot where the crosses are placed he pushed his confiding victims over where a child might destroy a giant if for a moment he was unguarded.

The scene around us was almost

unparalleled for Alpine grandeur of its peculiar class. A narrow gorge of bare rock, its precipices overhanging the tortuous and deep channel where leapt and roared the torrent of the Orca, sometimes a clear sheet spread out over the ledge of an enormous rock worn smooth by its action—thence compelled by an obstructing mass to force its course unseen until issuing from where it found a passage, it dashed into the gulf below, falling a hundred feet into an abyss, and thence to fall again in successive cataracts, and to have its progress controlled by the enormous rocks which its own violence had helped to place in its course.

Long before we attained the summit of the Scalare, we had been made sensible of the storm that raged above us—but on attaining the little plain which led to Ceresol, we found it impossible to make head against the violence of the wind, its piercing coldness compelled us to take shelter behind the rocks. Above us the glaciers were almost constantly obscured by the whirling of the snow in the tourraents—neither cloaks without, nor brandy within, enabled us to proceed. After an useless effort to sketch the scene above the Scalare, we commenced a retreat, and left the jealous and inhospitable storm to the unquiet possession of its own regions.

In descending, by the advice of our careful guide, we kept close to the face of the rock, lest the gushes of wind should hurry us forward into danger, but we safely reached the entrance to the little valley, and left our malediction with the murderer as we passed his dwelling. Matteo told us that the son of this man had fortunately married an excellent wife, and that she had made him industrious and honest.

Our descent even to the sterility of Novasca was a visit to Goshen compared to the gorge of the Scalare—the darkness and even the dirt of the hostelry were forgotten in the gladness of our feeling its shelter. The excellent fare and wine provided by our friends at Pont soon restored us, and after our refreshment we left an unusual feast in the fragments to our host and his poor guests, who appear to have awaited

our return upon this speculation. We set out with as little delay as possible on our descent to Pont; it was dark, however, before we arrived there; the dinner hour appointed by our friends had long passed away; but their welcome and hospitality were not less, and they desired that we would leave the means of our proceeding on the next day to their arrangement.

In the morning my companion decided upon hiring a char, to take him by the plains to Ivrea, and up the valley to the city of Aosta; he would thus have an opportunity of visiting nearly the whole of its course. Having seen him off, my friends from the Fabrica accompanied me to many of the beautiful points of view presented by the sites of the old towers and the gardens on the mountain slopes, whence the most picturesque views are presented of Pont and its valleys, and from some points of the plains beyond the entrance to the narrow channel of the Orca. Going out of Pont to some fields where its fairs are held, we descended into a quiet and beautiful glen, which reminded me of retired spots in the valleys of my own beautiful county of Devon. Here Isaac Walton might have caught such trout as it never fell to his good fortune to entrap, and he might have reflected, and mused, and forgotten that he was in the immediate vicinity of the Alps.

The Fabrica lies in the valley of the Soanna, near its confluence with the Orca. The view from some wild ground near it, of the Villa Nuova, as the village is called, in which it is situated, or rather which has sprung up around it, and now connects it with Pont, is very picturesque.

Far beyond, the apparent head of the valley appeared, towering over a bright snowy peak, which they told me rose above the glaciers of Cogne, and which I should reach before the end of my day's journey. After rambling and sketching about Pont, we re-entered the Fabrica, where a mule was ready for me, and two men to be my companions in the mountains. M— had taken on my portmanteau with him in the char to Aosta; but the wine, poultry, fruit, &c., provided made a goodly packet behind my saddle: a hundred acts of kindness were pressed upon me, until I was

glad to escape from added obligations. My two guides, or guards, for they were armed as chasseurs, were Matteo Trocane, our guide to the Scalare, and Antonio Gearn, a robust, independent looking fellow, the chief proprietor of the mules employed to bring the cotton from Genoa to the Fabrica. He had been selected from the establishment by my friends as a good mountaineer, who knew the route to Cogne by Val Pra, the highest village in the valley, where a relation of his lived, at whose house I was to sleep. Each had good double-barrelled percussion guns, Gearn two dogs, and Mat a little cur. To my companions, devoted as all the men here are to the chase, the excursion was a holiday.

We started about mid-day. Descending into the Val Soanna, which led to Val Pra, we soon reached the banks of the river, which lay beneath enormous precipices; then passing some large quarries, we wound our way up through a magnificent forest of chestnut-trees, for the precipitous sides of the dark and deep ravine prevented our ascending farther by the immediate banks of the river. The steep path through the forest often fearfully overhung the ravine below; but the trees often intercepted the most striking views of the deep valley of the Soanna, its lofty rocks and dark forests, the old towers of Pont at its junction with the Orca, and the plains at the termination of the mountain boundaries of the valley.

The first village that we reached was Ingria. Above it, on the left, the Val Campes, which leads directly to the glaciers of Cogne, opened to us. It is a shorter but more difficult route to Cogne than that which we took, and passes above Ingria, on by the single village of Campigli.

From Ingria we crossed a bridge in a striking situation, to ascend the valley to Ronco, the principal town in the Val Soanna. The road lay through fine mountain scenery, rich meadows, and well-cultivated fields. Here I met a great number of Carbonari, bearing enormous loads of charcoal on their heads. They were descending from the high forests in

the mountains to the ravines in the valley. Many of them were women and boys; their forms robust but ugly, and their costume hideous. They wore boots peculiar to their valley, made of very coarse, thick woollen cloth, fastened tight round the ankle, but so wide across the toes, that they bore to the ankle the spread and proportion of the foot of a duck. Yet the wearers stepped firmly in them, and Gearn said that in the winter they served as snow shoes, and were found most useful in these high valleys. At Ronco we rested and refreshed at a tolerable osteria. A little further up the valley, beyond the hamlet of Bosco del Ronco, we saw the effects of a very recent slip or eboulement of the mountain which on the left flanked the valley. Only a few weeks since, an enormous mass of rock fell from the mountain side. The place whence it had detached itself was as bare and fresh as if it had occurred within twenty four hours. Its destructive course could be traced down the forest, through which it had swept a clear path, and torn its way over the fields, and across the road, which it destroyed. The peasants, however, had already restored a path. Some thousands of tons of vast rocks, which had rested in their frightful course, strewed the fields beyond and around the road which we travelled. The possibility of such another dislodgement happening whilst we were *en route*, was a thought to make us shudder as we passed through this scene of terror, which we scarcely talked about until we had safely passed the debris.

Before we arrived at the next village, Cardonera, we met the *curé* in the road, reading. His dress was not that of a peasant, but something worse, and apparently more poverty-stricken. His coat seemed to belong to his parish and not to himself, and that it had served its *curés* through many an age. Originally it might have been black, but not an inch of the clerical colour could now be detected amidst its stains and patches. There was something in the cut of his hat which belonged to the church. He looks spoke volumes for his parishioners' poverty or his own meanness.

Our ascent from one village or hamlet to another was often rapid. Day began to close upon us at Peney, the last where a bush hung out to announce the sale of wine to the traveller. We stopped to take some, and were soon surrounded by the villagers. To many of them my guides were known, and I found that Gearn had the reputation of a wag to sustain. The inhabitants of this commune appeared to be better and richer than some of those which we had passed further down the valley.

On leaving Peney, the path which we ascended was steep, rugged, and amidst wild and dreary scenery, of which the savage effects were increased by approaching darkness, especially where the towering pine forests hung in undefined distance above us. At length we emerged into the little meadowed plain of Val Pra, where we were to halt, in the last and highest constantly-inhabited village in the valley. We soon reached it, at the further extremity of the plain. Our visit created much surprise, but the kindest anxiety was shown to receive us in the best way it was in the power of our host to exhibit his welcome. Brushwood of rhododendron soon made a blazing fire, but the smoke it produced, in a black den about ten feet by eight, was almost insufferable.

The abundance provided by my kind friends at Pont was most welcome; but tea, again made in a pipkin, was to me the most refreshing and delicious part of the repast. Matteo was my chamberlain, and undertook to see a bed prepared for me. It was of the coarsest materials, but very clean. Mat also assumed the duties of *valet de cham.* and guard, and promised to call me before break of day.

We were ready to start with the earliest dawn. The air was keen, the morning fresh, and beautiful, and silent. The last is a characteristic which, when the season is fine and the day tranquil, in these high regions rarely fails to make a strong impression upon the traveller. There had been a sharp frost, the meadows were covered with its hoar, and the canals by which they were irrigated were fringed with icicles. But I scarcely ever remember to have felt my spirits more buoyant and elastic.

It was a state of life, and feeling, and excitement, that seemed to be rather artificial than natural. But though this was a place where the world and its passions might have been forgotten, I had brought a part of the world with me to exhibit them here. Gearn, when I first met him in the morning, was in a state of fury; his dogs had been tied up, and coupled, for better security, but it seemed that, on letting them out early in the morning, they had agreed to run back to Pont for their breakfasts, instead of up the mountains for game. After a fruitless search, we learnt from a peasant, who had come up from Peney at this early hour, that he had met the attached friends in full course down the valley, and, by way of making a climax to Gearn's fury, told him that a party of four chasseurs were before us in the mountains this morning. No lord of a manor, whose day's sport had been spoilt by a gang of poachers, ever gave vent to more violence. Gearn cursed the dogs—his rivals—the journey, and, of course, I had a share of his muttered maledictions. Poor little Mat, who was terrified at the giant's rage, tried the soothing system. It failed. He offered the services of his own dog—the dog was d—d. Whilst this exhibition was in progress, we were losing time. At last, however, Gearn's fury subsided to sulks, and we set out, leaving the roof of the kind old Giuseppe Danna, who gave me his name for the benefit of future travellers—and his own. Gearn went on muttering—Mat, as usual, was soon in capital spirits—a gun fired in the forest, on the opposite side of the valley, the favourite hunting-ground of Gearn, for a moment renewed his vexation, especially when he saw and recognised some of the party. Matteo, however, with admirable tact, told a ridiculous story of one of them, which extorted the first grin displayed this morning by the hard features of Gearn, and he followed up the effect by putting him in possession of some scandalous anecdotes, which Gearn treasured, as a means of revenging his disappointed feelings. We saw, too, that our rivals were not likely to precede our line of march; and at length Gearn, getting into better hu-

mour, tried to excuse his violence, by observing, that, as he rarely got a holiday, he was vexed that so many things concurred to spoil his pleasure.

Leaving the little plain of Val Pra, we soon began to ascend the open mountain side, above the line of vegetation of firs and larches, and in about an hour reached some chalets, near the highest pasturages of these mountains. Thence our path became rugged and difficult. Suddenly Mat's cur raised a covey of ptarmigan, but in so *unsport-dog-like* a way, that he nearly got the contents of one of Gearn's barrels for his pains. I seized the animal, and tied him to a rock, whilst my chasseurs pursued the covey round the brow of a ridge. In a few moments, two reports were heard, and shortly after a brace of these fine birds were brought to me. My companions would have followed up the covey, but, with our long day's journey before us, they feared the loss of so much time. During our ascent, however, we got another shot.

The difficulties of our path increased, and as I had for some time dismounted, the management of the mule was left to Gearn, to get it across a torrent in a ravine—no easy affair. Having passed it, however, he soon after rejoined us. Matteo pointed out to me the adit of a silver mine on the mountain side above us, on the left. It had been unsuccessfully worked, and was now abandoned. Mat accompanied me to examine it. We descended with some difficulty into a large excavation, where the miners had endeavoured to work the lode, and thence found our way out through the adit. The vein had not been found rich enough to pay for working, and the whole affair had the appearance of an experiment only. I detached and brought away some specimens.

Soon after leaving this mine, we saw, on looking back, the great chain of the Alps beginning to appear above the intermediate boundaries of the Val d'Orca. The Val Soanno could be seen below us, down to Cordonera. I had been led, by a letter from the Comte de B., to expect such a scene, and climbed impatiently to the summit, only resting occasionally to look back on the glo-

rious view presented in this direction, and which expanded as I rose higher. At length the plain of Piedmont appeared, stretched out below me, the hill of the Superba rising like an island out of it. Turin was distinctly seen, and beyond, with the outlines of its mountains cutting the sky, but with their bases undistinguishable in the plain, lay the great chain of the Alps, with Monte Viso, its finest feature in the view, subsiding in the haze and distance towards the Apennines. Though too vast for any pictorial representation, the great features of this extraordinary scene were more picturesque than the plains, as they are seen from either the pass of the Col de Viso or the Lautaret. But the excitement given by a scene so stupendous was capable of increase even here, for which I was not at all prepared. On attaining the actual summit of this pass—the Col de Reale—I looked out on the other side of the Col upon forms more glorious, and mountains more vast; the entire mass of Monte Rosa lay before me from the pass and mountain of the Cervin, to the Col de Val Dobbia—every peak, every glacier, every valley, was spread out like a map, upon which I could trace my previous journeys across those parts of the great chain. The Col de Reale must have a considerable elevation, for I could look over the intermediate mountains which bounded the opposite side of the Val Champorcher, above which I now stood, and see all the glaciers and their terminations in the great valleys of the Challant and the Lesa, which furrowed the sides of the glorious Monte Rosa. High above every peak, which was distinctly seen, a silvery sheet of cloud rested like a canopy along and over the whole mass, but presenting an effect of singular beauty which I never had observed before in the Alps. So much light was reflected from the snows and glaciers of Monte Rosa, that the under part of the cloud was beautifully lit up, yet the cloud was so high as not to cast shadows on any of the peaks.

It was difficult to get away from such a spot. In making a panoramic sketch as I turned round, I had in succession the plains of Piedmont,

with the Maritime, the Cotian Alps, and the grandest features of those of the Pennine in the peaks of the Cervin and the Monte Rosa.

My guides, however, feared a chill from the keen air as it blew up the Valley of Champorcher. We began our descent by an easy slope over a little snow, and soon reached some pasturages near a small lake. On its borders I had hoped to rest, but Gearn advised us to pass another ridge, and rest in a lateral valley of the Champorcher. We crossed therefore the Col de la Rice, and descended a steep pasturage to the bank of a torrent near to where it issued from a vast glacier. Here we rested on a delicious turf, and having turned the mule loose, sat down to a feed in a place which, from its wildness, reminded me of an old spot of alpine rest and refreshment under the Col de la Selgne.

Whilst Gearn was getting the provender arranged on the sward, Matteo, roused by the *staccato* of a chamois, skulked with his gun round the brow of the mountain; he was a very short time absent, but he came back out of humour, he had seen the chamois, and might have crawled near enough to get a shot had not a shepherd boy, driving out his flock to pasturage, disturbed the animal, which instantly ran off to its retreat above the glacier, to the great vexation of the disappointed Matteo.

Mountain air and keen appetites would have made less delicious fare than my kind friends had provided most welcome.

After an hour's rest we started refreshed, crossed the torrent, and began our ascent to the Col de Ponton. On looking back we saw the course of the valley which would have led us in five or six hours to Bard, in the Val d'Aosta; and across the valley, beyond the chalets of Londonez, we saw a mountain pass which led to Virrex by the Val Camp de Pra.

The ascent of the Col de Ponton was merely the passage of a ridge which subsided into the deep valley on our right, beyond it we continued a long dreary and sterile ascent, strewn with vast blocks which had fallen from the range of mountains on our left, which we skirted. At

length we flanked an enormous mass, and came upon a scene of strikingly savage character, composed of black and scathed precipices or glaciers, cutting against the blue sky, and subsiding thence to the borders of a large lake, or rather of three lakes formed by their meetings. We skirted the borders of the lakes, and passed a chapel which had been erected in these solitudes, probably the pious *ex voto* of some traveller who had escaped in this wilderness some great danger. Gearn went and knelt at the oratory, and paid his devotion to Notre Dame.

From these lakes we saw high above, and very distant from us, the last mountain pass in our day's labour, the Fenêtre de Cogne: it appeared like a deep notch in the crest of the mountain. Between the lake and the foot of the last ascent some more ptarmigan were killed, but we were disappointed in not finding chamois in these their common haunts. Gearn did not cease the whole day to regret the absence of his dogs. The ground between the lakes and the Fenêtre was very difficult. Steep, rugged, and often insecure, the poor mule, even without a burden, got on with great difficulty; and it was only after a long and fatiguing climb that we attained the crest of this extraordinary passage, and looked down upon the high pasturages of the Val de Cogne. The descent was even more difficult than the ascent, and it required all the courage and skill of my guides to lead down the mule in safety. This was at length accomplished, and having reached a safe place, and one convenient for rest, we drank our last bottle of delicious hermitage to my kind friends at Pont.

From the spot upon which we rested the surrounding scene was more cheerful than that on the other side of the Fenêtre. Though objects of exceeding grandeur were not wanting to the sublimity of our view, on our left were the glaciers which we should have traversed if we had ascended by the Val Campen, and crossed the Col de Cogne. My guides said that the glaciers presented a little difficulty, but no danger, in the opinion of mountaineers; and as they should gain six or seven hours

by returning that way, they would try to get the mule over those glaciers to Campiglia.

Far beyond us, and bounding the valley of Cogne on the opposite side, rose the stupendous mountains of the Grand Paradis—their fine forms, superbly dressed in snows and glaciers, presented a magnificent Alpine picture.

We soon reached the rich pasturages of Chavances, at the head of the Val de Cogne. Numerous flocks and herds surrounded the chalets, and as we rapidly descended from one Alp or pasturage to another, Gearn and Matteo missed no opportunity of increasing the bag of game; in fact, as they had passed all risk of detention from change of weather or being benighted, they pursued their game keenly, and left me to go on alone. I soon got out of the sight and hearing, and had a fair chance of wandering for the night in the mountains, for the numerous ramifications of the cattle paths bewildered me. After passing some chalets and crossing a torrent, I waited nearly an hour before they appeared. In the fear that I had taken the wrong side of the valley, I had fired my pistols as a signal. This helped me; they soon came in sight, with additions to their stock of game, and excuses for the delay.

From this place the descent to Cogne was very grand, as it wound round the mountain side high above the torrent; we at length reached what appeared to be an immense dike, several hundred feet high, which blocked up the valley. This turned the torrent to the other side, where it escaped through a black gorge in the embankment, which seemed to have been formed across the valley by some great eboulement. A steep path led down to the little plain of Cogne. On our descent we saw across the valley on our left the immense glaciers of the Grand Paradis streaming into the lateral valley of Vermiana.

On our approach to Cogne, I was struck by the appearance of a great quantity of iron-ore heaped up on the road side, which was here of good breadth, and kept in tolerable condition. On the opposite side of the valley in a mountain is a mass of iron ore, celebrated for its extra-

ordinary richness. The mines are worked at a great height in the mountain side, and I was surprised at the laborious mode adopted for bringing the ore down into the valley, thence to be taken to the founderies and forges. Zig-zag paths are made from the adits, upon which barrows on sledges are placed, filled with the ore, and in succession are pushed off by a conductor. When the sliding barrow has acquired sufficient impetus down the inclined plane forming each line of the zig-zag descent, the man who directs it leaps adroitly into the barrow and descends with it, and before the load has acquired an uncontrollable velocity, it is brought up by a bank at each angle of the zig-zag path or slide. The conductor then gets out, turns the barrow in the direction of the next slide, pushes it forward, and again, while it is in motion, leaps in, and is taken down to the next angle;—and thus, in a series of turns, at last reaches the bottom, in the valley. The men, it appears, have to walk up the mountain again, and drag up their empty slides. I never saw power so much misapplied or wasted.

When we arrived at Cogne, we found it difficult to get access to the only inn in the miserable place. We heard people within the house, but they refused for half-an-hour to pay any attention to our knocking. We were victims to some domestic broil. At length the host came from the fields, and bullied his household for having kept us without so long. We should not, perhaps, have been so impatient if we could have foreseen our introduction to one of the filthiest dens I ever beheld. It was a long, but in proportion, very narrow chamber, which was to be the *salle à manger* and my bed-room—the cheese and onion parlors of half a century were rotting on the floor—the blankets (there were no sheets) were black with dirt and fleas. Mat and Gearn wasted their breath in a *blous-ry*, but there was no better accommodation to be had in this the principal inn in the principal village or town of the commune. Expecting tolerable accommodation at Cogne, we had not put ourselves upon short allowance with our provender, but it was for-

tunate that we brought our game with us, or I might have been puzzled for a supper. My two active companions turned cooks. Gearn cut up and stewed a brace of the ptarmigan, and Mat, who had a great reputation as a maker of polenta, initiated me into the art and mystery of making this universal dish among the peasantry of Piedmont. The flour of Indian corn was put into a deep frying-pan, with water, salt, and butter, and kept well stirred to prevent its burning—for some time it had the consistence of hasty-pudding, but suddenly thickening, it was turned out in a solid state into a dish. With a hearty appetite, which the vile room we were in could not affect, I made an excellent supper—and thought, that, wrapt up in my India-rubber cloak, I might defy the dirt of the bed and puzzle the fleas. But it was a piece of presumption. A million avengers got inside the cloak from above and below; for “where there is a will,” says the proverb, “there is a way,” and not even the fatigue of the day’s journey could obtain forgetfulness for twenty minutes together.

About four o’clock in the morning, unable to endure my place of torment, I got up and looked out—but with utter astonishment—upon the scene of the preceding evening—it was entirely covered with snow! which was still thickly falling. It rested three or four inches deep. Last evening was as fine and promising for its successor as I ever saw a day close. To start in such weather was impossible. I therefore did not disturb my guides. In about an hour Matteo came to me full of grief at the change—he, however, was refreshed, the happy knaves had been in possession of the hay-loft, and slept soundly—how I envied them! About six it cleared off a little, and I decided upon starting, in the belief that we should descend into fine weather in the valleys below, and, after settling with an extravagant host for sour wine and filthy accommodation, we crossed the little plain of Cogne, now covered with snow. At its further extremity were numerous buildings where the ore is smelted, and usines where the iron is drawn under tilt-hammers into bars and

rods for the thousand purposes employed by workers in the metal for edge-tools, nails, &c. Here every little stream carries its wheel and tilt, and water, which costs nothing from its abundance, is pressed into the service of the poorest artisan.

The valley below Cogne is very narrow—there are few plains cultivated, and the sides of the mountains which bound them are precipitous. It has been an affair of much expense and difficulty to form a road and preserve it, to facilitate the intercourse between the Val d’Aosta and the mines and usines in the Val de Cogne. A tolerable one, however, has been made at the cost of two brothers, iron-masters, who have taken care also to record it by an inscription cut on the tabulated face of a rock, in which they have not failed to praise themselves and their undertaking in such terms as they, being the judges of its importance, and evidently thinking it second only to the Simplon, considered that it deserved. It was too important to be put in the vulgar tongue, so that a Latin inscription, and a classical quotation, have misled some author to describe it as one of the Roman works in the valley, which preserves the names of the brothers who formed this road—during the empire!

The road is in many places carried along the mountain side at a great elevation above the torrent. I do not remember any other Alpine valley which in this particular rivals the fearful path of the Val de Cogne. In many places the guards to protect passengers from falling over are so fragile, and the depth so terrific to which they would evidently be precipitated in the event of an accident, that it requires some nerve not to shudder in such places. Opposite to one of these, where, after the road has followed the sinuosities of the mountain side into a ravine, it emerges again, and rises to an overhanging point above the valley, I saw a slide, upon which they were at work, discharging timber from the forests above the precipices. Each of the two trees which I saw descend were dashed to pieces, and worthless, except for firewood; the slide is so steep, and depth so great, that few can reach the torrent unbroken.

Still ascending, the road appeared to me to rise at least 2000 feet above the river; the depth below the eye of the traveller was awful. A village was pointed out to me deep in the valley, where a white line appeared at right angles with the course of the valley, which I was told was the top of an aqueduct, a Roman work, spanning a deep ravine. The Romans have all extraordinary works attributed to them in the Val d'Aosta, as there are to Lesdigueres in Dauphiny, and to the Devil every where else.

Here the termination of the Val de Cogne is seen at its junction with the Val d'Aosta. We saw a path below, leading on the left bank of the torrent from the village with the aqueduct to Villeneuve, in the Val d'Aosta. Here my chasseurs had their last sport. Matteo's cur, whose master had often boasted, that though he failed at a pheasant he was good at a hare, yelped, and put up one, which crossed the path before us;—both fired and missed, and then grumbled and blamed each other.

The first view into the Val d'Aosta was strikingly beautiful, particularly where, after flanking a mountain on our right,—we looked down upon the city of Aosta, still two hours' distant. The luxuriant richness of the valley, the fields, the vineyards, the forests, the river,—the villages and villas studding the plain—and slopes of the valley—and the lofty and snow-capt summits of the mountains which bound it, formed a *coup d'œil* rarely surpassed. In descending, we went through the court of the chateau of Almavilla, a seat of the Contessa di Rocca, a structure, built in worse taste and more ugliness than any Cockney effort at castle building within ten miles of London. It was miserably out of character as contrasted with the yet habitable chateaux of the valley; and, amidst such a scene of beauty, it was a deformity in the landscape.

The clouds still hung about the summits of the mountains which we had left, though we had, as I expected, descended into fine weather. The heat in the Val d'Aosta was excessive;—a rather sudden contrast to the snow to which we had been exposed in the morning. I was delighted to see vines again; some

of the grapes were ripe and good, and we gave our judgment upon them after trial without waiting for an invitation from the owners. Our course lay down the right bank of the Doire, until we were opposite Aosta, where we crossed the river and reached the city. Here I had the pleasure of again meeting my friend, who had arrived safe and well the night before at the most comfortable inn in the place, the Ecu de Valais. My old guide, Jean Garda, at whose house he had stopped at Verrex, on his way up the valley, had driven my friend to Aosta, in order to have, as he said, the pleasure of seeing me. Jean is now become a great man; he is established in the best inn in Verrex, La Couronne; he now rents extensive forests in the valley of Champorcher, where he employs Carbonari to prepare charcoal for the founderies and forges of the valley. But Jean had a *little* business as well as friendship to induce him to visit Aosta; it was not entirely to meet me that he came,—he wanted also to buy some mules in the fair, to be held on next day, for his charcoal burners. I was heartily glad, however, to see him, and to be remembered by him kindly.

Here my guides, Matteo and Gearn, left me, with a note to their master in praise of their zeal and fidelity; and I shall long remember the amusing, light-hearted companionship of the faithful Matteo Trocano, my friend; and I reserved a brace of ptarmigan for our supper, and sent the rest to Pont. The heavy fall of snow in the mountains had altered the determination of my guides; they returned to Pont by Ivrea and the plains. We spent the remainder of the day in visiting the Roman remains of Aosta—in examining a rude mosaic lately discovered in a stable; and some frescoes of the early Italian school in a smith's shop, which had formerly been part of the cloisters of a monastery.

Noticed with pleasure an improvement in the appearance of the people of Aosta, in cleanliness and health, since my former visit—peace and more intercourse with the world had produced these benefits.

The comforts of so excellent an inn as the Ecu de Valais was greatly

enhanced in my estimation by their contrasts with the adventures of the last two nights, especially at Cogne.

It was necessary to have our passports visited at Aosta—my friend had already obtained the signatures of the authorities to his—but unexpected difficulties were thrown in my way by the officer who chose to question my coming by the Val de Cogne, instead of going round by Ivrea with my friend. The "brief authority man" chose to consider my proceedings as very suspicious; I could not make him understand that any person living, and in his senses, could for pleasure cross the mountains, while there was a good road to go round by the plains. I insisted upon seeing the commandant. This was refused; as a last resource, I put the letter I had received at Lansbourg into the man's hand. It contained an invitation to visit the chief magistrate of Turin. Great names go a great way with little men—I was desired to leave my passport and call again, but in less than an hour the passport was brought to me obsequiously by the very person who had discovered so much to suspect in my proceedings.

The following morning the mountains around us, especially in the direction of the Cogne, were concealed by clouds, and gave so little hope of a fine day for our journey across the Great Saint Bernard, that we waited longer than was prudent, before we decided upon leaving Aosta. We started, however, for Saint Remy in a char, desirous, if we could accomplish it, of getting to the hospice early enough to dine with the monks at their customary hour of twelve.

On our reaching St Remy, there remained just time enough for this. We engaged a mule for our baggage, which was to follow us immediately, and after taking a glass of wine started. Mine hostess at St Remy had offered to me the use of an alpenstock, a traveller's pole, spiked with iron, which is used by mountaineers. It had been left below by one of the brethren of the hospice. He would be glad, she said, to receive it again, and it would be useful to me. Since my last visit to St Remy, a new building was in the course of erection for a good inn.

When finished, it will be a most desirable resting-place for travellers who cross the Great St Bernard. We walked on briskly to the Vacherie, where we found that much snow had recently fallen, and accumulated in the hollows—clouds hung on the peaks, threatening the fall of more. The wind was rising, and we had reason to fear tourmentes.

These appearances induced us to pause, and consider whether it would not be better, in order to gain time, and reach the hospice sooner, to attempt a short cut directly up to the cross, which we saw above us, at the entrance to the plain of the hospice, and thus avoid the long detour by the road round the Vacherie. We agreed upon the short cut, especially as there was something like adventure in it. Off we set, but soon found that the snow became deeper in the interstices of the rocks and stones, which strew the slope from the Montmort to the Vacherie; and often, in stepping from a stone, or stepping upon what appeared to be slightly covered, we sunk to the knees. These difficulties increased with the increasing depth of the snow as we ascended. At length my companion, who was a-head, kept his course so far to the left, that I became alarmed, for in that direction lay the ravines which had so nearly proved fatal to a companion of mine in 1826. I called out. He attended to my caution, and following the course which I took, approached the precipices of Mont Mort, which, at the commencement of our short cut, appeared to present no difficulties. It seemed, in ascending, to be easy to climb round them, and gain the ravine beneath the cross, whence issues the stream from the lake of the Great St Bernard.

After attaining a considerable height, in rounding the precipices which I thought would lead us to the ravine, I was suddenly brought up. I found it impossible to advance. I paused to reconnoitre in a most unenviable situation—snow was falling around us, and already it was difficult, sometimes impossible, to distinguish the ground below us which we had left. We already perceived that we should lose time by our adventure. The mule laden

with our baggage we sometimes caught a glimpse of, and saw that it would reach the cross before us, by the road which it would have been wise in us to have kept. I now saw that our only chance of reaching the cross this way was to climb still higher, and make an attempt to reach a ledge, which I saw far above us. My anxiety about my friend, whom I had led into this difficulty, can only be imagined by one who has known such peril. I feared that his head would not be steady enough to bear the situations to which we must now be exposed; for we could not, without almost certain destruction, retrace our steps. A mountaineer, like a sailor, finds "one pair of hands worth two pair of heels." By placing our hands firmly, we could climb; but the weight of the body, in descending, if it displaced what the foot might step upon, would hurl us over the precipice. I was cautious not to alarm him, and advised him to follow in my steps, and that where my greater weight had passed safely, he might with confidence trust himself. The snow began to fall thickly. My friend asked for the brandy-flask—it had been unfortunately left with the baggage on the mule. No time was now to be lost, I began to climb, and we soon reached the ledge. The foot was never advanced until the hand, driven through the snow, to search for grass or rock to grip, had found a secure hold; and sometimes this was the result of several essays. Here, however, was our greatest danger and difficulty. Leaning against the side of the precipices, and standing upon the nearly vertical edges of the slaty structure of the rock, not broader than my hand, it was necessary to descend abruptly nearly three feet to a place, if attained, of greater security, and which evidently led to the only way by which we could advance to the cross. In attempting to plant my pole, it slipped from my hand, and with horror I saw it dash below, and in a few moments reappear from the base of the precipice, which we could not see, and thence darting over and through the slopes and ridges of snow, in another instant was lost. My friend says that he

heard me mutter, "It is all over with us now." I was not conscious that I had given utterance to these words, though I was fully sensible of the immediate danger; for I was on my guard lest I should for an instant discourage him. He had a stick, which, as I was taking the lead, he passed on to me. I reached the lower ledge in safety; he followed me. Here we saw our way with more confidence. Still it was necessary to climb higher; but we had a more secure footing, and soon we were able to scramble on our hands and knees, and at length gratefully felt that we were safe. It was no exploit to boast of, for we had no business there. We now found that we had attained a greater height than the cross, and we had to descend to the ravine above which it is placed. This, after crossing a deep bed of snow, we at last accomplished, waded through the torrent, and gained the path to the hospice, which we now saw before us. We were an hour later than our luggage, and nearly two after the dinner, to partake of which we had made this dangerous *short cut*.

Some itinerant musicians crossing into the Valais were ascending from the Vacherie, and had watched us for some time with great anxiety, and when we joined them, congratulated us on our escape. After we had reached the road, I saw that the snow which formerly concealed the ravines, and so nearly proved fatal to my companion in 1826, had entirely disappeared—so great are the changes effected by a succession of severe or mild seasons in the snows of these regions.

At the hospice we were received by M. Barras, the Clavandier, with his wonted kindness. We changed our thoroughly soaked shoes and stockings, which were sent to dry whilst we roved about the hospice—visiting the chapel and the library. A dinner was soon got ready for us, which I welcomed, but my friend had lost his appetite; he had been too deeply impressed with a sense of the danger to which we had been exposed. After taking our refreshment we visited the museum of the hospice. I saw only one addition of interest, a votive tablet which had

lately been found on the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter, upon it the word PENNINA was written, not with the diphthong æ in POLNINA, the way in which upon most of them it is spelt, and from which circumstance, some authors have conjectured that Hannibal with the Pœni (Carthaginians) had crossed the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard.

M. Barras's opinion of the weather was so unfavourable, that we determined to descend to Liddes for the chance of its being finer in the valleys than there was any probability of its becoming in the mountains, at least for some time. So unpromising were appearances, that he thought the fine season had broken up, though it was yet early in September. After a glass of the finest brandy I ever tasted, an especial favour from the Clavandier, and having sent the mule on to Liddes with our baggage, and taken a peep into the moigue, we began our descent towards the Valais. It was still snowing. We had more than a mile to walk over the snow which fills the ravine by which the hospice is approached from Switzerland. In 1826, this bed of snow was not one-fifth of its present extent. Thus the old snow has since that time disappeared on the Piedmontese side of the mountain, and greatly extended itself on the side of the Valais.

As we descended, the snow in falling became sleet, but we trudged

on merrily, and soon passed our mule. About an hour from the hospice we met a miserable party of travellers going *a pleasuring* to the hospice; half of them were ladies, mostly English; they were thoroughly drenched, and in wretched plight, but facing the storm boldly; we learnt that they had left Martigny in fine weather. Before we reached the plain of Prou, we met another party with a sumpter mule. On looking back, we found our muleteer busily transferring our baggage to the Switzer's mule, in exchange for the load from the Valais to the hospice. This was an amicable arrangement between the kuaves, by which we were no gainers, as we had a tired mule, and some of our things became exposed to the sleet during the transfer. Grumbling, however, was useless, and it required good humour and good spirits within to counteract the dreary and uncomfortable walk to Liddes, where it was late before we arrived. On our route we were struck by the bright appearance of the river, when we could see it in its deep course below us. The day had closed, the heavy clouds made it darker, and nothing was distinguishable except this remarkable whiteness of the river, and the fires of the Carbonari in the mountain forests—these appeared like the fires of an encampment.

We found the inn very comfortable at Liddes, and *tea* more refreshing than ever.

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ALFORD'S SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

THE first lovely Day of the season ! Yet must we lose and neglect one and all of its delightful Hours, under the shade of this melancholy roof, in the heart of the city, while the very suburbs are redolent and resonant of spring. Lose and neglect them ! Nay. We shall gain and enjoy their very souls and bodies, and be happy as the day is long, till wearied with dream and vision we sink into repose with sunset. A band of youths and maidens have just departed with our benison to picnic in a budding grove near the Hunter's Tryst. They had hoped, as they said, for our company, a rural fête being nothing without Christopher North. Bless the hypocrites ! The old man knew better, and excused himself on the plea of an east wind. Never blew balmier breezes from the west ;—but what knew or cared they for the airts ?—for they were borne along on the gales of life's sunny morning, and still as their winged feet touched the ground, the herbage blushed with flowers. Five minutes after they had left the Square, they had forgotten our existence. Yet haply a few of the more thoughtful may now and then, during the merriment, think of us for a moment ; and we know that our health will be drunk by all in bumper of our own famous gooseberry champagne. To lads and lasses on the alert at love-making there is no such company as the absence of an old man. It is felt, without their

knowing it, to confer a freedom from restraint that sets all the best of their affections a-glow ; and next day their eyes giving the sweetest lie to their lips, avow their gratitude to the most considerate of sages. Yet their lips too may be brought silently to confess the truth ; and a kiss from the gay Louisa, if not offered yet withheld, tells that she loves him as well as if she were his own daughter. At this moment they are miles off—yet we hear a singing voice—for Imagination is Fine-Ear—and 'tis “ the Angel's Whisper.”

Is it right to be always sad when we hear sweet music ? If it be, then 'tis bad for us, for we are almost always sad when we do not hear sweet music, and we would fain be cheerful sometimes, now that with us life has so long been on the wane—and cheerful we are as a lark in a cage, who sings as freely as his brother in the sky. Forgetful that his feet are confined to a bit of turf, six inches square, in soul he ascends with his song above the clouds—and hears “ the heavens around him ringing ” in the boundless ether.

But we must descend from our altitude, for it has this moment occurred to us that we have our leading article to write before dinner, and promised it should be a review. Of what book ? Of verse or prose ? Let us follow our own old mode of selection. Here is our Round Table on which is never suffered to lie any trash. We shut our eyes, and seve-

ral times circling it, lay our hand on the volume that happens, fortunately for itself, to be lying on that particular spot. Then finding our way—still blind—to our chair—we lie back—place the volume on our aged knees—impose spectacles on nose—conjecture for a while on what author we may have laid our clutches—and then fasten our eyes upon his frontispiece as if we would see into his very heart. And we do see into his very heart, and take possession of all its treasures. The richest and rarest we arrange, and hold up to the gaze of an admiring world.

What have we got here? "The School of the Heart and other Poems, by Henry Alford, Vicar of Wimeswold, Leicestershire, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in two volumes." Why, this is very odd. In certain circumstances we have known one volume look like two—but even the President of a Temperance Society might stare to see two volumes look precisely like one. Yet it is even so—lettered on the back too—Two Volumes. "Two single Gentlemen rolled into one." In all, something under three hundred pages. One seldom meets with so voluminous a volume. 'Tis like an egg with two yolks—which, though a double, is still a single egg, and as such sold in the market. We do not remember having seen an egg with three yolks—but that is no reason why Mr Alford's next apparent one volume may not contain four.

Gentle reader do not suppose that we are angry, and about to cut up the Vicar of Wimeswold. We have heard of him as a most accomplished scholar; and, in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, remember having read some extracts from "The School of the Heart," which we thought very beautiful. So let us take a glance over his productions, and select some specimens. A glance? Yes—a glance. For we have learned to read a book like a landscape. Some people will stand, with their mouth as wide-open as their eyes, for half an hour on end, in stupid astonishment, gazing at a landscape, without having any comprehension of its character, just as they will sit for even a longer period of

time, perhaps half a day, staring on a book with a similar result, leaving the one, and laying down the other, with no distincter idea than that they have been studying something probably very mountainous, or certainly very flat. Set us on a heaven-kissing hill, and at a glance we are master of ten counties. Put the largest folio into our hand, and in a few twinklings of an eye, we know it from frontispiece to finis. Perhaps, while we perceive we also create; and to say the truth, we often feel as if we had written what we are reading, and blush to be betrayed into admiration of our own works.

This may be the secret cause of the delight which we derive from almost every publication, whether in prose or verse, called new by the public, and fondly believed to be so by the nominal author. It is a mirror dimly or clearly reflecting ourselves. There have been some exceptions—and among them perhaps the most conspicuous were the Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson. They contained numerous beauties which we feel to be original and out of our sphere; and on our expressing our delighted admiration of them, we gave vent to the most unselfish and disinterested feelings that could expand a critic's breast. Their follies were so peculiarly his own, that in printing them, almost without comment, we left them to speak for themselves, and they did so to the general scorn. For conduct so judicious and benign, Mr Tennyson commissioned a midge to madden and murder us with its fatal sting. A billion midges attacking the face and hands of one old man on a summer twilight might annoy him sorely, and drive him from his avenue into his house. But one midge, the first and last of his race, could not rationally expect to send Christopher North to Hades. To do that it would have required one of those antediluvian creatures so powerfully described by Lord Brougham in his *Treatise on Natural Theology*, and even he would have encountered an ugly customer. We survived the onslaught of the unhappy little insect, who impotently expired "even in the sound himself had made," to afflict, on the earliest opportunity, the ingenious lyrist

with our intolerable panegyrics. We are not without hopes of driving him absolutely mad; for his genius is unquestionable, and no comfort he may derive from our ridicule will suffice to make his life endurable under the opprobrium of our praise. True that Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Crabbe, Byron, Moore, Bowles, Montgomery, and Elliot have received kindly what Alfred Tennyson "with sputtering noise rejected;" but they are gluttons, he an Epicure—

"He on honey dew hath fed,
And breathed the air of Paradise."

We love the bright youths who have wooed and are wooing the Muses on the banks of the Cam and the Isis; and we think a better Poem might be written on the present rivalry of these famous streams, than Mason's or Warton's. We must not confine ourselves to a notice of Mr Alford's poems—but where the deuce are they—and by what invisible agent have they been spirited away? The fairies that haunt "our ain house at hame" excel all the other Silent People in feats of legerdemain. We lay down our snuff-box within an inch of the edge of our paper, and even as we are eyeing it askance, it disappears, nor search as we will, is it any where

to be found, till, after half an hour's perplexity and despair, we discover it secreted below some blotting paper, or lying bare and exposed in the bottom of the candlestick. Where, in the name of Satan, can these infernal snuffers have flown? To Japan. Yet, there again, they are incensing our very nose. The problem at present to be solved, is what has become of "the School of the Heart?" Ha—here it is in this box of mignonette. We have a habit of hobbling about the room during perusal of a poem, and find we have deposited it, at a turn, beside the Frenchman's darling. No scent more sweet,—and it is felt as if it embalmed the leaves

There is poetry in the volume, and fine poetry too; and that is all one's heart requires on such a day as this—nor cares it, whether they be there or no, for the graces of consummate art. Such graces are not wanting, yet they are not prevalent; and haply in congenial weather we might frown on some spots here and there on this young poet's pages; but in the vernal sunshine even such negligence is not without a charm, and seems to occur happily among the culture. We call Mr Alford a young poet, though he is a married man—for he says at the close,

"Thus far in golden dreams of youth, I sing
Of love and beauty; beauty, not the child
Of change; nor love, the growth of fierce desire,
But calm and blessed both, the heritage
Of purest spirits, sprung from trust in God.
Further to pierce the veil, asks riper strength,
And firmer resting on conclusions fixed
By patient labour wrought in many years.
Here rest we then, our message thus declared,
Leave the full echoes of our harp to ebb
Back from the sated ear; teaching meanwhile
Our thoughts to meditate new melodies,
Our hands to touch the strings, with safer skill."

He writes like a young poet, and we suspect will continue to do so for some few years, for he luxuriates in his own feelings with a spirit as yet untamed, as it seems to us, by very severe trials, and overflowing with delight and love. Assuredly his is no unthinking happiness—but thoughtful exceedingly; yet it at present pervades his being, and his poetry, though sometimes mournful when painting the common lot,

and truly pathetic, almost throughout brightens with bliss, when he and his are its subjects, and the shades that embower their untroubled life.

This is what we mean by calling him a young poet—though in years he is ripe—and in understanding; but had he not been so happy—had his heart been called on for a difficult gratitude—there would, we think, have been something pro-

founder in its sadness than even the pure piety of the Six Lessons of the School of the Heart.

We wish you not to remember these words—for now that they are written they seem almost peevish; but we never blot, and in spite of them declare that we love the Poet, though to us personally unknown, for sake of his poetry, which flows on sincere as any stream in a pastoral land, and it is by its purity that the element has power over the beauty of its own banks and brims, and the glory of the heavens. What a charm in truth! Here we have no affected raptures—no fantastic or distorted passions—no simulated sorrows—no carefully got-up agonies—no elaborate despair. Natural feelings, pure and high and good, find for the most part appropriate expression, and always expression animated and eloquent; our sympathies accompany all the moods of the poet's mind; nor could even the sorrowful keep their hearts altogether unaffected by his happiness, for it can

never be truly called selfish; and we feel as we read that the Vicar of Wimeswould is not one who "gives to misery all he has—a tear," but that his is a heart and a hand open for better benefactions. He is a Christian indeed.

We were just about to give some specimens of the School of the Heart, but the Sonnets claim precedence, as first in order, and though some of them are not sufficiently compact, none are without much merit, and most of them are very beautiful. They do not constitute a series—yet though on different subjects, one sweet and solemn spirit gives them all a kindred if not a common character. From nearly fifty we take eleven, not because they are decidedly superior to the rest, but because they read well in succession, owing to their prevailing spirit. They are, in the best sense, religious; nor less affectingly so those which refer to men, and things, and times before the Advent that has changed the civilized world.

ACADEME.

"Before the day the gleaming dawn doth flee:—
All yesternight I had a dreary dream;
Methought I walked in desert Academe
Among fallen pillars—and there came to me
All in a dim half-twilight silently
A very sad old man—his eyes were red
With over-weeping—and he cried and said
'The light hath risen but shineth not on me.'
Beautiful Athens, all thy loveliness
Is like the scarce remembered burst of spring
When now the summer in her party dress
Hath clothed the woods, and filled each living thing
With ripest joy—because upon our time
Hath risen the noon, and thou wert in the prime."

COLONOS.

"Colonos! can it be that thou hast still
Thy laurel and thine olive and thy vine?
Do thy close-feathered nightingales yet trill
Their warbles of thick-sobbed song divine?
Does the gold-sheen of the crocus o'er thee shine,
And the dew-fed clusters of the daffodil,
And round thy flowery knots Cephiseus twine,
Aye oozing up with many a bubbling rill?
O might I stand beside thy leafy knoll
In sight of the far-off city towers, and see
The faithful-hearted pure Antigone
Toward the dread precinct leading sad and slow
That awful temple of a kingly soul
Lifted to heaven by unscathed no."

A FUNERAL.

" Slowly and softly let the music go,
 As ye wind upwards to the grey church tower ;
 Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low—
 Tread lightly on the pathside daisy flower.
 For she ye carry was a gentle bud,
 Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew ;
 Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
 In prime of even, when the stars are few.
 Lay her all gently in the flowerful mould,
 Weep with her one brief hour ; then turn away,—
 Go to hope's prison,—and from out the cold
 And solitary gratings many a day
 Look forth : 'tis said the world is growing old,—
 And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play."

The Funeral Sermon was on the text " The Master is come, and calleth for thee,"—
 St John, xi. 28.

" Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast :—
 She heard the call, and rose with willing feet.
 But thinking it not otherwise than meet
 For such a bidding to put on her best,
 She is gone from us for a few short hours
 Into her bridal closet, there to wait
 For the unfolding of the palace gate
 That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
 We have not seen her yet ; though we have been
 Full often to her chamber door, and oft
 Have listened underneath the postern green,
 And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft :
 But she hath made no answer, and the day
 From the clear West is fading fast away."

HEU QUANTO MINUS EST CUM RELIQUIS VERSARI, QUAM TUI MEMINISSE.

" The sweetest flower that ever saw the light,
 The smoothest stream that ever wandered by,
 The fairest star upon the brow of night,
 Joying and sparkling from his sphere on high,
 The softest glances of the stockdove's eye,
 The lily pure, the marybud gold-bright,
 The gush of song that floodeth all the sky
 From the dear flutterer mounted out of sight ;—
 Are not so pleasure-stirring to the thought,
 Not to the wounded soul so full of balm,
 As one frail glimpse, by painful straining caught
 Along the past's deep mist-enfolded calm,
 Of that sweet face, not visibly defined,
 But rising clearly on the inner mind."

DEATH.

" Still as a moonlight ruin is thy form,
 Or meekness of carved marble, that hath prayed
 For ages on a tomb ; serenely laid
 As some fair vessel that hath braved the storm
 And past into her haven, when the noise
 That cheered her home hath all to silence died,
 Her crew have shoreward parted, and no voice
 Troubles her sleeping image in the tide.
 Sister and Saint, thou art a closed book
 Whose holy printing none may yet reveal ;
 A few days thou art granted us to look
 On thy clasped binding, till that One unseal,
 The Lamb, alone found worthy, and above
 Thou teach sweet lessons to the Kings of Love."

TO MARY.

" On thy young brow, my cousin, twenty years
Have shed their sunshine—and this April morn
Looks on thee fresh and gladsome, as new-born
From veiling clouds the King of Day appears :
Thou scarce canst order back the thankful tears
That swell in thy blue eyes—nor dare to meet
The happy looks that never cease to greet
Thee, the dear nursing of our hopes and fears.
This Eastertide together we have read
How in the garden when that weeping one
Asked sadly for her Lord of some unknown,
With look of sweet reproof he turned and said,
MARY—sweet cousin, when thy need shall be,
That word, that look, so may he turn on thee."

TO THE SAME.

" Cheeriest of maidens, who with light of bliss
That waneth never, in thy gladsome eye,
Passest all lightly Earth's sad sorrows by,
Scarce crediting report of aught amiss
In the wide-wasted world ; on thee the smile
Of heavenly Peacefulness doth ever rest,
And thou art joying in a region blest
With tempests raging round thee all the while.
So mayst thou ever be, if thou shalt keep
Unfailing communings with him above ;
And in thy sunshine hours of wakened Love,
And the unchecked confidings of thy sleep,
With pure distilment be thy spirit fed
Of holiest influence, from His presence shed."

TO THE WOOD PIGEON.

WRITTEN IN PASSION WEEK.

" Tell me, thou mild and melancholy bird,
Whence learnedst thou that meditative voice ?
For all the forest passages rejoice,
And not a note of sorrow now is heard ;
I would know more—how is it I preferred
To leave the station of my morning choice,
Where with her sudden startle of shrill noise
The budding thorn-bush brake the blackbird stirred ?
Sweet mourner—who in time of fullest glee
Risest to uttering but so sad a strain,
And in the bleak winds, when they ruffle thee,
Keepest thee still, and never dost complain ;
I love thee—for thy note to memory brings
This sorrowing in the midst of happiest things."

EASTER EVE.

" I saw two women weeping by the tomb
Of one new buried, in a fair green place
Bowered with shrubs ;—the eye retained no trace
Of aught that day performed,—but the faint gloom
Of dying day was spread upon the sky ;—
The moon was broad and bright above the wood ;—
The distance sounded of a multitude,
Music, and shout, and mingled revelry.
At length came gleaming through the thicket shade
Helmet and casque—and a steel-armed band
Watched round the sepulchre in solemn stand ;
The night-word past, from man to man conveyed ;
And I could see those women rise and go
Under the dark trees, moving sad and slow."

HUMILITY AND FAITH.

"Saviour and Lord beloved—what homage new
 Shall thy Church give thee in these latter days,
 When there is nothing new?—no song of praise
 That ages have not sung—nor worship due
 That hath not long been paid? Faithful and true
 Our hearts are beating to thee—can we raise
 No monument for victories of grace—
 Must all our efforts be so poor and few?
 O vain and earthly wish—that would be great
 In over-serving—rather may we lie
 In meekest self-devotion at thy feet,
 And watch the quiet hours as they pass by,
 Content and thankful for occasion shown
 To make old service and old faith our own."

Mr Alford, it will have been already seen, is like all our true young poets, a reverential admirer of Wordsworth, of whom he finely says,

"That reverend Priest of Poesy,
 Whose presence shines upon these twilight
 hours,
 Hath in the CHURCHYARD IN THE MOUNTAINS done
 One sacrifice whose scent shall fill the
 world."

But he is no imitator. Inspired by the sympathy awakened and enlightened and developed in his soul by that great poet, with all manifestations of the fair and the good, some of his strains are not unworthy of being read even along with those of "higher mood" in the Ecclesiastical Sonnets or in the Excursion. Some simple little poems, too, there are in this volume which are very lyrical ballads, and no doubt owe to them their existence. But only in a fine mind and a feeling heart could they have so been generated. It is not always essential to true poetry that it shall be original; genius itself is privileged to draw light from golden urns, which it knows how to make shine on spots that then for the first time are seen invested with a touching beauty; and a new colouring, wheresoever drawn, given to familiar thoughts or things, is itself creation. This may be truly said, we think, of the two following little poems, which had never been written by Mr Alford, had he not deeply felt the simplest strains of Wordsworth, yet, which nevertheless could only have been written by one "with an eye that broods and sleeps in its own heart."

A DOUBT

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
 Than when we soar.—WORDSWORTH.

"I know not how the right may be :—
 But I give thanks when'er I see
 Down in the green slopes of the West
 Old Glastonbury's towered crest.

"I know not how the right may be :—
 But I have oft had joy to see
 By play of chance my road beside
 The Cross on which the Saviour died.

"I know not how the right may be .—
 But I loved once a tall elm-tree
 Because between its boughs on high
 That Cross was opened on the sky.

"I know not how the right may be :—
 But I have shed strange tears to see,
 Passing an unknown town at night,
 In some warm chamber full of light
 A Mother and two Children fair
 Kneeling with lifted hands at prayer.

"I know not how it is—my heart
 Of Reason seems to dwindle down;
 And my mind seems down-argued most
 By forced conclusions not her own.

"I know not how it is—unless
 Weakness and strength are near allied;
 And joys which most the spirit bless
 Are furthest off from earthly pride."

EVERY DAY'S EMPLOY.

"I have found Peace in the bright earth
 And in the sunny sky:
 By the low voice of summer seas,
 And where streams murmur by;

"I find it in the quiet tone
 Of voices that I love:
 By the flickering of a twilight fire,
 And in a leafless grove;

"I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought :
In calm half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught ;

"But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward free from harm
Through every day's employ.

"If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high ;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy."

AN ANCIENT MAN.

"There is an Ancient Man who dwells
Without our parish bounds,
Beyond the poplar avenue,
Across two meadow-grounds :
And whensoe'er our two small bells
To church call merrily,
Leaning upon our churchyard gate
This old man ye may see.

"He is a man of many thoughts,
That long have found their rest,
Each in its proper dwelling-place
Settled within his breast :
A form erect, a stately brow,
A set and measured mien—
The satisfied unmoving look
Of one who much hath seen.

"And once, when young in care of souls,
I watched a sick man's bed,
And willing half, and half-ashamed,
Lingered, and nothing said ;
That ancient man, in accents mild,
Removed my shame away—
'Listen!' he said ; 'the Minister
Prepares to kneel and pray.'

"These lines of humble thankfulness
Will never meet his eye ;
Unknown that old man means to live,
And unremembered die.
The forms of life have severed us—
But when that life shall end,
Fain would I hail that reverend man
A Father and a Friend."

A DIALOGUE.

"Child, whither goest thou
Over the snowy hill ?—
The frost-air nips so keen
That the very clouds are still :
From the golden folding curtains
The Sun hath not looked forth,
And brown the snow-mist hangs
Round the mountains to the North."

"Kind Stranger, dost thou see
Yonder church-tower rise,
Thrusting its crown of pinnacles
Into the looming skies ?
Thither go I :—keen the morning
Light, and deep the snow ;
But in spite of them,
I'll the frosted hill I go."

"Child, and what dost thou
When thou shalt be there ?—
The chancel-door is shut—
There is no bell for prayer ;
Yester morn and yester even
Met we there and prayed ;
But now none is there
Save the dead lowly laid."

"Stranger, underneath that tower,
On the western side,
A happy, happy company
In holy peace abide ;
My father, and my mother,
And my sisters four—
Their beds are made in swelling turf,
Fronting the western door."

"Child, if thou speak to them
They will not answer thee ;
They are deep down in earth,—
Thy face they cannot see.
Then wherefore art thou going
Over the snowy hill ?—
Why seek thy low-laid family
Where they lie cold and still ?"—

"Stranger, when the summer heats
Would dry their turfy bed,
Duly from this loving hand
With water it is fed ;
They must be cleared this morning
From the thick-laid snow—
So now along the frosted field,
Stranger, let me go."

It is easy to catch the peculiar style of a great poet in his humbler compositions, nor difficult to catch even something of his peculiar spirit. But it is not easy—it is very difficult—nay, it is not possible—for a man who is no poet at all to catch both, so as to produce a composition that shall be not a mere imitation or parody, but a poem of the same family, not with outward features of resemblance merely, but affecting the heart by the same inward character. In proof of this, we refer to the willings who have been so silly as to suppose that they could play like Wordsworth, even while the chief musician was showing the power of his divine art by

sounding on the pastoral pipe the lowest key in the gamut. They felt not the sweetness of the monotone that yet could thrill men's hearts. We doubt not that the wittlings and the worldlings would sneer at the above quotations; but none such are readers of *Maga*, and they alone can feel the beauty of such lowly strains who can comprehend the grandeur of the highest, knowledge and love being comprehensive, now pleased to be instructed by the ignorance of a child, and now elevated by listening to an angel's song.

Here are some exquisite lines that possess, perhaps, more of a character of their own—yet they too must surely resemble some lines of which the words are now by us forgotten—for we feel in reading them, as we have often felt in listening to some mournful air that, only because it was so very mournful, went into the heart as if it were some melody heard of old, and accompanied with something like a faint remembrance of tears.

LAST WORDS.

"Refresh me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet :
Shed not one silly tear.
But when mine eyes are set
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.

"I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth,
My life hath been the shadow of a dream ;
The joyousness of birth
Did ever with me seem :
My spirit had no death,
But dwelt for ever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in a golden trance of never-failing mirth.

"Touch me once more, my father, ere my baid
Have not an answer for thee ;—kiss my cheek
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak ;
Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in the snowy folds of funeral swathing-band."

Had the poet, speaking in his own

character, spoken thus of the dying girl, we should have felt, probably, that he had unduly indulged his fancy, and that his heart was unaffected by any passion of grief—by much emotion of sorrow. But we feel very differently on hearing such images from lips in an hour to be silent for ever; love stronger than death, of all that had been so fair to her eyes and so dear to her soul, beautifies, even to her parting spirit, what else were in itself so doleful, and she thinks, as if it were but another happy bed, of the grave wet with morning dew; death seems not to be death, and her life, even at the moment it is seen to be mortal, to be inextinguishable, bedecked so sweetly is the mould; while her filial piety prevailing in the midst of her holy resignation, in these few words, "Give me thy last command," tells what the sacredness of duty had ever been in her soul, and that she has been sent for to receive her reward.

Here are two Hymns—one to the Sea and one to the Sun—and as we wish to show all Mr Alford's powers as exhibited in this volume, we shall quote both of them entire. We think we said something, not long ago about Hymns and Odes in an article on Coleridge's poetry—and though we could say a good deal more now, without risk of repeating what we have as clean forgot as all the rest of our writings, we abstain; and refer you to the January Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, where, in an article on Alford, you will find, we believe, something of what we gave utterance to in the aforesaid article, about Pindar, Milton, Gray, Collins, Wordsworth, and the rest. We are so far from priding ourselves on our knowledge of the principles of such very lofty strains, that we humbly confess we never could understand them, though we have never read a Greek Ode without a sense of something very glorious; and therefore we shall pronounce no judgment on those of the Vicar of Wimeswold. That to the Sun seems to be splendid, that to the Sea sonorous; and both Hymns have a rich assortment of apparently appropriate images, so that you could not make them change names without confusion, and serious in-

jury to their respective merits. We suspect that the Hymn to the Sun is the better—it has to our eyes and ears a classical look and flow—and had it been written for that end, would have been the favourite of a fair field, in a race for a College Prize.

The Hymn to the Sea—let us out with it at once—appears to us to contain a pretty considerable quantity of nonsense—but for all that may be exceedingly sublime. We have good reason to know that the sea had much rather that our present poets would not write about her at all—and has been heard to threaten that if she ever catch Barry Cornwall in particular, she will duck him over head and ears to cure him of his fever-fits of inspiration, just as a housewife ducks a hen who has been discovered losing her time in sitting on a dozen addled eggs, from which hope in her wildest frenzy might not dare so to insult nature as to dream she heard the chirp of a single chick striving to chip the shell which it was for a while to carry attached to its little bottom. The sea justly thinks it very hard to be thus pestered by the popinjays; and of late has lost her temper. Let Barry, then, and others who keep crying out and getting set to music “the sea! the sea!” &c. beware of getting into a bathing machine; or if he will be so rash, of permitting the driver, on any account whatever, to take out the horse. For in that event the mighty deep will either drive the machine on a lee-shore till it become a total wreck, and the soul on board perishes; or she will call upon the chops of the Channel to swallow it with the whole shrieking crew, whose poor mother will never again be able to lift up her head.

Here are the Hymns.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

“Who shall declare the secret of thy birth,
Thou old companion of the circling earth?

And having reached with keen poetic
sight

Ere beast or happy bird

Through the vast silence stirred,

Roll back the folded darkness of the primal
night!

“Corruption-like, thou teemedst in the
graves

Of mouldering systems, with dark weltering
waves

Troubling the peace of the first mother’s
womb;

Whose ancient awful form

With only-tossing storm

Unquiet heavings kept—a birth-place and a
tomb.

“Till the life-giving Spirit moved above

The face of the waters, with creative love

Warning the hidden seeds of infant
light:

What time the mighty word

Through thine abyss was heard,

And swam from out thy depths the young
day heavenly bright.

“Thou and the earth, twin-sisters, as they
say,

In the old prime were fashioned in one day;

And therefore thou delightest evermore

With her to be and play

The summer hours away,

Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet
shore.

“She is a married matron long ago

With nations at her side; her milk doth
flow

Each year; but thee no husband dares
to tame;

Thy wild will is thine own,

Thy sole and virgin throne—

Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the
same.

“Sunlight and moonlight minister to
thee:

O’er the broad circle of the shoreless sea

Heaven’s two great lights for ever set and
rise;

While the round vault above

In vast and silent love

Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred
eyes.

“All night thou utterest forth thy solemn
moan,

Counting the weary minutes all alone:

Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie

Deep-blue, ere yet the sun

His day-work hath begun,

Under the opening windows of the golden
sky.

“The Spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over an hundred hills; quaint shadows flee

Across thy marbled mirror: brooding lie

Storm-mists of infant cloud

With a sight-baffling shroud

Mantling the grey-blue islands in the West-
ern sky.

" Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
 Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
 Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast :
 Whose stiff breath whistling shrill
 Pierces with deadly chill
 The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

" Foam-white along the border of the shore
 Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar ;
 While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
 Choked figures, dim and gray
 Through the thick mist of spray,
 Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

" —Daughter and darling of remotest clime—
 Time's childhood, and Time's age thou hast beheld ;
 His arm is feeble and his eye is dim :
 He tells old tales again—
 He wears of long pain :—
 Thou art as at the first—thou journeyedst not with him."

HYMN TO THE SUN.

" Methinks my spirit is too free
 To come before thy presence high,
 Obtruding on the earth and sky
 Aught but then solemn joy at greeting thee ;
 Methinks I should confess
 Some awe, at standing in the way
 Of this thy pomp at birth of day,
 Troubling thy sole univalued kingliness.

" Glorious Conqueror, unfolding
 Over the purple distance
 Thy might beyond resistance
 Upon the charmed earth : that waits behold-
 ing
 The fulness of thy glory, ere she dare
 To tell thee she rejoices
 With all her myriad voices,
 Too modest-meek thy first-born joys to share.

" As the mingled blazing
 Of a pomp of armed bands,
 Over a strait into other lands,
 Gladdens the sea-boy from the cliff-side
 gazing ;
 Watching the dazzling triumph pass,
 Rolling onward deep and bright
 With shifting waves of light,
 From floating of crimson banners, and horns
 of wreathed brass ;

" As the beacon to that scout of old
 Searching the benighted sky
 With watch-wearied eye,
 Brought sudden gratulation manifold ;
 Bridging all the furrowed waves between
 Ida and Athos, and the Lemnian steep,
 And Argiplanetus, and the deep
 Roll of the bay of Argos, with a track of
 sheen ;

" So joyous on this Eastward-fronting lawn
 After the keen-starred night
 The lighting of thy light
 Fulfilleth all the promise of the dawn ;
 Like the bursting of a golden flood
 Now flowing onward fast
 Over the dewy slopes, now east
 Among flushed stems on yonder bank of
 wood.

" With such a pomp methinks thou didst
 arise
 When hand in hand divinely fair
 The fresh-awakened pair
 Stood gazing from thick flowered Paradise :
 Uncertain whether thou wert still the same
 They saw sink down at night,
 Or some great new-created light,
 Or the glory of some Seraph as he down-
 ward came.

" Thus didst thou rise that first unclouded
 morn
 Over the waters blank and still,
 When on the Assyrian hill
 Rested the ark, and the new world was
 born :
 And when upon the strange unpeopled land,
 With hands outspread and lifted eyes
 Stood round the primal sacrifice,
 Under a bright green mount, the Patri-
 archal band.

" With seven-fold glory thou shalt usher in
 The new and mighty birth
 Of the latter earth ;
 With seven days' light that morning shall
 begin,
 Waking new songs and many an Eden-
 flower ;
 While over the hills and plains shall rise
 Bright groups, and saintly companies,
 And never a cloud shall blot thee—never a
 tempest hour."

We come now to "The School of the Heart," a poem in six Lessons. The title is not a good one, and there is no propriety in calling its parts Lessons. Mr Alford, perhaps, did so to let us understand that he knew it had no regular plan. In truth it has no plan at all—and therefore is

not a poem. But it is poetry; dip into it where you will, you soon begin to find it very delightful reading; and there can be no doubt that Mr Alford may—little doubt that he will yet produce a poem that shall be, in the best sense, popular, and range, though at a distance, on the same shelf with the *Task* and the *Excursion*. He is not a proud man—but he has a noble ambition to be numbered among

“The Poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays;”

and powers such as his, animated and guided by such a spirit, are equal to the performance of such service as will fulfil his soul's desire.

In a prefatory sonnet, after alluding to the themes on which poets had lavished even heavenly power, he says—

“My harp and I have sought a holier
meed;

The fragments of God's image to restore,
The earnest longings of the soul to feed,
And balm into the spirit's wounds to pour.
One gentle voice hath bid our task God
speed;

And now we search the world to hear of
more.”

That one gentle voice is the voice of his life's partner, and his immortal hopes; “*The School of the Heart*” may almost be said to be his own vicarage; and he seeks to effect the holy purposes announced, by revelations of his own inner being, from the first disturbances of the soul, by thought, and passion, through many of its subsequent temptations, trials, defeats, and victories, on to that “season of calm weather” when it has found repose in faith, to which it has been led by the light of immortal and of mortal love. These revelations are all addressed—directly or indirectly—to her ear whose

“Gentle voice hath bid our task God
speed.”

The poet has not feared—nor had he any reason to fear—to describe all their course of love—how he

wooed and won and wed his Christian Muse—and all the happiness with which it has pleased heaven to fill their united life.

He is, like every other poet we ever heard of good for any thing, a worshipper of nature—and certainly has no ordinary power of description—but he indulges himself in it without stint or measure—is by much too diffuse—and seldom—though sometimes—lightens up a landscape by a few felicitous flashes, or shows its essence concentrated in gloom or glory by some one prodigious line that makes the heart quake with fear, or leap up in exultation. Who does? Milton and Homer and Shakespeare.

Nevertheless he has a fine eye and a fine ear—and he always infuses sentiment, or thought, or passion, into the imagery of nature—call her not inanimate—for, when seeming dead, she will start into life at a touch or a breath. If, sometimes, his descriptions be from diffusion almost feeble—say rather ineffective—they are never false; he has been from boyhood too familiarly acquainted with nature, and loves her too well ever to commit any of those blunders and sins against her, of which the poetasters are so perpetually guilty, that fortunate is it for them that they have no souls.

Slight hints these of the nature of the poem—for after all it is a poem—which we had intended, at the commencement of our article, to have recommended to the lovers of poetry, by the best of all proofs of its excellence, analysis, and extracts. Yet we have room for little more—but some fine specimens;—and the first we offer is one which, although it loses much by being presented apart from the context, is surely pitched and sustained on a key at once sweet and solemn, and of itself sufficient to show that Mr Alford is a poet. You will remember who it is whom he addresses, and that he is speaking of her, of himself, and of the aspect of nature round about their home.

“There lie around

Thy daily walk great store of beauteous things,
Each in its separate place most fair, and all
Of many parts disposed most skilfully,
Making in combination wonderful

An individual of a higher kind;
 And that again in order ranging well
 With its own fellows, till thou rise at length
 Up to the majesty of this grand world ;—
 Hard task and seldom reached by mortal souls,
 For frequent intermission and neglect
 Of close communion with the humblest things ;
 But in rare moments, whether memory
 Hold compact with Invention, or the door
 Of Heaven hath been a little pushed aside,
 Methinks I can remember, after hours
 Of unpremeditated thought in woods
 On Western steeps, that hung a pervious screen
 Before blue mountains and the distant sea,
 A sense of a clear brightness in my soul,
 A dayspring of mild radiance, like the light
 First born of the great Fiat, that ministered
 Unto the earth before the sun was made.

“ Evening and morning—those two ancient names
 So linked with childish wonder, when with arid
 Fast wound about the neck of one we loved,
 Oft questioning, we heard Creation's tale—
 Evening and morning ever brought to me
 Strange joy ; the birth and funeral of light,
 Whether in clear unclouded majesty
 The large Sun poured his effluence abroad,
 Or the grey clouds rolled silently along,
 Dropping their doubtful tokens as they passed ;
 Whether above the hills intensely glowed
 Bright lines of parting glory in the West,
 Or from the veil of faintly-reddened mist
 The darkness slow descended on the earth ;
 The passing to a state of things all new—
 New fears and new enjoyments—this was all
 Food for my seeking spirit : I would stand
 Upon the jutting hills that overlook
 Our level moor, and watch the daylight fade
 Along the prospect : now behind the leaves
 The golden twinkles of the western sun
 Deepened to richest crimson : now from out
 The solemn beech-grove, through the natural aisle
 Of pillared trunks, the glory in the West
 Showed like the brightly burning Shechinah
 Seen in old times above the Mercy-seat
 Between the folded wings of Cherubim ;—
 I loved to wander with the Evening star
 Heading my way, till from the palest speck
 Of virgin silver, evermore lit up
 With radiance as by spirits min stored,
 She seemed a living pool of golden light ;—
 I loved to learn the strange array of shapes
 That pass along the circle of the year ;—
 Some, for the love of ancient lore, I kept ;
 And they would call into my fancy's eye
 Chaldean beacons, over the drear sand
 Seen faintly from thick-towered Babylon
 Against the sunset—shepherds in the field
 Watching their flocks by night—or shapes of men
 And high-necked camels, passing leisurely
 Along the starred horizon, where the spice
 Swims in the air, in Araby the Blest ;—
 And some, as Fancy led, I figured forth
 Misliking their old names—one circlet bright

Gladdens me often, near the Northren Wain,
Which, with a childish playfulness of choice
That hath not past away, I loved to call
The crown of glory, by the righteous Judge
Against the day of His appearing, laid
In store for him who fought the fight of Faith."

Our next extract is perhaps even finer—for though the thought is old as profound, its illustration is admirable, and it wins its way through the imagination into the credence of the heart.

"The dewa descend—the soft and gentle dewa :
Over the homeward meadows, stretching forth
Far into the grey mist, the cattle lie
Most tranquilly : the river's silver swathes
Move not, nor slumber silently along ;
The cups of the water-lilies are not stirred
By passing eddies, but with countenance
Turned up to Heaven, they lie and let the dark
Come down on them, and then they pass beneath
Into their wat'ry bed, till the young morn
Looks slant upon the surface of the stream,
And there among the golden company
Floats like a queen that grand and ancient flower,
With name that passing from the charmed tongue
Reminds us of low melodies in sleep,
So honey-sweet, so musically soft—
Like A temis an Erymanthus' ridge
Taking her pleasure in the mountain chase,
With the held-nymphs around her playing blithe,
Her beautiful brow she lifts among them all,
And easy to be known, though all are fair —
That flower of many honours, dwelt upon
By old prophetic light, in time of yore
A nightly parable of mystic things,
All sacred, leaf and lind and banded stalk.
And rust that struck into the bed of Nile,
Or by the lake Meotis—or perchance
Under the bank of Jordan fringed with palms :—
Fit and accepted emblem of that first
Great resurrection of the chosen few,
When from the waters blank and desolate
They rose like thee ; and token not unknown
Of other and of deeper tendencies
Of all things on this earth—how in the track
And visible procession of events
One tale is told, one moral figured forth—
Birth, death, and resurrection—birth and death
And resurrection, ever and anon
Held up in clearest light to human thought.
The milky tender seed is fashioned first
From the flower that dies in birth ; through cruel blights
And under adverse skies, with pain and toil
If not self known, yet rendered evident
By the careful nurture that it looketh for,
It ripens into age ; and then it dies
In the brown ground, and chilly nights and snows
Pass over it—at last the kindly Sun
Bursts out upon it, and it breaks its grave,
And issues forth, a beautiful green thing,
A fresh and lively scion. And in things
That look less like our own humanity,
If we would search, the same great parable
Is ever taken up and told abroad,
And will be till the end. Beauty and Truth

Go hand in hand—and 'tis the providences
Of the great Teacher, that doth clearest shew
The gentler and more lovely to our sight,
Training our souls by frequent communings
With her who meets us in our daily path
With greetings and sweet talk, to pass at length
Into the presence, by unmarked degrees,
Of that her sterner sister; best achieved
When from a thousand common sights and sounds
The power of Beauty passes sensibly
Into the soul, cleaving the golden links
That bind the memories of brightest things—
So to that queenly virgin on the shore
Of old Phœacia, neither mortal man
Nor woman might be likened, but one branch
Of budding palm, in Delos that up-sprung
Fast by Apollo's altar from the ground.
Thus, irrespective of all names of kind
Is heavenly Beauty—spread along the earth,
In all created things, always the same."

Finer still than either of the passages that have been quoted is this one—which will be felt by every religious mind, but could have been written but by a man of *genius*.

"Even the Love of Him
Now mingled in my bosom with all sounds
And sights that I rejoiced in—and in hours
Of self-arraigning thought, when the dull world
With all its saws of heartlessness and pride
Came close upon me, I approved my joys
And simple fondnesses, on trust that He
Who taught the lesson of unwavering faith
From the meek lilies of green Palestine,
Would fit the earthly things that most I loved
To the high teaching of my patient soul.
And the sweet hope that sprung within me now
Seemed all-capacious, and from every source
Apt to draw comfort; I perceived within
A fresh and holy light rise mildly up;
Not morning, nor the planet beautiful
That heads the bright procession, when the Sun
Hath sunk into the West, is half so fair:—
This was that Light which lighteth every man
That comes into the world; from the first gleam
Of momentary joy, that twinkles forth
Brightly and often from the infant's eye,
To that which seldom comes on common days,—
The steady overflow of calm delight
In the well-ripened soul; all thoughts which spring
From daily sights and sounds, all active hopes
Brought from the workings of the outer world
Upon the life within, here have their fixed
And proper dwelling-place.

"As on the front
Of some cathedral pile, ranged orderly,
Rich tabernacles throng of sainted men,
Each in his highday robes magnificent,
Some topped with crowns, the church's nursing sires,
And some, the hallowed temple's serving-men,
With crosiers deep-embossed, and comely staves
Resting aalant upon their reverend form,
Guarding the entrance well; while round the walls,
And in the corbels of the massy nave,
All circumstance of living child and man

And heavenly influence, in parables
 Of daily passing forms is pictured forth :
 So all the beautiful and seemly things
 That crowd the earth, within the humble soul
 Have place and order due ; because there dwells
 In the inner temple of the holy heart
 The presence of the Spirit from above :
 There are his tabernacles ; there his rites
 Want not their due performance, nor sweet strains
 Of heavenly music, nor a daily throng
 Of worshippers, both those who minister
 In service fixed—the mighty principles
 And leading governors of thought ; and those
 Who come and go, the troop of fleeting joys—
 All hopes, all sorrows, all that enter in
 Through every broad receptacle of sense.”

We conclude our extracts with perhaps the most affecting strain of all—and the Poet who could write thus is privileged to call Wordsworth friend, and to walk with him in spirit through the “ Churchyard among the Mountains.”

“ Stand by me here, Beloved, where thick crowd
 On either side the path the headstones white :
 How wonderful is death—how passing thought
 That nearer than yon glorious group of hills
 Aye, but a scanty foot or two beneath
 This pleasant sunny mound, corruption teems ;—
 And that one sight of that which is so near
 Could turn the current of our joyful thoughts,
 Which now not e'en disturbs them.

“ See this stone,
 Not, like the rest, full of the dazzling noon,
 But sober brown—round which the ivy twines
 Its searching tendril, and the yew-tree shade
 Just covers the short grave. He mourned not ill
 Who graved the simple plate without a name :

‘ This grave’s a cradle, where an infant lies,
 Rockt fast asleep with Death’s sad lullabies.’

And yet methinks he did not care to wrong
 The Genius of the place, when he wrote ‘ sad :’—
 The chime of hourly clock,—the mountain stream
 That sends up ever to thy resting-place
 Its gush of many voices—and the crow
 Of matin cock, faint it may be but shrill,
 From elm-embosomed farms among the dells,—
 These, little slumberer, are thy lullabies :
 Who would not sleep a sweet and peaceful sleep
 Thus hush’d and sung to with all pleasant sounds ?

“ And I can stand beside thy cradle, child,
 And see yon belt of clouds in silent pomp
 Midway the mountain sailing slowly on,
 Whose beaconed top peers over on the vale ;—
 And upward narrowing in thick-timbered dells
 Dark solemn coombs, with wooded buttresses
 Propping his mighty weight—each with its stream,
 Now leaping sportfully from crag to crag,
 Now smoothed in clear black pools—then in the vales,
 Through lanes of bowering foliage glittering on,
 By cots and farms and quiet villages
 And meadows brightest green. Who would not sleep
 Rocked in so fair a cradle ?

“ But that word,
 That one word—‘ death,’ comes over my sick brain

Wrapping my vision in a sudden swoon ;
 Blotting the gorgeous pomp of sun and shade,
 Mountain, and wooded cliff, and sparkling stream,
 In a thick dazzling darkness.—Who art thou
 Under this hillock on the mountain side ?
 I love the like of thee with a deep love,
 And therefore called thee dear—these who art now
 A handful of dull earth. No lullabies
 Hearst thou now, be they or sweet or sad—
 Not revelry of streams, nor pomp of clouds,
 Not the blue top of mountain—nor the woods
 That clothe the steeps, have any joy for thee.

“ Go to then—tell me not of balmy rest
 In fairest cradle—for I never felt
 One half so keenly as I feel it now,
 That not the promise of the sweetest sleep
 Can make me smile on death. Our days and years
 Pass onward—and the mighty of old time
 Have put their glory by, and laid them down
 Undrest of all the attributes they wore,
 In the dark sepulchre—strange preference
 To fly from beds of down and softest strains
 Of timbrel and of pipe, to the cold earth,
 The silent chamber of unknown decay ;
 To yield the delicate flesh, so loved of late
 By the informing spirit, to the man
 Of unrelenting waste ; to go abroad
 From the sweet prison of this moulded clay,
 Into the pathless air, among the vast
 And unnamed multitude of trembling stars ;
 Strange journey, to attempt the void unknown
 From whence no news returns ; and cast the freight
 Of nicely treasured life at once away.

“ Come, let us talk of Death—and sweetly play
 With his black locks, and listen for a while
 To the lone music of the passing wind
 In the rank grass that waves above his bed.

“ Is it not wonderful, the darkest day
 Of all the days of life—the hardest wretch
 That tries the coward sense, should mix itself
 In all our gentlest and most joyous moods
 A not unwelcome visitant—that Thought,
 In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot
 Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form
 Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself
 To his mysterious converse ? I have roamed
 Through many mazes of unregistered
 And undetermined fancy ; and I know
 That when the air grows balmy to my feel
 And rarer light falls on me, and sweet sounds
 Dance tremulously round my captive ears,
 I soon shall stumble on some mounded grave ;
 And ever of the thoughts that stay with me,
 (There are that flit away) the pleasantest
 Is hand in hand with Death : and my bright hopes,
 Like the strange colours of divided light,
 Fade into pale uncertain violet
 About some hallowed precinct. Can it be
 That there are blessed memories joined with Death,
 Of those who parted peacefully, and words
 That cling about our hearts, uttered between
 The day and darkness, in Life's twilight time ? ”

THE DYING FLOWER.

BY FREDERICK RÜCKERT.*

" HAVE hope ; why shouldst thou
not?—the trees
Have hope and not in vain,
Stripped by the rough unfriendly
breeze,
That spring shall come again.
Thou too, within whose secret bud
A life hath lurked unseen,
Shalt wait till spring revive thy
blood,
And renovate thy green."

" Alas! no stately tree am I,
No oak, no forest king,
Whose dreams of winter prophecy
A speedy day of spring.
A daughter of an humble race,
A flower of yearly blow,
Of what I was remains no trace,
Beneath my tomb of snow."

" And if thou wert the frailest reed,
The weakest herb that grows,
Thou needst not fear, God gave a
seed

To every thing that blows.
Although the winter's stormy strife,
A thousand times bestrew
The sod with thee, thou canst thy
life
A thousand times renew."

" Yes, thousands after me will
blow

As fair—more fair than I,
No end can earth's green virtue
know,
But each green thing must die.
Though they shall share in mine, no
share

In their life waits for me,
Myself have changed—the things
that were,
Are not, nor more may be.

" And when the sun shall shine on
them,

That shines on me so bright,
What boots their coloured diadem,
To me deep sunk in night?
That sun, whose cold and frosty
smile

Mocks at my honours brief,
Seems he not beckoning the while
A future Summer's chief?

" Alas! why did my leaves incline
Unto thy faithless ray?
For while mine eye looked into
thine,
Thou filch'dst my life away.
Thou shalt not triumph o'er my
death,
My parting leaves I close
Upon myself—receive my breath
Not thou that caused my woes.

"—Yet dost thou melt my pride
away,
Change into tears my stone!—
Receive my fleet life of a day,
Thou endless one alone!
Yes! thou hast made my pride to
pass,
Mine ire hast sunn'd away,
All that I am, all that I was,
I owe it to thy ray.

" Each zephyr of each balmy morn
That made me breathe perfume,
Each sportive moth on bright wing
borne,
That danced around my bloom,
Each shining eye that brighter shone
My magic hues to see,
These purest joys I owe alone,
Eternal One, to thee!

" As with thy stars thou didst be-
girth
The never fading blue,
So didst thou deck thy green of earth
With bright flowers ever new.
One breath I have not drawn in
vain

For thee—be it no sigh!
One look I have for earth's fair
plain,
One for the welkin high.

" Thou world's warm-glowing heart,
be spent
My life's last pulse on thee!
Receive me, heaven's bright azure
tent,

My green tent breaks with me.
Hail! to thee, Spring, in glory bright!
Morn with thy thousand dyes!
Without regret I sink in night,
Though without hope to rise."

* The author of this beautiful poem—which need fear no comparison with the choicest pieces of Goethe or Wordsworth—is no less distinguished among the living lyrists, than among the Oriental scholars of Germany. We translate from a volume of poems,—*Gesammelte Gedichte von Friedrich Rückert*,—published at Erlangen in 1834.

BALLADS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THE STUDENT.

As by Salamanca's city,
 Once I sat within the vale;
 And while birds were round me sing-
 ing,
 Read in Homer's master tale,
 How in gay and rich apparel,
 Helen mounted Ilion's wall;
 And so wond'rous seemed her beauty
 To the Trojan elders all,
 That each greybeard to his neigh-
 bour
 Muttered, gazing on her face:
 "Trust me, never was there woman
 Seen so fair of earthly race!"
 And I deeper read and deeper,
 Marking nought that passed a-
 round,
 Till the leaves beside me rustled,
 Then I started at the sound.
 On a neighbouring balcony,
 What a wonder there I saw!
 There in gay and rich apparel
 Stood a maid like Helena.
 And an old man was beside her,
 With so strange, yet kind a mien;
 That I could have sworn—the elder
 Had of Priam's counsel been.
 Then was I a bold Achaian,
 For from that remember'd day,
 Ever near the haunted dwelling,
 Like another Troy, I lay.
 Simply to relate my story—
 Many a week of summer long,
 Came I every evening thither,
 With my lute and with my song;
 Told in many a mournful ditty
 All my love and all my pain,
 Till from out the lofty lattice
 Came a sweet response again.
 Thus exchanging word and music
 Passed we half the fleeting year—

Even this was only granted
 While the dotard did not hear.
 Often from his couch he wandered
 Restless, jealous, and awake;
 But unheard by him our voices,
 As the songs the planets make.
 But at last—the night was fearful,
 Starless, gloomy as the grave—
 To my well-accustomed signal
 No response the loved one gave;
 Only one old toothless lady
 Heard me evermore complain—
 Only that old maiden, Echo,
 Sent me back my call again.
 Vanished was my love—my beau
 Empty chamber, room, and hall;
 Empty was the blooming garden—
 Cold and desolate were all!
 Ah! and ne'er had I discover'd
 Where her home, or what her
 name;
 For by word and sign she threaten'd
 Never to disclose the same.
 Then I went about to seek her,
 Far and near, my lot to try;
 Homer's tale I left behind me,
 For Ulysses' self was I!
 But I took my lute to guide me,
 And beside each castle door,
 Under every lattice window,
 Made I music as before;
 Sang the strain in field and city
 Which, in Salamanca's grove,
 Every evening I had chanted
 As a signal to my love;
 But the hoped-for, longed-for answer
 Came not back to bless my ear,
 Only that old lady, Echo,
 Travelled with me, ever near.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

"What wakes me from my heavy
 sleep
 With tones so low and sweet?
 O mother, see, who can it be
 So late within the street?"—
 "I hear no sound—I see no form,
 O slumber soft and mild!

No midnight music comes for thee,
 My poor and sickly child."

"It was no music of the earth
 That sounded in mine ear;
 The angels call me with their songs:
 Good night, O mother dear!"
 A.

THE DREAM.

In fairest garden wandered
Two lovers hand in hand:
Two pale and phantom beings,
They sate in a flowery land.
On the cheek they kissed each other,
They kissed with mouth to mouth;

They lay in close embraces,
They were fair and full of youth.
Two dismal bells were pealing,
The dream had passed away—
She in her convent chamber,
He in a dungeon lay.

DURAND.

To the ancient house of Balbi,
With a bosom music-swelling,
Came Durand, the gallant minstrel;
Soon he nears the lofty dwelling.
There a fair and youthful maiden
To his harp will fondly listen,
And her cheeks will glow with crimson,
And her eyes will fill and glisten.
Underneath the Linden's shadow,
Now his greeting softly ringeth,
With a full toned voice, the sweetest
Of his many lays he singeth.
From the lattice—from the window,
Blossoms wave to greet the lover,
But the mistress of his music
Nowhere can the youth discover.
And a man came out to meet him—
Sad he looked and heavy hearted,—
“Trouble not the dead who slumber,
Lady Bianca hath departed!”
But Durand, the gallant minstrel,
Hath no word in answer spoken.
Closed are his eyes for ever,
And his noble heart is broken!
In the distant cloister chapel,
Where the lovely corpse reposes,
Torches all around her burning,
And her body strowed with roses.

Fear and wonder, hope and trembling,
All the crowd of mourners seizeth,
When, the darksome bier forsaking,
Lady Bianca slowly riseth.
From the gloomy trance awaking,
In her beauty hath she risen,
Like a blushing bride she cometh,
Shrouded from her narrow prison,
Still of what had passed unconscious,
Still, as if by dreams surrounded,
Asks she gently—“Young Durand—
Hath not here his music sounded?”
Yes, indeed, 'twas his that sounded,
But that song is past and spoken;
He hath broke thy death-like slumber,
His shall never more be broken!
To the home of saints and angels,
Hath he gone to seek the lady,
Seek his own beloved maiden,
Who he deemed was there already.
All the bright and glorious mansions
To his heedless glance are given—
Bianca! Bianca! calls he ever,
Through the empty halls of Heaven.

W. E. A.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(MELEAGER.)

ΤΑΙΤΑΛΙ ΠΑΪ, ΝΙΒΕΑ.—κ. τ. λ.

NIOBE.

DAUGHTER of Tantalus, lo! Niobe,
Sad are the tidings which I bear to thee,—
Words fraught with woe:—ay, now unblind thy hair,
The streaming signal of thy wild despair:
For Phœbus' darts, grief-pointed, reek with gore,
Alas! alas!—thy sons are now no more.

But what is this—what means this oozing flood !
 Her daughters, too, are weltering in their blood.
 One clasps a mother's knees : one clings around
 Her neck : and one lies prostrate on the ground :
 One seeks her breast : one eyes the coming wo
 And shudders : one is trembling, crouching low :
 The seventh is breathing out her latest sigh,
 And life-in-death is flickering in that eye.

She—the wo-stricken mother, reft, alone,
 Erst full of words—is now mute, stiffened stone.

II.

(MELEAGER.)

Εὐδίας Ζηνοφίλα, τρυφερὸν θάλας.—κ. τ. λ.

TO ZENOPHILE.

'Thou luscious bud of beauty,—dear to me,
 Zenophilo,
 Would I were wingless sleep, to press by night
 Thine eyelids bright,
 That thus, even *he*, who lulls the eyes of Jove
 In realms above,
 Should not approach thee,—but the maid divine,
 Even in her slumbers, should be wholly mine.

III.

(LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.)

Ἀστρα μὲν ἡμαυρωσι.—κ. τ. λ.

ON HOMER.

The fiery sun, upon his axle turned,
 Bedims the stars and the moon's holy light :
 The Muses' brilliant orb in Homer burned,
 And every star of song was lost in night.

IV.

(PLATO.)

Ἀλσος δ' ὡς ἐκάρμισθα βαθίσκιον.—κ. τ. λ.

ON CUPID SLEEPING IN A GROVE.

1.

The shady grove
 We reach, and there we see
 Cythera's son,—and like was he
 To apples blushing on the tree.

2.

His bow unstrung
 And quiver—from the leafy spray
 Suspended hung,
 Where ne'er the garish eye of day
 Through the deep foliage darts its ray.

3.

On couch of roses
 He slumbering smiles :—to that ripe lip,
 While he reposes,
 The bees are swarming,—and they drip
 Their nectar—whence they nectar sip.

V.

(THALLUS, THE MILESIAN.)

Α χλοῖρά πλατάνιστος.—κ. τ. λ.

See a meet spot for longing lovers' vows
 'Neath this green platane's overarching boughs,
 Where the ripe clusters of the clasping vine,
 Well pleased, amid the greenery recline.
 Grow on, thou platane!—may thy sheltering boughs
 Conceal fond lovers breathing tender vows!

VI.

(THALLUS, THE MILESIAN.)

Λί πτελέαι τῷ Πανί.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A FOUNTAIN SACRED TO PAN.

These elms and willows, with long pointed leaves;
 This plane, where bough with bough its foliage weaves;
 This fountain, with its water trickling clear;
 These rustic drinking cups, for ever near—
 To Pan are sacred all: drink, passer-by!
 Thou'lt find it med'cine—if thy throat be dry.

VII.

(THEOCRITUS.)

Λήσ ποτὶ τὰν νυμφῶν.—κ. τ. λ.

Tell, by the Nymphs! wilt thou for me essay
 Some sweet, sweet lay
 On thy twain pipes? while I, on scrannel reed,
 Skillless indeed,
 Something prelude—and while our neat-herd frees
 His harmonies
 From their wax-jointed prison, we will stand,
 With pipe in hand,
 Near this oak-mantled antre, and will keep
 Goat-feeding Pan—from even a wink of sleep.

VIII.

(THYMOCLÉS.)

Μέμνη μου, μέμνη.—κ. τ. λ.

BEAUTY, A FADING FLOWER.

1.

Remember thou
 The solemn words which once I said;
 Remember now—
 "How bright thy beauty, fairest maid!
 But, ah! how soon its hues must fade!"

2.

Oh! not more swift
 Is the bird's waftage through the air,
 Than the frail gift
 Of beauty's flower that bloomed so fair,
 But now, all wan and withered—*there*.

IX.

(FROM THE PYRRHUS OF PHILEMON.)

* Οἱ φιλόσοφοι ζητοῦσιν, ὡς ἀπαιεῖ.—κ. τ. λ.

THE SUMMUM BONUM.

Much time philosophers have spent in vain,
As I have heard, in trying to explain
What is the *real good*, but all their lore
Has left the question where it was before.
Some call it *virtue*, *prudence* others call,
Some join the two, but find no good at all.

Here, in these fields, in digging up my ground,
Have I, at length, the sought-for treasure found—
Found it in Peace—thy daughter, gracious Jove,
Born of good-will to man, and heavenly Love.
Peaceo gives us marriage, children, feasting, wealth,
Friends, kindred, pleasure, wine, and corn, and health;
Take these away, and life than death is worse,
And man himself a merely breathing corpse.

X.

(LUCIANUS.)

Μισόπτωχε βεῖα.—κ. τ. λ.

AN ENIGMA.

Hater of poverty, and scourge of those
Who live in wealth and indolent repose,
Borne on another's feet, and not thine own,
Thou sittest where the poor are never known,
Wreathed and perfumed the all-delighted guest
Art thou—where Mirth and Bacchus rule the feast,
And hovering ever at the rich man's door,
Thou shunn'st the humble dwelling of the poor. †

* "But as to peace, he loved it—he sought it—he 'ensured it'—he was largely gifted with the 'sweetest phrase of it;' because to himself, as well as to some unknown personage, in a work which he read with fondness, peace seemed to include all the constituents of that good which philosophers have vainly sought in other quarters, and speciously represented under other names." "I will quote the passage, because I have again and again read it with the most exquisite delight."—

Οἱ φιλόσοφοι ἰστοῦσιν.—κ. τ. λ.

This speaks the magniloquent Dr Samuel Parr of these lines, in his *Character of Charles James Fox*, by which Greek-loving statesman they were, it should seem, most especially admired. What, however, any one of the three—the Greek, the Doctor, and the statesman—exactly understood by the word *peace*, it is not very easy to comprehend.—Vide *The Works of Dr S. Parr*, edited by J. Johnstone, M.D., vol. iv. pp. 49 and 319.

† The gout is treated in much the same way by Martial, lib. xii. 17.

Quare tam multis a te, Lentine, diebus, &c., and its parentage is not unphilosophically given in the following distich, by Edylus:—

Λυσιμιλοῦς Βάκχου, καὶ λυσιμιλοῦς Αφροδίτης
γινάσται θυγάτηρ λυσιμιλῆς ποδάγρα.

Says limb-relaxing Bacchus to limb-relaxing Venus,
A daughter, limb-relaxing gout, is now begot between us.

XI.

(LUCIANUS.)

Ἰητὴ τις ἦμολ.—κ. τ. λ.

His darling son a certain Doctor brought
 To be by me in the *belles lettres* taught.
 The lad began—"Aci illes' wrath the spring
 Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing."
 When to the following line he onward went,
 "Of souls to Ades prematurely sent"—
 "Friend," said the leech, "no use in this I see,
 This lesson he may learn as well of me,
 Who souls to Ades prematurely send,
 * Without the aid of grammar rules, my friend."

XII.

(NICARCHUS.)

Ἦν Στίφανος πτωχὸς κηπὺς θ' ἄμμα.—κ. τ. λ.

1.

A dealer in cabbage and rue,
 Oh! Stephanus once was his name,
 But as soon as so purse-proud he grew,
 Philostephanus then he became.

2.

Five letters have swollen out that name,
 And his pride may come to this pass,
 That soon he may alter the same
 To Hippocratippidias.

3.

Yet though he should call himself—even
 Dionysiopeganodorus,
 In his Edileship's book he's plain Stephen,
 —Now strutting so stately before us. †

* Among the ancients, all subjects connected with rhetoric and the *belles lettres* were included in the term *grammar*.

† Demosthenes even, in some of his withering sentences against Æschines, did not disdain this kind of satire. "It is but lately—lately, I say, but yesterday—that he commenced at once Athenian and rhetorician. By the help of two additional syllables he transformed his father from Tromes to Atrometus, and his mother—what a splendid idea!—he dignified with the stately name of Glaucothea, who every one knows was called Empusa," (*i. e. hag or spectre*). Vid. *Demosth.* 1st Corona. *ὁ δὲ μὲν οὖν καὶ πατρὶν*—κ. τ. λ.

THE MARRIAGE AND REGISTRATION BILLS.

THE Reformers, having successively tampered with every principle of the constitution, have now applied themselves to shake the principles of society, and have at once assailed parentage, marriage, the reverence for the grave, and the religion of the living. Of this we shall hereafter speak. At present we proceed to make some preliminary remarks on the "grievances," which have filled the Dissenting trumpet with such dissonant sorrows. One prominent ground of this lamentation is their abhorrence of being married in the parish church. Now this, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, is altogether a pretence. The Socinian, it is true, may in his unhappy and prejudiced ignorance object to a service in which the Trinity is mentioned with due reverence. The Jew and the Quaker have distinct marriage services suited to their own tenets, but the great multitude of Dissenters have no more distinct notions of their dissent than that it allows them to boast of having a will of their own, to abuse "prelates, pluralists, and prebendaries, according to the received verbiage," and that it relieves them from the propriety of going to church on a Sunday. In this, we really offer no disrespect to the more recognised classes of the Dissenting community. Disliking their dogmas, and censuring their passion for schism, we yet can make sufficient allowance for the intractableness of human notions, and admit their sincerity, while we are ready and able to expose their error; but dissent is a name as "general as the embracing air." There are tribes of Dissenters as remote from each other as the eagle from the oyster. We have the Dissenter who fits up a gilded cradle for Johanna Southcote's off-spring. The Dissenter who believes that Irving was Elias, and that the gibberish which he taught a dozen foolish women, and more foolish men, to chatter at six in the morning, in West's painting room, was direct inspiration. The Dissenter who believes with Drummond that the millennium is to come precisely on

midsummer-day next, by St Paul's clock. The Dissenter who believes the world to be the work of Lucifer in person, and laughs at the millennium. The Dissenter who distributes the whole Bible; the Dissenter who cuts out St Paul, and denies his authority. The Dissenter who is content with one wife, and the Dissenter who claims the advantages of a plurality. The Dissenter who clothes himself in the sanctity of a capeless coat and brown beaver; and the Dissenter who regards his natural liberty as being insulted by the policeman's compelling him to walk the streets in coat and breeches. Every rambling folly of the human mind, every arrogant defiance of authority, every knavery of the vilest faction, may range itself under this banner. Like all other pretexts for Republicanism, which is itself but a pretext for rapine, the whole revolutionary mob march under the name of lovers of civil and religious liberty, and loving true liberty no more than the felon loves the lash that keeps him in order, and true religion no more than those, "whose deeds are dark, love the light" that detects them; Dissent is the one capacious cover for the privilege of insulting the laws. This outrage has gone to an extent which ought to attract the vigilance of all Dissenters who desire to retain any degree of respectability attached to the name. If they have conscientious scruples on the doctrine and discipline of the Church, let them have the full advantage of those scruples. No Christian Church will ever find itself authorized in Scripture to coerce the conscience; but it would well become the honest Dissenter to draw the distinction broad and deep between himself and the knave. And they may be assured that, until this is done, their honour for religion will be not only liable to be questioned, but religion itself will be vilified in the national eye by its assumed connexion with men and things, which all know to be abhorrent to the spirit of religion. What is the actual state of the matter at this moment? If some lawyer, too

base for his profession, disdained and publicly shut out of that profession, branded and blackened by universal contempt, determines to revenge himself on universal society, and breed revolution, he instantly declares himself a champion of the Dissenters. What is to be thought of both, if we never hear a syllable from the most scrupulous of their body utterly abjuring the alliance? If some notorious scoffer at religion, a man who openly ridicules all the deference which almost the basest pay to the Divine name, who, living without even the faith that "believes and trembles," can have no hope but in the grave of the brute, comes forward to struggle by faction for an influence denied to his principles or his abilities, he instantly enlists himself in "the Dissenting interest." How is it possible to extirpate them from the abomination of this alliance while undenied and unrepelled? If a rude, profligate, and rebellious tribune, covered with obloquy, all over blistered with disgrace, inflamed by the spirit of merciless rapine, and breathing the drunkenness of a sanguinary superstition, exulting in the prospect of a full feast of vengeance and confiscation, desires to assail the noblest institutions of the empire, he makes his way at once to the lines of the Dissenters, solicits their commission, and proclaims himself through life and death their sworn ally; what is to be said if the alliance is acknowledged, if the fraternal embrace is given, without a single writhe of disgust at the sansculotte wickedness of the new accomplice, if all is congratulatory insolence, and the revel of triumphant corruption?

Thus we find, too, on a scale which we admit to be more decorous, that every measure of public life which threatens peculiar evil to the State, is brought in as a relief for some "grievance of the Dissenters." The population of England and Wales is about twelve millions. The whole body of the recognised Dissenters (who attend chapels or any place of worship) does not number more than 700,000; or, including the Wesleyans, who, however, profess themselves friendly to the establishment, hostile to republicanism, and are in general quiet people, about a million

nine hundred thousand. They are chiefly shopkeepers, but the poorest of the shopkeepers; generally contemptuous of all that bears the name of mental acquirement, almost wholly destitute of scholarship; but from their jealousy of rank and wealth, republican, and from their position in the towns, factious, agitating, and fond of partisanship. Thus they have an influence at elections greatly beyond their numbers, weight, ability, or principle. Thus every man, stimulated by an eagerness for public money, an ambition of figuring in public life without talent, or a zeal of rapine in the garb of reform, instantly courts the Dissenters. Thus a Ministry, conscious that it is entitled to no hold on the nation, instantly courts the Dissenters. Thus every session of an insecure Cabinet, for the last hundred years, has been marked by the invention of some dissenting grievance in the hands of the Ministry, and some promise of a remedy sufficient to keep them fast and firm as the ministerial crutch. Thus we now have the whole marriage law about to be subverted, as a new boon to the Dissenters, of whom nine tenths care not a straw upon the subject, but whom it is necessary to keep in clientship by keeping in clamour.

Two bills have been already laid on the table of the legislature, for the purpose of introducing changes in the most important principles of perhaps the most important portion of the whole legislation of society. No greater error can be committed by the nation than supposing that these bills are mere ordinary affairs of form, municipal regulations, or even relief for the calamities of Dissenters constrained to live under the tyrannies of an English code. They are total changes in the sacred law of marriage, and the sacred influence and celebration of baptism. We shall now, in a general way, give some idea of the clauses of these bills.

The "Bill for Marriages" enacts, that after the first of January, 1837, the publication of banns shall no longer be required, but that one of the parties shall give notice to a registrar appointed in each district or poor-law union, of the names, residences, &c. of both. The party applying being accompanied by a

third person *who knows and is known to the registrar*. A certificate is then to be given by the registrar, and after the lapse of twenty-one days, the parties, on producing the certificate, may be married at *any church, or chapel, or registered building* for the purpose, within the district.

The advantages of banns were a publicity which, in the country parishes, almost totally obviated the hazard of clandestine marriages. The residence of at least one of the parties on the spot, the open publication for *three successive Sundays*; the general knowledge in villages of every matter of the kind, brought before them as it is by the notice of the parish officers, &c. were effectual in practice. In some churches of the great towns, the banns were less marked from their number, but these instances were comparatively few, and might be easily provided for by the simple contrivance of having a book kept at the principal church of the town, where all banns and licenses must be entered immediately on their being applied for, and to which all persons might have recourse; thus giving parents and guardians a *double chance of knowledge*. But by the bill all *chance of publicity* is out of the question. The district of the registrar may consist of fifteen or twenty parishes; and from the size of many of the country parishes, this may extend over a very large space. The registrar's office may be several miles from the residence of those interested in preventing an improper marriage. There is no publication, in church or otherwise, to give them or their neighbours any notice of the intended marriage. Having no suspicion, they will scarcely think of wasting their time and trouble in periodical visits to the registrar, to investigate an evil of which they have no apprehension. The concealment lasts twenty-one days, and at the end of that time the marriage takes place irrevocably. It is not even solemnized in the parish church, where now it might be stopped at the last moment; but in *any church of the fifteen or twenty of the district, or in any chapel, or even in any house registered for the purpose, and registered by any fanatic or impostor for any form of belief, however ex-*

travagant. In this bill the practical effect will inevitably be to favour clandestine and corrupt marriages.

By the 24th clause, marriage by license goes through the same dubious process of the visit to the registrar. But the license is not in any case to be available before the expiration of *seven days*. Thus the ceremony is to be retarded in both instances a week longer than at present, the banns now taking up but three *Sundays*, or a fortnight, and the present licenses allowing the marriage immediately to take place. Unnecessary delay being a cause of breaking off many marriages, and giving room for other evils, and, therefore, to be anxiously avoided.

But even those are the more decorous form of marriage. The 12th clause enacts, that "It shall be lawful for any proprietor of any building, on the signature of twenty housekeepers attesting its having been a place of worship for one year, to have that house registered for the solemnization of marriages." Now, what may be, nay, must be the consequence? It is known that any man, let his habits, or calling, or acquirements be however unfitting, may, through the liberality of the present era, be entitled to set up a religion for himself, and a chapel for his religion, and both without any possible control, his whole trouble being an oath before a magistrate, and his whole expense five shillings. His chapel may have been a stage or a stable, and may be a stage or a stable again. Consecration is out of the question—the touch of a bishop would scandalize the spirit of freedom, besides hurting the conscience of the founder of the new religion. Of course it is not supposed that those things would occur among the more decorous order of Dissenters—the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists. But dissent is a general title. If it now covers fifty sects, it may next year cover five hundred. From the time when the emoluments of marriages, of which there are probably 100,000 a year in England, are found capable of being diverted to those places, they will be opened for the simple purposes of a marriage trade. Twenty householders may easily be found in any low quarter in any town, ready to give their sig-

natures for a license which will bring this trade into their vicinity, with its attendant concourse of carousals. There is nothing in the law to prevent this marriage-house from being a joint-stock speculation. There is nothing to prevent its being a regular appendage to the gin palace, and a bait for drawing popularity to the leading mart of poison. There is nothing to prevent its being a preliminary to abominations of every kind.

Another matter of remarkable importance, but which has probably escaped our legislators, respects the nature of the celebrations within these marriage-houses. At present, the extravagances of Sectarianism are generally kept in order by opinion, combined with the absence of all peculiar emolument from any peculiar folly. But let the day come, when the hope of making a handsome profit by the popular attractions of the marriage-house shall exist, a totally different scene may be displayed. Of course, there will be at all times sincere enthusiasts, who follow absurdity for its own sake. But common experience teaches, that where gain is to be made, it too will be followed by a class who follow it for its own sake. We shall soon see a competition in the marriage-houses. The speculators in those matters will not be content to lose their money for the grim piety of any forbidding master of morals at their counter. They will adopt the popular contrivances of competition. We shall see glitter, and lights, and placardings without, and vice and vileness within. There is nothing in the law to prevent their turning marriage into any kind of celebration that suits their profits. The marriage-house may be decorated into a ball-room, an opera-house, any thing. The ceremonial may be followed by a dance, a concert, a lottery, a fête, or scenes of still more startling festivity. This seems to have been the case in Paris during the period of the civic marriages. We have already our Jumpers and Shakers. America has her love-feasts, her camp-meetings, and her revivals, performances sufficiently obnoxious. In England, the managers will have the additional stimulus of money; and, as the law leaves the boundary

to be marked by those whose interest it is to transgress it, we may judge with what decorum it will be observed. Half of the abominations of heathenism arose from this species of competition. The more showy, festive, and profligate the shrine, the more it drew the populace. This at once corrupted the populace and the ceremonial, and corrupted both by a perpetual gradation. The rival religions were probably as many as our rival sects—the law allowed them all, and all to make their own exhibitions. The eclipsed shines tried all means to eclipse their thriving rivals. Those efforts were all in the shape of new profanations,—fiction and impurity, with novelty and accumulation in both, were the acknowledged sources of success, until the profanation amounted to horrors which demanded the sword, and were cut short by the sword. We may deny, if we will, that such *can be* the results in England, but impurity and impunity are the original elements of public evil, and human nature, intoxicated with modern liberalism, may be as flagrant and foul, as in the most drunken superstition of the Pagan world.

By the 14th clause, the marriage in those houses is to be with open doors, in the presence of the Registrar, the hours being from nine till three in the afternoon, according to any form, or none, the only words actually necessary being, "I call upon those persons now present, to witness, that I, A. B., do take C. D. to be my lawful wedded wife (or husband)" a fee (yet undetermined) being payable to the Registrar.

But, in order to provide for all delicacies of conscience, in the case of individuals who decline recognising a God, or any thing relative to any religion in marriage, it is enacted, by the 15th clause, "That any person who may object to marrying in one of those registered houses, may marry in the presence, at the office of the Superintendent Registrar, and in presence of the Registrar and two witnesses." For those persons, even the rankness of the marriage-house is too refined, and the law tenderly takes care that their feelings shall be shielded from any impertinent intrusion of the most simulated form of homage. The

same officer who keeps the paupers in order presides over the rapid junction, and the civil contract is completed, it must be owned, in a manner worthy of its conception. If, in the vengeance of Heaven, this rash, odious, and insulting proposition should ever pass into the statute-book, there is an end of the morals of England.

The bill for registering Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England, is longer, consisting of 46 clauses, but more compendious in its meaning.

By the 2d clause, it is enacted that a General Register Office for births, deaths, and marriages, shall be established in London or Westminster.

By the 19th—That the occupier of every tenement in which a birth or death shall happen, shall, within eight days after the birth, or three after the death, give notice to the Registrar of the district; and that every occupier refusing to give such notice, or give a reasonable cause for the delay, shall be fined, not exceeding *twenty shillings*.

By the 20th—Every particular required by the Registrar to be known relative to the birth of the child, must be furnished by the parents; or, in case of their death, by the occupier, within *fifteen days* of the birth, on being required by the Registrar.

By the 22d—That no birth shall be registered by the Registrar after the fifteen days. The child, however, may be brought before the Registrar within six calendar months, and an oath being made, and half-a-crown given as fee, may be registered.

By the 23d—No birth shall be registered after six months, under a penalty of *fifty pounds*.

By the 27th—No burial can take place until the Registrar's certificate of the death has been given to the clergyman, or the person by whose authority the grave is dug. The other clauses consist of provisions for the appointment of officers, clerks, &c.

The direct result of this bill would be, in the first place, to establish an inquisitorial power of compelling persons to give notice, and of entering houses, even to the sick chamber of mothers, or the apartments of the dying and dead. No house is to be

closed against the officers of police at any time, or under any circumstances. The officer is to be entitled to make the most minute and offensive enquiries; if he will, he may ask particulars respecting the father and mother, which it may be painful to their feelings, or even injurious to their interests to disclose, relative to their marriage.

The demand that every birth shall be registered within fifteen days, will have the result, either that the child, while still too tender to be exposed to the open air, must be sent to the church to be baptized (the usual time at present being a month or more, according to the strength of the infant and the season of the year), or must be baptized at home, which is contrary to the practice of the church, and to the spirit of a rite eminently religious; besides, in the larger parishes, compelling the clergyman to be constantly employed traversing his parish in this occupation alone; or if the baptism be deferred, as it generally will be, the child must have a name for the Registry; which, being before baptism, will not be his christian name. If even at present, parents exhibit great indolence in bringing children to the font (frequently being urged to it only by the earnest request of the clergyman, and the necessity of a baptismal certificate for getting their children into public schools), how much more likely is this indolence to prevail where a name has been already registered? But unless the christening has taken place, the child cannot be regarded as a Christian. If the baptismal name should be different from the registered, there must be great confusion in consequence when the measure is brought to act on the scale of a country of twelve millions of people. Those who are acquainted with the action of large country parishes, know the difficulty of preventing the most singular negligence in matters of baptism. The probable effect of registry before baptism would be to increase that negligence until it became a custom to forget the necessity of a rite, for which a substitute, however imperfect, had been provided by the law.

The declared object of this bill has been to relieve the Dissenters.

The Dissenters already have registers that answer every legal purpose. The actual consequences of this bill and its coadjutor will be to tempt away the people from the church, by giving a loose to every caprice to extinguish all the constitutional rights and uses of the establishment, and to putting on a level with a learned, loyal, numerous, and regulated body of scholars and divines, the whole miscellaneous multitudes who with a hundred angry varieties of opinion, and with no public bond to the state, claim to be masters of a church, which outnumbers them, even in population, six to one. The bills are wholly corrupt. They admit of no modification; their principle is mischievous; they must be thrown out altogether. The grievances of the Dissenters are imaginary; but if they were real, and the question was whether they are to be left as they are, or the Established Church, the pillar of the morals, the liberties, and the religion of the empire, to be broken down before them, what man of honesty or virtue, of constitutional feeling or religious knowledge, would not say, let the Church of England stand?

In this summation of the proposed measures, we have left aside the circumstances, and they are very important ones—that the bills will require a large number of clerks and

officers in addition to the poor's law officials—a machinery which, in the first instance, and not yet extending beyond England, is estimated by its proposers at not less than from L.80,000 to L.100,000 a-year—(sixteen clauses of the forty-six of the registry bill being occupied in the construction of this machinery alone.)—and that, in the next place, it will deprive the whole clergy of a portion of their income, and the clergy of cities and large towns—in many instances, of a very large portion, if not the entire, calculated at L.50,000 a year, a sum now paid without difficulty, but for which, unless those clergymen are to perish in the streets, public compensation must be provided. The bills, even in this point of view, having the fortune to combine the three evils against which the most vehement declamation is raised at the present day—Government patronage, national waste, and personal spoliation. Whatever may be the motives of the inventors, those bills are the worst sign that has yet been given of the progress of public danger. Their spirit menaces the worst and most hopeless kind of revolutions, a revolution in the morals of the empire, one which alike precipitates all other overthrow, and leaves national recovery, like the recovery from the grave, beyond all power, but miracle.

ASCENSION DAY.

LIFT up your heads, ye everlasting Gates!
And ye, eternal doors, where, light-arrayed,
And breathing love, the attendant seraph waits,
Be lifted up: with conquering state displayed
The Prince of Glory comes! Oh! thou of old
In earth's most humble form, and lowliest guise
Veiling thine hallowed might from mortal eyes,
Though Lord Omnipotent of worlds untold;
So—while the clouds of inward night depart,
Within our willing breasts admitted, shine,
Saviour, to whom the pure and contrite heart
A nobler dwelling seems, and costlier shrine
Than gates of orient pearl, by angels' art
With living gems emblazed, and types divine.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

No. VII.

ON THE CRITICAL.

THE ACCURATE.

We had intended to conclude our "Hints" with the last Number; but as it has been suggested to us, that in case of failing in original composition in any of the styles we have elucidated, the authors will infallibly betake themselves to the nobler craft of criticism, we have felt it our duty to give them the result of our observations on this interesting subject. How people have taken it into their heads that reviewing is the easiest thing in the world, and needs neither thought nor study, we have never been able to imagine. But people nowadays take very odd notions into their heads. They will next be endeavouring to persuade us that it needs no imagination to be an entertaining traveller, or no memory to be an original improvisatore. But whether they be right or wrong in their notions of reviewing, this we know, that we have always found it the most difficult of all our labours. A stupid book is just as tedious a subject as a good one: and how tedious a good one may be, witness the weeks we have devoted to discover the beauties of certain wonderful authors, and how little our discoveries were appreciated after the search and fatigue they had cost us. The criticism we speak of is of course that which is guided by the rules of science, and requires this as the *sure quantum* of its success, that it proves the reviewer to know fifty times more of the subject than the author. Perhaps the criticism which people have agreed in considering so easy, consists in merely giving a fair unbiassed opinion of the merits or defects of a certain work, pointing out your reasons for the decision you have arrived at, and speaking, as the ancient dramatists have it, "by the card." This, we are happy to say, is not the style of criticism to which our rules apply. Things would have indeed come to a pretty pass if the judge were to act

as counsel, cross-examine the witness, and sift out the truth with the expertness of an Old Bailey lawyer. Where would be the dignity of the wig, if this were to be the practice? Where would be the benefit of the immense superiority you have shown yourself to possess, if you were to strengthen your decision with proofs and arguments? The thing speaks for itself—you take up a book to pass sentence upon it. What does it matter to the public whether you assign any reason for your sentence or not? The sentence is a good sentence, and any one who hints a doubt of it, should be committed to custody for contempt of court. But the best plan, perhaps, in this as in the other lucubrations with which we have indulged the universe, will be to lay down certain definite and distinct rules, and afterwards illustrate them with appropriate examples. We pass over the serious criticism, the bantering, the severe, the honeyed, the polite, and a vast variety of others, and come at once to the two which seem most in vogue at present; we mean "The Accurate" and "The Gossiping."

The first step for the Accurate, as indeed for all other styles of criticism, is to give your reader a greater reverence for yourself than for the author you are about to examine. If an author, for instance, treats of any thing connected with the East, be sure to begin your essay with an anecdote which implies your intimacy with Ali Pacha: if, on the other hand, he treats of the North, quote from your manuscript notes during a six months' residence in the crater of Mount Hecla. We have known a very ingenious criticism on "Meteorology, and gaseous exhalations," which derived the whole of its value from an intimation in a note, that the reviewer had ascended with Mr Green in his balloon. It was impossible to doubt that a

gentleman who had been two or three miles into the clouds, knew more of meteors and gas, than a philosopher who had never perhaps been nearer to the moon than the top of Arthur's Seat. Another mode of producing this idea of your own superiority, is, in your opening sentence, to say you detect sundry Scotisms or Irishisms, as the case may be, in the volume you are reviewing. This we know has an excellent effect, and gives you at once the reputation in the mind of your reader of being a gentleman of the most exquisite taste in composition; and persuades him that you are standing all the while up to your very lips "in the pure well of English undefiled." The reader has an esteem for you accordingly, and he little dreams, honest man, that your tongue is thrice dipt in the brogue of Tipperary, or that your tones in conversation are redolent of Aberdeen, and are formed on the model—all grunt and whistle—of your national bagpipe. This piece of advice applies to all the styles of criticism—but the "accurate" has certain characteristics peculiar to itself.

In the first place, keep a good supply of old almanacks. When you meet with a statement in a book that any event happened on Tuesday the fifteenth day of August, sixteen hundred and four, instantly fly to your almanack, and if by good luck you discover that the fifteenth of August in that year fell on a Wednesday,

you have secured a most important fact, and can lay about you as one having authority. In the second place, always argue from dates to facts. You can very ingeniously prove, that all incidents, if they happened at all, must have happened at some particular time; and when you find it was utterly impossible for the event related to have happened on *Tuesday* the fifteenth, you have every reason to believe that the whole circumstance is the fabrication of the author. Say something every paragraph in favour of dates. *Names*, particularly christian names, is another strong point for the reviewer. John is a very different man from James; in fact, so entirely different, as to render the whole achievement attributed to James a sheer invention. Any one will see in a moment the immense power which things of this nature give to the critic. The author, poor fellow, has perhaps worn his eyes out in poring among dirty old papers, and after a year or two of grubbing, comes out with some hitherto undiscovered incident, and plumes himself on the issue of his labours; but lo! a single glance into the almanack upsets him, tumbles all his grand discoveries into the waters of Lethe, and fixes on him, for all the rest of his existence, the reputation of a very close relationship to Baron Munchausen. In elucidation of these remarks, we shall present our readers with a review of

ARTICLE III.

"THE LIVES OF THE HACKNEY COACHMEN."

London: 1836.

We have ever been of opinion, since we took our seat on the chair of criticism, that the only value of history is its truth. Without this vivifying principle, the most gorgeous descriptions cease to please—the most eloquent language fatigues—and even the most beautifully expressed reflections are deprived of the only foundation on which they can legitimately be raised. In proportion as we venerate those authors who remain constant to the only just principles on which history is established—a rigid adhe-

rence, namely, to facts and authorities—in exactly the same proportion do we abominate and detest those who swerve, in ever so slight a degree, from the rugged severity of truth. Perhaps, indeed, our indignation is more excited against those whose failings in this respect are the least glaring—whose works seem composed with just that degree of accuracy, in some respects, as to set the watchfulness of the reader asleep as to their inaccuracies in others. A work which shall contain no dates, and affix no particular va-

due to the mode of spelling the names of the persons concerned, is certainly not so dangerous a book as one which, with the assumption of the minutest accuracy, confuses James and John, and mistakes the very days of the week. It is indeed impossible for the student of history to attach too much importance to the particularity of the dates. With this the feeblest author is strong; without it the mightiest genius is of no avail. It was with a fine philosophical perception of this great truth that the giant in the Arabian nights is overthrown by a date. Nay, as if to show the power of dates in still stronger relief, the overthrow is occasioned by the weight of the mere *shell of a date*, thrown at hazard by the hand of a feeble mortal. These remarks we have thought it necessary to premise, before entering on our very disagreeable task of pointing out the countless errors, both in dates and names, of the author before us. In the memoir of the celebrated Samuel Jones, we have selected no less than thirteen mistakes in the first ten pages. This distinguished member of the whip fraternity, we had persuaded ourselves, was so recently before the public as to put it out of any one's power to be ignorant of the principal incidents of his life. He was born at the village of Plassunwddwmn, in Montgomeryshire, not Llwddmwdmwyddwmn, in Cardigan, as this author most ignorantly assumes, on the first of April, 1772. His mother's name was Mary Anne—not Marion—Davies; and if the author had merely taken the trouble, as we have done, to have a certified extract from the baptismal register of his native parish, he would never have fallen into the very glaring mistake of describing her as a widow. "Samuel, son of Mary Anne Davis, single woman," are the precise words of the entry; and if, with this placed before him, the author can reconcile his statement with the truth, we shall give him credit for more ingenuity than his other labours have led us to believe him possessed of. We do not deny that there are some former accounts which state that she had been previously married to a wandering tinker of the name of Simon Moss,

of whom we may perhaps relate a few particulars which have evidently escaped the researches of Jones's present biographer; but the report appears to be unauthenticated. As Moss is the only individual to whom she is reported ever to have been married, it follows that if she at any period was a widow, it must have been after, and not before the death of her husband. Now, we can prove from the Newgate Calendar, that it was not till Samuel Jones was upwards of five years, three days, and fourteen hours old, that Simon Moss was executed for shooting an exciseman. How, therefore, young Jones could be the son of a widow whose husband was still unchanged, we leave it for our author to explain. But, indeed, this author takes so little pains to inform his readers of these incidents in which they would be most interested, that he hardly deigns to tell us by what means it was that Samuel, the son of Mary Anne, had any claim to the surname of Jones at all. Why did he not assume the name of his *mother*? Or why not take the name of him who, according to this author's showing, had a *prima facie* right to bestow it, having been the *husband* of his mother? But in the midst of such a multitudinous paucity of information, our questions might be multiplied ad infinitum. What shall we say of the biographical capabilities of a person so loose in his information as to make a mistake in the very spelling of his hero's name? For the first eighteen years of Samuel's life his name was spelt, according to the manner of his country, "Johnes." It was only when he first made his appearance before the magistrates at Bow Street, that the spelling was altered into the English "Jones." The pronunciation remained the same; and the subject of the memoir being unable to detect the misspelling, the warrants for all his succeeding apprehensions were made out in the name of *Jones*. But this surely is no excuse for the author of his memoirs, who was undoubtedly called upon to relate all the adventures of his youth, up to the very hour, indeed, on which the spelling of his name was changed, under the denomination of *Johnes*, and not

under a name which he did not acquire till long after those incidents were achieved. And even when he does allude to the great change which was thus effected on his surname, why does he hide the real reason of Samuel's being unable to detect the mistake under the cloud of such bombastic expressions as "peculiar circumstances of his early unacquaintance with the literature of his country?" Is it not sufficiently well known that Samuel never, either in his youth or in his age, could read or write? A modest way, truly, of hinting a total ignorance of the alphabet, to mention that he was unacquainted with the literature of his country! And his *country* too. Had he a country? Is the principality of Wales a *country*? What country is alluded to? Was England his country? Was Scotland his country? The author ought to be more specific and definite in his expressions. But this is only a very inadequate sample of the gross negligence of this author. Will it be believed that a person professing to give the particulars of the career of Samuel Jones omits even the remotest allusion to the incidents of his life while he drove a cab? That it was only for a short time he filled this comparatively humble situation we grant. We grant, also, that the adventures he experienced were neither numerous nor important, but certainly some allusion ought to have been made to the circumstance of his having been a cabman, though only for a few days; but the period of his cabmanship was longer than that. He drove cab number twenty-eight from Friday, the 9th of June, 1815, till Sunday, the 18th of the same month, being a period of fully nine days. On the day of his leaving the cab the battle of Waterloo was gained. During that time we find, by the meteorological observations kept by the Royal Society, it rained ninety hours, giving an average of ten hours a-day; we may therefore conclude that his occupation during those days was extremely lucrative, and, in fact, we happen to know that on Monday the 19th day of June of that year he was in possession of one pound, two shillings, besides fourpence in copper, and a roll of pigtail, uncut. But our

readers, we have no doubt, are by this time as tired as we are by the errors of omission as well as commission scattered through every page of this very flimsy performance. We shall therefore only string together a few of the more prominent of those errors, without wasting any words on the subject. In page, 64, an anecdote is quoted from another account of Jones's life, and the point of it attributed to the wrong person. When Samuel was in confinement in Bridewell, the overseer said to him, "Well, Sam, you see what you've brought yourself to," and Samuel's rejoinder was, "What's the odds so long's we're happy?" In this author's version of the story, the philosophical remark of Samuel Jones is attributed to the overseer, as if it were by any means likely that a prisoner, hard at work, would commiserate the situation of a superintendent at his ease! But this is a trifle. In page 97, we find the chariot, number eight hundred and six, described as a yellow one. It is green. The bay horse he was suspected of illegally appropriating was a chestnut mare! He wore *no* gloves at his execution; and his body was *not* given for dissection. These, we think, are conclusive evidences of this author's total incompetency for the task he has assumed to himself; but, to crown the whole, he gives a wrong view even of the political principles of the subject of his memoir. He was neither, as this writer would insinuate, a bitter Whig, nor, as sometimes has been stated by the opposite party, a staunch Conservative. Like most other men of his disposition and morals, he was what is called an independent member—a sort of political hermaphrodite, possessing neither the feminine pliancy and dependence of the Duke of Wellington, nor the manly firmness and consistency of the Vicar of Bray. In summing up our opinion of this most contemptible performance, we should be deserting our duty, and proving ourselves false to the interests of science, morals, and religion, if we did not state our conviction that it is a compilation of all that is false in fact, and worthless in argument; that it is a web of ignorance fringed with audacity; that it ap-

peals neither to our understanding by the carefulness of its dates, nor to our ears by the mellifluousness of its language; that it is a specimen of a history written in contempt of chronology; a biography written in ignorance of the subject; a memoir without incidents; a composition without one single beauty.

If we proceed to the notices of some others of the most distinguished of the fraternity, we shall find the same absence of correctness joined to the same assumption of particularization. In the life of Giles Scroggins, who, by the by, furnished the subject of the well-known song called "Giles Scroggin's Ghost"—a circumstance, of course, never heard or dreamt of by this biographer—we find, if possible, a more plentiful crop of mistakes, to call them by no harsher name, than even in the memoirs of Samuel Jones. The very first sentence contains a most impudent and groundless assertion. "The year of this distinguished coachman's birth, and even the name of his native place, are totally unknown." To this conceited gentleman we grant the undoubted possession of any imaginable quantity of ignorance. We believe him to be perfectly correct when he assures us that, so far as he is concerned, the birthplace of Mr Scroggins is totally unknown; but if we might be allowed, we would modestly hint to him, that there may be many things of which he is totally uninformed, which are familiar as household words to the great majority of mankind. Giles Scroggins was born in the workhouse of St Giles', April the first, 1769. Walter Scott, Napoleon, Wellington, Canning, and Mr Scroggins were all born the same year. The locality of his nativity gave the hint for his Christian name, and it is still a point on which we entertain the greatest doubt whether or not the "St." was included in his appellation. The Saint, however, was so entirely lost sight of throughout the rest of his life, that we may safely enough assume that the title did not belong to him at any time. But still we cannot excuse an author of the life of this celebrated man for altogether passing over a matter so overwhelmingly important. Scroggins was

never married. We need, therefore, hardly say, that the description of his bride, and the particulars of his wedding, are drawn entirely from the biographer's imagination. The name of the individual who first employed him in the purchase of cat skins was Walter, not William Tigg—a gentleman who himself deserved a separate memoir more than many of the worthies with whom the author has seen fit to burden his pages. As an article of mere curiosity, we have been at some pains to discover what was the colour of the first cat skin the great Scroggins actually purchased. After long and persevering enquiry, we are enabled to supply the deficiency in the memoir, and assure our readers that it was the skin of a tortoise-shell tom cat, belonging to Sir Francis Boddett, and killed by his order—a rise in the price of milk having at that time obliged the patriotic baronet to diminish his establishment.

An other error in the biography of this charioteer is so portentous, that if met with any where else it would not pass "without our special wonder." From a jocular boast of his hero, that he had often had the pleasure of meeting Mr Martin, the late kind-hearted member for Galway, he is foolishly led into the belief that they were on intimate and social terms. The meaning of the expression evidently is, that he was (in the technical language of his fraternity) "hauled up for establishing a raw," and underwent what may not unjustly be called one of the *phyllopires* of the benevolent member, and probably had to pay the usual penalty; but surely to argue from a speech of this sort, that they were on visiting terms, shows the lamentable ignorance of the author, in which, indeed, "none but himself can be his parallel." There are fourteen other errors of date and nomenclature in a short life of fifteen pages. But enough of this. We have already alluded to the pomposity of the language in which these meagre memoirs are composed. If blank verse has properly been described as "prose run mad," we may safely characterise the style of these volumes as prose in its dotage. Without the energy which even bombast possesses, the words here trail after

each other with the silliness of extreme senility. There is palsy and rheum in every sentence, with a due admixture of what Shakespeare has included in his list of the symptoms of a fatuous old age "a plentiful lack of wit." Many of his expressions have puzzled us to discover even a vestige of their meaning, and others come upon us with the enigmatical gravity of a recondite conundrum. The following sentence, "we guess," contains a classical allusion:—"Hope, of all the mythological divinities, was the deepest imbued with the true and persevering spirit of a coachman. No danger could daunt this glorious charioteer; when perils of all sorts surrounded her; when all that could have rendered her position either safe or commodious had disappeared, still Hope, immortal Hope, clung to the last to the place she so nobly occupied, and—never quitted the box!" Again, in page 39, we meet with something so like a charade that we must refer its solution to some clearer sighted (Edipus than ourselves):—"Those very things which the coachman handles with an air of such easy superiority, with what palpitation and anxiety have not the fairest and loveliest of the sex regarded them; with what an air of triumph have they worn them in their bonnets, or bound them

round their waists! With what ardour has not the parliamentary candidate for the suffrages of a free and unbought constituency flung them by barrowfuls among his supporters! With what earnestness has not the hero of many a well-fought field looked forward to the time when they should dangle from his bosom, and cast a new glory on the already splendid waistcoat, where stars and medals met in a constellation of martial magnificence! Yet these, the delights of the fair, the ambitious, and the brave, the coachman, as we have previously remarked, regards with no peculiar admiration, and passes them heedlessly through his fingers every hour of the day." Our own conjecture, which, however, is not very likely to be the true one, is, that all this fine writing is poured forth on the slang name for the reins, namely "ribbons." We have now done with this author. We flatter ourselves that the literature of this country has reached such a point of elevation that some more illustrious pen than the present will be employed in chronicling the glories of a race of men whose virtues have hitherto been unknown. But where would have been the glories of Achilles, had there been no Homer to register his exploits?

THE GOSSIPING.

This is a much more entertaining style than the accurate, though not quite so dignified. The other is the forte of your deep-thinking, clear-headed, and slow-speaking, ponderous-looking men, such as one meets with in the senior rooms of colleges, or entrenched in dark corners of the public libraries; but the other is the peculiar ground of your "shining" young men; people who speak very loud and fast, with a restless toss of the head and vast contortions of countenance; rising hopes of the Speculative of Edinburgh, or the Union of Oxford, with a power of spreading a pennyworth of butter over an incalculable space; butter of such a dingy colour, that till you scrape a little of it off you don't know whether it is an inch thick or

as thin as goldbeaters' leaf. It has been foolishly said, that "easy writing's d—d hard reading." Don't believe a word of it. We grant that it is a tremendous labour to read even the most flowing paragraphs on a subject which requires research or thought. It would puzzle Southey himself to make a readable book out of a dissertation on conic sections; but let no man say that easy writing is not also easy reading, when the writer has a choice of his subject. Taglioni could not dance in fetters. No shining young man can keep steadily to a given object. And for this very reason the gossiping style of criticism was invented. Here, a chartered libertine, the critic can steer, at his own sweet will, from grave to gay, from lively to severe.

He stays not for scour, and he stays not for stone. High with one bound he overleaps all bound; and in short he writes whatever comes into his head, without the slightest regard to the proprieties of either time or place. In this you will perhaps say that it is difficult to lay down rules for the guidance of so unmanageable an individual; but that again is all nonsense. Did you never hear of "concordia discors," "strenua inertia," "religio heretica," "methodical madness?" In the same way you shall now hear of an irregularity guided by certain rules, and a playful thoughtlessness the result of considerable study. First of all, if you are a shining young man, endeavour to discover in what department you burn brightest, and trim your lamp accordingly. If the gods have made you poetical, let your whole lumbrications be redolent of flowers. If you have to give a notice of Euclid's Elements, never mind his squares and triangles, but dash at once into the middle of Euripides. If you have a smattering of antiquarian lore, and the editor of your magazine or review has sent you a volume of poems to be criticised, put the name of the performance at the head of your article, and give us an account of the different dynasties of Egypt, with your own conjectures as to the dates and uses of the pyramids. You will find Burton's Anatomy very useful in supplying quotations, and the Divine Legation a famous repertory of the classical philosophy. But, at the same time, you are not to suppose that, because you begin upon any subject, you are to make an epic of it, and give it a middle and an end, according to certain canons of art; give it an end by all means, by starting off to something else, but on no account waste one moment over it longer than you can make yourself extremely chatty and agreeable. In one short article we have observed the names of Pythagoras, Jeremy Bentham, Cheops, Herschel, Paganini, Jack Ketch, Cicero, and Huacainunca, and this, with a slight sketch, clever anecdote, or crushing sarcasm, applied to each in his turn, formed a most delightful and edifying review of a very elaborate "History of" Trade and Manufactures. As we had the honour

of writing that article ourselves, we may perhaps venture to hint that the author was profoundly ignorant of all sorts of trade and manufacture and thought himself a very clever fellow to get so knowingly out of the scrape. That article nearly made our fortune. A cotton spinner, with a mill as large as Windsor castle, having seen the paper in the table of contents, and puzzled through our brilliant passages about the worthies above-mentioned, and having also discovered that we were author of the so much admired review, offered us a share in his business, which would have set us above the necessity of "hinting" for the rest of our lives; but unfortunately his good intentions were overthrown by a deplorable mistake we made in supposing that calico was a colour, whereas that disgusting article is what the worthy gentleman swore was a "fabric," and thereupon we quarrelled. It will be seen that the principal aim of a gossiping critique is to relieve the dulness of the other articles in the number, and that, in order to attract attention in the first instance, some taking title should be assumed for the amusing paper. But, after all, it is the style, as much as any thing else, that gives its peculiar value to this species of criticism. Dr Johnson could not have done the gossiping department of the "Gentleman's" any more than Mr Liston could dance La Sylphide. His long sonorous Latinities would have extinguished the least attempt at playfulness, and, indeed, in his days it had never entered into any one's head to praise or damn, or show off one's own good qualities with the charming lightness and juvenility of our modern times. Let your sentences be short and as epigrammatic as you can make them. Deal considerably in paradox and repetition. Try your ingenuity in discovering in how many ways you can illustrate the same remark. If a man, for instance, is to be condemned for ruggedness and want of polish, go through the menageries, and prove him to be a beast in every sense of the word—a bear, dead to the charms of music—a carrion crow, scenting desolation from afar—a baboon, with the appearance of humanity without its reason—a horse, fit only

for drawing manure—a cockatoo, pluming himself on his contemptible possessions—a parrot, repeating whatever he hears—a leech, sticking close to his victim, till he falls exanimate from inanition. In short, you have only to go through the index to Buffon to make your unfortunate

subject a proper inmate of the Zoological Gardens. Our illustration of this style needs not to be very long, for we can't deny that there is perhaps quite as much sameness in this frivolity and carelessness as in any other mode of composition whatever.

ART. VI.

On the Principles of the Differential Calculus. By Professor VON POZZLEHEDD, Vienna.

The Multiplication Table, an Epic Poem in Blank Verse; with the Rule of Three and Fractions, in a Series of Lyric Odes. By DENNIS LARDER, LL.D., London.

Prejudices are like mud heaps at the side of the road. When first formed they offer no resistance. They are easily moved; and are even made useful when scattered over the field. The sun shines; the mud hardens. What was formerly unseemly is now dangerous. You might have dirtied your shoe in stepping into it before; you would upset his Majesty's mail if you drove against it now. And yet mud will crumble, prejudices will dissolve. The road will again be clear; the human mind will yet be dispassionate. When mankind shall have arrived at this brilliant consummation of the hopes of the philanthropist, how splendidly will the memories of sages, legislators, and philosophers spring "radiant from the tomb," where at present they are buried beneath a mass of ignorance and opposition. Let it be sufficient for the patriot to know that, however he may be dishonoured now, the day will yet arrive when illimitable justice will be done to his merits. Let the poet, whose labours are unappreciated in a world so cold and calculating as it is in its existing phases, wait ungrudgingly, and possess his soul in patience, till the fiat of a tribunal, composed of the irradiated intellects of our universal posterity, shall return a verdict in his favour. Among those who have the surest ground for hopes of this nature, three men, who have taken a prominent part in the public business of the last thirty years, may pre-eminently be named, Warren, Rowland, and Mechi! History has hitherto been silent as to their per-

sonal. Who knows more of Warren than that he manufactures blacking; of Rowland than through the reputation of his Macassar; of Mechi, save through the instrumentality of his magic strop? The enquiring mind is delighted with minute details. The minuteness of the detail increases its value. The great points of a character are known to all. A knowledge of the smaller points gives a more intimate acquaintance with the object of enquiry. Every one knows that Cæsar conquered the Allobroges; he also took snuff. Napoleon promulgated the Milan decree; he never picked his teeth. Wellington defended the lines of Torres Vedras; he drinks rum punch. Little remains to be gathered of the sayings and doings of the immortal Warren. He wears a blue coat in summer, and a greatcoat in cold weather. He thinks blacking; he makes blacking; he speaks blacking; the civilized world is filled with his works. His polish is on every foot. The throne of the Czars reflects his lustre: the Celestial Empire outshines its neighbouring Japan. The musnud of Delhi is radiant with his beams; and the green breeches of the prophet are not more dazzling in the eyes of the Mussulman than the boots of the Sultan, from the labours of the Strand. And yet how little comparatively is known of the originator of all this splendour! He has two legs. But so has a turkey. This, then, is not a sufficient definition of so well-known an individual. It is related that, in the abandon of in-

imate friendship, he once said to Brown, his neighbour in the Strand, "Brown, I think it is raining to-day."—"Why?" said Brown.—"Because I have seen a great many people pass my window with their umbrellas up," replied the other. These are traits which ought not to be forgotten. They paint character; they involve motives; they discriminate thought. On another occasion, Smith of Leadenhall met him in Fleet Street. "How do?" said Smith.—"Pretty bobbish, thank ye," said the other, and passed on. On seeing a cab demolished by an omnibus at the foot of Ludgate Hill, he hurried into the *Belle Sauvage*, and ordered a bason of soup. It was mock turtle. A volume might be compiled of his sayings and doings from the pages of the contemporary press. But contemporaries are the worst of all informants on any subject within their knowledge. A prophetic annunciation a hundred years

before, a retrospective guess a hundred years after, are a thousand times more to be depended on than a statement at the time. History ought to be written prospectively. The historiographer ought to describe the incidents of the succeeding reign, and leave the facts which are actually occurring to the cares of some Niebuhr of the three thousandth century. Warren ought to have been mentioned in Herodotus. He is not once alluded to. Is any other proof required of the negligence of the Hallicarnassian? Livy is silent. What farther argument is needed of the Patavian's incompetence for his task? As an orator, or rather a rhetorician, whose proper province it is to persuade, the name of Warren stands high. As a poet he is unequalled. What can be finer than his words to the tune of "Kitty of Coleraine?" Catullus has nothing finer; Anacreon nothing more spirited; Ovid nothing more ingenious:

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a bottle of blacking, I met in Shoe Lane;
When she saw me she stumbled, the bottle it tumbled,
And all the jet liquid ran into the drain.
"Ah, what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you now;
Sure such a bottle I'll ne'er meet again;
Oh, how, botheration! a new situation
I'll sure have to seek, and turn out of Shoe Lane!"

I stept up beside her, and gently did chide her
For letting misfortune so sour her sweet face—
Saying, "Aisy, my darling; leave snapping and snarling;
I'll show you a trick that will keep you your place:
So, give me your hand, now, to Thirty, the Strand, now,
Where Warren's jet bottles are ranged on the shelf;
Take one to your master to cure this disaster,
And tell him, my jewel, I use it myself."

Nothing is more interesting in late history than the meeting at Tilsit between the Emperors of France and Russia. There is no scene in Livy to be compared to the interview between Scipio and Hannibal. Have Warren and Rowland ever been face to face?—Yes. They once met at the Bank of England. One was drawing money out, the other was putting money in. "Mr Rowland—Mr Warren," said the cashier; "Mr Warren—Mr Rowland." They bowed, made a mutual remark that it was a fine morning, and parted—never to meet again. So fortuitously are persons thrown together. The atomic theory of Lucretius would make a world; but a world

of mischief. According to that baseless but seducing philosophy, if these two individuals had been thrown together they could never afterwards have separated. They would have formed a copartnership indivisible by the Gazette; a oneness—to use the quaint expression of Mr Coleridge—unequalled in the wholeness of its totality. But the Lucretian fallacy is exploded. Their atoms did not combine; they are two. After intense fatigue Rowland is sometimes thirsty. He drinks double X—he drinks stout—he is stout—and, strange as it may appear, he is bald. Every reader is aware of the accident that happened to Mary Pillion, his housekeeper. Mary

was of a certain age, had given up all thoughts of matrimony, and went three times a-day to church. She was celebrated for the tidiness of her appearance; even London smoko was unequal to the task of dirtying her face. Soap was her idol, and she almost worshipped Windsor cakes. But soap, unfortunately, is not always to be had, even by the sincerest of its worshippers. In complete ignorance of its effects, she bathed her face and hands in a large jar of newly prepared Macassar. Next day there was no remarkable effect; but in a week she perceived that the days of her youth and beauty had returned. She was ardently courted by a drummer of the foot guards, and a gentleman in the cast-off uniform of a beefeater. The drummer was dismissed. The gentleman in the gorgeous apparel gained her consent. She went no longer three times a day to church; she staid at home, and was busy in the manufacture of certain Lilliputian caps and diminutive garments, which struck her fellow servants with astonishment, as Mary seemed too staid and sober to occupy herself in clothing dolls. They were married. The beefeater was a discharged servant of Mr Polito, and started an opposition show, with Mary Pillion for his stock in trade. "The bristly Venus," she is called. Her face is one forest of hair—her cheeks could supply three Pachas with their standards. Polito is newly deserted, and Mary Pillion and the beefeater drink champagne. All this was the result of mistaking Macassar for melted soap; and yet Rowland is bald. "Sic res non vobis nificatis, aves." Mechi, on the other hand, emulates Mary Pillion in the vastness of his haircut. The wits of the East call him "the hair apparent." He himself is a wit not to be despised. On taking his place at dinner, he sat down on a case of knives. "How do you feel, sir?" said a gentleman present—"Cursed angry," was the reply; "never was so sharp set in my life." This is good. If it were not a dangerous experiment, it would occasionally be worth while to sit down upon a knife tray.

An ingenious essay might be composed on the awful effects to be apprehended from the enmity—if such a thing were to be apprehended be-

tween such master-spirits—of those three men. What if Rowland were slyly to apply his Macassar to the magic strop? One hour would suffice to cover it with hair. If Warren were to spread over it a brushful of his blacking? The unequalled shining of the strop would dazzle the unfortunate wight who should be sharpening his razor. But happily this can never happen. There are so many bonds of union between them, that no considerations of self-interest are likely to have the least effect. In philanthropy they are cosmopolitans. Yet Rowland has principally devoted himself to the polls of all mankind; and the other two have derived the chief portion of their fame from their addiction to Polish objects. The arts of Warren have added new glories to our Bluchers and our Wellingtons. And thus much we have felt imperatively called upon to say upon the present occasion. On some future opportunity, we shall probably recur to this very interesting topic, being convinced, to use the words of Thucydides, "That no nobler occupation is left for human exertion, than to hand down to posterity the memory of great men."

And now, our dear readers and disciples, we are about to take our leave. These short specimens will be sufficient to let you into a few secrets of the art of criticism. But as this is the last lecture we purpose giving, and we have received numberless communications since this series began, we are unwilling to throw away the pen without making as much use as we can of a few of the best of the suggestions which have reached us. Amongst the multitude of enquiries, there are none so frequent as those propounded to us, on the mode of being poetical. This we confess is somewhat of a poser. For poetry, we apprehend, is something like reading and writing, and comes by nature. But still, we hold, with Placcus, "Nil tam difficile est quod non solertia vincat," and we do not despair of macadamizing the way to the very summit of Parnassus. The principal difficulty, indeed, is to find which is the summit of that many forked hill; for there is this peculiarity attending it, that there is not a little mole hill

in the neighbourhood, which does not, to some one or other, appear the very tip-top of the whole mountain. We have had specimens sent to us of the heroic, epic, dramatic, lyric, didactic, descriptive, sportive, elegiac; and on fancy coloured paper, strongly scented, and sealed with delicate vermillion, several samples of the devout. The best, however, which we received, was a model of a new style of poetry called the metaphysical. We have not studied it much previously, but we think there can be no mistaking the ingredients of which it is composed. In order to be poetically metaphysical, or rather metaphysically poetical, you must as far as possible get rid of the idea that you have left off a pinafore, and arrived at the dignity of

breeches. Secondly, you must be rather quick in your transitions, and ask questions and answer them yourself. Thirdly, you must not care much for the regularity of your lines. Fourthly, when in want of a rhyme, repeat the last line twice or thrice over, pretty much as a child does when its memory fails it in a repetition. Fifthly, be cloudy and confused, and if through the haze you can shew the slightest spark of actual talent, be assured that there is nothing so exaggerates size as a mist. Here then we stop, and submitting the following specimen of the metaphysical to your attentive consideration, we wish you success in any branch of the science of bibliography which each of you may consider best suited to his peculiar talent.

"THREE."

There are three children; children three;
 Three playful little children;
 Pretty to look at, fair to see,
 Whose little children may they be?
 And wherefore are they only three?
 Three only? 'tis bewildering.
 Ha! there is one
 Standing alone;
 And *there* are two
 With eyes of loveliest, deepest blue;
 And added together, one and two
 Make three; and so the sum is true.
 There *are* three little children!
 One stands with a sulky face,
 Biting his thumb;
 One moves with a speaking grace,
 The third is dumb!
 Dumb? ay, for his tongue is stuck in his cheek,
 And therefore he can't speak.
 And *there* are the three children!
 There! there! there are the three,
 Don't you see?
 There I say are the three children!
 They were all rock'd in cradles,
 They were all fed with wooden ladies,
 Some people live on land, some sail on the sea;
 Some do one thing, and some another;
 And every sister has a brother!
 And these three,
 When they sail on the sea,
 They will see old Neptune surging tremendously with his waves,
 And treating big oceans as if they were his slaves,
 Sending them down and up,
 Like a cup-bearer with a cup;
 But the three children all lay in cradles,
 All supt with wooden ladies—
 They will all lie in graves!

II.

Time passes on! The children are gone—
 Where are they gone to, who can tell?

I know very well;
 But I will not tell.
 Where are they gone? Where are they gone?
 I see three people!
 One is stumpy, and short, and round,
 One is tall as a steeple:
 Don't you hear the bells clanging?
 And the clapper banging?
 Swing! swang! to and fro—
 How merrily the loud chimes go.
 And one is neither short nor tall,
 Nor round nor stumpy,
 Nor tall as a steeple, nor dumpy.
 Two have blue eyes, and one has brown—
 They all seem old; the three old men!
 Their hair is white, except that one
 Has a brown peruke, and if you look
 You'll see the springs that fix it on.
 They are old men. They have travelled;
 Many lands they have seen;
 Canada's summer Green;—
 Russia's winter, white with snows,
 Reddening the top of the nose;
 And the wind as it blows
 Fearlessly, fearlessly,
 Through the crannies keeps howling cheerlessly.
 I wot they have the map unravelled;
 And tales they could tell to us
 Of the ancient Caucasus,
 And Catapaxo, and Chimborazo, and Vesuvius,
 And Egypt the dry, and Greenock the pluvius;
 And mighty plains where the lion and tiger
 Fight the unwieldy hippopotamus,
 And struggle and pant
 For the flesh of the dying elephant.
 And the lithe serpent swings at his ease
 From the old primeval trees,
 And girdles with his folds the writhing rhinoceros.
 And the Nile and the Niger,
 (If indeed they are not the same,
 And don't differ only in name),
 In the dry Sahara hide their heads,
 And loll at full length on their sandy beds.
 The three old men all this have seen,
 And a great deal more, I wean.
 But where are the children? Children three?
 Will you solve this riddle for me?
 Riddle me, riddle me, ree?
 Those children three are now grown old,
 And my tale is nearly told.
 Buried in the hearts and memories
 Of each of these men a fair child lies;
 One looking glum,
 And sucking his thumb;
 And one with a pace
 Full of grace.
 And one with his tongue stuck in his cheek,
 So that he is dumb and can't speak.
 Do you know where the children are gone to now?
 You know where the children are gone to now?
 Why, the children—they were children then—
 Are now grown old and faded: They are three old men.

ALCIBIADES THE YOUTH.

SCENES VII.—X.

Arn. Who is he?

Siron. He was the fairest and the bravest of Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arn. He is
More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

Siron. Such was the curled son of Clinias.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

SOCRATES, short was thy reign! The subtle links of thy philosophy, and all subsidiary ties that could be brought to aid them—all were too weak to bind the soul of Alcibiades. The tactics of thy peculiar system were too quickly comprehended—the broad license of thy example, in some of its outward and most striking features, was too easily adopted and—perverted—the austerities of thy patient self-denial, in many of the true essentials of ethic discipline, were too repulsive—to cast an enduring spell over the most nimble-witted, the most luxurious, the most volatile in tastes and fancies, the most ardent and steadfast in political ambition, of the 500,000 inhabitants of Attica. What was to keep him beside thee? His life saved at Potidara? That story may possibly not be true—and Plato makes the most of it—but Alcibiades would have done—perhaps he did—the same for thee. Thy eloquent paintings of “Virtue in her own shape how lovely?” He beheld, but “pined not his loss.” Thy fluent elocution, and sharp practice in the art of dialectics? For these he thanked thee, and—“please God,” said he, “I will better the instruction.” At the great Platonic banquet, he gives, as none but Plato—not even ourselves, nor Walter Savage Landor (who will not, like us, be modest enough to own it)—could have made him do, his reasons for at last running, with stopped ears, from the Satyr-Siren, as he calls him—the only man that had ever brought a blush into his cheeks;—but they just amount to this, that his spirit felt rebuked by him—that he had gotten what he wanted out of him—and that thenceforth the son of Sophroniscus was—a bore. And yet there was one other moving cause, dark to Plato, dark to Xenophon, and dark to Plutarch, which we shall have the merit of disclosing.

We wonder what fool it was that first said—wherever there is a piece of mischief in the world, at the bottom of it there is sure to be—a woman? Was it some pseudo-Christian of the St Anthony school, in the rage of his ascetic enthusiasm, dishonouring God’s work and God’s purposes by a voluntary abdication—befitting a Malthus, and excusable had the object been a Martineau—of the last best gift of the beneficent Maker to his noble creature, yet unsullied, and worthy to receive the crowning bliss of an otherwise imperfect Eden? Was it some academic fellow, who had studied Woman, not in the pretty duodecimo of a living authoress, but in the quarto ugliness of a college head-maker? Was the lie—the big, base, brutal lie—uttered by the skinny lips of solitude-affecting priggery, or eructated by the sour flatulence of crossed love? For ourselves we profess to cherish, in its utmost latitude, the contrary opinion. We hold that there never was good without a woman, and never a woman—not even Jezabel, Messalina, Catherine de Medici, nor Mrs Brownrigg—without good. We like them at all seasons, except for an hour or two after dinner, and adore them of all colours, though rather black than blue. Mischief!—there is more diabolical mischief in one Etonian of a year’s standing than in a whole community of Amazons.

“How could we live without them, how forego
Their sweet converse?”

Being neither whole-angel nor half-devil, we loathe loneliness, and doat upon companionship, and who make such companions as women? With what *man* is it possible to travel two days consecutively without quarrelling

for life? What trusty, true, untiring friend, ever wore a beard? What great thing, since the revival of letters, has been done without female inspiration? Dante had his Beatrice, Petrarch his Laura, Molière his house-keeper, Christopher North his Mrs Gentle. And vast as their achievements have been under these solitary stimulants what might they not have done with a plurality of impelling powers, whose influence must have increased in geometrical progression? Earthly poets talk of their *musæ*, but *nine* were the partners of Apollo. Solomon—wisest of men—wrote amatory verses by the radiance of a thousand pair of eyes. Our own tendencies are decidedly polygamic; and, should our capital in the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway turn out as we expect—300 per cent interest and a premium of £3000 per share—four Mrs Joneses, at the least, shall soon preside at our hospitable board. Quote not against us Timothy or Titus—we are not a bishop, and have no immediate intention of abjuring Christianity in order to be made one by Lord Melbourne. If the law at present seem to frown on such proceedings, who can tell what is to be law in the third year of the most ungracious O'Connell I! And as for domestic harmony, we beg to pledge ourselves beforehand that the dear creatures, jointly and severally, shall be made as happy as the day is long!

The meaning of all this—which you may not at once perceive—is, that though Socratic dialogues are a very charming pastime, Alcibiades, not unnaturally, left them for Aspasia—and that, if you remember the sole object for which he had been studying, there was perhaps no great mischief in the change.

And how shall his fair apology be set before you? We tremble like the painter of old, when his brush drew near the face of daughter-devoting Agamemnon, and genius whispered him to substitute a touch of the sublime:—

“ See! awe-struck Art her mantle round him throws,
Nor trusts expression with a father's woes.”

But the hazard must be run, or the stage will be too long empty—a lamentable case for dramatists and coach-proprietors. Shall she enter to the resounding melodies of Avon?

“ Thou canst not see one wrinkle on my brow;
Mine eyes are grey,* and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow:—

* * * * *

“ Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.”

Or is that not more like her—for very like her it undoubtedly is—as she first left Miletus, than after she had long reigned paramount in Athens? The elaborate pencil of Gray may give us something better filled and rounded, as befits the matronhood of beauty's “bright, consummate flower:”—

“ Slow melting strains the Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay;
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.”

Or Byron, if you don't think of his immediate subject, the too-girlish Zuleika, may trick her off in hues poetical:—

* “What we now call *blue eyes*, were, in Shakespeare's time, called *grey*, and were considered as eminently beautiful.”—MALONE.

" Fair as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind,
 But once beguiled, and evermore beguiling :

" Dazzling as that—O too transcendent vision—
 To sorrow's phantom-peopled slumbers given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
 And paints the lost on earth revived in heaven ! "

Yet neither Gray nor Byron are specific enough for our purpose—and they hardly go beyond the superficies. Help us, then, Greek Professor, in the still unrevolutionized University of Glasgow :—

" Aspasia ! the Milesian courtesan, who became the sovereign of the sovereign of Attica—for whose hand the ambitious Pericles was fain to repudiate a wife of kindred blood—who taught *him* politics, and Socrates eloquence—for whose safety her philosophic husband shed those tears, which his own extremest danger never could extort—whose will was peace or war to Greece—from whose unrivalled features the artist stole a charm for his picture of the Graces—from whose exquisite judgment the poet learned the secret of success—into whose society the virtuous dame was led, that she might study fascination—who, after the meridian of her days was past, could captivate the brutal Lysicles, and convert, as if by magic, a coarse ignoble cattle-dealer into an orator and statesman—who gave to even Athenian susceptibility and taste a new sense of the beautiful—who, had her lot been cast at Lacedæmon, would have enthralled the kings, ensnared the senators, bewitched the very ephors, and turned Sparta itself into another Athens ! "

" That's she indeed.—Well done, young gentleman ! "—It wants only three strokes of our Promethean pencil ;—and shall have them. A woman, to be perfect, must be a high Tory in politics—inclined to Popery in religion—and have a Grecian nose. Such was Aspasia.

Poor Pericles ! Hard it was to have his Juno serve him worse than ever her prototype did Jove. But the best of the Olympian orator was over. Fortune, who had so long upborne him on her wing, began to flag beneath the burden. The loss of Phidias, Anaxagoras, and other friends, sank deep into his heart. The people grew restive in his hand. His own son divided with the Opposition. Aspasia could not be the last to perceive that the old minister was faillug. The kiss at parting and return—for *that* she still received—waxed colder and colder.

Pericles in the winter of his days—Aspasia in the summer of hers, or not impaired by a few mingling graces of autumnal maturity—Alcibiades in the pride and lustihood of spring ! What an ominous array of the seasons ! Again :—Pericles at his grand climacteric—Aspasia thirty years his junior—Alcibiades just bursting from his teens ! What an awkward comparison of ages ! And Alcibiades, too, favoured by all that familiarity and freedom of access, which his connexion with Pericles allowed ; yet unchecked—or checked only for a moment—by thoughts of consanguinity ! As Mr Puff has remarked, " there ' s a situation for you ! "

SCENE VII.

The Chamber of ASPASIA.

ASPASIA. ALCIBIADES.

Asp. Peace—peace at last—thou everlasting prattler ! For ten days always the same note ! Do you take me to be so unknowing in your craft of cheating female hearts, and after-

wards mocking their credulity, as to swallow all these empty flatteries—these words without emotions ?

Alc. Aspasia, by all that's sacred, not words *without* emotions, but only

the faint shadowings of those that are consuming me! O thou, more ravishing than heart can comprehend, or tongue can utter! These eyes, these lips, this bosom—a very deity of love might—

Asp. (Laughing). Ha! ha!—Peace, I say again; or fetch me some Lethean draught to drown my memory. These lips, these eyes, this bosom!—Why yes, Alcibiades, it were a piece of proud humility to deny, that all three were once so passable, that they not often used to show themselves without a triumph—

Alc. (Interrupting her). O, who feels that more potently than I do? Who—

Asp. (Laying her hand upon his mouth). Used to show was the phrase, young man! But well know I too, that these lips had been kissed by Pericles, before the word *kiss* could have been syllabled by thine; that the first-born son, who lay upon this bosom, or *might* have lain there, would have been, had he survived, some two months older than thou, my smooth-chinned lipser.

Alc. (Laughing). Be it as thou wilt! Were I a flatterer, how easy were my answer: the *graces* grow not old! But no; the next bungler who takes himself for a second Anacreon, is welcome to that slight of fancy: plain, naked truth for me! Admitted, beautiful Aspasia—I can look steadily enough in its blue depths to guess that this eye once beamed yet brighter rays. This alabaster arm was once, perhaps, more round; and that which swells beneath thy swan-like neck, ten years ago, 'tis possible, was less visible than now. But when I grant all this, canst thou guess what rises in my mind?

Asp. (Whose eyes, during the few last sentences, have been cast down). If thou art my friend, *compassion*; if thou art one of our ordinary striplings, *scorn*.

Alc. Wrong guessed, thou once sharp-sighted politician! Nothing but *gratitude* and *jog*.

Asp. (With indignant wonder). Art thou speaking in thy sleep?

Alc. O never, never, was I awake more vividly. Yes! Aspasia, with transports do I thank the foresight of the gods who have suffered me to gaze upon thy summer—not thy

spring.—(With the greatest warmth). First of created beings! where'er I go or stay, my thoughts still turn to thee. In thee I live; with thee compare each object that surrounds me. When Isocrates lectures me on eloquence, what are his best rules to me? A few glowing words of thine rush into my memory, and pale his ineffectual fires. Would I sketch a Venus or a Muse? 'tis *thy* beauties breathe beneath my touch; nay, if I take Alcides for the model, from the Nemæan hide itself thy features peep in mockery of my toil. Were body and soul more firmly knit in one, than Socrates and I? and how many days have glided by since I beheld him! And this—this in thy summer! Ye gods, what had been my fate, had I seen thee, known thee, loved—adored thee—in thy spring? (Throws himself at her feet).

Asp. (Raising him). Do you really wish that your exaggerated praises should drive me out of the room?

Alc. No, Aspasia; by all the powers of heaven, if I exaggerate, it is that innocent exaggeration in which the eulogist seeks not to delude but is himself deluded—and the deluder, Love. Dost thou choose that I should prove it?

Asp. Why not!

Alc. Tell me, then, might I not—without vanity—have hoped that Athens had grounds for reckoning me among her most accomplished, her most promising youth?

Asp. (Laughing). Ha, ha! Welcome back from thy hiding place, darling pride!

Alc. Not pride—at the most self-esteem. What! would you have me have eyes for others and none for myself? Must I eternally hold it for mere accident, that every one who wrestles a fall with me lies low? Eternally impute it to my horse that I am always foremost at the goal? Eternally be thanking my good luck because, in open theatre, so many a dame, that seems a Diana to all besides, gives me first greeting? And still, Aspasia, for to this alone my whole preamble tends, still canst thou doubt how purely, burningly I love thee, when I—to whom all stands open—tear myself from all—arena, race-course, theatre, and dames—all but for *this*, to look on thee, to hang upon thy lips?

Asp. (Laughing). That does many a philosopher, without thinking it therefore necessary to tease me with his amorous proposals.

Alc. Very possibly you only keep his secret. But were the case exactly as you state it, still such men have come to you with different intent; come to you at an age when grave philosophy is all in all, and love a toy—

Asp. (Slyly interrupting him). Is love always so to a greybeard?

Alc. At least it should be. My age, on the contrary, has free prerogative for follies and for joys. To renounce them, love only can inspire us. Judge then, how warm must mine be, that makes me such a prodigy of self-denial.

Asp. Thou might'st almost outwit me, not by thy words but by thy tone. And yet, forgive me: just because this tone does not—perhaps—altogether displease me, it must remain—unlistened to.

Alc. (Surprised.) Just on that account unlistened to?

Asp. Two minutes after it was listened to—'twould vanish.

Alc. Sooners should Alcibiades cease to be Alcibiades! sooner shall this—

Asp. (With something of bitterness). What! even if this eye wax yet more dim? this bosom yet more visible? if the earliest wrinkle, so sure to be followed by the rest, appear?

Alc. Aspasia, Aspasia, thank the gods that dowered thee not with beauty alone. How blanched must these lips have grown, when the thick-coming fancies, that stream incessant there, shall not tincture them with roses to a lover's eyes? What an incarnate Satyr were he, whom, even amid the havoc of encroaching age, the charms of the ever-lovely woman, and of her far

more lovely soul, should not bind eternal captive at thy foot? And dost thou not believe me?—No?—No?—*(He kisses her, and she is silent)*. O Aspasia, my love, my soul! If thou fearest the flight of years, wherefore dost thou not enjoy the present hour? Wherefore wilt thou longer delay to bless the fieriest, the tenderest of lovers? Thou art silent—does this silence mean consent?

* * * * *

Asp. (Angrily). Alcibiades! Mad-man! leave me, or—

Alc. (Laughing). Or you call for help? Aspasia, I should scarcely have looked for the coy damosel in thee—Dearest! Best! If this anger be but *art*, away with it, this ill-timed art!

Asp. By heaven, thou art the most reckless boy betwixt earth and moon! What, wouldst thou play Jove in the Iliad?

Alc. 'Twould not be the first time that they have called Aspasia Juno.

Asp. Leave me, I say, or my anger will be earnest.

Alc. Then must I even brave this anger. Leave thee, forsooth—to flee from me?

Asp. (Tenderly). I flee thee not; I hasten back. Wouldst thou have more?

Alc. Thy hand upon it, and thy kiss.

Asp. What must I not do, to keep the pretty child from whimpering!—*(Returning)*—Thoughtless boy, if thy father had come in!

Alc. Who, say'st thou? My father?

Asp. Yes, thy father, Pericles. Is this the first time you ever heard him called so?

Alc. (Hastily). O thank thee—thank thee—for so calling him.—*(Rushes out).*

With all the softening we have given it, you have still there—

“A groupe that's quite antique;
Half-naked, loving, natural, and Greek!”

and you have more, too, we take it, of the real Aspasia than is to be found in Plato's Menexenus.

And now for our moral. It is the unmasking of passion *without* principle. He that is virtuous by one impulse will be vicious by another; and, alas for poor human nature, no doubt which impulses will finally preponderate. *Alcibiades returns!*

SCENE VIII.

As before.

ALCIBIADES, ASPASIA.

Alc. Ay, beautiful Aspasia, well mayst thou wonder, that I—the criminal—dare so soon to face thee again; but pardon me; the haste with which I tore myself away made me forget—

Asp. Perhaps another outrage?

Alc. O no, no!—Only to crave mercy for the past. The acknowledgment of one's offence is not enough; it is meet to seek forgiveness from her one has offended.

Asp. (*With an irresolute tone and look*). And whom—perhaps—one is willing to offend again?

Alc. Willing? O no, not willing! And yet to ensure myself for ever from relapse—Aspasia, that were impossible.—Enchanting woman, be my boldness in confessing love for thee as great, as heinous as you please, yet the necessity of feeling it thou canst not deny. Beneath one roof with the fairest, the noblest, the wisest daughter of Greece;—day after day the interchange of souls between us;—day after day her silver accents melting on my ear;—her unveiled beauties feeding my hungry eyes;—and not to love her!—What stock, what stone so dull as—

Asp. (*With an air of resentment—visibly feigned*). No new mockery, Alcibiades!

Alc. Accursed be the word of mockery that shall ever pass my lips towards thee!—And then, after avowal of my love, to see thee so oft alone, to sit by thy side, to inhale the sweetness of thy breath, to touch the loveliest of all lovely hands.—O Aspasia, dost thou forgive my past audacity—now that I tell thee what I have felt? Dost thou forgive me?

Asp. (*After a short pause*). If thou hast—truly—felt it.

Alc. And dost thou promise to forget it?

Asp. (*With a tender smile*). Can one promise that?—Can one promise to forget a youth like thee?—

And what would thy pride say to it if one could?

Alc. Refrain, enchantress! O refrain!—(*Sinking on his knee*).—One glance of thine eye, one word of thy mouth, one palpitation of that bosom—and I venture every danger, every crime.—Even the terrible thought, that Pericles might one day suspect my passion—

Asp. (*Laughing*). One day? And what if he suspected it already?

Alc. (*Amazed*). Pericles!—Impossible!—How could he?

Asp. Say rather how could he not? Impetuous youth, art thou as great a novice in dissimulation as thou seemest to be in love, to dream that thy distracted air, thy drunken gaze, thy sighs, thy blushes, could escape such eyes as those of Pericles?—Just as I found it not impossible to guess the secret—thou hast at last revealed—so he, my spouse, has already made thy inclination—(*she stops*).

Alc. Good gods! Has made it what?

Asp. (*Laughing*). His best.

Alc. (*Springing to his feet*). His jest!—Aspasia? Jest?

Asp. Why yes! His jest—what else?

Alc. (*Bitterly*). What! do we jest, when somebody thinks to rob us of an inestimable treasure?

Asp. (*Sportively*). According as one fears this somebody, or not;—his power may be proportioned to his inclination—or the contrary.

Alc. (*With increasing bitterness*). How, Aspasia?—And I seem to thee so utterly contemptible, that you hold me not even worth a fear?

Asp. Did I speak of my own feeling, Alcibiades? Or must I account to thee for the thoughts of Pericles?—Well, then, although it should wound thy self-love an hundred times as much, I will tell it thee plainly: Pericles fears thee not;—the consort of Athens' ruler should

be—he hopes—firm enough, not to abandon the man for the stripling.—(*Laughing*).—Why, what makes thee turn so pale, thou vain one? Thinkest thou, because some dozen wanton nymphs salute thee; or because I myself, a little while ago, was weak enough to listen to thy—

thy *importunities*, must I call them?—that therefore *all* mankind must see only with *my* eyes?

Alc. (*Seizing the word*). And thou, then—thou *didst* look on me with favourable eyes?

* * * * *

Meissner, you are a lucky dog! There are touches in that scene worthy of Shakspeare; and your translator has the discretion to stop before the poet is merged in the Silenus!

For a season, in the intoxication of triumph, under the magic of emotions which from their very intensity seemed something new in kind rather than degree, Alcibiades saw every thing in roseate light.—Three moons flew by like days.

But a smooth course of love—lawful or illicit—a woman never jealous—and a *cavalier sergente* giving her no cause—will be discovered in the same year with the philosopher's stone. We take up our erotic extracts about the close of the fourth lunar revolution.

SCENE IX.

Chamber of ASPASIA.

ALCIBIADES. ASPASIA.

Alc. (*Suddenly breaking off from another topic*). And now, some news for thee, before I go! Do you know, dearest Aspasia, that I have this day found out a means to tranquillize all your anxieties?

Asp. Pray, *what* anxieties?

Alc. O, all you have felt about our love—as though its flame were not so lively as at first. Observe that I perceive not this fancied alteration; but yet no one trusts less *his own heart*, and more *thy words*, than I do; and therefore have I taken a resolution, which I flatter myself will meet with your applause.

Asp. (*With an embarrassed air*). From such an introduction I might almost fear the contrary.—Speak! What resolution can you mean?

Alc. To embark in this expedition against the Melians.*

Asp. (*Alarmed*). Against the Me-

lians? (*Embracing him*). You jest, young man.

Alc. Indeed I do not. My name has already been enrolled in full assembly.

Asp. (*Sinking back*). Ha! Perfidious, *this* thy aim? Dost thou call *parting from me* an *improvement on thine infidelity*? Go, inconstant, unworthy of my tenderness! Go, and at least spare to *mock*, when thou art planning to *destroy* me.

Alc. Aspasia, you wrong me. Hear me, and decide! When have I flown with keenest rapture to thy snowy bosom? When have thy kisses burned like fire—yet sweet as is Ambrosia—on my greedy lip? When has our talk no end, our embrace no chill? Is it not always when for days we have not met—when irksome company has checked, or little journeys have divided

* Every one, except Lord Plunket, knows that the expedition against Melos sailed in the year B.C. 416; and even *he* will understand that this dialogue took place some time before B.C. 429 (the year of Pericles's death); but again we claim the privilege of treating the old almanack after the fashion of *soi-disant* Whigs in 1836.

us? Why is marriage the very grave of tenderness? Why are those who perpetually meet so seldom fervent friends? O, thou mistress in the art of love, how caust thou forget, that this passion weakens by constraint, and renews its vigour, like the blithe year, by vicissitude?

Asp. (With the warmest tenderness). And if I forget it—love itself is to blame.

Alc. The more easily wilt thou forgive me for reminding thee.

Asp. And the less, if thou speak of separation.—(Embracing him). No, fickle one, I know thee all too well not to pierce this thiu disguise. Thinkst thou I cannot mark the symptoms of satiety—

Alc. Nay, no reiteration of this suspicion, Aspasia! The more unjust it is, 'tis so much the more painful. Pass one, two months, and again I lie at thy feet, again—so thou wilt deign to raise me—in thy arms, upon thy bosom.

Asp. Impossible.—Thou dardest not go from hence! Thy promise to love me—

Alc. (Interrupting). Was the word of a man, as well as that to embark against the Melians—and, therefore, both must be kept. Spare me these tears—they fall upon my heart, but I were unworthy of thee, did I yield to them.

Asp. Unworthy of me, didst thou yield to them? Ha! faithless—

Alc. Nay then, I have yet one method left to silence thee (throwing open his cloak)—Know'st thou this?

Asp. What mean you by those withered sprigs?

Alc. Ay, withered indeed! 'tis long since they were plucked. Canst

thou not remember the laurel-wreath I won at Potidæa?—Alone, at an early hour this morning, I sat in my chamber;—that garland fell of itself from the wall, and awoke, as it fell, my slumbering passion for renown. I started up, and raised it from the ground. A fire indescribable ran through my every vein. An ocean of ideas swept before my soul.—*Protectors of Athens*, I exclaimed, *I understand thy call, and it shall be obeyed. My idleness displeases thee—and well may it displease. What—shall Pericles, the husband of Aspasia, have gathered so many laurels, and I, her beloved, no more than only this?*—O then were I unworthy of her love, nay even of her jealousy!—then—noblest of thy sex, ask thy own bosom, what thou thyself wouldst have said, wouldst have resolved, wouldst have done!—Thou art silent! art silent, because thou thyself approvest my design. Come, then, take these sprigs as pledge for me! One other kiss, and let me go.

Asp. (Kissing him.) And why leave even this wreath with me?

Alc. That I may, if I return victorious, redeem it with a fresh one!—Or that thy tears, if it be my lot to fall in this campaign, may even then recall its freshness, when I—shall have long mouldered away. (Holding it out to her, while she shudders). Silent?—Thou disdainest my poor memorial? (As if going).

Asp. (Eagerly snatching it). O no, no! If we must part, leave it with me. Even the slightest memorial of thee would I not exchange for aught on earth—but thyself.

He went; and fought; and returned a conqueror. Renown preceded him: jubilee welcomed him home.

But Aspasia's suspicions had not wronged him. She shall be no longer the beguiled beguiler. If we have done her justice in the concluding scene, you will say she is herself again.

SCENE X.

The Chamber of ASPASIA.

ALCIBIADES, ASPASIA.—*Some company, in the act of withdrawing.*

Alc. (Looking earnestly after the departing company;—then turning round, and approaching ASPASIA with open arms). At last, wonder of thy sex,

at last I have once more an opportunity to greet thee with the salutation of love;—to cast at thy feet the laurels I have won;—to ask thee if Aspasia be still my own Aspasia?—and to demand the kiss, with which—in the presence of strange eyes—the *cousin* has already been acknowledged, but now the *conqueror* must be paid.

Asp. (*Who has been adroitly avoiding his advances, and now gravely repels him*). Away! I could bear to salute the *cousin*; but nothing more!—Away, to thy face and hands the blood of the Melians is cleaving.

Alc. (*Astonished*). What! would you rather have had *mine* cleaving to *theirs*? or have seen me come back as I went forth? The blood of enemies—what better becomes the conqueror?

Asp. The conqueror, but not the murderer!—Say! or deny it rather; if deny it thou canst! Were not the male youth of Melos slaughtered when they had already thrown down their arms?

Alc. They were.

Asp. And thou dardest bring me this wreath, with which 'twere more meet Tisiphone, in room of her serpent-scourge, should one day punish thee? Thou art surprised that I receive thee as a murderer?

Alc. I am surprised—amazed—because I have been wont to hear Aspasia judge—only when she knew the *whole* of an affair.—Dost thou not remember to have heard, that in the fight itself I remained unwounded?

Asp. Yes.

Alc. And yet—didst thou ever see before this scar upon my breast?

Asp. (*somewhat moved*). This scar?

Alc. I received it in attempting to restrain the raging multitude. Listen to my story, and then sue me for forgiveness. Exhausted by the toils of battle, I was seeking a moment's rest upon my couch, when the silly bravado of one of the prisoners roused his guards to fury. The flame soon spread throughout the army, and from words it quickly came to deeds. Thou knowest the Athenian when he maddens. I was awakened by the shrieks of the unhappy wretches who were fast falling beneath the swords of their destroyers. I rushed to the spot.

I prayed—I implored—I threatened—I threw myself between the murderers and their victims—received this gash—and still remained unheard. Nothing seemed more probable than that the blood-thirsty rage of the people would speedily turn, with like unmanliness, upon the wives and children of the slain. To avert this, I seized upon an instant when they paused weary with slaughter. On then, my brothers! I shouted with a mien as joyous as if all had been right and laudable: *On then, the foe is caliginous, and has left us his HIRRS. Let us divide the spoil!* I was answered with an acclamation of delight—they dragged out women and children, cast lots for the trembling creatures, and bore them off as slaves. What, then, have I failed in?—that I did not stop an inundation?—that I did not overawe a tempest?

Asp. No one would require it at thy hand. But before I pronounce thee guiltless, I have more questions yet to put to thee. Hadst thou not, in this division of booty, a female slave as thy share?

Alc. Undoubtedly

Asp. And her name?

Alc. Miria.

Asp. (*Aside*). As I had heard! (*Loud*). Is she beautiful?

Alc. So beautiful, that she yields only to thee. (*Smiling*). Would I otherwise have chosen her for myself?

Asp. (*With evident displeasure*). Excellently done, young man!

Alc. What! Impossible that Aspasia can be angry at my saving one of her sisters.

Asp. At your saving of her, certainly not. But dost thou purpose also to retain her?—How now! No answer?—Candidly, such is thy purpose?

Alc. Candidly, it is!

Asp. And—smile not, mocker! you reproached me just now for condemning you unheard—and with what intention do you retain the charming Miria?

Alc. No! Never has Aspasia to fear a rival! Every comparison does nothing but exalt her—every little infidelity makes her lover only more devoted to her. I promised this unfortunate, at her own entreaty, in one of those minutes of absence

which she helped me to beguile—and who can blame me, if, when far from thee, I sought for some alleviation of my misery?—in one of those minutes I promised *never* to abandon her. To give her freedom now would be abandonment. Enchanting Aspasia, 'tis impossible that *you* can be jealous of a wretched slave! Impossible that any man should prefer a Miris to thee. Even if I again embraced her, this would but point out to me the endless distance between her and the first daughter of Greece—would but drive me with new fervour to thy feet. (*He sinks on one knee, and throws his arms round ASPASIA*).

Asp. (*With a serious air*). Arise, and give me thy kiss!

Alc. (*Eagerly embracing her*). The kiss of forgiveness? Of reconciliation?

Asp. (*Still more seriously, and now retreating*). Of SEPARATION? Know, young man, that Aspasia never yet shared the heart of a lover with any of her sex, and never will.

Alc. (*Attempting to embrace her again*). O, I leave thee not, inimitable woman! Couldst thou see how ravishing even this wrath—

Asp. Back! henceforth thou beholdest no more Aspasia, but the wife of Pericles. Inconstant! never before did I for one of thy brethren what I have done for thee! *To suffer them to love me was my greatest favour; to few was it vouchsafed; and thee, thee alone, have I loved in return; ay, loved thee—to confess all my shame—loved thee first*. Thanks to thy perfidy, which has so soon plucked from my eyes the ignominious veil! It gives me back what my heedlessness had nearly lost,—tranquillity of soul, and empire over man!

Alc. (*As before*). Aspasia!

Asp. (*Again breaking from him*). Away—think not that I play the pouting girl! Were I again to embrace thee—again to print a kiss of

love upon thy lips, the gods must sink me to the vilest of the vile. Go! the arms of thy Miris are rounder, perchance, than mine; in her thou wilt not yet find so visible—what thy quick glance has already marked in me. How cruel, then, were it to detain thee ten minutes longer from the beautiful Melian! (*Exit.*)

Alc. (*Gazes after her for a long time in mute amazement,—at last, when he sees she is in earnest, breaks out into a bitter laugh*). Excellent! A dismissal in the handsomest form! A thousand regular divorces could not be more solemn. And this to me?—to me from *Aspasia*? The autumn rejects the spring! Ha! ha! ha!—(*Striking his forehead*). And yet, by the immortals! since that moment when she first surrendered herself to me, never did she seem so worthy of my love, as in this, when she casts me from her.—(*A pause*). Shall I pursue? To kneel and to implore?—Fye on thee, Alcibiades! at this age, with these accomplishments, 'twere more degrading than twenty such dismissals. But by my dearest oath, Aspasia! as I am the only one of my sex whom thou hast loved, so shalt thou be the only one of thine, that shall break with me *first*—the only one that e'er shall cheat me into such a kiss of separation! Love thee and hate thee will I at once, thou jealous sex! Thy weakness—thy folly—thy helplessness—Ha! fool, fool; why storm I thus? Why am I swearing and prating here? Is what has befallen me so rare an accident? Has a man like me, who would prove all, venture all, a right to rage, if out of the troops of women and maidens that allure him, one should now and then slip through the toils?—especially one that has abode in them so long?—To Miris!—to Miris! The art of loving, which she learned so soon, she must have forgot still sooner, if in her arms I shall miss Aspasia.

We may be forced to show, hereafter, that he was *in earnest with his oath*—more particularly, if we can, for the sake of our female admirers, muster sufficient resolution to give them

EARLY RISING.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise."

So sayeth rhyme, if not reason—yet, notwithstanding this authoritative distich, would we venture to ask, if you ever saw the sun rise? "Ever saw the sun rise! that is a strange question." Not at all—start not, reader, masculine or feminine, fair or brown—nine-tenths of the readers of *Maga* never saw the sun rise. In the first place, it requires a gift—for every-day eyes never see it. To the greater part of mankind, sun, moon, and stars, are but as lamps and candles. The worshippers of the sun are a race nearly extinct. The greatest compliment nowadays paid to that luminary is that of the French poet, who styles him *Le Grand Duc de Chandelles*. Yet is the rising sun a very magnificent object; and those gifted with that second sight have travelled thousands of miles to stand tiptoe on the Andes and Alps to see the glory. Not that such extent of travel is necessary; many a delightful glimpse may be seen nearer home, if not so full a display of his majesty—and many a time have Christo-

pher and he kissed hands to each other; he from his orient cloud, and Christopher on heathery hill and burn side; and so have they smoked their calumet of peace, before the world knew of the rising of either. But the sight is altogether a luxury, and, like all luxuries, not to be had too cheap.

Those who are compelled to rise early are not voluntary worshippers, not true Persians; and such are the great mass of mankind, who are forced from their beds by poverty, toil, and duty, and walk forth with their heads bent downwards instead of upwards, and, in their daily repetition of irksome tasks, lament that there is nothing new under the sun. Gladly would more than half the world that stir betimes return if they dared, and hide them under their warm blankets again, particularly on cold winter mornings—but poverty will not let them lie, folded in that fond dream, and drags them out of bed, bidding them rise or starve—poverty with her myriad plagues, that

"Buzzing round, torment awake, and say be starv'd or rising——"

PLUTUS—ARISTOPHANES.

There is no creature that has so many enemies as sleep—"innocent sleep." Pleasure and pain, but mostly the latter—anxiety of a thousand kinds—ill-fortune, care, love—each in its turn, is the Macbeth to murder it; and considering those natural and unnatural maladies that distemper it, it is worthy of our admiration, if, weak as we are, we can ever enjoy a half-hour's doze in any real comfort. And therefore is it, that when it is to be had, it becomes the subject of so much envy, slander, and back-biting. The world that must be up are ever rating against the world that must not, and would, if they could, establish a waking tyranny, enforce domiciliary visits, assassinate repose, and attack us in our very beds. We are entirely amateur in that matter, and though not given to act the

sluggard at any time, reserve the extra-early for a particular luxury, and enjoy it occasionally for its rarity; and we pronounce it very admirable, that is, in its way—but there is a season for all things.

We strongly object to the unreasonableness of being required to obey, and throw off at all mornings on command. Early risers from necessity are apt to be envious—the few from choice are in general the most conceited of beings, because they presume to walk on two legs, and, imitating the cock that calls them up, strut their early hour or two, while others are unconscious of having any legs at all, but lie folded up, one resting body, without distinction of sensitive limb or muscle, identified only in the elysium of dreams. Your early risers, in the distemper of their minds,

fancy every sleeping brother a "Lubber fiend." They are a *very* conceited generation. Even those who, with a perfect inanity of mind, do nought but step methodically from grass to gravel, and from gravel to grass, rate their neighbours of the closed windows, whose very dreams may have more pith, marrow, and life in them, than all the waking apologies for thought of the watchful.

We took up, the other day, two works that lay, properly enough, close together, in enviable repose, which their authors never intended them to enjoy. Essays on early rising! We were amused by the strange volubility of the one, and the monitor absurdities of the other. They seem to think that they have caught the sleeping public napping, and that they can keep down, as a monster for exhibition, a ludibrium, the great Quinbus Flestrin, with their Lilliputian cords; and so we have taken it into our heads to give them a cut with our knife—that is, the cords, not the man—that the great sleeping Quinbus Flestrin may rise as a balloon, if he chooses, and shake off the pins and needles of the Lilliputians at his leisure, and drop lazily down to take his other doze.

We must say, however, that these, as well as other writers on this subject, are very excellent and pious men, and breathe a spirit of devotion that, if it were not connected with this subject, would be truly refreshing. But we protest against making religion a stalking-horse—we protest against forcing texts of Scripture to arguments on which they were never intended to bear, as authorizing a practice that may have very evil consequences, and which has been by the ill-disposed adopted against the Scriptures themselves, which, it is said, the evil one can quote for his purpose. We are afraid of even the appearance of levity on such a subject as Scripture quoting; but it is such a dangerous absurdity in the hands of enthusiasts, both in and out of religion, and which many serious persons abstain from in reverence of the sanctity of the Scriptures, that we must briefly show the utter unreasonableness of it—and the more so, as we find nearly the same quotations seized

upon by all who write on the duty of early rising—because it happened that Jacob rose up early in the morning, and because "the three Marys came to the sepulchre early while it was yet dark." This might be said in praise of night as well as morning. In a learned note, to prove that the word "morning" means "with all mental power," it is singularly and somewhat ludicrously assimilated with early rising—"Behold, as wild asses in the desert, go they forth to their work, rising betimes for their prey." The Psalms are quoted for David's early prayer, omitting the nightly watchings. Adversaries to the order might as well quote, "Why haste ye to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, for so giveth he his beloved sleep;" or, "let the saints be joyful and glad, let them rejoice in their beds." If the modern saints who would enforce the practice of christian duty are shocked at these quotations, we are no less so at theirs; and we do it only to show them how dangerous an exercise they indulge in. There is something very whimsical in Mr Head's way of treating this subject, in his "Essay on Early Rising and Prayer." Books *ad infinitum* might be written in this manner—they might as well treat of railroads for pages, and terminate by saying, "how inferior all this to early rising." We have an example in a passage on music—which, by the by, independently of its not bearing on the subject, we think bad writing, and very like the style of composing in riddles, of which we recollect a specimen in Hannah More's "Eulogy on Prayer." Having, fairly or unfairly, and rather roundly, rated music, described by riddles, what it is and what it is not, and bade the world shut their ears, he takes the other tack, and quotes an eloquent passage from Hooker in its praise; and having called it previously the "resource of a sickly soul," with Hooker's fine eloquence before him—he says—"Now all that is here said of music, as preparatory and instrumental to devotion, is applicable to early rising." So, upon a parity of reasoning, is every art, or any thing which he may think fit to discuss; though the same author

thinks he is advancing piety by (in several passages) decrying human learning, arts and sciences, all which is a pitiable mistake. It is true that these things, without the other, are little worth; but why are they to be in opposition? The great apostle of the Gentiles denied them not, nor disdained to quote the heathen poets.

We are glad to get rid of this part of our animadversions. The other little volume has run through we know not how many editions, and, if omens are of any value for the cause it advocates, it had better never been ushered into the world at all. The poor good pious author—held forth as an example (whose brother edits this book on early rising)—died at the early age of 25, and the editor is “the subject of long protracted illness;” and this fasciculus of exhortations is backed by the authority of the “amiable and afflicted Mrs Anna Williams,” in her “Hints from an Invalid Mother to her Daughter.”

Now, really, young persons in their natural cheerfulness will not be very willing to enrol themselves in this doleful school of Martyrs, and will be glad enough to take the first opportunity of sleeping off the melaucholy impressions, and, like the ancient Greeks, open their windows and throw off their dismal omens to the sun, when they shall be sure he has risen, by pouring his flood of daylight through their curtains.

We suspect that the style of this book will be adopted by the rising monitors of many an infant school, when advanced to literature practically. It is the most exhortatory we ever met with—young as he was, none escape his admonitions. He visits an amiable family, a gentleman, his wife, and allowed number of children, and in return for his hospitable reception, enters into a correspondence to rouse them all, old and young, out of their beds. He ventures even to ask this respectable hospitable father of an amiable family, “what he thinks of the glutton and the drunkard.” That though “sorry to rank his friend on a level with such characters, yet he must in candour tell him,” &c. But let us probe the conceit of these early risers with a little reason, and see

the arguments brought forward—they are generally, such as these, which I select from published works. You are to rise early; 1st, Because the sun does. 2dly, Because the lark does. 3dly, Because the dew is on the ground. 4thly, Because the landscape is most beautiful at an early hour. 5thly, Because the Utopians attended public lectures every morning *before* day-break. 6thly, Because physician Noodle says it is healthful. 7thly, Because it is a Christian duty. To the first, we answer—the sun gets up when he likes, and not always at the same hour, and is a notorious bed-lie during the winter months, and in certain disagreeable places, has been known to lie a-bed for months together. To the 2d, Because the lark is notoriously not a respectable character, and we suspect has been up all night. To the 3d, Because the dew is on the ground, is the very reason why we should wait till Aurora has swept it off, and prepared the green carpet for our feet. To the 4th, Because the landscape is *not* then most beautiful, but is so at all hours, to those who can see without picturesque spectacles. To the 5th, That when in Utopia, we will do as the Utopians do; that public lectures before breakfast are worse than bores, and finally, that England is no Utopia now. To the 6th, That physician Noodle, being a noodle, his opinion is not worth a fee or a farthing. The 7th, We deny *in toto* and think the assertion an unwarrantably offensive liberty. Then we have continually forced upon us Lord Mansfield’s enquiry into the habits of witnesses who had attained great age, and we are told they were invariably early risers. Nothing can be more fallacious than the inference. The fact is simply, examples of longevity must be sought from the mass of the population, who are of necessity early risers. And witnesses in law-suits are pretty sure to be men of business. But we doubt not, if you were to search the parish register, you would find the great number of those who die young, to have been early risers too. But how stands the matter on the score of health? Perhaps it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that sleep, “the great

restorative," like all other restoratives, may be taken to excess. Some constitutions require more, some less. But every individual ought to find out his own measure; and if your advocates for "early rising" would make that the foundation of their arguments, and, moreover, use early rising as a relative term, to be dated from the hour of sleep, their labours would be more rational and more beneficial. But now all theories upon the subject are whimsical. They hold night in perfect abhorrence, "and pass it into the oblivion of sleep with all its galaxy, moon and stars, majesty and magnificence—solemn shade and silver light, and such thoughts of universal love, and thankfulness, and piety, as steal into the heart at no time so powerfully, as if heaven-sent through the still atmosphere. All these are nought to them. Their sensibilities are dead under the impression of the 'wet blanket' of the night. What to them are astronomy and astronomers, with their midnight praise and thanksgiving to the Creator of myriads of bright worlds then invisible? They treat the body and mind too at night as in a state of disease, and gravely ask if the mind can be active when the body is fatigued." Though the fatigue is not then certainly absolutely necessary, the imagination is never more busy than in sleep itself; and is then most excursive, when the body is the least so. Oh! it is delightful when it thus steals away from reality, creates a world, and embodies all things for itself. And when you feel it gently laying down your limbs, extracting their very weight, and gifting them with a winged buoyancy, yet all alive only to a sense of repose, and the very soul gifted with powers of poesy unutterable. This a state of disease! The fancy dead! the intellect saddened! They are then in their very glory. Far deep into the night is the intellectual hour. We might perhaps rationally assert (if it were not theorizing), that the horizontal position, by admitting the more ready flow of humour into the brain, has somewhat encumbered its bright faculties, and thereby dimmed their high perceptions, and reduced them to

an every-day use; and at the same time, perhaps, left the body more elastic for its destined daily labour and activity. But, by night, the brain is cleared again of these juices, that return filtered to the body, having left in the seat of the soul their more vital essences, that give a strength, a vigour, enriching with busy industry the kingdom within. It is evidently the case with many, nay, with most studious men, and men of creative moods, that their mental faculties are more awake some hours, and those late ones, preceding rest, than at any other time. But you may urge this in vain. You will be answered by the cant of intellectual depreciation; and if it be admitted that studies protracted to a late hour be favourable to acquirement, you are foolishly asked—"And is the advancement of intellectual improvement of such importance?" To be sure it is;—the highest, if it take not a very sad direction. In its highest condition it may constitute the great difference between us and angels, as it does in its lower between us and brutes; and may not the extension of these faculties be one of the rewards of the blessed, who will not praise their Maker the less for having improved their talent? But here the infant monitor will take you by the button, and, though solemnly asserting he had rather be serious than jocose, will attempt to fascinate you with wit. "Will you believe the feeble glimmerings of the lamp, whose light is conveyed in fitful flashes, to be so influential upon the thinking faculties, so auxiliary to the intellectual powers, as the pure unwavering blaze of the orb of day? Would you rather your compositions should be scented with the odours of oil, than breathe the freshness and impart the fragrance of the morn? Would you prefer the intended compliment of a comparison to the owl to the more pleasing comparison with the lark? However you may feel about the matter, my dear fellow, let me tell you that you shall have the blinkings and blindness, the screechings and squallings of the former, if I can enjoy the liveliness and loftiness, the melody and music of the latter." Now all such verbiage of alliteration we

should strongly suspect to smell of the lamp, and a bad one, too, but that, by the way, lamps indeed with feeble glimmerings, where are they to be seen now-a-days? Is there any Apollo, Magnus or Parvus, addicted to rushlights, or the fitful flashes of a chip dipt in foul oil? Now this is ever the way praters make out their case—doing worse despite, than turning Hyperion into a satyr. It is true Franklin did discover, and publish to the world his great discovery, that the sun shone as soon as he was up; but what is that to the discovery of gas-lights and wax-lights, that shine when the sun is down? Luxury has its origin from such, as we learn from the Hamiltonian Latin—*lux cerea*—burn wax candles. But if that was true then of the sun, it is not always true now. Certain it is, he does not always shine as soon as he is up. He has been either shorn of his beams, or dreads a reform act of the Utilitarians to make him ripen cucumbers, and too often keeps his distance, and interposes a fog between us and his splendour—and gives a very sly and suspicious look at the world before he throws off his nightcap, and lifts himself up for exhibition.

"So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave"—

But, leaving the Sun to vindicate his own honour, we must stand up for the poor ill-used owl. The poor owl is a most respectable travelling preacher, a poor abstemious mendicant friar, that humbly craves for his homily but the leg of a mouse, or such small matter as that, for his whole convent. And as to his blinking blindness, does he not see farther into the night than most people? and many a one tries all he can to look very like him. And as to his screechings, that's only between him and the moon; and those who do not understand his Gaelic need not be offended with the sense of it. But the lark we have shown to be the veriest debauchee, if keeping bad hours will make him one. He is the fuddled piper at the fairy revels; and it is they, the invisible, that lift him up in the morning early, that he shall not shame the chaste

cold earth; up they lift him, singing his rollocking songs the while, and then put him to bed upon a pillowy cloud, far out of sight and hearing too of his tipsy jollities. But now Mentor seems really to have been with the larks. "I will add but one quotation more, and can only say, follow the advice it contains." Now, then, for the lark's canon, an admirable rule of life. But here he becomes enthusiastically an ultra, and is not content to rise with the sun, not subscribing, perhaps, to Franklin's discovery, or fondly thinking he may shine *before* he is up.

"Rise before the sun,
And make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Serv'd up by Nature on some grassy hill:
You'll find it nectar."

There's a breakfast to recommend to a stout travelling gentleman up before the sun! Many such would ensure a consumption, though not of viands. But we always suspect advice in poetry to have a hidden meaning, particularly in blank verse.

"Death and the Exciseman." We have it! Finding it to be served up on some grassy hill, we recognise it at once, and doubt not a moment the "mountain dew," the place where Nature, *loco* the gauger, clearly points out the illicit still, and we acknowledge that farther on we may fare worse, and find no such nectar.

But there is nothing like maxims in verse; so Early Riser throws in your teeth a few scraps, that your children may learn them; and there is a pretty one enough by the learned Mr Beloe, but so sadly ominous, that the poor dear children, if they believe a word of it, will be afraid for their lives to pick a violet of a morning by the hedge-side, and fear death is hid and lurking for them, like the fox, under the colewort. It is "the Pursuit of Health." It tells of a fairy waking the poet one April morning (we suspect it must have been the first,) and sending him forth from his warm bed in pursuit of health. Off he trots to the grove, but she is not there. He questions the violet, the primrose, the cowslip of her whereabouts, but finds her not with any of them; and it is rather extraordinary that they should have been

all sickly, but so it is; and, to the end of the poem, health is not to be found, to the mortification of the poet, and the astonishment of all who look upon the poetry as enforcing the practice. It would have been far better to have scorned for an hour the sluggard's reproof, "a little more sleep and a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms," than to rush out of a warm bed at four or five in the morning, to run after health; and no wonder she ran from him, frightened at the sight of the hunter, like Daphne from Apollo, whereas, had he lain still, she would have come of her own accord and smoothed his pillow for him, and kissed his eyelids and blessed him, for such is her wont to visit her patients from village to village, the real poor man's friend. We were foolish enough to try some such pursuit once upon a time, and were up and on horseback for the hunt, morning after morning before sunrise—and heartily repented of it. Our clothes became loose about us, we lost flesh sadly, and began to fear for the bone, for we rattled in our saddle; when luckily we recollected the tombstone and the epitaph, "I was well, I would be better, and here I am." And once on a walking excursion in North Wales, ourselves and a friend grew very sick—till having slept at a wretched place somewhere at Snowdon, and rising very early in the morning, we found our host, who was a stonemason, squatting a couple at his door, that would have just suited to tell our brief history. The man eyed us significantly, and we left off the practice, and happily returned to our families in safety.

Horrid rules! that would tie us all down to an hour, to a minute—to make us slaves, obedient to the finger of a watch; it is not to be endured. But if there is an odious necessity of rising when we would gladly be in our beds, let us at least be convinced by good reasons—one good argument is worth a thousand bad ones, real modest, yet strict duty, will point out in each case the necessity, and that is enough; there is no contradicting, no arguing against "rise, or your family won't have bread"—and so up leaps the labourer, because he is satisfied with

the reason. But be sure duty will never plague any with fictitious arguments, and tell you to get out of your bed, because the fish are beginning to wave their fins or wriggle their backs, or the tadpoles their tails; or because the tomtits are beginning to perk and to twit, but because there are such and such tasks to be performed; and then if the called will not rise with a good grace, duty will not give them long indulgence, for they will not have a bed to lie on. But duty never calls at the wrong door. That is the exclusive impertinence of advice that now-a-days has no scruples, as in Milton's time, "and never slumbers;" but if it cannot come in at the door, will leap through the casement or down the chimney, and sit like an inquest or night-mare on the body of murdered and innocent sleep. Advice, that imp secretary to Lady Busybody, president of a thousand mumping societies; but duty, that "preserves the stars from wrong," keeps pretty much to her own home and her own parish; and if she meet praters of the advice school, gently puts her finger on their mouth and bids them mind their own business. Since the days that we left off wearing hair shirts, which were even worse than those can be when we may wear none; since the days of self-mortification, and penance, and self-flagellation (we remember with horror hearing the groans of a Franciscan at a convent, about the hour of three in the morning, and, somehow or other, associate the cord with the hour), superstition has not endeavoured to exact a greater tyranny than this demand upon poor human flesh, that would fain cry out, "leave me, leave me to repose." Think but a moment on three or four o'clock in a winter morning, a cold damp air without, and a cheerless palpable darkness all around, and of warm sleep within, or a sensible slumber, better and warmer still—that sleep of which Sancho said, "Blessed be the man that invented it, it wraps me up warm like a blanket." Is there any luxury greater than repose? The beggar, if he has it, is a klog, and with his head under his covering, and his eyes closed, and, fancy-free, is "monarch of all he surveys;" and can a greater pen-

ance be inflicted than, without any necessity but superstitious imposition, to be forced from this illuminated Elysium of a dream, naked and shivering, into Tartarian darkness? Look at a dormouse wrapped in cotton, and folded up warmly, as it were within himself, and could you have the cruelty to take him out with cold fingers, and plunge him into a half-frozen basin? If so, you are an inveterate early riser. We have an antipathy to the whole matter, and remember, even now, with pain, an occurrence that has ever made us detest it but upon absolute necessity. When we were about ten years of age (the very time when we love to lie like dormice, warm and happy), lying in the most sweet sleep, oblivious of adjective and noun, cape and promontory, troy weight, pennyweights, slates, and rod, some big tyrants tore us from bed, and the blankets from beneath to toss us in them. Neither the meekness of tears nor the flattery of fourpence (all we were worth), could soften the ruffians—up we went, and thrice did the head and shoulders touch the ceiling, when, just as we were descending into the blanket for the fourth time, in came the schoolmaster, cane in hand, and down we came, in our sweetest infancy, upon the hard floor. That descent was not seen by the ruthless master. The tyrants were active, and in bed in a moment. We were out, and the cane twisting about the bare and tender limbs without intermission, inflicting before unknown torture. It was about break of day, and from that hour we connect rising at that time with rising from the blanket and flagellation.

There is a very curious state of happiness in lying a-bed of mornings, which, though perhaps many have experienced, few have been sufficiently thankful for. Let a man be too late for a coach at three or four o'clock in the day, and he will turn sulky, and be perhaps uncivil to all he meets, but let him have to rise at either of those hours in the morning, more especially if it be winter, and pouring or snowing, to start by the early heavy coach for an hundred miles or so, being at the time fatigued with previous business,

and then let him lie half watchful, lest he be too late, a strange slumber shall pass over the "spirit of his dream"—a consciousness that time is passing—that somebody will be too late. He makes a bet against his own identity, if passenger or coach will start but too late. He feels an intense pleasure, as of a gambler with little risk—has no notion but that it is an excellent joke—a few minutes more the heavy will be off—how warm he is himself—how doubly sensible of repose, perfect enjoyment, and even delights in cheating himself. When broad awake, and aware that it is to his own loss—that he has paid his fare, lost his place, and broken his engagement—he is reconciled to all, and never will forget the happy moments—and thinks the luxury cheaply bought—himself qualified for an imperial reward for inventing a new pleasure.

But what is pleasure, quoth Puritan Pilim, who would have had the poor pilgrim flogg'd for bolting his pease, but a jade to be taken up on suspicion, and whipped?

But be not all you who are up with the sun so conceited, as if he were your familiar, and were shining only for you, while you contemn the moon and the stars. Before he has been up with you an hour or two the sun himself will be heartily sick of your company, and will be glad to hide his head behind his clouds, and coldly, and half in compassion, look through a mist at you and your vanities. And do you think, when you rise at the transition hour, when it is neither day nor night, and walk the earth like troubled spirits, ghosts scared out of Erebus, that it is you that have thrust the moon and the stars into a dark closet, because they have thought fit to retire to their glorious chambers, wherein they will dress themselves splendidly for the ensuing night, and will be again "at Home" to their choice favourites, silvan revellers, and "Maids who love the moon?" But what is all the beauty of the spangled night, if the eyes of all mankind are to be sun-flowers, and close and open only as that luminary rises and sets? In vain would all their glory be given. And how painful would be the idea, that Europe, or even this nation.

should be all dead asleep at the same moment—dead alive in somnolency, an idea that suggests an insurrection on man of the inferior creation of nature, animate and inanimate. Not an eye open, not a tongue with speech to tell of the encroachment of the mountains moving towards us, or the ocean overtopping our walls. But, happily, there is wickedness enough yet left in the world to secure us, by the sin of sitting up late, and not rising early.

Then, notwithstanding your vituperation against the morning sleepers, you fancy yourselves the sweetest tempered people in the world, and, smoothing your raven plumage, simper that "early rising sweetens the temper;" when you know that half of you, not exactly before dawn, seeing which way to get out, get out of bed the wrong side, which is a proverbial sourness. And what is it but the acerbities of the busy, active, waking, jostling, world, early a-work for mischief, that spoil the tempers? A few hours stolen from all this turmoil after the sun is down, and spent in familiar, social, domestic pleasures, in delight and harmony, amid music, taste, and literature, are the real golden renovating moments of life. How many would be glad to take refuge from troubles, and to their beds altogether! And though we have said that in general, and at the stirring time of life, too much rest is bad for the health, yet there are times and conditions of life, when the bed is a sure haven for the shattered vessel—the body that can scarce keep the "sea of troubles,"—and a very cell for meditation.

There is a very amusing account of some rich state given by Berni, as a memoir of himself. Fortune had not played very fairly with him,—for, being of an original genius, and most unfit for the laborious service of others, he became secretary to Cardinal de Bibbiena, and afterwards to Giammatteo Giberte, Bishop of Verona, and others; tired to death of writing, with his hands and pockets ever stuffed full of papers and his head with confusion, and all his resources failing by fire or flood, or Il Diavolo, he supposes himself to arrive at an enchanted palace, where every one does as he likes. He instantly orders a bed, and such a one that upholsterers should read the book to learn to make the like; it had pillows on every side, and was so large that he could swim in it, "comesi fa nel mare." Near to him, just leaving space for a table between, Master Peter, a French cook, who had not either made any great matter by his art, had a similar bed. He was a good companion, ordered good dishes, and told pleasant stories,—the usual routine being, to tell a tale, eat, and sleep, then eat, sleep, and tell a tale. But the Florentine seldom speaks, and so detests fatigue, that nothing but his head is seen above the counterpane; and that he might not move hands, feet, nor even his teeth, the attendants feed him by a silver tube made on purpose, on soups. Their great, and somewhat strange amusement, was to count the veins in the beams of the rafters overhead.

"Il suo sommo bene era in jacere,
Nudo, lungo, disteso, e 'l suo diletto
Era non far mai nulla, e starsi in letto.
Tanto era dallo scriber stracco e morto,
Si i membri e i sensi avea strutti ed arsi
Che non sapea in piu tranquillo porto,
Da così tempestoso mar ritirarsi:
Ne piu conforme antidoto, e conforto
Dar a tante fatiche, che lo starsi
Che starsi in letto, e non far mai niente,
E così il corpo rifare e la mente.

"Il letto era una veste una gonnella
Ad ogni buona, che se la metesse
Poteva un larga e stretta e lunga avella,
Crespa, e schietta, secondo che volesse,
Quando un la sera si spogliava i panni
Lasciava in suo forzier tutti gli affanni."

INAMORATO, lib. 3, canto 7.

The Florentine and Master P  ter the Frenchman were no such great fools. Perhaps by this refreshment of mind and body, they were laying in a stock of health, waiting tranquilly until the weariness of both might peel off; and then they might come forth renovated, fresh, and glistening, leaving their old skins behind them. We have ourselves seen more than once the benefit of the practice; it has invariably led to longevity. The fact is, at a certain age, and especially after a life of labour (as overseers of the poor well know), there is no killing a regular bed-lie. If he even wastes, he becomes a more concentrated vitality, a sort of living mummy. He is as safe from the common slayer as the antediluvian toad in his block of marble, the difference being, that one has a warm, the other a cold bed.

We knew two old men that had lived, or rather eat, dozed, and slept away years together in the same room, much like Master Peter and the Florentine, excepting that their fare was not quite so luxurious. Death came to the village his quarterly and monthly visits, and disposed of young and old as busily as if he were a New Guardian of the Poor; but somehow or other, he always overlooked them—even when he stepped into the poor-house, just after the doctor. The fact is, their heads were seldom out of the blankets, and their breathing was as soft and healthy as infants. Ever tranquil Michael, happy Philip! They could scarcely be said to have had an external world; if there was one, their eyes were closed to it. Often as we visited them, we could not swear we ever heard Michael's articulate voice; he never wasted his breath, as if determined not to die for want of it. Philip was occasionally communicative. So dead was he to common cares, so was he out of the reach of vexations and emotions, that, as we learned from himself, though he had had a numerous family, and most of them settled within a few miles of the parish poor-house where he lay, he knew not if they were dead or living. He communicated the valuable secret of life preservation.

"Philip," we said to him, "you will live for ever."

"Why," quoth he, "when young

I was but sickly, but I do think now my constitution is beginning to get strong."

"And how old are you then, Philip?"

"Eighty-nine."

Eighty-nine, and the constitution beginning to get strong, and without ever taking a single dose of Dr Morrison's! ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, and there was no visible alteration. There is no knowing how long they might have lived had it not been for an accident. One cold wintry morning, very early, Michael thrust his left foot out of bed, whether in a dream, or that, like a grain of barley, he was growing out from keeping, never will be known. But at that moment Death or the Doctor passing, a blast, with a sharp whistle, came through the casement. It was the fatal dart: Michael's toe received it. It was nipt off before he could draw it in, the icy mortality crept upwards, and Michael's thin breath was frozen, and "slit" in a moment.

Philip slept through the death and burial of his friend Michael, and wet not of the matter. It was the only shock, they say, he ever was known to feel, when he awoke seven days after, and said, "Michael, a'n't you hungry?" The no answer would not have surprised him; but the old woman coming in to feed him, and her very particularly calamitous look, and the one mess instead of two, touched him,—and his appetite failed him. Man can bear age and all its infirmities, but he cannot bear solitude. In a few days he became weak. The curate's wife was sent for. He had been a favourite; he wanted support, and she raised him in bed.

"Philip," quoth she, "you are going; tell me your last wishes; what shall I do for you?"

Society had its charm; Philip was comforted.

"What is your last wish?" repeated the good lady; "what I do for you?"

"Give me," said Philip, with astonishing strength of voice, "summut to eat!"

The curate's wife was too bountiful. She ran home, and brought him not only a plentiful meal, but a good stiff tumbler of gin and wa-

ter. This was injudicious. The slender threads of life, that, quiescent and relaxed, would, with regularity, have long held the vital current, could not bear the sudden heat and extension from being thus wetted, and gave way, and the vapour of life escaped. There was one fillip too much, and very soon one Philip less. He was killed by kindness. Thus were they cut off in the flower of their old age. One went off below zero; the other evaporated at 180 of Fahrenheit.

Examples from real life are worth a thousand theories. We will offer but one more. We knew an old lady that lived in her bed to a wonderful old age, and retained all her faculties and all her cheerfulness. Her heir, thinking she was too long "withering out," not now "a young man's revenues," came to visit her near about her hundredth year. Whether it was that he was naturally or habitually an early riser, or could not sleep of mornings for thinking of his inheritance, he paid her very early visits to her room, to enquire if she slept well. She was a shrewd observer, and determined he should be up betimes. At three o'clock in the morning (and she kept awake on purpose) she rang her bell violently, and down came the half-dressed expectant heir.

"My dear madam, I hope you are not very ill?"

She bade him come near. She laughed in his face, and said,—

"It is the first of April."

Now, what life and jollity was here—to make her heir an April fool in her hundredth year!

Now, let not any imagine that we are the advocate of sluggards, and indulge in sleep. As yet we find five or six hours quite enough, but care not when we take it; and if we do wish occasionally to enjoy the sunrise, can be content with three winks and a minim, and are on tip-toe. Nor would we have any, like Thomson, play the hypocrite; for he wrote his panegyric on early rising in bed at mid-day. But we have reached this conclusion—that when we do come to the "sere and yellow leaf," we will not let it hang shivering to the morning winds, a scoff and exhibition to every rampant weed, to be blown off by the first wintry blast, and trodden into the earth, but will have it carefully gathered up ere it be quite withered; and we have seen many a leaf so carefully laid up between pages of love and poetry; and though the softer substance may wear away, how beautiful are the traces and ramifications of sensitive life! So may it lie, reflecting honour upon that stock of humanity on which it was once green, and flourished—a Cabinet specimen of a bed-liver.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN ALPINE TRAVELLER.

No. IV.

We left our baggage at Lanslebourg, to be sent on by the diligence to Turin. We started next morning at 5 o'clock, and walked up the Mont Cenis by the old road; in an hour and twenty minutes we attained the Point Culminant, and in forty more reached the hotel of the *Vielle Poste* chez madame *Françoise Bock*, née *Chapuy*—as her name, cast on the iron plate at the back of the fireplace, duly announced.

Having secured our chambers, we set off to visit, with a letter of introduction, the brother *Dom Benoit*, at the convent or hospice of the *Mont Cenis*. He had left the establishment, we were told, because he was too

liberal to the poor and passengers, but *Dom Michael*, the principal, did the honours kindly and well. He desired us to stay and dine at the convent; we accepted the invitation, and met at table a clever medical man, who usually resides at *St Michael* in the *Maurienne*—a *Monsieur Bonjean*, or, as he desired us to remember him by *memoria technica*, as *Jambon* (*Jambon*), a botanist of *Chambery*, who for thirty seasons had gathered simples and flowers during two months in the year on the *Mont Cenis* and in its neighbourhood—to these were added a young man, the pupil of *Bonjean*, and an invalid from *Pignerol*, recommended to

breathe the mountain air for a month or two, or, induced by dread of the cholera, to find this excuse for his stay on the Mont Cenis. He paid *en pensionnaire*—the botanist, in kind, *i. e.* papillons and plants, which, however, the monks were not disposed to rate so high as their delicious trout—but Bonjean is also a *bon garçon*, privileged, by thirty annual intrusions upon the bed and board of the monks, to continue them as long as his health and strength can bear him to the Mont Cenis.

Besides Dom Michael we had three other monks at table—one sensible, one stupid—one a glutton—but the ruddy good-tempered looks of the latter almost reconciled the stranger to Dom —'s opinion of the only true purpose for which the eyes and the mouth were placed on the same side of the head—the first, to enjoy the sight of the good things which entered, by the second, into his stomach. His only reputation was that of being a hard eater and drinker—and we certainly had no reason to regret the opportunities he had of keeping himself in practice, for the dinner served was excellent, and the wine delicious. We had soup (not *maigre*); fried trout (not those which had died in the reservoir); boiled mutton and beef; cutlets; cold boiled trout and salad; some dishes which I know not how to describe—fruit—cheese and coffee. The monks were hospitable and hearty, and had the good luck to fare better—and were enabled to give to a stranger a better table than their more devoted brethren on the Great St Bernard could either enjoy or dispense.

But their hospitality to us, though not in ingratitude it is spoken, was no evidence of the utility of these monks on the Mont Cenis—their merits ought never to be mentioned, when the praises of the excellent and devoted brethren on the Great St Bernard are spoken. The poor passenger may indeed receive food at the hospice on the Mont Cenis; but this, and shelter from the horrors of a winter storm, may be found under twenty roofs on the plain, from the Grand Croix to the Point Culinant. These monks neither go forth to search for the overwhelmed or belated traveller, nor risk their lives in the service of

humanity—their station is a sine-cure; or their chief duty, to take care of the fish in the lake, to which their right is exclusive. Here they have few, if any privations, and their comforts are more for themselves than for the poor and destitute. They are a jovial jolly set, living in excellent and well-furnished apartments, particularly those occupied by the King when he makes a progress, and rests here on his way across the mountain. The chief room is hung round with portraits of gaunt personages, that look like members of the family of Munchausen.

After dinner we looked into the reservoir at the hospice, and saw forty or fifty fine trout, ready to be dropped from their tank to the frying-pan at the nod of the *chevadier*. We afterwards went to the reservoir near the lake, accompanied by one of the servants of the hospice. Here, in a tank, within a space of twelve feet by eight, through which a stream constantly ran, were at least five hundred trout, from half a pound to five pounds weight, celebrated, or ought to be, in the *almanach des gourmands*, as the finest fish that are eaten. We saw several lying dead at the bottom; these were withdrawn by means of a rake, and taken to the hospice by the servant, to be ready for the market, either to be sent to the inns on the Mont Cenis, or to the towns on either side of the mountain—even to Turin. The fishery of the lake is one of the principal sources of revenue of the abbey of Novalesa, to which the convent on the mountain appertains. Near to the reservoir which we visited was a larger one, built about two years ago, at an expense of 12,000 francs (£480). It is built in the lake, but so near the shore, that in winter the depth of water was not sufficient to preserve the whole mass within the house from freezing, and with it all the fish it contained. The monks were therefore driven to put the trout which they caught into their old tank and the running stream.

From this end of the lake we crossed a little hill to a smaller lake, concealed from the high-road. Through this the waters of the great lake flow; and thence, by a succession of thirteen or fourteen falls,

varying in depth from ten to thirty feet, many of them very picturesque, towards the Grand Croix; it afterwards descends into Italy as the river Cenissella, before it loses its name in the Doire.

We rambled about the chalets, pasturages, and mountains; encountered Bonjean in pursuit of butterflies; examined a hundred pitfalls and traps, laid by the peasant boys for small birds; and climbed nearly two thousand feet above the lake, and endeavoured to reach a pass leading to the Petit Mont Cenis. We were soon, however, enveloped in clouds, and driven to find our shortest way to the inn by pelting rain, which "moistened well our clay" before we reached the *Vielle Poste*, where a good fire in our chamber, and some tea of Mont Cenis (the flowers of the mountain) removed all fear of the consequences of our drenching, and gave us hope that the next day would be a fine one, and bring to us a guide recommended by Dom Michael, who was to conduct us by the Petit Mont Cenis and the Col de Clairée to Susa.

In the morning, when we looked out, all the surrounding peaks were wrapt in clouds—the *vent de Lombardie*—the bad weather wind—was blowing, and our hopes of departure on that day were at an end. At five o'clock we were called by the servants of the convent to go with them to the island on the lake, and visit the ducks *engraining* for the monks, fat fellows! and to take up the nets which are laid every night for the trout in the lake. A tub—misnamed a *batteau*—took us in twenty minutes to where a Thames wherry and pair of skulls would have taken us in two. On our approach, an odd noise from one of the men was a signal to the ducks, who came off in a crowd of noisy expectants to meet the men whose duty it was to furnish their breakfast, and prepare them worthily for the table of the hospice. They swam with ease round the boat in its slow progress, and awaited, when we had landed, with noisy impatience their meal of bran and water. One or two exhibited a little modesty before us strangers, but the moment the mess was ready these

gentle qualities disappeared. They leapt over each other's backs, to drive theirs down among fifty bills already in the dish.

On our leaving the island, which is a beautiful little spot, we rowed to the first net. Five fish, from one to two pounds, were entangled in it. Four successive nets had caught five, five, three, and twelve fish. I found it too cold an affair after the first excitement was over, and was put on shore: but learned from my companion, who stayed with them, that they took altogether forty-five trout. Some that were found dead were taken to the hospice, the living ones to the reservoir.

The day began to hang heavily on us. Without an early start, and the certainty of a fine day, the excursion over the Clairée would be dangerous and useless. I had been three times disappointed, and I determined now to wait for fair weather. After writing and doing all that we could of indoor occupation in our power, we went out with the servant boy of the inn to fish in the lower lake. The great lake is *tabooed* by the worshipful company of fishmongers on the Cenis, and the Cordon of St Francis would stretch the poacher who violated it. The boy having obtained leave from his mistress to accompany us, considered the ramble a holiday. He soon made us acquainted with all his useful qualities, except that of catching trout with a worm. He told us of his skill in snaring hares and marmots; entrapping small birds; tickling trout under a bank; frightening chamois, and helping Bonjean to catch butterflies and collect plants; and he compelled us to believe, by the numerous anecdotes which he related, that he was one of the most accomplished busy idlers on the mountain, and would any where else have made a poacher, a smuggler, or a brigand. We caught no fish, however, and were driven home by the rain. There was no billiard-table on the mountain, but we got out the bowls, and threw them about in the remise until we were tired. At length it held up a little. We walked to the hospice, about a mile from the inn. There we learned, with regret, that Dom Michael was unwell, and found

Bonjean drying his botanical books by the kitchen fire, and our guide ready to accompany us whenever the weather should encourage us to start.

On leaving the convent, we met on the steps a young postilion waiting to address us, which he did in very tolerable English. "He was always very glad to see de English, and say, how do you do, sare?" He had been at Corfu in the service of Sir Frederick Adam, and now, after many changes, he was one of the postilions at the Hotel de la Poste on the Cenis. We were much pleased with his appearance and his manner.

I walked on to the Grand Croix to explore the forsaken road which formerly skirted the plain of St Nicolas. I had great difficulty in reaching the old road. The bridge which formerly crossed the Cenis-sella, immediately above the fine cataract which descends into the plain of St Nicolas, had been blown up. I crossed the stream a long way above, near the village called the Grand Croix, and skirting the steep banks and rocks at length reached the old road. I soon passed beneath lofty precipices, which had been cut away to form a rocky terrace upon which the road was constructed. Towards the deep precipices which overhang the plain of St Nicolas, strong walls had been built. As I advanced I saw that only as much of the rock had been cut away above as served to form a road of the height and breadth required, but impending masses overhung in a most appalling manner. At length the road had been carried by a gallery or cavern, excavated through the projecting masses of these frightful precipices, and strong masonry filled up some intermediate spaces beyond these. The road high on the mountain side above the plain had been so fatally exposed to avalanches, which had polished the course of their frequent descent, that after various attempts to guard against their irresistible force, the line of road was altogether abandoned. M. Ceard, the engineer of the route of the Simplon, undertook to form tourniquets, which led down from the Grand Croix to the plain of St Ni-

colas, and through the centre of the plain a straight and perfectly safe road now passes; and to prevent travellers from making a shorter but dangerous path by the old road, the bridge and masonry, and whatever could be so destroyed of the gallery, were blown up. It is difficult to imagine so awful a scene of destruction as presents itself at the entrance of the gallery, where the effects of the explosions were the greatest. Enormous masses of rock and masonry were so heaped up in terrible confusion, that it was with much difficulty that I could pass beyond this part of the road. The solitude and wildness of it, when within the cavern and alone, were most impressive, and it was some relief from a harrowing feeling when I again reached the hamlet of the Grand Croix.

The next day the weather was worse. Morning, noon, and evening passed in incessant and hard rain, such as the people say is very unusual even here.

Some peasants and passing carmen had adjourned for shelter and amusement to the remise. The bowls were again in requisition, but we were sick of them.

How miserably the day was lost to us! No books—they were all sent to Turin—no means of passing the time. The rain fell so heavily, that the poor cows were driven by it to attempt to shelter in the remise, and defied for some time the efforts to prevent their entrance. Crossing the road from the remise to the door of the inn opposite was enough to soak the person who passed over. The very ducks looked forlorn, and ceased to gabble; they crowded into a place of shelter, having evidently had "too much of a good thing." We crawled listlessly to our chamber in despair of occupation. However, we had the good fortune at last to find a French novel, in two volumes, the property of Mademoiselle Modeste, one of the maidens of the *Vielle Poste*. The trash had issued from some Minerva press of Paris, and was about as worthy of having been put into type as the rapid balderdash which, under the name of "fashionable novels," the scribbling nobility of England condescend to give to

the world for the cash of Messrs — and Co., and in the hope of being mentioned in a future edition of royal and "noble authors."

The following morning we were roused by the welcome knock of our guide, Etienne Mestrallet of Novalesse, better known on the mountain by the name of *Le fils du jamb de bois*. It was half-past three o'clock. He said that the wind blew from Savoy, and that we might safely start. We were soon ready, but still clouds hung heavily on the summits of La Roche and St Nicolas; and as my object was to see the route, not merely to pass the mountain, I waited for a fairer prospect of its clearing off. About six, however, we started for the Petit Mont Cenis. Soon after, it began again to rain hard enough to induce us to take shelter in a Barrague, a better sort of chalet. In half an hour it was evident that the clouds were fast rising. We set out, and reached the summit in two hours. Here, as the scenery of the Mont d'Ambin and Grand Vallon was a desirable feature in our passage, we agreed to rest and wait again.

We entered a chalet whence the voices of children proceeded, though the door was fastened without. We removed the bar of wood suspended across the entrance, and found within three little children, with intervals of not more than a year between them, around a cradle, in which was an infant, whom they were trying to amuse in the absence of the mother.

Their filthy condition was disgusting, yet they appeared to be so healthy, and certainly so fat, that if we had heard that the monks of the Mont Cenis were anthropophagi we should have considered this as another of their establishments for fattening. The *bonne*, a healthy, strong, cheerful woman, came in after a short time, and made up more fire, which was not unwelcome.

The fine peak of the Grand Vallon, seen across the Val d'Ambin, began to clear off, and we proceeded, though much of the magnificent scenery around was still obscured. From the highest point, at least 500 feet above the crest of the Mont Cenis, we looked down into the deep valley which leads from the little

Mont Cenis to Bramante, in the Maurienne, a distance of about four hours from the summit, by a tolerable mule path. It is a shorter road, direct from Bramante to the post-house on the Mont Cenis, than by the high road through Lanslebourg; but its elevation is greater, and it is fearfully exposed in the winter to winds and storms, which render it impassable.

At a very short distance from the crest of the little Mont Cenis, we turned off to the left, and climbed to the top of some rocks, whence we had a view of the Val d'Ambin, in all its course, down to the Valley of the Arc. A sight of the Grand Vallon was occasionally obtained through openings in the clouds, and its grandeur was perhaps increased by the mysterious veil. Beyond and below us lay the Coombe d'Ambin, the upper part of the valley, lying between the mountains—a narrow, savage glen, surmounted by glaciers, across which a chasseur's path led to the Valley of Bardoneche. Through this sterile coombe a stream flowed, which appeared like a silver thread in a coarse tissue. We continued to ascend by the rocks on the mountain side, leaving the Val d'Ambin on the right; and after scrambling through scenes of a wild, and to me, singular character, we came upon the course of a torrent, which issues from the Sac Blanc, at the head of the valley of Savines, which we were now ascending.

After climbing for some time up this narrow, rocky glen, we arrived at the pasturages of Savines, where two enormous dogs, and one tiny one, that added much to the noise but little to the might of our opponents, insisted upon our going no further; however, we advanced, and a shower of stones, aided by the voice of the master, kept them at a distance. In this little Goshen we rested, and learnt from the shepherd that he had almost nightly visits from the wolves of the Forest of Bramante, the successors of those ravenous rascals that gobbled up Walpole's poor little dog Toby—as his master passed with Gray, at the foot of the forest, on his way into Italy. By night, the watch-dogs of the pasturages in the neighbourhood are guarded with spiked collars, and the shepherd, with load-

ed arms, is generally ready, at the first bark of alarm, to fire upon the invader.

Having crossed the meadows of Savines, or Sevina, as our guide called the pasturage, we ascended gradually, by a long but easy path, to the Lac Blanc, or Lac de Savines. On the right, the Mont d'Ambin was at no time quite clear, but the vast glaciers, which streamed down almost to the lake, impressed us with a deep feeling of its solitude and its immensity. On our left, enormous precipices prevented our seeing far up the mountain of Bard, of which they were the base. This mountain is often visited by chasseurs and botanists. In the hollows between its peaks there are numerous little lakes. Its summit can be attained by a difficult path, leading from the lower lake of the Mont Cenis, and passing by the Roches Rouges—the spot where Laranza says that the plains of Italy can be seen, an assertion laughed at by Etienne—who had been there a hundred times, he said, as chasseur and guide, and who observed, that the plains could only be seen from the Roches Rouges, when the Roche Melon, an enormous mountain on the other side of the valley of Novalesse, was removed. Etienne said, that by climbing to the glaciers of the Mont du Bard, which were higher than the Roche Melon, or rather flanked it, in clear weather the plains of Italy could be seen over the Coombe of Susa, and the view was very splendid, but it required five hours' hard labour to attain the spot, and was inaccessible after snow, or in unfavourable weather. Laranza's assertion was made in support of his theory, that Hannibal passed by the Mont Cenis; but it the mere view of the plains of Italy might have been obtained by descending the path, which existed ages before the new road was made, by Bard, Molaret, and St Martin—where, two hours from the summit, the plains might have been seen beyond the Coombe of Susa; but it would have been too obviously absurd to send the Carthaginians *past* the spot where lay the chief difficulties of their descent, to see what was to encourage them to attempt to overcome those difficulties.

From the Lac de Savines, a very

gradual slope, sprinkled with gentianella, ranunculus glaciales, and other Alpine flowers, brought us to the summit of the Col de Clairée. Near it we met two peasants, crossing those mountains from Exilles and the Col de Fouilles. Upon learning that we were going to Jallion, they cautioned us, in so trackless a course, to keep carefully on the left, and seek traces on that side for our course.

After descending by a steep stony path, we came to a place above a pasturage, by a bright, cold stream, where we were tempted to rest, and indulge in some good things provided by Madame Bock; a cold gigot of mutton, which in a less hungry mood we should have condemned for its flavour of garlic, some bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine. The gourmand knows nothing of the enjoyment of eating who has not feasted under a bright sky, with a mountain appetite; here Ude's skill is despised—a clean stone, pure from the mountain torrent, serves for a plate, and the cold stream freshens whilst it dilutes the wine.

Thence we descended to a pasturage below, where a magnificent scene burst upon us. In the distance we saw the plains and the superga above Turin—nearer, the mountains which on the right bound the torrent of the Doire Susana—nearer still, those of the valley of Exilles, and immediately below us, like a vast basin, the deep, abrupt valley of Clairée, in which the white clouds boiled and rolled as in a cauldron. We stood on the brink of enormous precipices, their outlines at our feet cut abruptly against the clouds, into which, through occasional openings made by the wind, we could see the black, deep, and shadowed valley. The scene was most impressive. Our guide was puzzled for a short time by the clouds which obscured the point for which we should make; at length he led us down the precipice by a most extraordinary path, like winding steps, which were rudely cut in a crevice; it appeared like a descent through a chimney. Below this rift, a steep, difficult, stony, and most fatiguing path brought us to some chalets. Though the cauldron of clouds seemed to sink as we descended, they sometimes in their

changes enveloped us, and we were glad to hear the voice of a boy, who shouted to us from the *châlets* what direction we should take. A still more difficult path led us to some other *châlets*, below which there were extensive pasturages on a steep slope. Having crossed these, we entered a wood, down through which the most abrupt and fatiguing part of our route lay, which would scarcely have been practicable but for the entangled roots. From the wood we emerged upon a rocky slope, and after a march of eight or nine hours reached a few scattered stone huts at the head of the *Val de Clairée*. On looking back, we appeared to have descended the face of a precipice, down which the numerous streams of the *Clairée* ran from the summit, as if they issued from the sky, to the torrent by which we rested. The white lines were traceable through four or five thousand feet of their descent. The pass of the *Clairée* is, on the Italian side, the steepest that I have ever traversed. This was one of the many difficult places by which the *Vaudois*, in 1687, under their pastor and captain, *Henri Arnaud*, returned to their valleys. They had, after entering *Savoy*, wandered by a course rather difficult to trace, until they had crossed the *Col de Bon homme*, whence they descended into the *Tarentaise*, crossed the *Mont Isiran* into the valley of the *Arc*; thence by the *Mont Cenls*, the *Petit Mont Cenls*, and the *Col de Clairée*, into the valley of *Clairée*. Here they encountered the troops of the *Grand Duke of Savoy*, who prevented their entry into the valley of *Exilles* by the *Clairée*, and they were compelled to return and cross the *Col de Fouilles*, from which the southern branch of the *Clairée*, called the *Ciauri*, flowed. The account of their sufferings before they cleared these mountain passes, and so signally defeated their enemies at the *Bridge of Salbertrand*, forms a part of one of the most interesting narratives ever published, which was written by *Henri Arnaud* himself, and translated not long since by the late *Hugh Dyke Acland*, from a rare copy, under the title of "*The Glorious Recovery by the Vaudois of their Valleys.*" The recollection of their perilous adventures was vivid-

ly recalled whilst sitting on a spot which they had passed, and resting ourselves from a fatiguing descent which they had encountered, and in sight of the savage valley of the *Fouilles*, by which they were compelled to retreat, and encounter yet farther dangers.

The few miserable huts near us were uninhabited, and neither afforded shelter nor food. Continuing our route, we kept close to the torrent, from which a large stream was separated for irrigation; by the side of the channel of this stream we continued some way—then the road sunk below it, afterwards we ascended rapidly by a steep path cut out at the foot of precipices, which rose in unbroken grandeur directly over us. Along the face of these rocks the channel for the water-course was cut, and though at our greatest elevation above the valley of *Clairée*, we were at least a thousand feet higher than the natural bed of the torrent, we were still below the head of the artificial channel whence the waters flowed towards us rapidly. It was difficult to believe the fact before our eyes; and as we looked back into the short, deep, narrow valley that we had left, and saw the *Clairée* foaming down its course, the aqueduct seemed to ascend steeply from the valley. This water was led round the brow of the mountain, to irrigate the meadows above *Jaillon*. From the highest point of our passage, the view up the valley of the *Doire* to *Exilles* was very fine, and immediately after passing this point, the *Coombe of Susa* opened to us, from the *Roche Melon* and the *Col de Fenetre*, to the plains beyond *Turin*. We soon fell into the high-road from the *Mont Cenls*; and about 7 o'clock, we reached the *Hotel de la Poste* at *Susa*.

Here we parted with our excellent guide *Etienne*, an honest and intelligent man, full of anecdote, spirits, and good temper; he had engaged to do this laborious day's service for five francs, to which we added three as a *buona mano*; and he left us as happy as his acknowledged merits and a bottle of *Vino d'Asti* could make him.

At *Susa*, we were informed that scarcely a single traveller, and no

English family, had entered Italy by the Mont Cenis for nearly three weeks, deterred by a dread of the cholera or the sanitary regulations.

We were called at 3 o'clock, and informed that we could have places in the diligence for Turin; we got into it at 4 o'clock, and were dragged on at a snail's pace, 5½ miles an hour, over a good and level road. What a treat to an English traveller! It was 11 o'clock before we reached the capital, where we found the alarm of cholera excessive. The precautions taken by the authorities had been strictly attended to by the citizens; the houses had been visited and purified—the streets made, and kept scrupulously clean: hospitals, independent of those already existing, were established, and in the narrow parts of the city, the ancient Turin, and especially in the quarter of the Jews, the regulations were strongly enforced. For the latter people, a hospital had been prepared apart from others, an attention paid to public prejudice as well as their own.

Our quarters were at the Pension Suisse in the Strada Carlo Alberti, and having put our passports in a course of authorization with the minister of the Interior and the Austrian Ambassador, I went to the Casa Cavour, where I found my friend the Comte de —, who had returned about a month ago from his journey in England: he had on the morning of my visiting him just left the hospital, where he had visited the first case of cholera that had occurred in Turin; it had ended fatally, the victim, a boatman. The Comte was president of the board of health of one of the sections of the city; over the central and general board his father the Marquis presided.

The public spirit with which many of the nobility remained in the city to take their chance with the inhabitants, and generously devoted themselves to the establishment of public confidence, greatly and deservedly increased the respect of the community for those men who so identified their interests and safety with that of their fellow-citizens, when they could have fled from the danger. At the head of these worthies is the Marquis of —; his

sons, and many of the nobility of Turin, responded to the feeling. They remained in the city with their families and children around them, and it is so much the more honourable of them, when the dreadful loss of life from the cholera, which raged so violently at Coni and Genoa, is considered.

One of my earliest efforts was to recover my pistols, which had been taken from me at Port Beauvois. In this I was greatly aided by my friends, who went to the Douane, the chief of the police and the minister of the interior. Having obtained the authority of the latter for their restoration, I had yet to get through so many official regulations, that I went to a dozen different offices, and had papers signed, countersigned, and exchanged, to the number of at least twenty. At length, after paying a droit of two sous to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, they were restored to me, with a hint to keep them in future in my pocket, and not in my sack. I must say, however, for the authorities, that nothing could exceed the gentlemanly courtesy with which one and all aided my object, though they seemed to wonder at the importance which I attached to their recovery, and the interest which I had to obtain them.

The following morning we found that Monsieur D—, the proprietor of the Fabbrica Reale, was in Turin from Pont, and having heard of my arrival, which he had been led to expect by my letter to his son, had kindly offered to delay his return until mid-day, if we could arrange our affairs so as to accompany him. With much effort we succeeded in making all our arrangements, and before two o'clock we crossed the beautiful stone-bridge, of a single arch and 150 feet span, which is thrown over the Doire just without Turin; thence we drove through Lemie, Valperga, and Courge, to Pont, where we arrived at eight o'clock. My friend Camille D— was absent; not expecting me to-day, he had gone into the mountains with some of his men from the Fabbrica, to assist at a mass with his bassoon, and afterwards with his squire upon these occasions, my old guide, Matteo, to the Chasse.

A messenger was immediately sent off to Riberdone, the village in the mountains where the festa was held, to which the bassoon, or the presence of its player, was such an acquisition.

The following morning I walked out upon what had been a wilderness only two years since, but now, by the taste and presence of Madame D——, it had been converted into a beautiful flower-garden; rocks and trees had been left in some situations, from others they had been removed; there was more of wildness and beauty in it than in any *jardin Anglais* I had ever seen out of England. Upon enquiry for my old acquaintance the tame Bouquetin, I learnt with regret that it died a year ago. These animals, when bred up from young kids, rarely survive the third year of a state so unnatural to them.

About mid-day Matteo returned with a glowing expression of pleasure at my re-visit to the Fabrica, and announcing his young master's return in a few hours. About three, M. Camille D—— made his appearance with a brace of grouse, and gave me a warm welcome to Pont, amused us with accounts of the performances at Riberdone, and promised us, if we would accompany him, some diversion at a theatre at Pont, where there was to be a play "enacted" that evening. M. Camille had been requested to grace with his pretence and his bassoon the orchestra, and to allow some of his workmen from the Fabrica, who were performers on different instruments, to attend. This promise of fun, equal to the announcement of a tragedy in a barn in England, we readily accepted. My companion, who played the flute, borrowed an instrument, and promised to join. Just as we were about to leave the Fabrica to go into Pont, a grand storm broke over us; the lightning was most vivid and beautiful, but the hour of performance pressed upon us, and we set out through pelting rain. The storm was fatal to the manager, as it prevented an audience. A priest, two or three workmen from the Fabrica, and half-a-dozen dirty boys, who probably got in for nothing, were for some time the only visitors, except the

musicians in the orchestra, which was composed of two horns, two bassoons, three violins, two clarionets, and a flute. These sat in presence of four halves of tallow candles stuck on their ends before a marvellously-painted scene, with figures representing what was intended for Comedy on one side of an altar, and Tragedy on the other—finely *done* in distemper colour, on paper, as a drop scene, about five feet high, and eight wide. The auditory was nearly fourteen feet long and ten wide; five stools or forms were laid for the best company; of these one half was occupied by the musicians. There were, however, two Carabiniers to keep the audience in order. The band played the overture to Tancredi, &c. &c., and so well as to surprise me. After long delay our fun was spoiled by the announcement that the prima donna was so ill, probably for want of an audience, or affected by the lightning, that the performance was postponed. The orchestra, however, played to the full amount of the four sous! paid for admission, which, of course, was not returned to the half dozen who actually paid. The preparation of the affair, except the music, was far below any thing I had ever seen of provincial theatricals. The primo violino was the vice-judge of Pont; the two horns and a violin, workmen of the Fabrica; my companion had been announced as primo flauto to the King of England; and the player was applauded in proportion to his rank rather than his merit. The way of the world.

My object in revisiting Pont was to examine the upper Val d'Orca, or valley of Ceresol, and the pass of the Galeas of which I had heard so much on my former visit. At Turin I had met with the Chevalier M——, who had for many years been engaged in measuring and surveying this part of the great chain of the Alps; he made immediate enquiry about the state of the pass and the glaciers—and the result was his urgent advice that I should not attempt it, that the latest report described them as rather broken and impassable, except at imminent risk—this was met by an expression of contempt from those at the Fabrica, who were, by the kindness of my

friends, chosen to accompany us. One of them, a sturdy veteran smuggler, who, upon being asked if there was any danger in making the passage, said that the pass of the Galese was nothing, and as safe as the garden in which we stood. M. D—— laughed as he turned to me, and said, "Frloul will take care to own no difficulty that may bar a holiday." Frloul (bolt) was a nickname the smuggler had acquired in the Fabrica from his frequent visits to prison, for violation of fiscal and other laws. His real name was Giacomo Busana: he had been a powerful man, and even since he had worked in the Fabrica, had been known to ascend four stories laden with a weight of twenty rousps (four hundred pounds English). Our other companion was little Matteo, my former merry guide from Pont to the Val d'Aosta.

The plan recommended by M. D—— was, that we should leave about three o'clock, and go to Locana to sleep. Then, by starting early the following day, we should reach the highest châteaux in the evening. Nothing could exceed the hospitable arrangements made for our journey. Mules were provided for us, and a sumpter-mule for our provisions; and we left the Fabrica deeply sensible of the friendship and kindness which we had received, not only from the friend of my former visit, but from the kind and warm hearted attention of M. D—— and his excellent and amiable lady, whose care for our comforts in the mountains we were not half acquainted with, until, on arriving at Locana, we found that our provisions for two days, with which the sumpter-mule was laden, consisted of a wine-sack, which contained six dozen of excellent *vin du pays*, thirty-seven and a half pounds of white bread, six and a half pounds of cheese, a large piece of roast veal, three or four pounds of sugar, four lemons, a dozen pears, a paper of sweetmeats, two packets of tobacco, and a net tobacco-sack; a bottle of rum, another of Madeira, and one of Beaujolais; a mineral hammer, newly made at the Fabrica; and the kind hearted lady, pitying our forlorn chance of sleeping in a hay-loft, had ordered blankets and sheets

to be packed up for our use in the châteaux. Where is such kind and considerate hospitality to be matched? They knew that we should find no provisions, nor any shelter, except under the roof of a grange or a château in the mountains. They thought not of my being used to such privations in my Alpine rambles; they provided against them.

When we set off, Camille D—— accompanied us as far as Sparone. Mat was as spruce and active as ever, and Frloul, who had received a favourable character of me from Mat, forced his hard features into an expression of enjoyment. With their fuses, it was a holiday; the *chasse* was their greatest pleasure, and the air of the mountains always a restorative from the fatigue and labour of the Fabrica. We had another companion in the muleteer, a boy, who was to lead back the mules from Ceresol, where we could procure others for crossing by the Val Savaranche to Aosta, or, if the weather should prove unfavourable, return to Pont.

When we reached Locana, we were received at the Three Pigeons by three millions of fleas, and after supping upon fried trout from the Orca, and tea made in a saucepan by Mat, who had not forgotten his lesson, learnt two years ago, we wrote our journals, and retired, but not to rest. About an hour after, we were called upon to produce our passports by two gendarmes. Afterwards we heard some squabbling between them and our guides, and in about half an hour after we were again intruded upon with a thousand apologies. They came to say that they did not understand our passports, but begged us to fill up a *consigné*.

After a miserable night, in which I was as fairly beaten by the number of fleas as Gulliver was by the pigmies of Lilliput, I looked out upon a most unpromising morning, which had followed a stormy night, during which much snow had fallen high up in the mountains. We long deliberated upon the policy of returning to Pont, since there appeared so little probability of the fine weather, which was necessary for the passage of the Galese, and we

almost decided upon going back by Jorea to Aosta, instead of proceeding by the Val Savaranche. Our guides assured us that the weather would be fine; but if we did not doubt their judgment we did their disinterestedness. To them, in any weather, such an excursion was a holiday; and as both were prepared for the chasse, the disappointment which our return would have occasioned urged them both to swear that the rain, and the snow, and the thunder, were sure signs of fine weather in the mountains. Our reluctance, however, to forego our object without an attempt, rather than reliance upon their *sure* prognostics, induced us to go on, and we left Locana with our maledictions on the Three Pigeons for its encouragement of filth and fleas, for I had not slept five minutes during the night.

It was about eight when we left Locana, and proceeded up the Val d'Orca, my former route to the Scalare. The savage mountains which command the valley—the enormous masses of granite and serpentine which have fallen from the mountains above, and block up the course of the torrent and direct it into a different channel, gives great wildness to the valley, whilst the tortuous road rising over these eboulemens often leads to beautiful little plains between them. About half way between Locano and Novasca, the road, hitherto practicable for a charette, ends, near to some smelting houses and forges belonging to a M. Binna. Above it there is only a mule path. Frioul told us that gold is sometimes found in the sand of the Orca; and some busy idlers just escape starvation by devoting their time to search for it. He said, also, that certain persons were supposed to be acquainted with some veins of gold in the mountains, but they sought it under the severest penalties of the law if they were discovered.

We passed Novasca again; crossed on its frail bridges from rock to rock, and approached the Scalare. The villain Riva, Matteo said, was still living. The weather cleared off rapidly, and the prognosticators were not a little boastful of their knowledge of the sure signs. Upon attaining the

summit of the terrific Scalare, I had the pleasure of seeing the mountains clear, which on a former occasion were concealed by the tourmente. The pass was clear, by which an active mountaineer could go from the valley of Ceresol to Gros Cavallo in the Val Forno, in four hours.

The summit of the Scalare opens upon a plain in which barley is raised, and where there is an abundance of rich meadow land—a striking contrast to the sterility of the valley below the Scalare near Novasca.

In these meadows we met a young mountaineer, who had lost his left hand when about five years old, by a stone rolling down the mountain side, and striking him in the descent; but in spite of this accident, Mat said that he was one of the best shots and chasseurs in the valley—handling his gun with one hand, and resting it on the stump with great dexterity. He was a fine active fellow, singularly graceful in his step and action. Muot, a name derived from his accident, was a great favourite at the Fabrica. He had been a chiron to Camille D—, who, when he was a child, used to sit on Muot's shoulders, and discharge his rifle.

Our guides sent Muot to some granges for hay for the mules, which were led into a meadow near the Orca, and unladen. Near to this spot is a spring of slightly ferruginous water, but so highly carbonated that the gas escapes from it in a sparkling state. The peasants have fitted at the spring a small wooden tube, through which it rises, and is thus made convenient for bottling, without losing the gas. Quantities of this mineral water is sent from the spring to Turin. I quaffed a glass of it with a little brandy, and it was a most delicious draught, far superior to any soda water that I ever drank.

Close to this spring are the smelting works of the silver mines belonging to Comte d'Agile. The ore, which is brought down from a neighbouring mountain, is reduced here. We went into the works to procure specimens, and an unlucky accident befel me. In striking a piece off, I hit my left thumb nail with such force as to cut it through and across

as sharply as if it had been effected with a razor. The torment was excessive, but a little allayed by Matteo's knowledge of simples. He instantly searched for and gathered a plant, bruised the leaves between two stones, squeezed the juice on my thumb, and having sent to a cottage near for a little fresh butter, made a poultice of the remainder, and wrapped my thumb in it. I returned to the party in the meadow, with great fear lest the accident might prevent my visit to the Galesè. Frioul saw me coming with my arm in a sling, and the moment he learnt what had happened, he fell upon poor little Mat, and in a voice of thunder asked him if he remembered the promise he had given for our safety to our friends at Pont, and if he knew what the consequence would be if they learnt that he had allowed me to meet with this accident; then lifting his fist as if he would have crushed him, we were obliged, when a cessation of laughter would allow us, to interfere to protect Mat and appease Frioul.

From this place we sent back the mules, having met a man with whom we made an arrangement for one mule to take our things on to Chapis or Serue, and on the next, or the following day, to furnish two mules to take us across the pass, by the Val Savaranche to Villeneuve, in the Val d'Aosta, or to return to Pont. This settled, we set out and soon reached the little church of Ceresol, surrounded by deep meadows of singular beauty, and in so savage a situation, that it appeared like the happy valley of Rasselas,—chiefly, however, from the vast amphitheatre of mountains which bounded it. Here the summit of the Iseran first came into view, and the Galesè appeared, in the crest of a lofty ridge, a small notch in the mountain (no other word will convey an idea of it), above a thin perpendicular line of snow, up and over which we were told lay the only pass from this valley into the Tarentaise.

In about three hours after leaving Ceresol, we reached the chalets of Chapis. It was near six o'clock, and the old man who led our mules to the chalet, was severely scolded by Matteo for not going two hours further up the valley, to the highest

chalets, those of Serue; but the old man contended that the mule was warm, and that taking it so high in the mountains in the cold would at this hour be fatal to it. As we suspected Mat's chief reason was to be nearer his hunting-ground for the bouquetin, we decided upon resting at Chapis; and, thanks to our kind friends at Pont, in a short time capital beds were made of the hay, covered with blankets and sheets. After making tea and punch, we retired to beds, much better than are usually provided at inns; but the indefatigable Matteo was our chamberlain. We were amused at a game of morra, played by our two guides, to decide which should stay with us, whilst the other went, at three in the morning, to the haunts of the bouquetin in the mountains around the Galesè. Mat won, but Frioul was evidently so much disappointed, that we gave them leave to go together.

About five o'clock in the morning, our guides returned from an unsuccessful expedition; they had seen three *boucs* (bouquetins), but could not get near enough to them, the chasseurs had started too late.

It was nearly seven o'clock before we set out, and after a walk of two hours and a half we reached the chalets of Serue, where we met Muot waiting with his gun to accompany us; here we took boiled milk, and after resting half an hour, we started for the Galesè. Our route lay along a steep and enormous talus by a tolerable path—we soon overlooked a solitary little lake, formed by the melting of the glaciers, which nearly surrounded it, and which rose from its banks to the skies. Here we met three lads, who had that morning crossed the Galesè from the Tarentaise—they were haggard and exhausted, and most gratefully accepted a little brandy. They had started at night from La Val, to cross the western snows and glaciers before the hardness of the night's frost had thawed, and left the snow hazardous. They spoke of the fatigue and difficulty, but contradicted the Chevalier M——'s report of the dangerous state of the glaciers on the side of Savoy. Shortly after passing these wanderers, we overlooked a second lake in a deep basin below us, and at length arrived at a

barrier of rocks called the Petit Coluret, which to us appeared to be inaccessible, except up a cleft or hollow, the only way open; but this we were told was, from the looseness of the soil on its steep sides, impracticable for ascent, though they said it was the path by which we should return.

We were directed by our guides, one of whom led the way, to climb round the face of the rock on ledges scarcely wider than a hand's breadth and these were sometimes sloping where rocks overhung a fearful depth. To a steady head this was not difficult, but to get from one such ledge to another, grasping the jutting rocks, and crawling up the occasional slopes of the precipice, was rather fearful work for me, because, since the accident, I was obliged to carry my hand in a sling. We all, however, got safely to the summit, and entered the plain of Belotta, —the bed of an ancient lake, which was surrounded by glaciers and precipices, exceeding in savage solitude all other spots that I had visited in the Alps. Across the lower slopes of one of these streams of ice lay our path up to the Grand Coluret; it was steep and slippery, and our march extended about a mile and a half upon it, occasionally on abrupt moraines, where the stones were so steeply piled that they slipped from beneath our feet, and we rested on the bare ice. I now began to feel the effects of the rarity of the air from our great elevation, and a dozen steps exhausted me, and obliged me to rest; and as I was unable to extend my left arm to balance myself, the effort to ascend at last became so great, that I must have relinquished it if Frioul had not, in anticipation of such aid being requisite, provided himself with a knotted rope. My companion, under the guidance of Matteo and Muot, went a head, and we allowed them to advance high enough not to endanger us by the rolling of the stones which they displaced; Mat pulling my friend up by means of a pole with which he had furnished himself at the chalets, and Muot propping him behind with the butt-end of his fusée. When I had ascended so far that Frioul's rope became necessary, he climbed, sometimes crawling on his hands and

knees, up to a place where he could firmly stand or fix himself; thence throwing down one end of the rope, I held it firmly, and he drew me up, carefully placed my feet in his foot-steps, and waited until he was again established. Sometimes his only means of ascent was close beneath the rocks, which fortunately in these places far overhung our path, for thousands of large icicles hung from the ledges above, and were continually falling outside us, displacing stones and soil, and setting the surface which they disturbed in motion. At length we arrived at a place where it was necessary to cross the gully in the mountain, up which we had already climbed in this way more than a thousand feet. Here the cleft was not more than forty or fifty feet wide; my friend and his assistants crossed first, and took up a safe position; their appearance climbing on the face of the rock, apparently without footing, was fearful to look upon, for the ledges upon which they stepped were unseen from below. A length a shout from my friend drew my attention to his position, where he appeared to be stuck upon the face of the rock like a bill against a wall; there he rested until Matteo and Muot had examined the best mode of proceeding higher up and around the rock to reach the glacier.

Just as Frioul and I were about to cross the gully, he found the spike end of a broken baton of some preceding traveller. Snow rested in the deepest part of the hollow, supported by the rough surface, at about an angle of fifty degrees with the horizon; the footing was firm, though the appearance of it was alarming, and certainly a slip would have led to a sudden descent of thousands of feet. I asked Frioul to show me in what the scene before us resembled the garden at the Fabrica; the knave shook his head and grinned, remembering what he had said of it to Mons. D——.

On our reaching the other side, Muot was waiting to assist, if necessary; and in one place where, overhanging the gulf, I was obliged to step high up from one rock to a loose stone upon the edge of another, Muot feared that my weight might displace it; and to enable me

to step firmly, contrived so to place himself between the two rocks, that by stepping upon his back the difficulty was removed and the danger lessened. This I did, and got up to my friend's station. We were now near to the summit, though it was difficult to reach it. Matteo, however, had found a means, and in a few minutes we got to the back of the great glacier of the Iseran, which overlooks the Sarantaise. Its abrupt thickness at the top, where it rested against the mountain which we had climbed, was about forty feet. Our guides cut holes in the ice for stepping-places, and having surmounted it, pulled us up. Here we were repaid for all our toil by one of the most magnificent views which, of its class of scenery, it was possible to have had presented to us. Right and left of us, the rugged peaks and mountain sides against which the enormous glaciers leaned, stretched far away; before us the glacier gently sloped away from us at first, then abruptly cut against the deep valley of the Isère, in which we saw the high villages and hamlets of Tignes, La Val, and Forno. The course of one of my former journeys lay before me up the Val Isère and across the Mont Iseran into the valley of the Arc.

We walked down the glacier about 500 yards, but some immense crevices into which we looked displayed the appearance of too much danger for us to extend our walk. The deep blue of the sky, and the short feeble report of firearms, were evidences of the great elevation we had attained, which I think was between 11,000 and 12,000 English feet; but slight as the report of a gun was, its echo, as it reverberated from the mountains and precipices around us, was magnificent, and, in these regions of silence, impressive.

But we had to return! and this seemed to be more difficult than to ascend, but our guides told us that it would be rapid and safe, with a little caution, and that we had got over the great difficulties of the passage of the Galesse by ascending from the side of Italy. On reaching the brink of the glacier on our return, we were struck with the magnificent view of the valley of Ceresol, which we saw below us as upon a map.

Our descent commenced. It was more frightful than dangerous. We soon passed the rocks and crossed the gully. Muot and Matteo, one before the other, behind my friend, took the lead. Frioul, withholding me until they had descended out of danger of the stones we might loosen, then, with the rope tied round me, and held behind by Frioul, we descended quickly, sinking deep enough in the loose and wet soil and among the stones to be secure, but it was with much fatigue and many falls, which he checked. We reached the slopes of the glaciers in one-third of the time that we had taken to ascend from them. Here we found a shoe and a broken bottle, and learned from Frioul that they were, together with the spike of the baton, the relics of a poor fellow who had a few weeks before been found dead at the foot of the Grand Coluret, down which he had fallen. The story was known but not told by our guides until we had returned in safety. In descending the slopes of the glacier to the plain of Belotta we often sunk into small crevices, but these mishaps were without injury, and rather sources of amusement.

On reaching the Petit Coluret, we descended by the cleft in the mountain, in which the little soil that rested was too loose to enable us to climb; but in coming down we sunk in it or drove it before us, thus checking our descent, and reached the bottom rapidly and in safety. Thence retracing our path to the chalets of Serue, where we again ate, with hearty appetite, milk and bread and butter, and felt grateful for our enjoyment and our safety. The pasturages around these chalets are very rich, and were recently purchased by the present proprietor for 32,000 francs.

We intended to remain on our return at Serue, but we were refreshed with food and rest, and had daylight enough before us. The anticipation of our comfortable beds at Chapis induced us to walk two hours further down the valley, and we returned there after an absence of twelve hours.

We left Matteo and Muot at Serue—they resolved to be out again all night in pursuit of the bouquetin.

The endurance of fatigue by these mountaineers surprised us. Tea again refreshed us, and sound sleep fitted us for the journey across the mountains to the Val Savaranche.

We set off about half past six. A young man, the proprietor, accompanied us with his two mules. We reascended the valley, about half way towards the chalets of Serue; then suddenly turned off to the right, up a rugged path, towards the glaciers of the Mont de Nivolet.

One of the greatest difficulties a traveller has in finding his way about in the mountains arises from the confusion produced by the names given by different communities which surround a mountain, and often by individuals of the same hamlet. The lofty mountain about Serue, the northern peak above the Galese, is in the maps laid down as the Mount Iseran—this is often confounded with the Sevanna. The Sevanna, however, is further west by south, flanks the Val Formio, and is at the head of the Valley of the Arc. The peasants of Chapis called the Iseran the mountain of Serue, and those of the chalets of Serue, the Mont de Nivolet; but they all agreed that the pass into the Val Savaranche was called the Grand Croix, or Grand Croix de Nivolet.

Our ascent was rapid up the steep path, and we looked down upon the lakes near the chalets, where we had left Matteo the evening before. We soon perceived him and Muot coming towards us. We saw Mat fire; and shortly after they reached us, he bringing with him a marmot, which he killed when we heard the report. Both had been out all night to the usual haunts of the bouquetin, but without success. Having passed what at first appeared to be the summit of the Col, we reached some chalets—the highest of these lofty pasturages, and I think higher than those of Mont Jamont, on the ascent of the Cervin. At these chalets we were obliged to dismount from our mules, as they had to ascend a flight of steps rudely cut in the rock. Upon some of the steps sheets of ice still remained, from the frost which here occurs every night. Having passed this place we remounted, and approached what now we could not doubt was the

Col. Still we ascended, and looked down at one time upon ten lakes, in the basins and hollows of the mountains around and below us. On our left, high above us, were some pinnacles of rock, too abrupt, and apparently impracticable for any path between them, and least of all, from their direction, to lie in our route; yet, to our surprise, we turned abruptly up a steep path towards them, and at the base of these pinnacles made our first resting place on a flat rock, giving the mules hay and taking refreshments ourselves. The scene around us was wild and grand. The deep course of part of our ascent lay below us, and beyond, across the valley of Ceresol, the peaks and enormous glaciers of the Sevanna, unapproachable except by the bouquetin, excited emotions of the sublime which no description can reproduce. Whilst we rested, two men came up on mules from Ceresol. One of the mules was heavily laden; yet they climbed up the rocks, passed us, ascended by a path which we could not trace, and disappeared among the lofty and rugged peaks above us.

We walked up this extraordinary place—path there was none. The pass of the Gemmi was a bowling-green to it as a mule track; for here these animals turned on ledges of rock scarce wide enough to go forward upon, where the edge was utterly unguarded, and a slip must have carried them down hundreds of feet at once. In many places at this height, and upon these ledges where there was so much danger, these laden animals placed their fore legs upon bare and smooth rocks, two and three feet above, and leapt up from ledge to ledge. We watched them with amazement from our stations a little in advance, and from each difficult place that we had ourselves passed, we looked down with wonder to see them follow us. Near the top we passed a little black lake in a deep recess surrounded with snow. A little above it we gained the summit, and looked on upon the enormous Mount Iseran and its vast western glaciers, which streamed into the valley on the other side of the pass. Across the head of this valley or plain of Nivolet, we saw the Col

which led into the Val d'Aosta by the Val Rhemy; and though it was still higher than where we stood, the muleteer offered to go that way, which was shorter than by the Val Savaranche. The Col upon which we stood was scarcely less than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Many lakes lay below us on the side of Aosta, and at the head of that portion of the Val Savaranche, which is called the Plan de Nivolet, we saw only an open, extensive pasturage.

The descent from the Col to the lakes was easy. Here we parted with Muot, whose real name we learned was Giuseppe Bruscha, which I record, because it may be useful to some future Rambler from Ceresol to the grand scenery in its neighbourhood. Muot had accompanied us thus far, because we had given him the day before a gratuity for his services, and he gratefully volunteered to accompany us across the Grand Croix, and see us in safety on our descent to the Val Savaranche. The loss of his left hand seems scarcely to be a disadvantage to him; he climbs the most difficult and dangerous haunts of the bouquetin and chamois, and leaps from rock to rock, or stands on the brink of a precipice with the activity of Mercury and the grace of Antinous. After his day's journey and two nights in the mountains not a symptom of fatigue appeared, and he left us to enjoy his favourite pursuit. Our attendant, Matteo, a spare little fellow, is, from our opportunity of judging, a still more extraordinary example of the power to endure fatigue.

The first night that we arrived at Pont he had been out in the mountains—the following day with us to Locano—the day after to Chapis—that night he had climbed as high nearly as the Galese, after the bouquetin—returned to us at Chapis—accompanied us to the Galese, left us at Serue, and was out the whole of the following night with Muot. Without rest he met us to go to Villeneuve, and already has proposed to return the following night with Frioul, in the hope of shooting a bouc before their return to the Fabrica. Not the least symptoms of fatigue appeared; on the contrary, on our way down the

Grand Croix he climbed and rambled about, hunting for marmots, and gathering carlino, the *ranunculus glacialis*, and overtook us about two leagues down the valley. We heard a story of him at the Fabrica. About a week before we arrived at Pont, Matteo had been allowed to go to the chasse. He was absent many days. On one of them his dog returned howling to his mother's cottage, who came to the Fabrica in great distress, and said that she was sure Matteo had died in the mountains, since his dog had returned without him, and was constantly and piteously howling. Two days after, however, Mat made his appearance. He had been overtaken by a tourmente, and found shelter in the crevice of a rock, in which he had remained two days and nights. A little bread and a great deal of resolution had supported him, and he returned without betraying any symptom of fatigue, illness, or exhaustion.

At the lake where we parted with Muot, we overtook the two travellers who had crossed before us—they had rested by the lake. Thence our course lay through a long open valley, the Plan di Nivolet, a smooth unbroken pasturage, as far as the chalets of Nivolet. This plain is dreaded for its tourmentes, to which travellers are exposed in a bad season. Not a tree, nor even a shrub as large as the rhododendron, is to be found upon it. At a cluster of chalets, about two-thirds of the way down the plain, the fuel necessary for making their cheese is only obtained from the ordure of their cows, carefully collected. With this the walls of the chalets are bedaubed to dry, and they presented a most filthy and disgusting aspect. Below the chalets the stream wandered at will in the plain, cutting up the pasturage into ten thousand hillocks, and making it difficult to pursue a path through it.

We emerged at length from this high plain, and descended by a difficult path, and over large, smooth surfaces of rock, like those between Handek and the Grimsel. At length we reached a cross on the brink of a precipice, called the Croix d'Aroletta. Here an abrupt turn in the path opened to us the vast glaciers

and mountains of the Grand Paradis, the great range which continues west of the Cogne; and in the deep valley immediately below us, we saw the roofs of Pont, the first village in the Val Savaranche. The whole scene was striking, and unusually picturesque. We descended to Pont by a fatiguing, steep, and tortuous path, and passed a fine fall of the Savaranche, which gushed out of a ravine on one side of the precipice, under the Croix d'Aroletta. One of the men, who had passed the Grand Croix before us, remained at the chalets of Nivolet; the other, who proceeded with us, was the aubergiste of Gioux, or Val Savaranche, the principal village in the valley. From him we learned the names of the villages we passed, which rarely agreed with our maps, and obtained local information.

There is nothing striking in the scenery of the upper part of the valley below Pont. It is very narrow, with a little cultivation in the bottom. The mountains which bound it are scathed and bare, or covered with pines. The aubergiste pointed out to us paths across the mountains, which led, on the left, over the range of the Mont de Causelle to the Val de Rhemy, and on the right, across the chain of the Soanna, to Cogne. We passed many little communes. Near one of these (Pesai), the detritus of an avalanche, which fell in 1832, still strewed the valley. It had swept down several cows from the pastures above, and three men perished. Crosses marked the spots where their bodies had been found.

The stones and soil brought down by this avalanche had sadly devastated the valley; and for two miles nearly, from the place where it had burst into the valley from the side of the mountain, its destructive course was obvious. In one part of the valley two villages were pictu-

resquely situated on hills opposite to each other, above the river—Tigniettl on the right, and Crettom on the left. Beyond these the mountains across the Val d'Aosta were seen. We stopped to refresh at Gioux. The landlord, who had descended the valley with us, and had practised the amiable in order to induce us to give him a chance of picking our pockets, succeeded. We had a dirty feed; and though we did not consider the charge an extravagant one, our guides did, and they were very indignant with the man who had accompanied us with his mules, to whom we had agreed to pay 25 francs, to include all expenses, for here he was overheard by Matteo to tell the aubergiste (his friend) to make such a charge to us as should include his own and his mule's expenses. For this Mat and Frioul threatened to thrash him when they caught him in the mountains on their return. I tried to beg him off, knowing that their quarrels were not always bloodless, but they said his rascally conduct must be punished; but promised to limit it to slapping his face. That of course depends upon his taking this quietly. Below Gioux the valley was scarcely more picturesque than above it, between Gioux and Pont, until we began to open upon the Val d'Aosta, where our road lay at a very great height above the right bank of the torrent, and whence we enjoyed a splendid view of Mont Blanc over the lower ranges of mountains which terminate in the ravines between Jorogne and La Salle. The descent was from this height long, fatiguing, and difficult; and it was dark before we reached Villeneuve. Here I wrote a grateful letter to Pont in praise of our guides Matteo and Frioul, to each of whom a golden gratuity was given, and by whom we were desirous that the pleasure of our rambles together should be favourably remembered.

FOREIGN RESULTS OF DEMOCRATIC ASCENDENCY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pressing, and at times overwhelming interest of domestic affairs since the vast organic change of 1832 came into operation, it is evident that a great and growing increase has taken place of late years in the attention paid to foreign relations. Their importance is such, that it is no longer possible to bury them in oblivion, or conceal their effects under the stale pretence, that they do not immediately affect our interests. It has at last become generally understood, that it is in vain to act on the principle of "*Toto divisos, orbe Britannos*;" that more than any other nation we are dependent on foreign relations, because more than any other nation we depend on the purchase by foreign nations of our manufactures; and that a decline of influence in foreign states, or a commercial league of the European powers against us, is likely to be attended, not merely by ultimate danger to our independence, but immediate and most serious peril to the employment of our people. The Germanic league has opened the eyes of thousands, whom no considerations of national honour, or remote perils to public safety, could affect. It is no longer a question of honour, but of profit: not of the decay of influence, but the cessation of orders. Even those who are unaffected by, or callous to the decay of our material interests, can hardly shut their eyes to the enormous strides which Russia has recently been making towards universal dominion, or the alarming increase of her influence which seems to extend with every change in the adjoining states, and now stretches from the Rhine to the coast of Kamtschatka, and from the north sea to the shores of the Euphrates. It is plain, that amidst the democratic transports of France and England, Russia has been steadily and rapidly extending her frontiers, and augmenting her influences: that the revolt of the Barricades gave her Poland, and the Reform Bill of England gave her the Dardanelles; and that now, Persia and Turkey exist only under the shadow of her wings; and may

be considered as the outwork, towards Central Asia and Southern Europe, of her mighty dominion.

These facts have, upon the subsiding of the first fervour of democratic transport at home, suddenly and generally flashed upon the minds both of our rulers and the country: and it is plain, both from their public measures, and the tone of the articles in the journals and periodicals which they patronise, that a very serious apprehension of Russia has now succeeded to the song of triumph at their domestic successes. The addition of 5000 men to the sailors of the royal navy, however small an increase, indicates a reviving sense of the necessity of at last asserting the dignity of England in foreign diplomacy; and all thinking men deem the time not far distant, when a contest for life or death may arise between the mistress of the seas and the colossus of Eastern Europe. In contemplation of the turn which foreign relations are now taking, and the contests in which, ere long, we may be engaged for our liberty and our independence with the power which Napoleon, at the head of the powers of banded Europe, sought in vain to subdue, it is of the highest importance to consider well the causes which have led to its steady growth and present portentous state, and examine the influence which the letting loose of the democratic spirit in Eastern has had in augmenting the influence of the despotic powers in Western Europe.

It must be obvious to the most superficial observer, that the grand source of the power of Russia, in recent times, has been the invasion of Napoleon. That monstrous and iniquitous aggression at once doubled her resources and quadrupled her energy: it advanced her superficial extent to the Vistula, and her moral influence to the Rhine; it ranged the vast and unwieldy, but when united irresistible Germanic nations, in willing crowds, round her standard. The moral excitement arising from so tremendous an invasion, and the long train of victories

consequent on its defeat—the prodigious developement of military skill and acquisition of warlike experience during the desperate struggle of three years' duration with France—the vehement passions and unbounded exultation arising from the overthrow of Napoleon and capture of Paris, gave her such an ascendancy as, at the Congress of Vienna, was wellnigh irresistible. England felt the danger—Austria felt it—France felt it; but none of these powers were in a condition to enter the lists for Polish independence with the northern autocrat; and even if the means of resistance had existed, there was a feeling of disinclination at that period, alike honourable and irresistible, at engaging those powers in strife against each other, who had stood side by side throughout the tremendous conflict with the French Revolution. All that could be done was to moderate to a certain degree her territorial acquisitions, and stipulate a continued nationality in favour of that power, which had fallen to her share by the right of conquest; to attempt to circumscribe her moral influence and political ascendancy was, at that period of unparalleled excitement and boundless gratitude, altogether out of the question.

Three separate and independent kingdoms arose out of the chaos of disjointed dominions which the conquests of the Allies left without any existing occupant at the fall of Napoleon. These were France, Belgium, and Poland. It had all along been a fundamental condition of the European Alliance, expressly provided for in the agreement of 11th January, 1805, between England and Russia, on which all the subsequent treaties were based, that, in so far as the conquests rest from Napoleon could be restored to the rightful owners, this restitution should be made; but that, in so far as this could not be done, either from the inability or disinclination of the old proprietors to resume their lost dominions, they should be at the disposal of the allied sovereigns, and be provided for, in a Congress to be held for that purpose, at the conclusion of the war. This was accordingly done; and as France, partly from inclination, partly from neces-

sity, had hoisted the white flag and restored the Bourbons, the chief states which remained to be arranged under new masters were Flanders and Poland. We say “new masters;” because it was well known that the restoration of the old government in either of these countries was impossible—Austria having no inclination to exchange her acquisitions in Lombardy for the old Flemish provinces; and the weakness and prostration consequent on the long course of Polish anarchy having rendered it totally impossible to reconstruct, out of its conquered provinces, any thing under a separate government at all approaching to a solid political edifice.

As a barrier against France, the Flemish provinces were united to the Dutch dominions, and formed the kingdom of the Netherlands; as some restraint upon the extension of Russia, the Polish states which formed the Grand Duchy of Warsaw were united into a separate kingdom, which, though united to the crown of Russia in the person of the reigning monarch, might be disjoined in that of his successors, and, at all events, was to be always preserved as an independent monarchy, unblended with the vast mass of the Moscovite dominions. These two new erections, with the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty to France, and the establishment of a tempered constitutional government in that great kingdom, were the great work of the Congress of Vienna; and the stipulations on the subject were as express as language or diplomatic foresight could provide. On the subject of the kingdom of Poland, it was provided, “That the still subsisting statutes of the duchy are to be preserved in all points, with the exception of such modifications as are necessary to conciliate them with the spirit of the nation, and approximate them to the constitution of 1791. The Roman Catholic religion is declared to be the religion of the state, but with the free exercise of other modes of worship. The executive power and the functions of Government are exclusively vested in the sovereign. No person can legally be arrested but according to legal forms, and in cases determined by the law. The grounds

of imprisonment are to be communicated to every person in custody, and he must be brought before the competent tribunal within three days. No change is to be made in the taxes and imposts without the consent of the general diet, convoked according to constitutional forms. All civil and criminal laws, and all respecting the finance, and relative to the functions of the constitutional authority, are to be submitted to the examination of the general diet, and not to have the force of law till assented to by them, and sanctioned by the sovereign." Cracow was declared "a free, independent, and strictly neutral city, with a small territory annexed to it, which Austria, Russia, and Prussia agreed to respect, and no armed force was on any pretext to enter its territory." Finally, in announcing the resolution of the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander wrote to the president of the Polish diet, "that the kingdom of Poland was to be united to Russia by the bond of its own constitution. If the great interest of general tranquillity has not permitted the union of all the Poles under the same sceptre, I have at least endeavoured to alleviate as much as possible the pain of the separation, and to obtain for them every where the peaceful exercise of their nationality."*

With regard, again, to the united Flemish provinces, it was stipulated that they should be united into one kingdom, under the King of the Netherlands, and a constitution was in like manner provided for them, containing all the elements of general freedom, and under which their inhabitants enjoyed as much liberty as any people in the world. Such were the provisions of the Congress of Vienna in favour, not only of the national independence, but the civil freedom of these two infant states; and it is not the least honourable part of the conduct of Lord Castlereagh and the English Government at that period, that these stipulations are known and proved by authentic documents to have mainly flowed from their exertions.

Great as has been the obloquy

which the liberal party in Europe have continued for twenty years to throw on this celebrated Congress, and the Holy Alliance which sprung from its deliberations, the time will come, and to many nations has already arrived, when they will look back to the years past under its protection, as the happiest of their political existence. That all its resolutions were the wisest which could have been adopted, is going farther than experience ever warranted history to go in favour of the efforts of humanity. But that the measures it adopted were upon the whole beneficial, and that Europe has never been, and for ages will not again be so prosperous as it was under its administration, is abundantly established by experience. France, wealthy and prosperous beyond all precedent, was advancing with unexampled strides in every branch of industry; Spain, with its flocks and its vineyards, was tranquil and undistracted by civil warfare; Belgium, under the benignant sway of the House of Orange, was rapidly growing in wealth, power, and public happiness; Poland, under the steady and wise administration of Alexander, enjoyed a period of tranquillity and repose, which went far to heal the wounds of war, and sope the divisions of five centuries. And the proof of this extraordinary flood of prosperity, which was poured upon the kingdom of Poland by the Russian government, is decisive, from the events of the very first war which occurred; for while the whole kingdom, containing twelve millions of souls at the close of its anarchical and savage independence, was conquered in two months by Suwarrow, at the head of thirty thousand men, a third part only of its extent and numbers, after having passed fifteen years under the new government, was able for nine months to maintain a doubtful contest with the whole strength of Russia in 1831, led by the experienced talents of Diebitch and the victorious arms of Paskewitch, and repeatedly inflict upon its invaders the most dreadful defeats; a clear proof, that whatever abuses may have existed

in the details of its administration, the government established at Warsaw by the Congress of Vienna had, upon the whole, been eminently conducive to public prosperity, and consolidated, in a most extraordinary degree, the hitherto disjointed fabric of Polish society.

It is natural that mankind, and especially that numerous division of it who are inclined to democratic principles, should regard with a jealous eye a congress of sovereigns invested with irresistible strength, and which takes upon itself to dispose of the concerns of minor states, without in every instance asking their consent. But without disputing that the Congress of Vienna and its offspring, the Holy Alliance, were not free from this objection, still the deliberation of that assembly left one legacy of inestimable importance to Europe. They established, at least for the chief points there agreed on, a principle of international law, an authority of which the greater powers were the guardians, for enforcing obedience to the fundamental principles of the new settlement of the European states, and therefore, superseded that fatal appeal to the sword which too often terminates in woe to the vanquished. Mutual jealousy, and the old principle of the balance of power, which had been never altogether lost sight of amidst the confusion of later times, prevented the abuse of this power of general control; and at the same time the authority of the greater states prevented that open abuse of the right of conquest, that profligate disregard of every thing but military strength, which in every age has been the greatest source of human misfortune. Not only therefore was Europe tranquil during the fifteen years which followed the peace of Paris, but the lesser states flourished in security under the shadow of international law; no bloodshed stained the face of Spain, and both kingdoms of the Peninsula increased in an unprecedented ratio, both in wealth and population.* Poland,

blessed for the first time during five hundred years with a firm and stable government, was advancing rapidly in the career of prosperity, and gradually acquiring, under a regular administration, the habits which might at length render its inhabitants capable of enjoying national independence and civil liberty. France, under the feeble reign of the Bourbons, enjoyed, as Guizot tells us, "the first days of real freedom it had tasted since the time of Clovis;" while the Netherlands, under the paternal government of William, and with its whole seventeen provinces reunited for the first time since the religious divisions of the sixteenth century, had already become a more powerful and prosperous state than Prussia was at the death of the Great Frederick. Local grievances indeed might, and probably did exist in the newly erected states. The Poles complained, and perhaps with reason, of the turbulent passions and vehement caprices of the Grand Duke Constantine; the Flemings grumbled at the undue preponderance of Dutch *employés* in the civil administration of the Netherlands; the French Liberals did their utmost to shake the fabric of society in their kingdom, in order to possess themselves of the reins of power; but still, in all the greater and more important features of administration, the government, both at Warsaw, Brussels, and Paris, was steady and beneficent; and the certain researches of statistical writers demonstrate an extraordinary and altogether unprecedented degree of growing prosperity in all these kingdoms.

Another circumstance of vast importance had arisen from the manner in which the European states had settled down after the Congress of Vienna. Although, to overcome the dreadful force of the French democracy, and resist the terrible legions of Napoleon, it had become necessary to rouse from its dormant state the giant strength of Russia, yet all Europe, and in an especial

* The latest statistical accounts show, that from 1814 to 1831, Spain and Portugal added 4,000,000 to their population, and nearly a half to their national wealth; a rate of increase which, with the exception of that of Prussia during the same period, is unexampled in the old world.

manner Germany, had become sensible, with what danger the appearance of that power in such strength on the theatre of conflict had been attended, and jealousy of Moscovite had arisen instead of hatred at Gallic oppression. From 1820 to 1830, this feeling was not only universal, but daily gaining strength in Germany. The celebrated Kotzebue was assassinated in consequence of the suspicion under which he laboured of being a Russian spy. The Cabinet of Vienna, distinguished beyond any other in Europe by steady views and far-seeing sagacity, had long taken the lead in the same policy; and even when the Congress at its capital was still sitting, a secret understanding had been formed between its Ministers and those of France and England, for the purpose of opposing a barrier to the ambition of the Court of St Petersburg. In 1828 and 1829, when the war in Turkey was going on, and Diebitch was carrying the Moscovite battalions, for the first time since the establishment of the Crescent in Europe across the Balkan, this jealousy rose to the highest pitch, and a treaty was secretly concluded between Austria, France, and England, for the limitation of the power of Russia. Thus, though the danger from the side of Russia existed, and could not be altogether removed, the most effectual means had been taken to restrain it within due limits, and, by opposing to its progress a solid obstacle in Germany, turn its ambition into the channel obviously destined for it by Providence, the subjugation of the Mahometan states of Asia.

This firm alliance between Great Britain and Austria, besides being founded on identity of conservative principles in the two governments, was farther cemented by the common interest which they had in turning aside from the European provinces of Turkey the alarming torrents of Russian invasion. That Constantinople and the Dardanelles have, for above a century, been the grand objects of Moscovite ambition is universally known; but the great difficulty always was where to find, on the eastern frontier of Europe, force adequate to avert the danger. In the close alliance of England and

Austria, however, the most ample means existed for effecting this important object. Flanked by a British fleet of ten ships of the line on the one side, and an Austrian army of 100,000 men on the other, the Moscovite battalions could never again attempt to cross the Balkan. Without the protection of a fleet which was mistress of the Black Sea, the Russians could never venture to advance to the south of the Danube. In the deserted and waterless plains which lie to the north of the Balkan, their armies would find certain ruin if not supported by a fleet of transport vessels. With her squadron, blockaded in Sevastopol by the British admirals, her armies would be effectually chained ashore to the walls of Silistria. In this close alliance, therefore, the most effectual means of restraining the invaders were to be found; and being founded on mutual interest, it might be calculated upon as likely to be durable. England dreaded the establishment of the Russian power in the Levant, and beheld in Constantinople a stepping stone to India. Austria watched with intense anxiety the free passage of the Dardanelles, and beheld in their cession to the Russians the closing of the great channel of the Danube, and the transfer to that power of the means of stopping the commerce of all its eastern dominions. Thus the two greatest powers of Europe, next to Russia, were closely united, from identity of interest and similarity of principle, in this most important matter of modern policy, that of saving Turkey from falling into the hands of Russia; and without any great effort, their united land and sea forces could at any time arrest the Moscovite battalions in their march to Constantinople.

The effects of this league between Austria and England, founded on dread of the growing power of Russia, speedily appeared in the ascendancy which Great Britain acquired among the lesser states of Germany. Prussia, following in the wake of the Cabinet of St Petersburg, had long manifested an anxiety to establish in the north of Germany a commercial league, which might serve the double object of checking the introduction of English manufactures and augmenting her own influence among

the lesser states in her vicinity. But as long as a Conservative administration was at the head of affairs in England, this object was not only frustrated, but turned to the disadvantage of those who attempted it. A counter Hanoverian league was formed in 1829, which embraced all the principal states of the north of Germany, and secured an entrance, on liberal principles, of English manufactures into states inhabited by above fifteen millions of inhabitants.* Russia and Prussia had got only the Prussian states and allies to the amount of 1,200,000 souls in this confederacy. Thus, if England had made sacrifices to Germany by repealing her navigation, and embarking in the hazardous Reciprocity System in 1823, she at least had obtained something for her concessions; and reciprocity, hitherto at least, was there divested of its worst feature, that of being all on one side, and formed on an expectation, which, expectation has since proved to be chimerical, of corresponding commercial advantages being obtained from other states.

Thus, without pretending to affirm that the arrangements made at the Congress of Vienna were altogether unexceptionable, or that Europe had no cause for disquietude in any quarter from their effects, it may safely be affirmed that the great foundations of durable prosperity and safety had been laid by its exertions. France was tranquil, unambitious, prosperous, and free. Flanders was united and opulent, under a benign and liberal government. Poland, still maintaining its nationality, its language and separate existence, was in an infinitely better state than it had ever been during its long and stormy annals, and kept alive a nucleus of the old monarchy, to which the rest provinces of the empire might one day be rejoined; while the great and paramount object of erecting a barrier in Eastern Europe against Russia was adequately provided for in the only way in which it could be effected, by the close alliance of England and Austria. These were great and important objects, which, even at that time,

attracted a deserved degree of attention from the Conservative leaders of the British Cabinet; but their magnitude has become doubly apparent from the effect of the prodigious changes which have followed the Revolution of the Barricades, and the ascendancy of the Reform party in Great Britain.

We do not propose at present to discuss either the legality or the expediency of either of these changes with reference to domestic concerns. Let it be conceded, that the government of Charles X. was the most monstrous and tyrannical that ever existed; the ordonnances the most uncalled for violation of constitutional freedom recorded in history; the priests and Jesuits of the elder branch of the Bourbons, clearly more hostile to freedom than the horse, foot, and cannon of the younger,—Polignac infinitely more perilous to freedom than Soult, and the feeble Charles than the vigorous Louis Philippe. Let it be supposed that subsequent events have afforded no confirmation of the necessity of a *coup d'état* on the Sovereign's side, and that the *procès moustre* and restrictions on the press have afforded no indications of the necessity of the measures unsuccessfully attempted by the fallen dynasty—let it be supposed that the Reform Bill was as necessary an effort as Magna Charta; that peace, security, and stability have followed its success; that all abuses consequent on Tory misrule are now at an end, and that the Legislature is now as thoroughly powerful in its composition, as it is elevated in character—let all this be conceded, still the *foreign* effects of the triumphs of the revolutionists in both countries remain the same, and furnish ample subject for deep and serious meditation.

The first effect of the triumph of the Barricades was to blow to the winds the international law of Europe. All appeal to the Congress of Vienna, or the pledges there given by the allied Sovereigns, was at an end. The bond had been broken by one of the contracting parties, and of course the others could no longer be held bound by its stipulations.

* See Prussian Commercial League in No. CCXLIII. for January of this Magazine.

Europe, in return for the restoration of her conquered dominions to France, and the gift of freedom to her people, which they had in vain endeavoured to obtain for themselves, had recognised a race of sovereigns on its throne, the descendants of its legitimate monarchs, and of a known pacific and conservative character. They were recognised and treated with as sovereigns of that great kingdom, precisely because they did bear the character, and therefore might be relied on as likely to afford some security against the recurrence of those systematic attacks on the independence of the adjoining states, from which Europe, for the last twenty years, had sustained such dreadful injury. When, therefore, instead of this pacific race, a new dynasty was elevated to the throne; when, in lieu of the white flag, the blood-stained tricolor was hoisted on the Tuileries, the main condition of the general pacification was at an end, and all nations were warned to look to themselves in the perilous days that were approaching.

This impression of the dissolution of the international system by which the peace of Europe had been so long preserved was strongly increased by the events which immediately succeeded. The Democrats of Belgium, impelled by the general transports, and resolved not to be behind their Parisian brethren in the getting up of Revolutions, broke out, *without any reason whatever*, into a revolt. No ordonnances there existed to justify or call for so great a stretch—no public liberties had been violated—no invasions of power committed. Something was said of cultures or mill-dues in the city of Brussels; of undue preference of Dutchmen in public employments: grievances which would have formed a good reason for a local act of Parliament, or an angry speech in the Chambers, but as a ground for a revolution, in other words, an appeal to open force, were altogether ridiculous. So it was, however, that the revolution took place; Flanders was severed from Holland, the populace of Brussels and Liege tore another name away from the Vienna bond, and amidst the applause of the democratic party over all Europe, the

great barrier erected with so much labour and expense against revolutionary France was destroyed, and the gates of Europe a second time opened to French ambition.

It soon appeared with how much foresight the Congress of Vienna had arranged Europe on such a footing as to restrain the democratic spirit where its excesses were most to be apprehended. Society was every where shaken to its foundation. Nothing but the most consummate prudence on the part of the continental powers could have averted a general war. The lesser states of Germany broke into convulsions in imitation of the great parent democracy: Brunswick chased its sovereign from his dominions, and in all the old Confederation of the Rhine, symptoms of an alarming effervescence appeared: while the pusillanimous Italians caught the general flame, and forgetting for a moment their terror of Transalpine bayonets, ventured, amidst general corruption and inveterate selfishness, to speak of freedom, liberty, and patriotism, while Spain again revived the democratic ideas of 1812, and a frightful civil war was already preparing in the whole peninsula. Established governments every where took the alarm at this portentous state of things, and, as at the bursting forth of the French Revolution in 1789, every one looked to their arms as the only means of safety in the perilous days which were approaching. France had soon four hundred thousand men in arms: an equal number of Germans stood in fearless array on the other side of the Rhine; and two hundred thousand Moscovites were pressing forward to the fields of the Katsbach and Leipsic.

Nor was it long before a desperate struggle arose, and it appeared but too clearly how ruinous a strife the democratic spirit promised to European history. Stirred up by French emissaries, encouraged by English declamation, the gallant Poles again flew to arms, but it was under darker auspices than formerly; the glorious cause of national independence was now sullied by intermixture with the violence of democratic passion. Whether they had any serious and well founded cause of complaint against the Russian Government has

never yet been ascertained : certain it is, however, that they had undergone nothing whatever which could in the slightest degree justify a revolution : in other words, an appeal to open force, and a tearing to shreds the treaty of Vienna with all the beneficent clauses extorted by English firmness, which it contained in favour of the nationality of Poland. The Poles have given us abundance of declamation on this subject, and the liberal press throughout Europe have unanimously seconded their efforts ; but neither the one nor the other have given any authentic evidence or distinct proof of the violation of any of the material stipulations in their favour by the Russian Government. Probably instances of oppression and severity existed ; doubtless Constantine's passions had frequently led him into acts of caprice or barbarity ; but that the Government was upon the whole beneficent, and that it was doing wonders for the real regeneration of Polish institutions, is decisively proved, as already mentioned, by the extraordinary national strength which that fragment of old Poland, not a quarter of its former population, nor a tenth of its ancient extent, displayed in the fierce contest which ensued with Moscovite power : a development of force so extraordinary and so different from the lamentable display of weakness which uniformly occurred in the days of their ancient anarchical independence, that it justifies the opinion, that nothing was ever so beneficial to Poland as the Russian Government : that it was, however galling, in truth as great a blessing to them as it undoubtedly would in the end prove to Ireland : that under its firm administration and thorough coercion of democratic vehemence, the disjointed elements of Polish society were gradually assuming a solid consistence, and that after half a century had been passed under that painful but wholesome severity, its furious passions would be completely drained off or extinguished, and its people would indeed be fitted for that civil freedom and national independence, in the vain attempt to gain which, without such previous discipline, they had passed through five hundred years of anarchy and wretchedness.

Whatever opinion may be formed on this point, one thing is perfectly clear, that the Polish revolt was a complete breaking up of the treaty of Vienna, and an entire abandonment of all the provisions in favour of the lesser states, and especially of the kingdom of Poland and the republic of Cracow. It was in vain to assert that Austria and Russia were to be bound by its stipulations, while France, Belgium, and the Polish revolutionists had trampled them under foot. When urged to respect the independence of Poland, or abstain from a persecution of the Italian democrats, Austria and Russia answered with invincible force : " When you have restored the white flag to the domes of the Tuileries when Belgium is again united to Holland, and the liberties of Europe are secured by the establishment of a barrier in Flanders against French aggression, we will relax in our measures of defence and consolidation in Poland ; but while the tricolor waves on the towers of Notre Dame, while a French force is at Ancona as a rallying point to Italian democracy, and Flanders, instead of being the outwork of Europe against France, is the outwork of France against Europe ; when all the stipulations, in short, of the treaty of Vienna in our favour have been violated by you, it is in vain to appeal to its provisions in your favour. Both must be bound, or neither. You cannot approve and reprobate the same instrument. You had an international law, and a subsisting treaty in favour of the weaker powers, which we had uniformly observed ; but you chose to violate it, and by the revolutions of France and Belgium, tear it to shreds, and once again deliver Europe to the law of the strongest. You have made your election, and must abide by its results."

Such was the state of affairs in Europe, changed to a very great degree for the worse, inasmuch as the law of force was again proclaimed, and the red flag hoisted by the democratic party, when England, heretofore the main stay of the conservative interest throughout Europe, was suddenly invaded by the democratic spirit, and after a desperate struggle its constitution.

was overturned and a republican party installed in power. The effects of this great event upon the balance of power and future destinies of Europe have been and are destined to be prodigious; far greater than we who live in the midst of them can now appreciate. To all human appearance, however, they are calculated entirely to defeat in their ultimate consequences the hopes of the republican party; and in the end not induce upon Europe the transports of democratic ascendancy, but the stillness of Asiatic despotism. It is to this point, the prodigious and hitherto unnoticed effect of the transfer of England to the republican side, in augmenting the influence and aiding the growth of Russia, that we are chiefly desirous of directing the attention of our readers; and it is in order to shew its paramount dangers by the force of comparison, that we have gone back twenty years to illustrate the comparative security against the danger which existed before the revolution of the barricades had dissolved in all its parts the provisions of the Congress of Vienna.

Germany is the country where, and where alone, an effectual barrier against Moscovite ambition is to be found. Its vast and warlike population, which formerly overthrew the colossal fabric of Roman power; its forty millions of souls, and two thousand walled cities; its experienced armies and brave people; its tenacious aristocracy and independent citizens, point it out as the great central power in Europe, whose strength, once fairly roused, is irresistible. More even than this, it is as yet a *virgin power*. Its pure and ardent spirit has not been invaded by revolutionary violence; its honest and upright heart not rified by the democratic seducer. It is not what the French so well describe, from a thorough knowledge of its evil "*usé par des passions politiques*." Its ardent aspirations have not been cooled by experience of their fallacy; its generous resolves not overwhelmed by the torrent of selfish passions which follows in the train either of monarchical or democratical despotism. A slight contemplation of history must be sufficient in consequence to con-

vince us that there is the virgin soil where great and noble crops are to be reaped; and that the party which it espouses is destined to acquire a paramount ascendancy in the future contests of Europe. All other powers are but as dust in the balance to resist the growing and equally virgin force of Russia. Where are we to find the elements of great achievement, or the character capable of the sacrifices which they require? Is it in the degenerate and selfish Italians, whom Machiavel, four hundred years ago, pronounced incapable of ever again enjoying freedom? In the Spaniards, torn by an endless and desperate civil war in their own bosom; or in the French, exhausted by political passion, steeped in political profligacy, tainted to the heart by revolutionary corruption, and sinking down, after so long an experience of its storms, into the irremediable despotism which it never fails to bring in its train? Or in the English, who have now voluntarily rushed into the revolutionary vortex, and whose high-minded and generous aristocracy is now subjugated by a selfish democratic rabble, as passionately covetous of power as they are incapable of exercising it to their own ultimate, or country's present, advantage? Or in Turkey, bowed down beneath the yoke of years, whose population is yearly melting away under the despotism of the Crescent, and whose political strength has been irrevocably destroyed by the Greek Revolution, the Syrian revolt, and the Russian conquests? The thing is utterly hopeless. These powers, except France, instead of being additions to, are all drags upon the anti-Moscovite alliance. It is in Germany alone that the means of effectual resistance are to be found.

Germany, too, from original character, common descent, and mutual glories, is the natural ally of England. A German and a Briton sympathise in their feelings, their habits, their affections; both are totally foreign to the nations of Celtic or Sarmatian descent. From the woods of Saxony our Gothic ancestors brought not only the rudiments of the English constitution, but the foundations of the English character. The institutions of England are all

founded on social qualities and general honesty, which will be sought in vain among nations of pure Celtic descent. Germany and England had stood side by side in the greatest and most decisive wars of modern times. In the glorious strife of the Reformation, the triumphant alliance against Louis XIV., the heroic contest of Frederick the Great, and the desperate wars of the French Revolution. The standards of Gustavus Adolphus and his heroic Scotch allies—of Marlborough and Eugene—of Ferdinand and Frederick—of Blücher and Wellington—had waved together. The children of both nations regarded the French as their natural foes; they spoke in common of Ramillies and Blenheim, of Minden and Katsbach, of Lepsic and Waterloo. In this long and glorious alliance, cemented by unity of descent and similarity of character, identity of interest, union of religion, and community of triumphs, was to be found the barrier, and the only barrier, against Russian ambition. The German armies and the English navy might bid defiance to the world in arms; and as both had equal cause to dread their Asiatic neighbours, a durable confederacy against their invasions might have been anticipated.

But it is with Conservative, not Revolutionary England, that Germany is united. The violence, the falsehood, the cringing and servility of the revolutionary character, are not more at variance with their habits of thought, than its atrocious excesses and selfish rapacity are with their national interests. The conversion of England, therefore, to the Revolutionary standard, did more than dissolve the alliance of our government with those of Prussia and Austria; it extinguished all sympathy in the people of those countries with the now dominant classes of our nation. The acts of the Reform Ministry soon gave the German patriots as good cause to deprecate the continuance of the English alliance, as the violence of the reformers did its people to shun the contamination of English principles. While the atrocious union of England with France against its old ally the King of the Netherlands—the mingled servility and violence

with which the injustice to that much injured monarch was perpetrated—the partition of his dominions—the guaranteeing of the revolted provinces to Leopold—the destruction of the barrier fortresses erected at so prodigious a cost against France by the victories of Wellington, and the infamous spectacle of the French army and English fleets uniting to wrest Antwerp, the outwork of Napoleon against our independence, from Holland, and confer it on the son-in-law of France, pointed out to its statesmen what reliance was hereafter to be placed on the faith of English alliance under the democratic party which had now obtained possession of its councils;—the flames of Bristol and Nottingham—the universal distraction of the British islands—the steady growth of Irish anarchy, and at last the total overthrow of the constitution, under which the nation had enjoyed one hundred and forty-four years of unprecedented freedom, tranquillity, and glory, demonstrated in too vivid colours to its philosophers and men of thought, on what an unstable foundation society now rested in Britain; and the extreme peril of the storm totally destroying their infant free institutions, which had uprooted the ancient Anglo-Saxon constitution of the English empire.

The effect of this double shock was instantaneous. Germany, with the cordial concurrence of its whole inhabitants, drew off at once from the English alliance—the cannon discharged against the citadel of Antwerp dispersed the infant clouds of German liberalism—national jealousy was universally roused—social distinctions, democratic ambition, were forgotten in the Rhine—the Rhine became the cry—three hundred thousand men crowded to arms in its vast confederacy—the forces for a second Lepsic, another Waterloo, were arrayed. The German youth no longer turn to England as the leading star which is to direct them in the path of political elevation; they shun it as the beacon on which national honour, public morality, social happiness, are to be wrecked. So strong has the reaction against liberal principles become, under the combined influence of the revolution of the barricades,

and the reform triumph in England, that the opinion is now general in the Fatherland that the whole representative system is a delusion: that a paternal despotism is the only government suited to the vices and weakness of humanity, and that the Roman sage was right when he pronounced a mixed government a happy dream, never likely to be realized, and, if so, speedily destined to perish.

Nor is it surprising that democratic ascendancy in England and France should inspire foreign nations, and especially the as yet honest and unpolluted Germans, with so general a sentiment of horror. The devastation and suffering which their insane propagandism, or insidious intervention, has produced in all the nations within the reach of their malignity, is unprecedented in modern times. The Netherlands first were assailed by the tempest—the Netherlands, the firm and tried ally of England—and the Netherlands were partitioned without the shadow of a pretext, and half their dominions ceded by the right of force to a revolutionary monarch. The rightful monarch, the king guaranteed in his dominions by the treaty of Vienna, took up arms to vindicate his right; the Revolutionary rabble were overthrown, the *brave Belges* were defeated in two pitched battles, Brussels was on the point of falling into their hands, when England and France interferred, and the victorious Dutch were compelled by Marshal Gerard to retrace their steps to the banks of the Waale. Antwerp was besieged, and this magnificent fortress, which Napoleon said was itself worth a kingdom, and which he would not relinquish, even when at his last extremity in Champagne, was reft by British arms from the house of Orange.

Poland was a still more cruel victim of democratic ambition. Stimulated by French propagandism and English declamation to rush blindly into a hopeless contest, that gallant people boldly and heroically struggled for their independence, though they had no plausible pretext even for throwing off the Russian government. But what was the result? France could not or

would not move, the declamations of the English Liberals evaporated in empty words, Strynecki was forced back, Warsaw beleaguered, and the last remnant of the deliverers of Christendom, under John Sobieski, sunk under the Muscovite yoke. But the fate which Liberalism had now brought upon them was very different from the tempered constitution and respected nationality which Conservative England had prepared for them at the Congress of Vienna. Trod down, galled, and insulted, Poland was now, as an expiation of its folly and its sins, compelled to drink to the dregs the cup of national humiliation. Whether or not all that has been said of the sufferings of its inhabitants, and the cruelty inflicted on them by their conquerors, is well founded, we have no means of knowing, because the only channel of information on the subject is the false and declamatory Liberal press, upon whose allegations no reliance whatever can be placed. But the great features of Polish ruin are certain. Her nationality is destroyed—her constitution overturned—her people incorporated with the Moscovite empire, or scattered as exiles over distant lands. Upon whom does the blame of these disasters rest? Not upon Conservative England, for she had provided for Poland a sure refuge, guaranteed by all Europe—not upon Russia, for she was driven of necessity to such a course by the peril to which she was exposed by this monstrous revolt—at the Congress of Vienna; but upon the selfish and insensate Liberal party of France and England, who first tore to pieces the bond of Europe in her favour made at the Congress of Vienna:—next, to save themselves from the approaching punishment of their sins, drove the unhappy Poles into revolt, and then abandoned them, when irrevocably committed, to their enemies.

Spain and Portugal remained; and what has been the fate of the Spanish Peninsula, the theatre of England's and Wellington's glory, from the Liberal Governments of France and England? Since the moment when the triumph of the Barricades destroyed the peace of

Europe they have never tasted one moment of repose. For four years the civil contest has continued to rage in Spain. Commencing from small beginnings on the shores of the Ebro, it has slowly but steadily spread to all the adjoining provinces, and now numbers eighty thousand combatants under its banners. These brave men, following the footsteps of the heroic Zumallacaregui, have nobly bore up for three years against every difficulty and privation. Without money, arms, or fortified towns—destitute of artillery, ammunition, and resources—they have won them all by their undaunted valour. Oppressed by England and France, overshadowed by the Quadrupartite Alliance, notwithstanding the insidious aid of England lavished to their enemies in mercenaries, arms, and loans, they have nobly combated with undaunted resolution for their king, their country, and their God.* While England, deserting her ancient and proud position, was uniting with the French and democratic party in Spain and Portugal—while aiding the revolutionary blood-thirsty faction of Madrid and Lisbon, who was striving to beat down the brave peasantry who combated by her side at Vittoria and Toulouse—the simple mountaineers of Navarre kept their faith inviolate. For three long years, like the Vendéans or Tyrolese, they have preserved the cause of freedom in their valleys, and if not crushed by the intervention of a now-intervening administration in this country, will, to all human appearance, drive the foul usurper from their capital, and regain their ancient and hereditary liberties. In the course of this desperate struggle, however, calamities unheard of have been inflicted on the Spanish and Portuguese people; the contest has assumed a character of horror *plus qu'on civile*; blood has flowed in torrents, both in the field, in the dungeon, and on the scaffold; the atrocious cruelties of the Revolutionists have driven the Carlists to

unhappy but unavoidable reprisals; and in the midst of loud professions of philanthropy on the part of the British Ministry, they have been insidiously and now openly supporting a faction who massacre prisoners in cold blood, who murdered two hundred captives in the prisons of Barcelona, and butcher the mothers and sisters of the leaders of their enemy's party. It is with such blood-thirsty assassins that the standards of England are now mingled; it is to support such a cause that her blood and treasure is now lavished; it is to beat down the defenders of religious liberty and independence that her forces are now employed; and that, too, in the valleys of the Pyrenees, around the walls of St Sebastian, on the field of Vittoria!

But, as the most superficial observation of history must be sufficient to show, there is a superintending Providence which watches over human affairs, and renders the passions and vices of nations, equally as individuals, the means of bringing on themselves a righteous retribution. The same Almighty power which made the charnel-house of Spain and the snows of Russia the punishment of French aggression, is preparing, and that, too, at no distant period, the just chastisement of English perfidy. Already the steps of their progress are visible. The East is to be the theatre of her suffering and disgrace. While the fleets of England and the armies of France were busied in spoliating her inoffensive allies—while the English pendant was blockading the Tagus, within sight of the rocks of Torres Vedras, and aiding in the siege of Antwerp, within a day's march of Waterloo, a new and active enemy appeared in the Syrian mountains. The Pacha of Egypt overthrew the Turks in the decisive battle of Koniah—the power of the Osmanlis tottered to its foundation. In the last extremity, the Sultan applied to his natural allies, France and England, for aid; but they replied, that their forces were so occupied in blockad-

* Two hundred and fifty thousand stand of arms, and ten thousand mercenaries, were sent by England to aid the Queen's cause in 1835. (Parl. Papers, 5. 1836.) Those for the auxiliary legion were fifteen thousand muskets, one thousand swords, six hundred carbines

ing the Tagus, and besieging Antwerp, that they could not spare a battalion or a vessel to extricate him from destruction. Driven to his last shifts, he applied to his natural enemies, the Russians, and they were not long in affording him the needful aid. Thirty thousand Moscovites were speedily at Scutari; the Pacha of Egypt retired; the Dardanelles opened to the Russian fleets, and closed for ever against those of the rest of the world. The Reform Bill had done for Russia that which all the genius of Catherine, and all the might of Alexander, could not effect. The Crescent became tributary to the Cross; and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi did as much for the maritime strength of Russia, and the maritime ruin of England, as the invasion of Napoleon had done for its military strength, and the destruction of his vast dominion.*

This vast acquisition, which brought Russian influence and power to the shores of the Mediterranean, and closed the great debouché of the Dardanelles against Austrian power, excited the utmost jealousy at Vienna; but what could her Cabinet do against the northern colossus at that disastrous crisis? England, her natural ally! England—supported by whom she could easily have bid defiance to Moscow—was raging on the other side. She was busy spoliating her old ally, the King of the Netherlands, handing over Antwerp to France, destroying the barrier fortresses against France, and supporting in Portugal an irreligious revolution. Prussia, indignant at this monstrous dereliction of faith and abandonment

of policy, was arming with indignant haste, and her armies were accumulating on the Meuse, almost within sight of the tricolor flag. What could Austria do alone at that crisis, with France and England united, menacing Germany on one side, and Russia devouring Turkey on the other? Resistance was impossible. Terror at commotions in Italy drew off all her disposable forces to the plains of Lombardy, and nothing remained for a Turkish demonstration. England and Germany had become disunited, from the insane policy of our revolutionary rulers, and Russia in consequence was irresistible. A more pressing danger than even the occupation of Constantinople by the Moscovites, the danger of revolutionary aggression and Italian revolt, had thrown the vast mass of Central Europe into the alliance of Russia. The monstrous union of France and England; their open disregard of all the faith of treaties; their desperate revolutionary assaults on all the lesser states within reach of their power, had inspired the utmost terror in all the remoter states. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, pressed by a common danger, were united by the bands of the closest alliance. Under the influence of this feeling of joint interest and common danger, the strides of Russia in the East were unobserved or disregarded; and England at the close of the affair, as the consequence of her atrocious attack on Belgium and Portugal, found the Russian power irrevocably established at Constantinople, and the whole naval resources of the Levant at her disposal.

* *Secret Article of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi.*

"As his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, wishing to spare the Sublime Ottoman Porte the expense and inconvenience which might be occasioned to it, by affording substantial aid, will not ask for that aid if circumstances should place the Sublime Porte under the obligation of furnishing it; the Sublime Ottoman Porte, in the place of the aid which it is bound to furnish in case of need, according to the principle of reciprocity of the patent treaty, shall confine its action in favour of the Imperial Court of Russia to closing the strait of the Dardanelles, that is to say, to not allowing any foreign vessels of war to enter therein under any pretext whatsoever."

Under this treaty Russia has acquired the exclusive command of the Dardanelles, —an acquisition of incalculable importance to her maritime strength and influence in southern Europe. The moral influence of this great event is even more extensive than its obvious effects. It has thrown Turkey entirely into the arms of Russia, and brought down her southern frontier to the Ægean Sea.—*Parl. Pap. 8th March, 1836.*

Swiftly and surely, therefore, in the natural results of our perfidious, selfish, and aggressive external policy, has this punishment of our sins come upon us. The Dardanelles is closed against our flag; Greece is tributary to our enemies; Persia is overawed by their influences; the introduction of steamboats on the Euphrates, effected (under the influence of judicial blindness) by our own Government, is smoothing away all the difficulties of the passage through Central Asia, and paving the road to India to the Russian arms! The Liberals of this country now see the danger—they dread it—they would willingly avert it; but it is no longer in their power. Steadily and unceasingly the Russian dominion is extending, to the manifest peril of our present influence and future independence—as steadily and unceasingly is the hour of retributive justice approaching to our rulers and our people. Where are they to look out for allies to resist that colossal power, which threatens soon to array all Europe, from the North Cape to Gibraltar, in an alliance against our naval power? Is it in Germany, disgusted at our perfidy—indignant at our tergiversation—terrified at our propagandism? Is it in France, emancipated by the vigour of Louis Philippe from the thralldom of the Revolutionists, which has re-enacted with additional severity the ordinances of Polignac, and supports them with an armed force of four hundred thousand men? Is it in Belgium, which, but for our aid, would have been subdued, in 1832, by Holland, aided by nothing but the force of a righteous cause? Is it in Portugal, which, for eighteen months, could not terminate a civil war round Oporto? or in Spain, reeking with the blood of the followers of Wellington, and holding England in unutterable horror for her unparalleled violations of faith, which seeks to impose on their people a hated usurper, an odious and sanguinary revolutionary yoke?

Let us not deceive ourselves. All Europe will soon be arrayed against us: France, the only power capable of giving us effectual aid, has already slipped round to the other side, and having earned wisdom by revolutionary suffering, is preparing to

stand foremost in the rank of conservative powers against our independence; Germany, our natural ally, our ancient and tried comrade, is ranged with our enemies—the Revolution of the Barricades and the English Reform Bill have thrown its warlike millions, the natural bulwark of Europe, into the arms of Russia; the atrocious perfidy of our foreign policy, since conservative principles were overthrown in this country, has brought down their standards to the Rhine and the Dardanelles; the might of Austria and Prussia, instead of being the bulwark of Europe against Russia, have become the outwork of Russia against Europe. Having effected this hideous transposition—having rolled over four hundred thousand of the bravest and finest troops in the world to the Moscovite standards, our democratic rulers may declaim as they please against Russian ambition—they may call in piteous strains on Belgium and Spain to aid them; they have lost the means of resisting it—they have surrendered the bulwarks against its advances to the forces of the enemy, and the nation they have misled is about to suffer the punishment of its sins. And we tell the people of England, that if the evil days come upon them—if a frightful revolt severs Ireland from their dominion—if Canada hoists the standard of independence, and France unites with all Europe to avenge the disasters of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and overturn our naval power—if the Thames and the Mersey are blockaded by hostile fleets, and the starving millions of Lancashire and Lanarkshire are driven to their reform rulers to beg for bread, it is no more than, for the last five years, they have done to other nations, and no more than retributive justice requires they should suffer for their sins. And where are the means of maintaining such a contest? In our next number, we shall examine the military, naval, financial, and colonial resources which the reciprocity system, cheap government, and our democratic rulers have left to us to withstand the powerful coalition, whose deadly hostility our past greatness and present iniquities are rapidly ranging against our existence.

REMINISCENCES OF STOTHARD.

PART I.

THE circumstance of having been intimately acquainted, and for many years, with the great and good man whose name stands at the head of this paper, first induced me to throw together a few reminiscences respecting him, which I trust, will be found of some interest not only to those who personally knew him, but to many who were his admirers as an artist, and who feel desirous to learn what they can of the private, as well as public life, of such eminent persons as have done honour to their country by the exertion of their genius, their influence and their moral worth. In all these respects the name of Stothard deserves veneration, since he was not less excellent as a man than as a painter; and as my acquaintance with him commenced by a circumstance that evinced a kind and amiable trait in his character, I trust I may be pardoned in relating it here; the more so as it will occupy but a brief space in my narrative, and will not, I hope, be found tedious to my readers. It may also be of some use to the young student in art, when he sees with how much good nature and consideration the really eminent encourage the efforts of industry, and will condescend to advise and direct those who are anxious to follow a well-regulated course in their studies and pursuits.

In early youth I had a great fondness for drawing, which had never been cultivated by any instructor; and I attempted to paint a picture, (in miniature) without knowing a single rule of art. It is almost needless to add, that it was a very wretched performance; but it showed a love of the art; and my dear father (who had some taste and skill in the arts himself, though not in heads and figures, to which I inclined) fancied that he saw in my *Madonna and child*—for such was the ambitious subject—more than any one else could have discovered, namely, a promise of talent beyond the ordinary run in young persons who have a wish to excel in paint-

ing. No critic would be very severe upon a parent for such an error as this. My dear father viewed my attempt with great satisfaction; and it so happened, that, on the very day I had presented it finished before him, he was going to dine in the neighbourhood of St James's, at a house where he used to meet some acquaintances of the old school, who had formed themselves into a club. This little society contained so many oddities, that, had Addison been living in these latter times, he might have found in it many a hint for the richness of his humour, in his own picture of a club recorded in the *Spectator*.

In my father's fraternity of oddities, persons of public celebrity for talent, humour, or some quality that placed them beyond the common run of agreeable companions, were also not unfrequently seen to heighten the amusement of the social circle. Munden, the famous comedian (and a most respectable man in private life) was often there. One of the standing members was a certain Surgeon T——, who had been a favourite pupil of John Hunter. He was an excellent surgeon; very decided and honest in his practice; and one who invariably, like Doctor Sangrado, prescribed to his patients temperance and water drinking as the certain means of longevity. But possibly thinking that long life was frequently a very doubtful blessing, he might, perhaps, have been less anxious to attain it in his own person, since he undoubtedly killed himself at last with a too great love of port wine and good dinners. I remember him well; he was a tall, handsome man, with regular features, a florid complexion, and a clear blue eye. He wore a singular wig, that never sat close to his head, and was always frizzled in high upright fashion on the crown; and that wig and frizzle, when I was a child, used to put me in mind of the flourish of flames at the top of the monument on Fish Street Hill.

Surgeon T—— was a great talker,

and truly he had that in his head which was worth bringing forth. But he laboured under an impediment in his speech, and prided himself in the very last thing which any one who had such a misfortune, one would think, could desire to be distinguished for—that of saying smart, witty things, which require promptitude, and the off-hand style of delivery to make them tell with good effect. The surgeon's sallies, therefore, often foundered in their career; but, for all that (as every clever pleasant man must be, notwithstanding his physical infirmities), he was very amusing; and though his points were injured by his delivery, yet point was the characteristic of his conversation. His reverence for the memory of John Hunter was like that of a poet's for Shakspeare or Milton. That celebrated surgeon had been his master, and was in his eyes the greatest man the world had ever produced. No matter what the subject might be, but if you differed in opinion from Surgeon T—, after giving his own reasons for his opposition, he would suddenly look fierce, turn round, give a shake of his head that set every frizzle of his wig in motion, and close upon you with the unanswerable argument of—"Sir, the great John Hunter used to think so." After this there was no more to be said, for John Hunter was the oracle whose authority admitted neither of doubt nor appeal. I remember his once showing me, with the same kind of devotion and reverence that I have seen the priests exhibit on the Continent when showing the relic of a saint, a *sac*, most formidable in appearance, which he treasured as a thing beyond all price, it being the identical saw with which he had seen the great John operate upon many an arm and leg. So much for Surgeon T—. He is dead and gone; he was a worthy man, and did much good in his day; few now remain who remember him, and I hope my readers, therefore, will pardon this digression concerning him and my father's club, which they will find leads, in the natural order of things, to the subject of the following reminiscences. Another sketch or two, and we shall come to the point; for the overture must be play-

ed out before we raise the curtain, neither cat calls nor impatience ever affecting the fiddlers so as to make them bate one bar of their scraping.

Amongst the members of the club there was a certain Mr B—, a man of talent, who was by profession an architect. His name was an uncommon one, but I give only the initial letter, because I wish my father's club to remain, like myself, *incognito*. In figure and in face Mr B— justified his pretensions to the very jovial and very heathen name he had derived from his forefathers (it may afford some of my ingenious readers amusement to puzzle it out). He was the exact counterpart a Silenus that I have seen in a celebrated bacchanalian picture by Titian. He was large and stout, with a very red face, full and moony, so fat that lines there were none in it. Time could never say he had wrinkled his cheek. He possessed, amongst other accomplishments, a truly wonderful art of imitating the birds. How he effected this, I do not know. All I can tell is, that he used merely to put his little fingers, one in either side of the corners of his mouth, and he would then whistle in imitation of the blackbird, thrush, nightingale, &c., with such astonishing truth and power, that it was impossible (and the experiment had often been tried), to distinguish his imitations from the notes of the real birds. He would sing, chirp, call, warble in cadence, as if the strain came from a bird on the wing whilst tuning its song; now he would become fainter, then again louder, as if the warbler approached nearer to the earth, and all in strict accord with nature, in a manner that defies description to convey any adequate idea of its perfection. Had he not had the misfortune to be a gentleman, such a talent as this would have made his fortune at the country fairs. I have heard him say, that he used to deceive the birds themselves in the woods, and I can readily believe it. I know that he once deceived a multitude at Vauxhall; for there, shifting his stand, whilst pouring forth a strain in imitation of the nightingale, he kept many of the company present running about from one place in the gardens to another to trace the sup-

posed Philomela to her retreat. Yet with this marvellous power of inflection of tone, he could not sing one note of a song, nor even hum a tune.

His intimate acquaintance with the birds was not confined to their music—he had a very considerable knowledge of their life, habits, and conversation; with so much acuteness of observation wherever a lordly eagle, a cock-robin, a house martin, or even a poor little city-bred sparrow, with its smoky wings, might be concerned, that had he found leisure to make ornithology his study, I have no doubt he would have advanced the science, and would have settled the question whether a monarchy or a republic was best suited to the tenants of the woods—he might not have proved altogether unworthy to follow in the steps of White, the inimitable author of *Selborne*. In fine, his whole soul was with the birds; and if the doctrine of Pythagoras had been true, he would, no doubt, on his departure from this life some years ago, have been transmuted into some charming songster of the feathered tribe; and if so, I will venture to say, no cage would have pleased him so well as the precincts of the old club room, to whose social meetings he had added the grace of harmony, and where he used to perform the owl's part to perfection, in Arne's delightful air of "Where the bee sucks," when some vocalist of the day favoured the company with that wild melody from the "Tempest." No biographer has ever yet recorded the merits of Mr B——; I am glad, therefore, of this opportunity of celebrating them; and, from my own early recollections and impressions, I can truly add, he was a very good-natured man—a prodigious favourite with children, who, with delighted and expectant faces, would beg him to be a bird and give them a strain—"Now do, Mr ——, be the owl;" or, "do be the blackbird;" or, "whistle it over again," were the constant boons craved by children, as they thronged around his knees.

A third member of the club was a certain Captain Watkins (for my father's club, like Addison's, had a captain in it), an army gentleman, retired from service; and here,

reader, we are drawing to the point, though our way has been somewhat round about in getting to it, for this Captain Watkins (I give you the full benefit of his name) had the honour of being brother-in-law to Thomas Stothard, Esquire, Royal Academician, the great historical painter, and the subject of those reminiscences to which we are not yet come, but are now fast advancing; these little lets and hinderances being nothing more in our way than the toll-gates and turnpikes of a highway road, that take a certain fine of you for your own benefit, since the tolls and turnpikes help, by their tributes imposed, to keep up a good road, and such little calls as I impose on your patience, afford you a practical lesson in that great virtue, if they do you no further good. Thank me, therefore, and read on, for we are now coming to Captain Watkins.

The Captain was a very singular man, and so strikingly resembled Munden, the comedian, in his size, his make, his face (or his thousand changing faces, for Munden had a new one for every part), in his air, and, above all, in the richness of his comic humour, that if there be any truth in that whimsical old science of the stars, Captain Watkins and Joey Munden must have been born under one planet, of one and the same influences, for never were two men more alike. To hear the Captain tell a story, or relate an anecdote (and he had stories enough in this way to have composed a book that would have become as standard as Joe Miller), to hear him tell his adventures in garrison towns where there was a boarding school of young ladies, or ladies a little older waiting for promotion; to hear him, I say, tell these things was almost as great a treat as seeing the great king of comedy, Munden himself, perform a part in many of those pieces in which he was inimitable. Need I add, that dull was the evening at my father's club when not enlightened by the Mars-like irradiation of the Captain's company.

These persons above sketched (and peace be to their memory, for they are now all dead) were the chief members of that little society, where my father usually took the President's chair; and where, seated

and invested in all due honour, after giving the King and the Church, he drew from his pocket, on the day I have already named, and with a higher eulogium than my modesty will allow me to repeat, my very juvenile performance of the Madonna and Child. How complacent are men and critics when seated round a bottle of wine! None of the company knew much about the arts; my father was by far the best judge of the party, but he looked at the painting through the spectacles of paternal affection, and those are never formed of diminishing glasses. The picture was banded round, and pronounced by all present, *non con*. "wonderful! the age of the artist considered." Mr B — proposed a bumper to the good health of the young sketcher. Surgeon T — ventured a critical remark on the anatomy of an arm in one of the figures (perhaps he thought of Surgeon Hunter's saw, and if it could be easily lopped off); and Captain Watkin's said, "Let me be of use; let me introduce picture and artist to my brother-in-law, Mr Stothard, and hear what he has to say about it; he is very ready to do all he can to benefit a student or lover of the arts." My father was pleased with the proposal, and asked the Captain to dinner. He came as invited; the appointment was speedily made to wait on Mr Stothard, and thus, reader, to my father's club was I indebted for my introduction to our great historical painter, at his own house in Newman Street, where, for the first time, I saw our English Raphael seated in his painting room, and busied over his fine picture of Hector and Andromache.

" Methinks I see him now "

Oh, where, my lord?

In my mind's eye, Horatio."

So may I say of Stothard, for well do I remember him at that first meeting. I remember the morning I prepared to go to him; how I looked at my poor picture, this way, that way, in the glass, and out of the glass; how I tried to look it into something much better than it was, before it appeared at the bar of judgment. I carried it in my hand all the way we were rumbling along; it was shut up in a small box, with a sliding lid, that had been my grand-

mother's; it was a piece of family pride, for it had originally belonged to Queen Anne, and was traditionally said to have been given by her Majesty to my great-aunt; with a little old fashioned glass, covered at the back with chased silver monies. I never shall forget the feeling of trepidation with which I drew out that lid of my grandmother's box, to show the picture to Mr Stothard; for I can truly say, that I did not think my performance to be the wonder it had been pronounced to be by the company at my father's club. But Stothard was not the man to discourage or dishearten any one; in him I soon found, as in all truly great men, that there was a good nature about him towards the student, that soon dispelled all fear, and made the young aspirant feel perfectly at ease in his presence.

He did not expect to meet with great things from little means; he did not criticise on a beginner as he would on a master. He considered the attempts of an uneducated artist as attempts only, and estimated them not for what they were, but for what they indicated the hand that had achieved them might become under a judicious schooling in the pursuit of the arts. Stothard, in this respect, resembled some great men I could name in literature, who are ever more ready to commend and to encourage than are the little critics; those I mean who deem themselves critics, and who often possess not one essential requisite for true criticism; the first quality for such an office being (as Stothard himself has not unfrequently remarked) a thorough acquaintance with the subject on which he is to sit in judgment. To throw a stone is an easy thing, but to hit the mark requires a practised eye as well as a true hand. Those who stand at the head of a liberal art, if in literature, painting, sculpture, or what not, know well the difficulties that must be conquered by the student, the perseverance required, and the knowledge that must be gained to enable the most gifted by nature, even to approach within the view of what is excellent. They know, also, that the finest genius does not create out of a void; that there must be materials to work upon; and the

better the materials, the better will be the production. They feel that the little critics have neither depth nor reflection enough in themselves to comprehend, that real genius is as much displayed in availing itself of the slightest hint that falls in its way, as in any other thing; and that it is a most striking feature of that high power to know where to select, and where to invent. The skilful combination and treatment of selection and invention, generally producing the best works where imagination or fancy take the lead. The judgment or reasoning faculty being necessary to perfect this union, and this must be schooled and matured by a long and anxious course of study.

In these attributes, literature and painting closely resemble each other. The truly great in either, possess these requisites, and are (with very few exceptions, I believe) generally found to be the most indulgent of all critics. They have no need to assume an appearance of superiority, or to strike awe by finding fault for the sake of doing so; their claims to superiority are established and admitted; they can examine a thing and pronounce upon it like ordinary men who have no character of critic to maintain. They can afford to be natural, and to feel and act as others do, nor can they fear to lose any thing by giving encouragement to obscure merit, before it has received the *imprimatur* of public fame, should that merit be afterwards unfortunate or overlooked when it comes to take its chance in the lottery of the world. Men of a high order of mind are also generally beneficent in heart; they take more pleasure in looking at the agreeable than in passing over that to fasten on the displeasing. They examine every thing with a view to see what good it is capable of. And, like him who throws his ore into the melting pot, they do not cast away the mass because there is some dross in it; whilst they are careful not to overlook one grain of the true metal. The little critic, on the contrary, sees only the dross, a coarse grain being the most obvious to his own sight, but he has not the skill nor the judgment that would lead to the refining process.

From a conviction that this is truth, I would recommend every student, if in literature, painting, or in any one of the fine arts, to seek at the beginning (should he have the opportunity to do so, but alas! that is too often wanting), the opinion and advice of a truly great man. Let him modestly but fearlessly lay his attempts, however humble they may be, before such a man; and, in nineteen instances out of twenty, I will venture to assert, that he will receive more encouragement, more useful direction, and even more commendation for his endeavours, than he would meet with from a whole band of the common run of pretenders and commonplace critics of the day. Criticism is a noble art, when exercised by a noble mind, but it is a deadly and poisoned weapon, and the wound it gives is often death, when dealt forth by a malicious spirit, with a shrouded head and a muffled hand.

The generosity, the kindness and the manly judgment (never flattering nor needlessly severe) of Stothard as a critic, are well known to all who sought his opinion or his advice, with a view to their own benefit. In his disposition there was not even the shadow of envy. He loved the art in which he himself excelled; he admired it in whatever was excellent for its own excellence, and the person by whom it was produced was indifferent to him. His own sons never even received a flattering commendation from him because of their affinity; nor did any personal opposition ever draw from him a disparaging remark on the works of another, if they deserved praise for their intrinsic merit. It was to such a critic and such a man, that I was introduced by Captain Watkins.

The great artist was in his painting room when we arrived—for thither, as a more than ordinary favour, we were conducted. The painting room was tolerably large; it possessed the very necessary advantage of an excellent light—and was so filled with pictures, drawings, portfolios, books, prints, and all the cetera of a studio, that there was not literally a vacant chair for a visitor, who was thus favoured by being admitted into the sanctum sanctorum. In some drawers in the

same apartments there was, beautifully preserved, a most gorgeous collection of butterflies, collected by Stothard himself in the fields near Norwood and Highgate. These, he said, were not only beautiful objects in themselves, but that they afforded fine studies for the arrangement and harmony of colour; for nothing could exceed those to be found on the wings of these insects. Stothard was a great observer of the harmony of colour in the order of nature; flowers were likewise favourite objects with him, for the same reason; and he generally had his china jars filled with some most beautiful nosegays, that he was in the habit of choosing himself, and purchasing in Covent Garden market early in the spring and summer mornings. He showed us some masterly oil sketches that he had painted hastily, as any choice flower in these nosegays had happened to strike his fancy. He told me that sketching flowers in this way from nature was a good method to acquire facility of pencilling, and, by his advice, I afterwards practised it in oil.

On first seeing Stothard on that memorable day, I was much struck with the marked and impressive character of his head. The brows, that deeply overshadowed the eyes, were replete with thought. He looked like a man you would expect to find abstracted and often absent in his manner; but there was a gentle and benevolent, as well as intellectual expression, in his countenance, that was exceedingly pleasing. As a whole, his was, strictly speaking, a philosophical head; for it possessed that union of thoughtfulness and repose, which shows how much the passions and feelings of the man are in constant subjection to his reason. His eye was very fine, and the mouth indicated great sweetness of temper—his was a countenance that invited trust, it was so thoroughly expressive of a guileless simplicity of heart;—and such a heart he possessed! for no man ever more deserved the praise conveyed in that celebrated line—

“In wit a man, simplicity a child.”

Stothard was no less remarkable for a modesty so perfect, that in all

his great works, and throughout a whole life devoted to his art, I am persuaded he never once thought about *himself* as being the artist who produced them. He thought about the things he did, and delighted in them because he delighted in the employment of his imagination in producing them—with him all was pure abstracted love of the art, unconnected with self. He painted as Shakspeare wrote, throwing himself into the character and scenes that he called up and embodied in his own mind. The mechanical part of any art once mastered, the highest efforts of genius are always made with comparative ease in their great outline or conception—so was it with Stothard; and hence was it that he, like every other man of transcendent merit, was always modest. The images called forth by the powers of his own imagination rushed upon him like visions of reality; he was conscious of no effort—of nothing like *chiciness* (which implies ingenuity, or a skillful exertion of endeavour)—the thing seemed to come of itself; how, then, could he feel vain about it? Yet such modesty is not at all inconsistent with that strong internal conviction, which every man of such merit possesses, respecting his own order of capacity. He feels that nature has given him a stand on a higher ground than most of his contemporaries; but he does not look down on them, but above himself. What he does is great; but he still feels that greatness has a spirit that is ever mounting—that rests on no summit within mortal view, but soars again and again in search of an ideal height on which to pause and fold its wings. It is also another invariable mark of true genius, that it thinks more of the few, or of the one, to whom it has been accustomed to look up to in early life as to a master, than of any effort of its own. This conviction of a superior, and the habitual respect paid to such, will often remain and cling to the modest man of genius through life, even when he is become the equal of that one superior being in his own line of art.

Such modesty was a most marked feature in the character of Stothard. He always talked of Raphael and

Rubens with the reverence of a young student of their works; and he recommended to young students, who consulted him, that they should thoroughly imbue themselves with a knowledge of, and a feeling for Raphael, as the mighty master of historical composition in its simplest, noblest, sweetest class. He advised daily copying from him in outline; and for this purpose he recommended a work (now become very scarce) called Raphael's Bible. I never saw but one copy of it, and that was badly drawn and engraved. It consists of a very large collection of designs, several taken from the Vatican, by Raphael, illustrative of the Scriptures. The bad drawing and engraving Stothard considered of no consequence, because, if the student attended to his own drawing as he ought to do, by copying from the antique, he could easily correct the drawing, making the limbs, &c., in just proportion in his own sketches, as he copied from these subjects, and the study of them would open his eyes, in a wonderful manner, to discern what was really excellent in the great art of historical composition. He would see how simply Raphael told the story of his piece; yet what admirable judgment was displayed in bringing into order and harmony, into soberness, and, as it were, into perfect nature, even the supernatural conceptions of his own great mind. How much he showed the dependence of one figure upon another, in the incident, or, as it might be called, the argument of his picture. The graceful union that pervades the whole, whilst every part is varied according to the character, interest, or circumstance that marks each individual of the scene.

In Raphael's Bible may be found examples of every possible diversity of invention or expression, in the highest order of composition. To point them out in detail would require a volume; and Stothard averred that the young artist who, by copying, is compelled to dwell upon them, would gradually learn to estimate their marvellous power, as, by the improvement of his own taste and feeling, they would gradually unfold themselves to his conception. In Raphael there is nothing violent, nothing to strike with wonder a

common eye. In him art is so hidden by art, and nature so chosen in her most chaste and happy forms, that it requires a more than commonly educated eye to do full justice to his works. Like the poetry of Milton, they are not food for the common mind. Raphael's draperies, in his Bible, as indeed in all his productions, are thrown by the very hand of grace. No painter ever studied his draperies more than did this master. Stothard recommended a careful study of them, accompanied by the practice of sketching from real draperies. He preferred woollen cloths, such as cloaks are made of, for this purpose, the material being that which falls in folds round, large and rich, not forming harsh or little broken angles and lines. In discoursing on the beauty of various draperies, I remember he more particularly adverted to those seen in the cartoon where St Paul is depicted preaching to the Athenians. The whole composition delighted him, and he would dwell on it with the warmest praise.

Nothing, indeed, can be more simple, nothing more natural, than the attitude and action of the Apostle. Yet what a majesty there is in that simplicity! what energy, what command in the action of the figure!—standing alone, erect, the central and arresting point of the whole group—the drapery of the Apostle, unbroken in the detail, marked but by a few long and full folds. When critically examined, every figure in the picture will be found to be dependent on the one prominent character of the piece. St Paul's is the master action of the painting, the rest the consequent. The deep attention that absorbs some of the auditory; their air indicating that they are following up the connexion of the argument that the Apostle addresses to them—there, so depicted, are men with whom the understanding bears the most away. Others break the eagerness of their attention by a casual remark to their neighbours—they are seen in the attitude of speaking to each other. The old are deep and satisfied listeners; their own date of life assures them that their new-born hopes will soon become realized, as the Apostle's discourse opens to them a world be-

yond the grave. Another individual, from the force of conviction, raises his hands in the fervency of his feelings. This is one of those men with whom the heart sways more than the head. So admirable is this composition of Raphael's, that there is not a single object in it but possesses force and meaning. Stothard considered it equal in sublimity, though not in supernatural effect, to the Transfiguration. I have in my possession, amongst several of Stothard's original and most beautiful drawings, his masterly copy, in pen and ink, of one of the cartoons—the death of Ananias and Sapphira. This drawing was made by him in early life, and formed one of his many studies after the great Italian painter, whilst he was sedulously schooling himself, and cultivating his own imagination with so much skill and care—an imagination which, in this country, has never yet had an equal in his own line of art, and possibly never will.

Stothard saw the Transfiguration at Paris, just before it was removed from the Louvre to be returned, with other portions of the stolen goods of that lawless plunderer Bonaparte, to its right owner. An opinion went abroad. I know not how, even amongst some of the artists, that the Transfiguration had been retouched, in parts repainted, in comparatively modern times. I am glad, therefore, that I have it in my power to give so high an authority as that of Stothard in positive contradiction to an assertion so entirely false; for he repeatedly said that it was wholly unfounded. The Transfiguration remained to the time he saw it as it came from the hand of Raphael. But he did not doubt, such was the dazzling brilliancy of the colouring which the painter had judiciously and purposefully given to the *supernatural* part of the subject (where Moses and Elias appear to our Lord, who, with a brightness that no man could look on, was transfigured before them), that even to this day it remains gorgeous and fresh to such a degree, that some of the connoisseurs, and even artists (who had not sufficiently considered the judgment evinced by Raphael in attempting the supernatural brilliancy above noticed), ran with the stream, and followed the

common opinion, that such colouring could alone owe its vivacity to the repainting of comparatively modern times. Harlowe, Stothard said (and most highly did he estimate that early lost artist), had not at all succeeded in giving this brilliancy in his copy of the Transfiguration—the whole was too black, too heavy.

In recording, as the recollections occur to me, Stothard's opinions, I am particular in dwelling on those which may be useful to the student of art. I must not, therefore, omit how earnest he was in recommending a sedulous study of the antique sculpture to *all* young artists, for whatever branch of the art they might be designed. He deemed it absolutely necessary to learn to draw well, since, without good drawing, the finest conceived and coloured picture would but possess half its interest; for in badly-drawn figures, as in badly-shaped limbs in a human being, there was always something of deformity, something not natural. Stothard, indeed, carried this admiration of good drawing very far. I remember being with him when he went to see Martin's celebrated picture of Belshazzar's Feast, at the time all the town were engaged in admiring it. He praised the conception of it, as a whole, and especially the grandeur conveyed by the supernatural light from the writing on the wall, making pale and dim all the earthly lights, even the fires kindled to Moloch in the sacrifice. Yet, whilst doing the fullest justice to the genius of Martin, he soon turned away from the picture, with the remark—"The bad drawing of the figures hurts my eye, it is disagreeable."

He considered that merely drawing the figure from the living subject at the Academy was not enough; the student who did so, without being prepared by a previous study from the antique, would be apt to depict nature too much after the Dutch school, in vulgar or common forms, wanting that poetic grace of beauty in which the Greek sculptors exceeded all others of any age or country. Indeed, he used to say that he thought bad drawing in a good artist inexcusable, because it was a proof that he had neglected what was, in a very great degree, a mechanical part of the art, and one that with

proper attention could be so certainly acquired.* He thought the study of Gothic antiquity likewise useful, and was an admirer of many of the works of the middle ages. He considered that several of the monumental effigies of Great Britain (a fine work on which was executed by his son Charles) were examples of a pure and beautiful style of art; amongst these he particularly noticed the effigy of Eleanor, the wife of Edward the Second, in Westminster Abbey, and also John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, in the same Cathedral; of the last he made a drawing. Some of the paintings of the Gothic ages, he considered possessed great merits. There was frequently seen in them so much of nature; the draperies were good, the finish high; though the total want of knowledge in perspective and in the chiaroscuro showed an uneducated state of the art; their accuracy also pleased him, you could rely on the truth of their portraits of individuals or things. They did not represent their princes and heroes in masquerade; there were none of those incongruities which became the fashion two or three centuries after; there were no French kings, like the statues of Louis XIV., attired in Roman armour, and finished with the costume of his own day, a full bottomed wig.

So great a lover was Mr Stothard of accuracy, that he used to say he disliked a picture that professed to be a view, or a portrait, if it told a lie. "And this attention to accuracy and the simplicity of form, at the commencement of study, he deemed the best mode of avoiding affectation; whilst a study of good models (such as those of antique sculpture and the works of Raphael) would be certain to accustom the mind to a purity of style and a feel-

ing of grace, that would never afterwards desert it. He exemplified this by referring to an artist of his acquaintance. "Mr —," he said, "has as much genius as any man I know, yet he never painted a single historical figure that was natural. His portraits are the same, they are Mr —'s portraits, not those of his sitters. All his faults arise from affectation. His imagination has run wild from never having been chastened and well directed by the early study of good masters. He has a certain set of ideas too about colour; and these he has repeated so often, till he actually sees wrong; yet is Mr — a man of genius, but for want of a proper education in a t, it is my opinion he will never produce one good picture."

Highly as Stothard estimated the colouring of the old masters (and no man was ever more deeply imbued with their spirit), Rubens was his chief favourite for colour. He considered him likewise as the finest painter of the horse. There was, he would say, so much *action* in the horses of that great artist; they were living moving creatures—not statues, nor did they appear as if they had been copied from animals led out from the stable, and standing to be painted, the common fault with many, even of the best horse painters. The richness of Rubens as a colourist, he thought surpassed every other master in ancient or modern times. His pictures glow with power; yet are they so finely harmonized, that they never appear gaudy; no colour in them, however bright, stares upon you; and it is only by turning to other finely painted pictures that you are made fully conscious of his surpassing and wonderful richness; a richness entirely sobered and blended into a due equality with every other part, even in his

* Stothard had himself practised what he deemed so essential in others. His own early studies from the antique were bold, accurate, and masterly. I have in my possession some drawings he made also when very young. They are mostly studies from nature, on a small scale, one of them a hand, and various animals and birds, are executed with the most beautiful degree of *finish*. I mention this more particularly, because, from the sketching manner in which he left even several of his most masterly pictures, it has been said by some that he could not finish! This is not true. But the multitude, amounting to many thousand designs of drawings and paintings, that he made in the course of his most laborious life, would not allow him to devote that time on his works which a very high finish of them would have required.

most gorgeous works. His pencilling also was very fine; he was now and then careless in his drawing, and in *form* he drew his ideas of beauty too much from the Flemish school; in this respect many of his female figures want delicacy; they are often gross in their proportions, and therefore convey ideas of voluptuousness. In form, delicacy, and grace, Rubens could not approach Raphael. The women of the latter were never meretricious. He was quite a catholic painter: all his virgins and holy families, and, indeed, all his women, convey the most refined ideas of feminine tenderness and purity. Raphael was the painter for the church—Rubens for the palace and the banquet.

Stothard's partiality for richness of colour, made him a warm admirer of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He said that the inequalities of Reynolds, some pictures retaining their colour with all its brilliancy, whilst in others it was faded or gone, or partially so, even in some of his best works, arose from Sir Joshua's having unfortunately a fondness for chemical experiments in compounding and preparing his own colours; so that he indulged in many tricks, and frequently employed materials in painting that would not stand exposure to the effects of time, light, and air. I am particular in mentioning this, as, though I have heard many persons remark this sad defect in some of Sir Joshua's works, I never heard any one but Stothard assign the true cause for it. The portrait of Mrs Hartley, that exquisitely beautiful woman, an actress in the days of Palmer and Garrick, where she is represented as a Bacchante, crowned with vine-leaves, Stothard considered as the richest portrait for colour, that modern times had produced. He was delighted when all the works of Sir Joshua were brought together and exhibited, some twenty years ago, at the British Institution in Pall Mall. Greatly as he admired a similar exhibition of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he gave the palm, as a whole, to the exhibition of Sir Joshua's.

He was very sincere in his praise of his contemporaries; he spoke as he felt, without any personal feeling

respecting their works. Some of the landscape artists of this day were the frequent theme of his praise. Callcott, for instance, he greatly admired; and several of the earlier paintings of Turner, he said, wanted only the mellowing effects of time to be equal to Claude. I recollect his saying this of one picture in particular, I forget what it was called, but it was exhibited at Somerset-House in the year 1811. I shall not here attempt to enumerate all the artists of his own day, of whom I have heard him speak in terms of the highest praise; excepting it be to mention his great estimation of Robson, whom he considered the most poetical of all the water-colour painters. Of Harlowe (who died so early that he may be said to have quitted life at the age most young men begin their career in it) I have heard Stothard repeatedly declare, that it was his opinion, had that extraordinary genius been spared, he would have become the first portrait painter that this country had ever produced. His age considered, what he did was truly wonderful; he possessed the very rare talent of combining the conception and the arrangement of the historical painter, with all the qualities requisite for the finished portrait painter, without the slightest sacrifice of fidelity to his imagination. His eye for colour was excellent, and he could be as graceful as an old master of the Italian school; nor did he want for simplicity: witness the portraits he painted of the Misses Sharpe, small size, at the time they were so celebrated as youthful performers on the harp in the musical world of London. Stothard's praise of contemporary talent was not confined to those who followed the arts as a profession. He took a great interest in looking at the sketches of private persons; I have seen him dwell over the pages of the sketch book of a friend, with an attention that would have been refused to it by a more ordinary mind. But his was ever observant—always collecting and storing images and ideas; so that the slightest sketches of scenery, or what not, conveyed to him either actual knowledge or food for reflection. He took a more particular interest in looking over sketches of foreign scenery, &c.; and

amongst those executed by private persons, I remember he mentioned the drawings of Mrs Calcott (late Maria Graham, the authoress), and Mr Newfield of the Royal Engineers, as having afforded him very great pleasure; he spoke of both in terms of the most sincere commendation.

Stothard's mind was of a contemplative order. There was no subject, either in real life or in written record, upon which he turned his attention, without thinking upon it deliberately and originally. All his opinions were those of a dispassionate and enquiring spirit. But it is such as are more immediately connected with his own pursuits that it is the object of these pages to preserve from oblivion. His opinions of beauty, therefore, must not be forgotten, and they were not of the common order of thinking, for his ideas on the subject embraced a much larger extent than is usually acknowledged as belonging to it. "I see more beauty," would he say, "in faces that are looked upon by others as having no claim to it, than most persons would suspect; because I consider that the highest order of beauty in a human face is derived solely from its expression. I think I remember to have read that it was Plato who said that the emotions produced by beauty on the mind arose from a remembrance of supreme perfection. He was right if he said this in connexion with the spirit or soul, because it is that which animates the countenance. Regularity of features, and beauty of complexion, will not alone awaken interest; there must be something more. The mind must give that action to the countenance which we call *expression*; yet mere beauty to please the eye, without interesting the feelings, is common enough." On being asked "in what he considered the more common order of beauty to consist?" He replied, "In youth and health; where those are found, unless there is a great perversity of nature to render the features really disagreeable, there can hardly be other than some claims to beauty; for there is a great deal of grace in nature. I see it in every thing."

This is a most just observation of Stothard, and the painter who has

studied beauty in all its details, as well as in its more striking forms, sees its existence where a common eye would never trace it; like the practised eye of the mariner, who can detect the distant sail which is totally obscured to the landsman who turns his gaze in the same quarter of the distance. There is nothing absurd, though it is often laughed at, in a lover seeing beauty in a mistress that no one else can find out. She must have qualities that please and interest *him*, or he would not love her. Those qualities convey character, or give expression to her countenance; and, by the association of his own ideas, that very expression renders her countenance more agreeable to him than to any other person. She possesses what he likes and admires. He feels she does so, without analysing his own heart minutely to detect wherefore; and he may have a power over her feelings to call up an expression of countenance which no one else could command, because she may feel for no one else what she does for him; she is, therefore, really beautiful to him, though she may not be at all so to others, whose neither value such qualities in her, nor can call them forth, nor can respond to the expression of them, as he does; for the great mystery of love, after all, is very simple—the sympathy and the being loved, in most cases, proving irresistible. To meet with a fellow soul who understands all our soul, and all our mind, and who loves us for what it there finds in us, will win almost every heart, not previously devoted to another; and will, in our eyes, give beauty to the homely face, grace to the simplest action, and convey even an interest to those years which have passed the date of youth. Hence arise all the anomalies, the wonders, and the strange chances of that heart-hallowing affection—love.

When I once talked to Stothard about certain celebrated beauties, he said many esteemed such did not strike him; because many so famed wanted an expression of sense and feeling—their countenances were like blank books—very fair, but nothing to be read in them. He liked a face that had matter in it—that promised a rich mind or a warm

heart. He neither liked a foolish woman, nor a cold-hearted woman: the last was repulsive—something contrary to what nature intended should be the principal distinction of her sex; for we look for love and tenderness in women, as we do for warmth in the sun. In other respects, Stothard, though he preferred the elegance and grace of Raphael's female figures to the portly dames of Rubens, so far agreed with the Flemish painter as to think stoutness an advantage to beauty, unless in the very prime of youth. Indeed, nothing impairs beauty so much, and nothing shows age so soon, as *leanness*. A very thin face may retain all its expression, if there is mind in the person; but thinness conveys an idea of ill health, wasting, and suffering, and that always gives pain. In the countenance of a sneerer, *leanness*, in a great degree, becomes hideous—look at the portraits of Voltaire!

When speaking of beauty of the uncommon cast, he said that the two greatest beauties he had ever seen were Mrs Fitzherbert and Mrs Siddons. The former was, some years ago, even dazzling in her attractions—Mrs Siddons commanding, yet of such exceeding delicacy when she was younger, her beauty was much greater when seen off the stage than on it. "I made a drawing of her," he added, "soon after she became so distinguished in London. Till I went to her to make my drawing, I had only seen her on the stage. I was surprised to find that she was so infinitely more beautiful in a private room than at the theatre; but she had the finest union of feature, grace, and expression that I ever saw in all my life. I am convinced, from the little I knew of her, that, as a private person, there was a great deal of worth in Mrs Siddons. Her own mind was noble, and that made her acting so. She was exceedingly modest, not prudish, in her manners and conversation; grave and dignified, because dignity was the character of her mind and of her person. Those who could not understand her, and seldom saw such natural majesty in any one, set it down for theatrical; many, therefore, said she was always an actress, off as well as on the stage. But it would have

been as out of character in her to have formed her manners by those of the ordinary rate of persons, as it would be in a very tall woman to walk stooping, in order to bring herself down to the ordinary stature of her sex. I remember, too, being very much pleased with an instance of her good feeling for her brother John. Kemble played (I believe it was his first night in London) Hamlet at the Haymarket theatre. I sat near her box, and I never shall forget her anxiety, amounting even to agitation, for his success; yet many said that she was of a cold disposition. This was not true; and here her generally calm demeanour was again misunderstood and miscalled. Mrs Siddons had a fine taste for works of art: she modelled; and I observed that, in painting and in sculpture, the subjects that interested her the most were always those of grandeur. She had nothing that was common about her, yet she was entirely free from affectation; nature made dignity her sphere, and she was content to be natural. I do not believe any person could have entertained a light thought in the presence of Mrs Siddons."

I observed to Stothard that she always appeared to me to be the finest possible subject for a statue—that I should prefer a statue of her to any painting, yet I had seen none—a bust of her was not enough to convey a full idea of her surpassing majesty. Stothard was pleased with the observation, and mentioned it to Flaxman.

When a man of great merit has been long overlooked, and comes, at last, to be noticed, you hear all the world wonder how he could have remained so long obscured. I have heard this observation often applied to Stothard since his popularity has been becoming as extensive as it deserved to be. For my own part I see nothing surprising in it. Many were the circumstances which, when combined, were quite sufficient to prevent immediate popularity. One of the greatest was, that Stothard never gave himself the trouble to shine at Somerset House, in a way so as to arrest public attention. He very rarely painted what could be called a moderately large picture; a very large one, on a scale such as I

have seen by Rubens at Antwerp, I believe he never did attempt; yet that he possessed the power to do so, and in a most masterly manner, is proved by his noble and almost colossal paintings at Burleigh House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter; where, on the walls of the great staircase, he executed his fine design, surmounted by allegorical figures and emblems, of Cleopatra dissolving the pearl.

The public, in order duly to appreciate an artist at Somerset House, require to have something imposing before their eyes, something which either from size, subject, or colour, compels them to see it. It is well known that artists who make the greatest figure there, paint their pictures, generally speaking, expressly for the place; and in order to arrest attention, I have heard many of them say, that they are "obliged to paint up to the exhibition tone," not from choice, but necessity; else would their pictures be at once overpowered, *killed* is the artist's term, by the host of staring, gaudy subjects that hang around, and come in immediate contact with a sober coloured and natural painting. Stothard, even to gain popularity, never would condescend to "paint up to the tone of the exhibition." His colouring, in many of his pictures, was rich as rich can be, but it is never staring, never extravagant, never like a tailor's pattern book, attractive by violent opposition of black, white, blue, and red. I have heard him remark, that so surrounded by glare, a piece of Nature herself would be killed, just as the delicate roseate complexion of a blooming girl is rendered pale and dim, if viewed in the midst of lamp light, or in a room of gaudy artificial accompaniments. Stothard's practice was never to paint a picture for Somerset House; but when the time came for sending in, to take almost any one that lay about his painting room, or that was hanging up in his drawing-room, for which he happened to have a *frame that would fit*, and so send it off for the exhibition. Some of these were so small, that they were often scarcely visible in the surrounding combination of large canvasses and broad gilt frames; and that harmony and repose, that truth of colour, which

was so beautiful and so perfectly natural in him, was in a moment overpowered by the meretricious glare of the place.

Many of Stothard's friends pointed out to him the policy of consulting a little more the taste of the public at Somerset House, and wished to prevail with him to paint a picture expressly for that atmosphere; but he never heeded them. He would not step an inch out of his way to gain popularity when he was sure of fame; and so little had he of the tact of the world within himself, that he never could comprehend its utility. He had not one thought that was worldly in his own mind, and never therefore painted for money as money. Painting was his profession, and if he gained by it sufficient to live respectably, and to leave something to his children at his death, he was satisfied; but he never made pecuniary return the object in any one piece that he executed. Had he done so, and had possessed more worldly tact, it is well known he might have died rich; for he had always more to do than he could execute without the most unwearied application; so much was he at all times estimated by the publishers for the varied power of his imagination in the art of illustration and design. Yet so little conscious was he of the pecuniary value of his talents, that I believe I speak perfectly true when I say, that he received but L.200 for the Canterbury Pilgrims; a picture which was afterwards exhibited by itself, at one shilling a-head, in all the great towns of England; was engraved first by subscription (the proofs six guineas, the common impressions three guineas each), and had the most extensive sale of any thing of the kind published within the last century; and the picture itself, after returning such golden profit to the possessor, was finally sold (so have I been informed at least) for L.900 or L.1000 to the present owner. It is, however, but justice to the original proprietor to state, that the sum of L.200 was fixed upon to be the price of the picture before Stothard commenced the work; so that the very high finish he bestowed on it, was, on his part, a labour of love; and affords another proof, were it needed,

how little he cared for the price, so long as the painting was perfect. To do justice to his subject was always his first object, and the great point of his ambition. He never courted the fashion of the day in his drawings; for though the works of no individual artist have ever been so often engraved, principally in books, yet he never executed one design with a view to its attracting in the print shops.

In painting, as in literature, we sometimes see that if the artist pursues only the quiet and unobtrusive mode of presenting his works before the world; if he is not thrust into notice by himself or by his friends; if no great patron takes him by the hand, and his name is seldom seen in print, these circumstances will combine to his present injury, since his fame cannot spread whilst he is too little noticed to be known to more than the favoured few. But time will do him justice; and though the earth, in some unhappy instances, may have closed over him ere this takes place, his reputation will not eventually suffer. The genius of Stothard, though it can only be said within the last few years to have been spoken of as it deserves to be by the public at large, was, from a very early period, duly estimated by men of real judgment, whose praise is often the long forerunner of public fame. Of such exceeding beauty were his early designs that when Sir John Hawkins, who was about to edit and republish the old drama of "*Ignoramus*," applied to Sir Joshua Reynolds to design the frontispiece of the book, Sir Joshua referred him to one who was then but a rising artist, saying, "Go to young Stothard, he will design it much better than I can." Stothard always spoke of Reynolds as the master who revived the art of painting in this country as a national art, and who was the first to raise it from that low ebb into which it had sunk during the reign of George II., and at the commencement of that of George III. The foundation of the Royal Academy under the patronage of the last-named sovereign, gave that opportunity and impetus to talent which has since been attended with such happy and promising results. Fortunate was it for Stothard

that, even before the foundation of the Royal Academy, there was established one, *pro tempore*, called the Academy of Arts, where young men had an opportunity afforded them of copying from the antique. The rooms of this Institution were situated in Malden Lane, and there he practised with indefatigable industry.

About this time, and before he had so deeply studied the works of Raphael, he executed some drawings and paintings that remind one a good deal of Mortimer. The last-named artist was unquestionably a man of great genius, and there was an imaginative character in all his works, very likely to fascinate a young student so as to become a follower in his school, ere his mind was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old masters. After his intense study of Raphael, the most rapid and remarkable improvement may be traced in Stothard's early designs; some of which, for simplicity and beauty, were equal to any of his latest compositions. He once told me, that though to be considered an *imitator* generally implies, at the best, but a doubtful praise, yet he had felt pleased when, in early life, he had been occasionally told that he imitated Raphael. He was pleased, no doubt, because he knew what those who told him so really meant by the word *imitator*, though they did not exactly use the right term to explain their meaning.

In all arts, as in all things of human acquisition, skill and perfection do not fall down from the clouds upon our heads—we must work hard to get them; and in order to attempt excellence, we must begin by studying what is excellent. To study a great painter (as a writer reads over and over again a great author), in order to become so thoroughly imbued with his spirit that we may, in a very considerable degree, learn to see and feel as he saw and felt (if we have in ourselves the true capacity of sight and of feeling), is wholly different from mere servile imitation. Mere imitation, in any thing, is like the portrait painter who catches only the outward markings and peculiarities of the features of his sitter, such as the prominent nose, mouth, or chin, but who gives not one particle

of the spirit which is within, and conveys the life and expression to those features; in short, he gives not one of those graces that emanate alone from the mind. Hence arises the marked difference (and they are wide asunder) between *similarity* and *imitation*. In literature, in the fine arts, similarity denotes kindred in genus, imitation only in the resemblance of species; similarity claims affinity with body and soul, imitation only with body. *Similarity* was what Stothard gained by his close study of Raphael, and that severe schooling of his own judgment which was ever after so conspicuous in all his works. He was also a great admirer of the gay, the graceful, the festal spirit of Watteau; and his own painting of the Sans Souci, and the characters of Boccaccio's Decameron, who are regaling in the garden when about to listen to the recital of the first tale, for richness and grace, and beauty of colour, are equal to any of Watteau's productions on similar subjects.*

Some of Stothard's earliest works were his embellishments for the *Novelist's Magazine*, published by Harrison. These were generally very well engraved. The designs were most beautiful, in that chaste and graceful style which he had brought to such perfection. These designs formed an era in the history of book illustration, by their being the first which supplied good drawings and engravings to the publishers. They for ever banished those miserable caricatures intended for illustrations, which we may still see in volumes printed about sixty or seventy years ago—some of a more recent period—such as were generally known by the name of *cuts* (in allusion to their being executed with the graver on copper), that had superseded the old wood block prints so long in use;—the last named, indeed, have been again revived, in our own days, with great beauty, by Bewick; and Mr Landells, a very young artist, has lately produced some works so extraordinary in wood, particularly in animals, that, whilst they retain all the force and

spirit of the finest drawings, they possess all the delicacy of copper-plate or hardened steel, and are devoid of that too great smoothness, the growing fault of the present fashion of engraving.

Stothard was likewise, in early life, employed in illustrating Bell's *Shakespeare*. Excellent as were his designs for that work, he afterwards excelled them in his most beautiful compositions, painted in oil, for Boydell's edition of the great dramatic poet. I think it was about the year 1812-13, that the last named paintings were collected together and exhibited, previous to their being sold by public auction. I shall never forget the delight I experienced on viewing them; they brought all the creatures of Shakespeare's imagination so vividly before me. Admirable as Stothard was in all his designs, he was, I think, greatest when embodying the conceptions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer, or Chaucer; nor was he much less excellent when he painted for Col. Johnes, at his princely seat of Hafod, in Wales, his chivalrous series of designs in illustration of *Volswart*. His genius also displayed its richness and his versatility, in bringing before our eyes the comic adventures of Don Quixote, and his faithful squire Sancho Panza. Stothard, though a grave and reserved man in general society, and by no means a great talker (and his deafness rendered him more silent as it increased upon him), was not without that native cheerfulness, and that spice of humour, which is invariably found to be one of the many component parts in the properties that form the mind of a man of genius—it exists even in melancholy minds of this nature, of which we have a proof in the dejected Cowper's inimitable story of Johnny Gilpin.

Such a man may be silent in general company—and cheerless when he does not find a community of spirit; a response of thought, taste, and feeling in his companions: one half the world may think him eccentric, and the other half may consider

* I saw these most beautiful pictures, copied by Stothard himself from his original designs, at the house of Mr Rogers, the poet, in St James's Place.

him dull, and may feel, that though he is not a fool (for no man of genius was ever yet taken for that, even by the most ignorant), there is something about him they cannot understand, cannot assimilate with; yet with those who know him well, who can strike upon the key-note of his mind, and awaken the responsive chord, to whom he therefore unfolds himself in the freedom of social and domestic life, he will, I think, invariably be found to possess either the power of humour in himself, or a very high relish for it in others.* Stothard had an exquisite feeling for humour; and his *drolleries* (to use the old term for the Dutch school) possessed that nice distinction which rendered them superior to many celebrated paintings of the Flemish artists. His humour never descended to low incident in common life, which often disgusts by its grossness; it may be said that his genius was fine in comedy, but it never sunk into farce.

Stothard was truly *the* painter of the olden time—of the early poets and writers; for no artist ever so completely identified himself with the simplicity of their days, with the domestic manners and habits of their period. His mind was familiar with the spirit of those remote ages; he could fall back upon them and breathe their air, and move in their warlike, social, rural, or their courtly circles, as familiarly as in his own. His pictures, therefore, of scenes and characters, such as were recorded by Chaucer or Froissart, had a truth about them, as well as an imaginative beauty, that gave to each an individual identity, and wanting which, no illustration of such works will ever deeply impress the memory, or assist the mind in giving, as it were, a bodily and visible existence to the historian and the poet.

As an instance of the wondrous union in Stothard, of the grandeur of his conception, of his airiness, the play of his fancy and his rich vein of humour, I would mention his drawing (I believe it has never yet been

engraved) of *Shakspeare's Characters*. I speak of it from memory only; for it is long since I have seen it: yet it is one of those paintings that we can close our eyes and see again in our mental vision, even in their detail, years after we have looked on the thing itself—I can do so now.

What grandeur is there in that figure of Lady Macbeth bearing the dagger, the fatal weapon with which Duncan, who bore his honours so meekly, was treacherously despatched by her vacillating husband! She is in the attitude of looking up to heaven; not as if invoking its protection or its mercy; but with something of that grand spirit of defiance even in sin, which Milton contrives to infuse into the devil, and Shakspeare into this woman's soul;—a spirit that we involuntarily respect, whilst we condemn and abhor it for its firmness and consistency of courage; in which we see wickedness taken up in place of a right principle for a high object, but never as the result of a momentary weakness yielding to temptation. Shakspeare and Milton, particularly the former, possessed the art in a very wonderful degree, of making us awe-stricken in the presence of their bold bad characters, yet without a single touch of their sophistry being capable of inoculating or corrupting us. We gaze on such beings in their progress of evil, as we do on the fires of a Vesuvius, in full admiration of the almost preternatural glow of the flame, the rolling of the smoke, and the grandeur of the volleys horrors of the eruption, but with an ever present sense of their destructiveness, their ruinous, their calamitous power. And then the darkness and the clouds of the back-ground, which Stothard has made to harmonize so completely with all that portion of the picture devoted to the tragic muse—to the witches, to Banquo, to Lear, that poor old man upon whose silvered head the pitiless pelting of the storm bursts with such unmitigable fury;

* The above observations were written before the writer had read that inimitable book "*The Doctor*." It is not a little gratifying, therefore, to find that the same opinion on humour being a component part of the mind of a man of genius, is there insisted on in a most striking and convincing manner.

yet the hurly hurly without is nothing to those bitter feelings within, which are roused to madness by his unnatural daughters. And there are seen those daughters, standing like statues of pride and hard heartedness, incapable of bending to aught of earth, or to the common dictates of humanity.

And how beautifully has Stothard formed the union between the tragic and the comic portions of the picture. This is effected by means of those airy figures, those "elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves," which belong to the Tempest. These creatures of fancy (which either tragedy or comedy might claim as her own), to call forth the wild winds, the sea breeze, or to assist in the horrors of a shipwrecking storm; or to lead astray, with sport and frolic, the drunken Trinculo and his companions; these he has introduced with exquisite skill, so as to form them into a group, which might be termed the neutral band of the picture; where the subjects of tragedy and comedy approximate, but do not jostle each other by a too sudden contact. The gravity of Prospero, his attitude of command, and his lovely daughter by his side, with the ship seen in distress in the background, are delightfully relieved, and saved from being overpowered by too much gloom from the darkening sky, by the bright and curled cloud above, with Ariel in the midst, leading on the troop of winged and fluttering spirits, with an airiness and buoyancy which make them seem as forms of a lighter material than that of flesh and blood. We can fancy that the slightest vapour would render such beings invisible; and that Ferdinand, when he listens to their music, the fairy band of musicians unseen, would very naturally with "wonder look about," and enquire whence might be such strains, of the earth, or of the air? I always admired this picture, as one of the happiest efforts of Stothard's imagination. He once told me that he considered it himself to be like the *dramatis personæ* of a play, an index or introduction to all his other designs and scenes from Shakespeare.

I was one of those who had the

good fortune to see them all together, before they were sold and dispersed; and I never can cease to regret that such a collection was not purchased at the nation's cost, as national property; for they were, as a whole, the most beautiful series of designs that had ever been produced in illustration of the works of the greatest English poet, executed by the greatest English painter (for such was Stothard in the poetic or imaginative school). Flaxman, to whom I ventured to say this, agreed in the opinion, and in the wish that it had been so; and that it was to be deeply regretted such a collection should have ever been scattered. That eminent sculptor purchased some of these pictures, which I afterwards saw at his house. Amongst them was a most lovely oil painting, rich as an old master in colour, of Ferdinand led on from the shore by Ariel and his train, singing aloft, "Come unto these yellow sands." There are now several of these paintings, but not the best, I believe, in the hands of some publisher in London, who purposes, I am informed, selling them by auction. What a pity it is that some effort is not made, by those intrusted with the conduct of the National Gallery, to recover, purchase, and once more bring together the whole series. Stothard's fancy literally revelled when Shakespeare was his theme. His conceptions of the fairy beings of the poet had in them all the wildness and imagination of their great author; yet so chastened with that attention to probability, in thus picturing creatures and things beyond this "visible diurnal sphere," that his supernatural subjects became natural; had faeries existed, they would have chosen him as the favoured painter of fairy-land.

I recollect a little anecdote connected with the subject, that is not unworthy to be mentioned, since it shows by what fine springs, what associations in a mind such as his, the spirit of one art connects itself with another. Stothard, though he had been in North Wales, had never heard the harp played on in all his life; and whilst visiting at a friend's near town, where a young lady touched that instrument for her amusement, he begged her to play it

to him. She did so; and asked him what he thought of the instrument? He replied, that he liked very much the lower chords, but the treble notes came too sharp on his ear; he thought, on that account, he should like the harp best in the open air; and that it was an instrument that would please him most accompanied by the voice, or with the sound and murmur of waves on the seashore. The young lady observed to him, that he was speaking with the feeling of a poet. He said, he thought there was one air that would exactly suit the harp; it was Purcell's beautiful melody of "Come unto these yellow sands;" he added, "That is my favourite tune: I have absolutely painted it: when I painted that picture of Ferdinand led on by Ariel and the spirits, that air was in my head all the time, and seemed to suggest the picture."

In Stothard's illustrations of Shakspeare, his comic humour is of the finest order. It tells the story (as in his Catherine and Petruchio), and the time of the action, without requiring any reference to the scene. You immediately recollect it, so vivid is the expression he conveys to the characters. You know what they were doing and saying at the instant the painter arrested them, and transferred them to his canvass as with a magic wand. His Falstaffs are not merely gross, fat old men (as they are commonly painted), whose belly alone says, "I am Jack Falstaff." Nothing can be finer than his discrimination in portraying the knight of "sack and sugar," of mirth, and wit, and good humour and knavery. True it is, that in Stothard's Falstaffs, he strongly preserves the characteristics of the sensualist, but it is refined upon by the air of the gentleman who has known the company of a prince and the manners of a court. What archness is there in the look, what intelligence in the sly and laughing eye, what a ready playfulness, yet never wholly divested of cunning, does he convey to the entire expression of the head and face! Never but in one instance, does this most amusing of knights betray (in Stothard's delineations of him) an unguarded and weak expression; and that is where Doll sits on his knee, and he asks her of

what stuff she will have kirtles; there is even his wit and caution over-mastered by the cunning of woman; and Doll plays with his poll, covered with thin white hairs, as recklessly as did Dalilah with the locks of Samson.

Nor is this inimitable painter less excellent in depicting the solemn air, the high courage and courtesy, the grave and unconscious ludicrousness of Don Quixote, or the broad boor-like mirth, the keen natural sense, and the marvellous credulity of Sancho. Stothard so blends these characteristics in the worthy squire, that you feel, as it were, certain, such must have been the very countenance of the man who, whilst in his sober senses, is yet possessed with a spirit of ignorance so profound, and a respect for his master so incapable of admitting doubt or question where his promises are concerned, that he gives credit to the assurances of a madman whom he sees fight windmills, and do a thousand other acts of insanity every day before his eyes. Stothard is the only painter who was ever yet fully equal to Hogarth in telling a *continued* story, that required the same characters to be repeated in different circumstances and positions. Hogarth excelled him in being the author as well as the painter of his own tales; for what are Hogarth's pictures but novels, which appeal to the mind through the organ of sight, without the assistance of words to convey images, events, and ideas? Stothard embodied those already written for him. But that he was equal to Hogarth in telling a story in continuation, may be at once seen, in his series of designs for Don Quixote; where we have the chivalrous knight, from his first setting out till the last scene of all, that ends his "strange eventful history,"—his deathbed, with the housekeeper and niece, and the ever-faithful Sancho, weeping by his side. I never could look at Stothard's Don Quixote without almost fancying he was a real man, and that there was his picture, as he had sat for it, before me; for there is most strictly preserved the same individual likeness, under all chances and mischances, under all passions, and all the diversities of their expression; there he is the very being of Cervan-

tes, in whose portrait we take the same kind of interest that we do in seeing the likeness of a hero or a great prince, who is the theme of ancient story; such truth of representation in fictitious character is so like identity, we cannot fancy it invention.

Stothard's study of past ages, in armour and costume, also added much to the effect produced by his designs; since whatever attire, if for war or peace, he assigned to the different plays of Shakspeare, and other works requiring such attention, it was always that of the period of the history, the story, or suited to the country in which the action of the piece was carried on. He took his armour and his dresses from the unquestionable authority of illuminated MSS., monumental effigies, old pictures, painted glass, and, in short, from any record of antiquity that was authentic and original; and such was his accuracy in this respect (I do not speak of his very youthful historical designs), that I believe he never fell into an error, because he never slighted the means of attaining the most correct knowledge of the subject he had in hand.

So extensive were his designs, in illustration of many, indeed most of the living writers of eminence, that there are few but have had their works adorned by his pencil; and some even inferior authors, who had gained an ephemeral success in this instance, had an honour thrust upon them, which was more than they deserved. Several of the novelists, and almost all the poets, historians, and chroniclers of celebrity, have also been decorated with his designs. Engravings from no artist, either of ancient or modern date, have ever been so widely circulated; indeed, to such a degree, that perhaps no corner of the globe, however remote, but in some way or other has been in possession of a stray volume, or a print belonging to one, after Stothard. I remember an instance of this that was, some years ago, related to his son Charles, by one who knew well the youth to whom the anecdote refers, and who received the account of it from himself. It is worth mentioning.

The young man in question (whose name, though I heard it, I do not re-

collect) was engaged with some of those unfortunate persons who, years ago, attempted to explore the more interior parts of Africa, commencing their adventure from the coast. In one of their interior excursions, they became entangled in the wilds of that savage country; and the young man of whom I speak, missing not only his companions, but his track, gave himself up for lost. Driven by extreme distress, he at last ventured to draw nigh to a native hut, yet fearful that in doing so he should perhaps but rush on certain death, and be murdered on the spot; he paused a moment, irresolute as to whether he should enter or not within the hut to seek assistance in his hour of extreme distress. Necessity, it is said, has no law; it unquestionably impels a man to follow that of nature; and those who are starving are compelled to seek food wherever fortune may direct them. Fear, however, was still the predominant feeling of the youthful adventurer, who, though he had been bred to the sea, and therefore was likely enough to face death with an undaunted spirit on the wave or in the battle, might yet, without reproach, shrink at the apprehension of it when it comes in the form of cruelty and murder. But there was no choice left; and so he took heart and boldly entered the hut. He said, that he found a strange and instantaneous relief to his feelings, for which he could scarcely assign a reason, by seeing hung up on one of the sides of this barbarian dwelling, in the very wilds of Africa, an engraving after Stothard, from the *Novellist's Magazine*, in such a sort of frame as the Jew pedlars hawk about in the country towns of England. It was to him a blessed sight, for it gave to such a place an air of civilisation, and with that he connected a hope of personal safety—a hope that was not disappointed; for a female, black as night, almost naked, ornamented with beads and feathers, and her skin well greased with fat, came into the hut, and expressed great surprise, but no intents of cruelty, at the sight of him. His wants were pressing, and by signs he made her understand he needed food and drink. These she procured for him; and as hunger is

proverbially the sweetest of all sauces, he probably found the viands very palatable; as she, with extreme delight and true hospitality, amused herself by cramming the food she gave him into his mouth with her own greasy fingers; a piece of female gallantry our traveller was in no condition to insist on declining. The repast ended; he next endeavoured to make her comprehend that he had lost his companions and his way; and by the generous assistance of this modern Yarico, in becoming his guide, and affording him her protection, he was once more enabled to retrace his steps in safety to his lost friends. But he never had any opportunity of learning by what extraordinary circumstance the print before-mentioned had found its way to grace the hut of a poor savage on the African shores, who probably valued it only for the glitter of the pedlar's gilt frame in which it was enclosed.

The subject of this little story would have afforded one for the pencil of Stothard, who has been so happy in his designs of the natives, and their habitations and customs, in barbarous lands. Indeed, there are no illustrations by him for books more truly beautiful than those he made for Robinson Crusoe. I speak of the octavo edition of the novel, published some thirty years ago. Whoever has seen it, never can forget the design of Crusoe bringing the things he saved from the ship to the shore on his raft, and the lovely and inviting silvan scene in the background. I used greatly to admire it; and Stothard, one day, told me, that, in doing so, I was admiring his dream; for, whilst engaged on the work for the publishers, he dreamt that he saw a scene more beautiful than any thing he could fancy when awake; he had therefore endeavoured to throw his vision upon paper, and had produced Crusoe, the raft and the land, in that drawing that so much delighted me in the volumes.

His designs for Gulliver's Travels, Peter Wilkins, the Arabian Nights, and the Pilgrim's Progress, like those

of the Midsummer-Night's Dream and the Tempest, show how finely he could possess his own imagination with the supernatural creations of poetic genius; and how perfectly he could bring them home to the understandings and the feelings of all classes of men. But I shall not attempt to enumerate all of even the most excellent works of this eminent artist. I do not therefore pause to speak at large concerning the beautiful paintings he executed for Mr Beckford at Font Hill, though they are so rich in colour that they need but that mellowness which age gives to the productions of art as their finishing grace, to render them equal to the old masters. I must not, however, omit some slight notice of his painting in oil from the Fairy Queen, that represents Una surrounded by the Satyrs. This, for many years, hung in the drawing-room of his own house in Newman Street. It has been sold since his death. It is one of the most characteristic pictures he ever produced. Una, clothed in white, with her fair and flowing hair, delicate and pale in feature and complexion, appears as a perfect image of innocence and sweetness. Miss Bodington was, I believe, the lovely young creature from whom Stothard painted this Una—the only instance in which he combined the portrait of a living subject with historical design. Many years ago, he mentioned to another young lady his wish to introduce her on his canvass as the L'Allegro of Milton, but circumstances arose to delay his doing so, and the picture he intended painting was never executed. Nothing can be more graceful than the form, or more expressive than the countenance of Miss Bodington in this portrait of her. She is depicted in the crouching attitude in which Spenser describes Una, her hands pressed on her bosom, and affrighted by the surrounding wild group who have surprised her in the woods.

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(To be concluded in our next Number.)

IRISH TALES.

WE have ever considered writers of historical romances, tales, and novels, to be under a greater moral responsibility than the compilers of real history. For the reader, yielding to their profession, is, at the outset, disarmed of his enquiring spirit; and as an almost unbounded liberty of blending truth and fiction is assumed, the points of pretension are not very easily tangible. The business of such writers being to illustrate truth by invention, they have a wide field for incidents which, vividly and for effect, artificially put together, are the means of making impressions (true or false), whether of particular characters or times. And, as they are not tied down to any necessary chain or succession of facts, they may make many incidents so bear upon *one* as to give it a peculiar force, and so engage the affections or interest of the reader as to make the impressions almost indelible. So much has the taste of the day run into these historical fictions, that we suspect that ideas received from general history are becoming more vague, and in the minds of many, superseded by such as have arisen from the more engaging narratives of those picturesque authors. History has in this respect, perhaps, been losing ground, retreating back to her old regions of poetry, and laying aside the mantle of everyday truth for the fanciful vestments of theatrical representation. How often do we hear Milton quoted for the Bible! Is there a Lethæan draught within the reach of the most subtle and inquisitive historian that can ever efface from the memory of most of us the early impressions received from the historical plays of Shakspeare?

Richard will still be crooked in mind and in person,—and you might as well expect the student to discard Achilles from his recollection of the *Iliad*, as to banish the creature Falstaff from the true Harry.

And if, as Niebuhr would have us believe, there is little reliance to be placed upon the picturesque and often affecting narrative of Livy, there is little cause to fear that the dry uninteresting registers of the philosopher will be taken in their stead. And, to come nearer home, who is there who must not have observed in general conversation, that the notions of bygone times and characters, most interesting to us in a national point of view, are more often taken from the unperishable novels of Sir Walter Scott and others, rather than from the documents of more sober records?

History is not nowadays consulted as a faithful oracle. It is rather treated like the old lamp—as too rusty—too old and homely to bear light amidst the blaze of modern illumination,—but more valuable as an instrument of incantation, which, by occasional friction upon its surface, may conjure up mighty spirits to do the bidding of a master. Such an instrument in the hands of a good and skilful magician will not be employed upon baseless fabrications, that new power may dissolve, but in building upon the foundations of truth, that shall still hold all together, in defiance of the agency of even the same enchantment to destroy the structures it has raised.

But as such writers profess to deal with truth, and whether they profess it or not, are in fact amenable to its secret tribunal, the greater their power over it, the greater is their responsibility. We confess that, as we have been reading some of these modern productions, in our abhorrence of characters vigorously drawn and prominently set forth to our indignation, we have often paused to ask, *Is all this true?* If not, what right has the author so to slander and vilify the dead because they have become personages of history? Are their memories, there-

fore, as it were, outlawed in *foro conscientiar* of the writer, that he should think himself under no moral bond "to set down nought in malice," and keep within the line of facts? We do not see that such authors have a right to adopt invented villanies, and circumstantially to fasten them upon real characters that once had name and position in this world.

We think there should be a great scrupulosity that the picture be not only natural but strictly borne out by admitted facts in the resemblance. It is not because one of a class may be wicked that we are to bring him forward as a representative of that class; if we represent a whole, we must be sure that we are supported by the general character, and so of the times which we would portray. A writer who is not alive to the importance of this necessity is very unfit to work upon historical subjects. For as the latter, in the hurry of many events, and some unconnected, cannot afford to dwell upon those niceties of manners, circumstances, and motives which either accompany them or arise out of them, nor to bring forward characters very dramatically, so the former may lay open to our view the whole machinery, or at least specimens of its nature, and thus, being not only the events, but the very manners, motives, and actions of the actors home to us; showing how we ourselves should be affected by them, or how the human heart, in its most home and social relations, operates under circumstances dissimilar to any that may have come under our own experience. There are ever exact documents of reference, by the careful collation of which, sure discoveries in the interior working of the great events of nations, and ages, and individuals may be made. But we maintain that a conscientious use should be made of them, and a strict examination, that we go not beyond their warranting.

Undoubtedly every work of fiction which professes to give a faithful description of the manners, modes of thinking and acting of any large class of a community in a given period, is historical,—however limited or extended be the scene of action.

The above reflections arose in our mind on reading the Irish tales of Mr Brittain. His object is evidently to show the character of the Irish priesthood, and their influence upon the people. The public ear is satiated with Irish atrocities, yet, from the manner in which they are generally noticed, though for the time they excite ineffable disgust, they leave but a very imperfect notion of their bearing upon society in that unfortunate country. So that, when they are portrayed in the form of domestic narrative, and are thus brought home to the hearth, we are in some hesitation, and ask if the writer be fully authorized to draw this picture. Is he acting conscientiously up to the moral responsibility he is under? or, from bitter party feelings, either guilty of entire exaggeration, or fastening upon many the vices of a few? Every page seems to bear internal evidence that much has been drawn from nature; and where the author's mind appears in his works, it is under such correct moral and religious feeling that we cannot doubt his being himself fully persuaded of the whole truth of his pictures. We do not see any party spirit, any animosity in any part of his representations; though many would see both in the strength of his writing. But if we admit that the occurrences he describes are such as have been, and continue to be common, we must rather admire the meekness and forbearance with which they are written, than charge upon the author overcharged expressions of indignation. Nor do we see, indeed, that any words can express the horror and disgust at the existing state of things in Ireland. But Mr Brittain has chosen rather to show by incidents their influence on domestic life, than to engage the reader's abhorrence by any remarks of his own. We do not intend here to descant upon the anomalous condition of Ireland, nor to dwell upon the causes of its extreme moral degradation. It is unnecessary. Who is there, of any country that owns the common tie of humanity, that does not shudder at those atrocities? Who is there of real Englishmen that does not blush with shame to think

that the most barbarous, lawless, and savage population in Europe hold so large a portion of the British dominions, and feel degraded and shocked at the weakness of a government that cannot or will not restrain by force or by law? The land is literally given up by the government to perjury and murder. *Why* so given up, it is not our business here to discuss;—sickening at the indulgence to crimes that we daily see, we gladly turn from that part of the subject, and would as much as might be in our power notice the tales before us as literary compositions,—and if we could, would entirely forget that we are reading of any existing state of society any where; and if in course of our observations we speak of the priesthood or Papists of Ireland, it will be with reluctance. We would willingly turn from the scenes of the working of an evil spirit, in reverential awe and wonder at the mystery that permits in unsatchable wisdom power to that tempter, *who*, though circumscribed, seems yet to offer to whom he will kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them as his own peculiar gift.

We shall notice, first, "*Irish Priests and English Landlords*." This is a very small volume, but it contains a great deal, and is one of those stories that more pretending novelists would have worked into three volumes; and perhaps these tales might have been so extended with advantage. Mr Eyrebury, a gentleman of some family but moderate means, is intended for the Bar, but being one of those persons who have more speculative than practical ambition, and who jump to the goal by a short cut, relinquishes his plans; and after waiting four years in vain for something undefined, perhaps unattainable, resolves to enter into holy orders. But while application is making to a bishop for his interest, a Mr Daskenvelt, an old bachelor and distant relation, dies, leaving him an estate in Ireland of £10,000 a-year. Well meaning, not devoid of sense, but of that vague sort that is easily turned to the account of the designing, and whose well meaning would turn out others' wrong doing, he sets out to take possession, in-

tending to reside in Ireland, with high and munificent purposes of bettering the condition of the people. His sister, Miss Eyrebury, accompanies him, attended by a lady's-maid, whose horror on her arrival at the wild Irish is well shown,—her character and ultimately settling in the country are characteristic. The first chapter settles Mr Eyrebury on his estate. The second introduces us to two priests—the old and the young—Father Dennis Moloney, an easy priest of the old school—Redmond Garraghan of the new, a fiery class. Their dialogue as they ride along is suddenly terminated in the middle of the street of the straggling dirty village of Tubber Scannevitch, by their falling down on their knees before a "smart looking little elderly man," the Catholic bishop, Dr McRoster. They enter the bishop's house; both priests are reprimanded with austere authority—the old for his general neglect in allowing Protestant schools—the young for his arrogance and conceit in controversy, but meets with encouragement for his zeal.

The old priest, in a most deprecatory manner, excuses himself; that he had tried means fair and foul; that threats and ill-usage were to no purpose, for that the Protestants did but bless in answer to his curses and to his whip. The bishop tells him in great wrath that they *do* not resist the priest; that *their* *lives* should answer for it; or, at least, if they submit not, they shall fly the country. The young priest is ordered forcibly to expel all Catholic scholars out of the schools, even in the presence of overseer, master, mistress, patron, or patroness.

Mr Eyrebury pays the bishop a visit. They are, as might be expected, highly pleased with each other; the bishop triumphantly points out a poor woman of violent temper as a specimen of the converted. Soon after this the astounding fact that his niece has been converted to Protestantism is announced to the bishop by his brother. Nothing can exceed his rage—they determine to marry her to one Kilbride, a former suitor, but not then approved of by

her friends. Mr Eyrebury commences his work of amelioration by turning cabins into bowery cottages, under the superintendence of Mr Goldtrap, whose qualification is his having once spent six weeks at Cheltenham. Six are built, and twenty-eight families made discontented. He sets up a school for Protestants and Catholics on a truly liberal plan sketched by Dr M'Royster—gives ground for a Catholic chapel, and subscribes largely to plans for draining a bog, new roads, a savings' bank in which labourers at sixpence a day might place their earnings, and a manufactory for straw plait,—gives dinners and accepts invitations, &c.,—gives a house to the Methodist preacher, repairs the ball-room, and attends Mr Leighton's (the Protestant clergyman's) Sunday evening lectures,—patronises a company of strolling players, and tries to talk to these people in their own style—but no popularity is obtained. He is in all things the dupe of M'Royster, who takes care that he shall not become a favourite. In describing the character of Mr and Miss Eyrebury, the author appears to be unacquainted with persons of their rank of life in England. They would not say *Louise* for *Louisa*, nor *bo'd* for boiled; barring this, Miss Eyrebury's character is well drawn throughout. She is not very quick, but certain, in her scrutiny of things and persons.

There is an excellent conversation with the Protestant minister, in which the effects of the Roman Catholic religion on the habits of the people is clearly, and we believe truly, pointed out. There may be great ignorance with a knowledge of both writing and reading, which are but the means of acquiring knowledge, and nothing in themselves. The barbarity of the Irish peasantry has quite another origin. It is truly remarked by Mr Leighton, the clergyman of the parish—

"The hedge-schools afforded the same advantages as yours, with the exception of a little more order and regularity in externals; and such schools were numerously attended, and such instruction as they afforded widely diffused. There is scarcely a labourer on your

estate who has not, in early youth, thumbed over his Reading-made-Easy, or scrawled a copy on his knees; yet of what avail has all this learning been to them? It is a mistake to suppose that the Irish peasantry are totally destitute of the mere education of letters. I assure you it obtains to a much greater extent among them, than with the same, or a higher class, in England."

An old man and woman are murdered. "The old woman, when dying, makes a declaration as to the murderers. The young priest visits her, after which she denies any knowledge of the matter. The cunning of the witnesses is admirably shown. Mr Eyrebury is foolish enough to consult Dr M'Royster, who does all he can to mislead him. We wish we could find room to quote the trial, which ends in the execution of the guilty. But what became of the witnesses?

"The night after the execution, a paper was left on the window-stool of Lewis's room, warning him that the fellow of the hammer of Moyallart was hanging over his head, and would do his business, if he did not fly the country forthwith, and take himself and his lingo back to the heathenish place he came from. The steward, however, set the hammer at defiance, and kept his ground unmoved. Mary Carson soon after disappeared, nobody could tell how, where, or when; and the Slatteries, branded with the name of informers, and followed by the curses of the whole population, sought an asylum from persecution in America!"

We wish we had room for a funeral scene, most characteristic of priests and people. The scheme of forcing the bishop's niece to marry Kilbride advances, and the wretches, Foy and his wife, who inhabit an old-fashioned house, greatly fallen to decay, have invited Agnes Nannafie, with intent to persuade or force her into the marriage. During her stay there, Mr and Miss Eyrebury pay a visit to the house, which creates much confusion. Augusteen, the maid servant, who becomes an important person in the tale, possesses natural sense and strong feeling, does not lessen the disturbance, by acquiescing in the falsehoods of her mistress. The Eyreburys return when Kilbride and the priest arrive.

The whole of the ninth chapter is very powerful painting, particularly a horrid scene between Foy, his wife, Garraghan the priest, and Agnes, who faints from their violence; whilst in that state, the priest takes his book from his pocket, and, throwing a broad ribbon over his shoulders, begins the service.

The ceremony is interrupted by Augusteen, who strikes the book out of Garraghan's hands. She intimates that she is cognizant of some of his other villainies, and that the young priest's life is in her power; and that in case of any mischief happening to herself, the secret is in Protestant keeping. The priest is alarmed, and desists. Augusteen takes effectual means for protection for the night, and the next day an escape is effected. A pursuit ensues, which is seen from Mr Eyrebury's house, by Miss Winter, the lady's maid, who thinks that the Rebellion has begun. A general conflict takes place, which terminates in the rescue of Agnes and her zealous friend Augusteen, who are received into Mr Eyrebury's house. An examination of the ruffians follows, but they escape, owing to the impossibility of making any thing of Irish evidence. Agnes is attended by Miss Eyrebury and Augusteen with great affection till her death, which the ill-treatment she had received shortly produces. The character of Agnes is beautifully drawn; she unites a woman's best and rarest qualities—mildness and firmness—patience and real piety, under the most cruel persecutions—strong faith and trust in that religion which shows her the infinite value of that blessed prospect of being where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary will be at rest.

Though the inferences which we draw from this tale are bad, if it be a faithful representation, we fear that there might be good authorities for describing matters as much worse. And if it should be said that this is a representation by a Protestant clergyman, we should be tempted to refer the reader to a more *liberal* evidence. Lady Morgan's *Manor Sackville*, in her "Dramatic Scenes," seems to have been suggested by this very story. But her ladyship goes

much farther in *her* picture of atrocities. Her hero, Mr Sackville, an Englishman, inherits large Irish estates, and, like Mr Eyrebury, proposes to amend the condition of his tenants. He is equally unfortunate and unpopular, and escapes very narrowly with his life. In this tale there is a good priest, as there was a somewhat careless one, though a good sort of man, in the other, and there is a young and violent one of the Maynooth breed. The one is an agitator of the real sort; the other thus lectures one of his flock:—

"*Dr Eicard.* Hold your tongue, woman. You shall reply to these charges in another and a more solemn place. But they have done worse; they have hough'd his cattle, burn'd his barns, and even shot at him (Mr Sackville) from behind a hedge, the barbarians!

"*Mrs M'Dermot.* To be sure, your rivilence, that's mighty bad; but the curators are maddened by oppression, and fairly ground to th' arils; and sure, sir, you wouldn't stifle the free breathings of immortal liberty; as the bard says,—
 Sublime was the warning when liberty spoke,
 And grand was the

"*Dr Eicard.* Liberty! Do you call destroying life—murdering a man in cold blood, for the taking of land which another chooses to keep for nothing—liberty? Was it 'liberty spoke' to the poor Phelans, when their house was burned over their heads? and was it liberty placed the lighted sul in the thatch of Widow Murphy's cabin? or shot out the eyes of pretty innocent Mary Nowlan? Is it liberty which leaves no man to the exercise of his own industry—the master of his own conduct?—which suffers him neither to live, nor part with a servant, except according to the good pleasure of conspiring legislators, and midnight assassins?—which interferes between husband and wife, father and son, and leaves no tie, no affection, unviolated or sacred? This is the precious liberty that must subject us all to some law of unexampled coercion, suited to such unexampled villainess,—a liberty which will degrade us to bless the hand that thus protects us from ourselves. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening; but, before I go, I apprise you that I mean to address the people from the altar to-morrow. I will read over all the calumnies and slanders printed and circulated against Mr Sackville—against one who is willing and able to be our best friend. I will read them with my own notes, and, if

possible, I will prevent one more absentee from being added to the list of Ireland's best and banished friends. I will make one effort to avert that awful moment when such men as you, Mr M'Dermot, and you, Mr O'Hanlon and Mr Finnigan, may drive a friendly Government into the fatal necessity of suspending the laws of the land, in order to protect the laws of humanity. (*Exit.*)"

In another passage, Lady Morgan shows her view of things by the following dialogue between Mr Sackville and Mr Galbraith, his agent. The scene is dreary enough, and near an old ruin.

"*Mr Galbraith.* ——— The last tithing-proctor of Mogherow (a worthy fellow, and father of a fine family) was murdered, under that very window you admire so much. It was autumn twelve-month, about this time, sir. He was taking the short cut, poor man! as we have done, on his way to Mogherow, when the murderers rushed from the hill behind the Abbey,—dragged him to the ruins, murdered him, and threw his body into the lake, where it was fished for the trout, many a day. (*Sighs convulsively.*)"

"*Mr Sackville.* (*With horror.*) Good God! is every scene of this magnificent, this romantic country, to be the historic site of some crime—of some atrocious deed, to blunt the hopes, and darken the imagination of Ireland's best friends!"

They proceed—Galbraith is murdered, and Mr Sackville is seized and dragged to the ruins, as to his place of execution, but wonderfully escapes. We have been more ready to refer to Lady Morgan, as there are many who would charge it as a crime upon Mr Brittain to write his tale, who would hardly venture to throw the slightest blame on the Liberal Lady.

Of all Mr Brittain's works, "*Mothers and Sons*" is decidedly our favourite. It is rich in character of various description, and of some novelty, all admirably delineated, and with nice discrimination. We wish the title was different, for "*Mothers and Sons*" is scarcely indicative of the contents of the little volume. If it be meant to show strong parental affection, there being two sons and two mothers, and under peculiar circumstances, that picture is too faint to give a name to the book. Edward Woodhouse, the hero, is a young clergyman, whose mother

had, by her misconduct and desertion of her husband and child, been divorced from his father, now no more, and married to Lord Rathallan, her seducer. The mother becomes penitent and religious, and holds correspondence with her son. Lord Rathallan and his family come from England to reside in Ireland; but Edward Woodhouse, resident clergyman in his parish, visits not at the castle, and even refuses a good living from the hands of his lordship, when it is solicited for him, without his knowledge, by a Mrs Stanton, a manoeuvring, half-fashionable, and violent woman, with whose daughter Edward falls in love. Why he should fall in love with Anne Stanton, as in most cases of the kind, it would be difficult to discover; but that being a negative character at best, he invests it with his own ideal. Though this is extremely natural, and thus, in literature, nature's medley is produced by the union of opposites, yet, in a novel, we think it somewhat detracts from the interest we should feel in the principal character, when we can have no sympathy with him, and perhaps little patience for his sufferings. Authors are, however, very apt to fail in their heroes; they are afraid to trust the pet of their creation to the more daring handling which they bestow upon their inferior characters, as it afraid, in giving them strong individuality, that they must attach to them a deteriorating quality, and thus they are too frequently insipid. Edward Woodhouse is, however, an excellent young man, and, what is better, an exemplary, active clergyman. He had apparently been adopted by an elderly maiden lady, a Mrs Hester Tudor; and as the author did not here consider himself bound down to perfection, by the addition of a little human weakness he has drawn so admirable a character, that we love the dear good elderly maiden lady throughout. With the exception of some few thousand pounds which she intends for Edward, she destines all her property for her heir-at-law, a fox-hunting squire of the common sort, who, with his family, are introduced at "*Mrs Hester's*" house, and somewhat figure in the tale, furnishing some good dialogues.

But to Mrs Hester. She belonged to a Castle Rackrent family, in passing through whose hands the property had come to her much dwindled and shrunk from its original fair proportions—still leaving her a good property, more than ample for all her wants, the Listormer estate, on which she resides. Mrs Hester had been a Methodist, indeed had passed through, perhaps, the "three denominations," before she finally settles in the church, of which she becomes an excellent conscientious member. Like most other good ladies in such circumstances, she has her school; and in one of her favourites herein educated, an orphan, Dymphna Curraheen, or, as she is called throughout, "Demmy," the author very wisely, and with great skill, exhibits the particular conceit, which such religious variations and pet education too often engender, and we doubt not that many a Goody school has produced its Demmy, though we never, until now, saw the character delineated; but as she deserves a more particular notice, we shall now proceed to the story.

There is, however, another school, that may be called any thing but a Goody school, a night school kept by Rody Garland, one of the lowest class, whose mother, Winny Garland, is one of the usual old women who act the *mysteries* in novels. Rody is poor and weak in person, but ferocious and cowardly in mind, a very indifferent scholar, yet, under pretence of a school, disseminating sedition by nightly reading the newspapers. A good specimen is given of an agitator's speech, and its effect on the ignorant peasants. It is here that plots are laid, or if laid elsewhere, brought to a more palpable bearing. The account of the proposed division of the country amongst the poor families is excellent, and the petty quarrels that ensue, as if they were already invested with the property, is admirably true to nature. It reminds us of the quarrel between Sancho and his wife, as to whether the daughter should be called a Duchess. At one of these meetings it is determined to murder Richard Woodhouse—by such a population, of course the payment of tithe and cess are

refused.—The collector, a man of ready wit and a general favourite, goes out on his wheedling but unavailing errand—the scene between him and the peasants is an exquisite specimen of that lively, ready wit so peculiar to the Irish, which, with an apparent easy fling at every body and every thing, yet has in it always a deeper meaning, that may be taken or not, owned or denied, as all parties may please—the practice of cunning upon natural wit and shrewd sense. The plot is too successful, and Richard Woodhouse, the Protestant clergyman, is murdered. He is shot by Rody, with whom he has a scuffle, and who is rolled down a precipice, and dies in consequence of the fall. The two deathbeds are painted by a masterly hand, and the effects of their respective religions on each, not ostentatiously brought forward, but necessarily by contrast, awaken in the mind some very awful reflections upon the condition of a country where the bigoted superstition of the Romish church can quell the conscience of a murderer, provided he can only have the absolution of his priest! At the bed of her dying son, Lady Rathallan attends in reconciliation with him and with her former friend Mrs Tudor. Mrs Tudor is likewise present at the deathbed of the wretch Rody. He dies, however, without the presence of the priest, whose subsequent official attendance is told. It is a horrid and disgusting scene. The last moments of Richard Woodhouse are painfully pathetic. The following remark at the close is extremely beautiful.

"We are not anxious to describe the deathbed, even of a believer, in all its minuteness of detail. Religious romance may sometimes deck it all in flowers, and leave an impression on the minds of those, who only know of such scenes through the medium of fiction, or the exaggeration of high-wrought feelings, that it exhibits nothing appalling to the eye of faith. But, let it be remembered, that death is the consequence of sin; and that even where the sting is taken away, still the fork-it cannot be paid without a process which it is painful to nature to witness."

Such is the outline of the story. We wish we could find room for many quotations, to show the admi-

rable manner of the filling-up. The first introduction of Demmy gives a brief delineation of her character, which is admirably kept up throughout, and affords amusement to the reader, in spite of the horrors of the tale.

"Mrs Tudor had just taken leave of Winny Garland, when another protégée of hers made her appearance, in the person of a young girl of a most lackadaisical expression of countenance, carrying a bundle in her hand.

" 'Now, Demmy,' said the lady, with a mixture of surprise, vexation, and hopelessness in her tone and look, as she dropped a curtsy at the door, 'Now, Demmy, I hope you are not come to tell me that you have left your service?'

" 'I stepped in it, ma'am,' replied the girl, in a whining, dawdling voice, 'till I could stand it no longer, if I wasn't killed. The work was enough to break the heart of six horses. And, ma'am, over and above that, of all the places about a gentleman's house, I never had a fancy to be a housemaid.'

" 'Then, why leave the excellent place which you had, and where you appeared to be doing pretty well, to take a situation which you now say you always particularly disliked?'

" 'I don't dislike any thing, ma'am,' answered Demmy, unmoved; 'nor can a pin's worth be laid to my charge. I was always well liked, wherever I was, from the hall to the parlour, only when I came across that housekeeper of a Mrs Toy, that has eyes for nothing but to find out dust and cobwebs, and scout me from the top to the bottom of the house, without leave to put a bit on one's head except by snatches.'

We cannot afford space to quote the whole scene. There is another between Demmy and Rody, in which he begins his courtship, which is as good. He had been foremost to take the box with the priest's vestments, the office of carrying which, confers a sanctity for the day on the fortunate individual selected. On this occasion he overtakes Demmy; and elevated by his success in obtaining the box, he proceeds to his courtship, "nothing doubting." But her self-conceit is predominant; she scorns the Papist boy and his religion. His disappointment might have been felt more severely; but his superstition supplies him with indignation, and perhaps the earnestness and energy of his charac-

ter, bent on his worldly purposes, supplies him with hopes, and such are preventions of despair in most cases.

" 'Stop,' cried he, pale with passion, 'I wonder you aren't afraid that the tongue wouldn't drop out of your head, when you offer at such a discourse, in the hearing of these blessed vestments. I wonder you aren't afraid of breaking your leg, every foot you put under you, with the way you are going on.'

" 'I never met with an accident since I was born,' quietly answered Demmy, 'being one that has sense to look before me, and take care of myself. It isn't to be expected that you would understand what is above your capability, but girls of my opportunities aren't easily daunted. I have seen more silks and satins in my day, than you could count on a slate; and is it to be thought that I wouldn't speak my mind before the little bit of dress shut up in that box there?'

Demmy, however, soon loses her place, returns to Mrs Tudor and a lecture, to which, supported by the consciousness of her own impeccability, for in this respect she was as fixed as the Scarlet Lady, she listens with her usual complacency. She had given her advice to her mistress (Pilkington) on the advantage of hemming over cunning, and is satisfied that "a girl like her will have plenty looking after her, and be at no loss for a settlement any day." Demmy, after this, is hired by the Miss Bursteds. Winny Garland is furious on account of her son's courtship. There is a good scene between her, Demmy, and Mrs Tudor. Demmy is occupied in ironing a cap for her new mistress, which she injures by carelessness, being occupied by her own reflections. She smooths on amid the discharges of Winny's wrath, and preserves her complacency throughout, and by her conceit and tranquillity infuriates Winny the more. The Bursteds also dismiss Demmy, on which occasion she has the good fortune to captivate one Stephen Poe, a parish clerk, and of some substance. After their marriage she pays a visit to Listormie. Demmy arrives on a pillion, behind a "portly looking stranger" her husband. She enters into the presence of Mrs Tudor "with more than her usual provokingly sad complacency of air," and dressed both gaudily and ex-

pensively. Mrs Tudor at once expostulates with her on her folly in losing so respectable a place.

For the benefit of all lovers of propriety, and who consider it to be confined more to the names than the use of things, and who perfectly agree with the American young lady (in the scene so dramatically set forth by Mrs Trollope), in her exhortatory, "Quit Mr Smith," we cannot forbear allowing Demmy to give her own reasons for the loss of her place.

" 'Miss Lizzy, ma'am,' said Demmy, making a desperate effort to overcome her propriety, 'gave me a piece of dress to make for her, and she always called it by its right name. At first, I thought she had made a mistake; but when she went too far, I rebuked her, and told her that what she ought to say was *shimmey*; and instead of taking my advice, she never stopped laughing for an hour, and put all the house upon my back; for, whenever she spoke to me afterwards, she would pretend to forget my name, and in place of saying Demmy, would call me nothing but *Shimmey*.' "

This whole chapter shows consummate skill; the curious manner in which she mentions her marriage, and the introduction of Mr Poe in person, and his interview with Mrs Tudor, are admirable.

"The first glance at Mr Poe was sufficient to account for Demmy's good fortune. He was a well-featured man, about forty, with a solemn vacuity of countenance, such as marks the physiognomy of a respectable, elderly owl, busily engaged in thinking of nothing. At the same time, he had a very solemn look, withal, and a word-weighting manner, as if every sentence he uttered was of the greatest importance. He was precisely the subject for a thorough-going pretender to perfection like her to impose upon; and there was a hopeful probability that he might live and die without discovering the imposition."

But the character is kept up to the end, when she takes Mr Stephen Poe to see the beauties of the place, and is lucky enough to show her own superiority before her discarded Rody, and her despised relation, Biddy Kelly.

Her contriving that Mr Poe should stop near Rody's door, and take out his watch for exhibition of his respectability, and the talk about *their* horse, to give high ideas of theft temporal state, is well conceived.

It was a very nice judgment that determined Mr Brittain to set at nought the old proverb, "Pride will have a fall," by raising Mrs Demmy to this state of content. Her fall must have been painful, indeed, to have deprived her of her conceit. Persons with her stock generally have enough to last them through life, and an insensibility to every thing but the satisfaction it produces. There was no use in giving a fall to one who would not feel it, and could not be humbled; and her taking in (for life) Mr Stephen Poe is so truly in character with that conceit with which Nature seems to invest those whom she deigns benevolently as the guides of thriving stupidity. The other characters deserve a notice for which we have not space. The meeting between Richard Woodhouse and Mrs Staunton after she had solicited Lord Rathallan for the living, under the full expectation that it would be accepted, as it shows Richard Woodhouse's virtue, so does it exhibit faithfully the Staunton managers all over the world. Her affectation of sympathy and tenderness, and even her art at the commencement, entirely forsake her in the end, when she gives way, upon her disappointment, to the most violent passion.

We recommend the scene, as a specimen of a selfish, vulgar-minded, manœuvring woman, to those who delight in strong true delineation of character, be it ever so disgusting. They will see how all such persons, when passion tears away the artificial check that a manœuvring mind imposes, and the habits of society have rendered bearable, can naturally descend to take their positions on the Billingsgate Theatre, where they are sure to excel, because there alone there is no art.

The conduct of Lord Rathallan, the liberal in politics, the consequent suffering of the Protestant part of his parish, the emigration to Canada of 130 of the parishioners—"young and old, many of them respectable yeomen with large families, whose ancestors had maintained their ground through all the disturbances of this proverbially disturbed country, and had often jeopardied their lives in defence of their landlords, prepared to under-

go all the exaggerated dangers of a long sea-voyage, and all the certain hardships and privations attending Canadian settlers, as a happy exchange for the worse evils awaiting them at home"—are, we fear, undeniable truths, and of too general a character, daily inflicting upon that wretched country, in the triumph of Papist conspiracy, the greater and more sure suffering of the loyal and industrious Protestant population.

The meeting at which the murder of Richard Woodhouse is determined upon is well described. We will not transcribe it. We shrink with horror from such depravity of human nature; and the more so, because we are not left to doubt the truth of the picture. The minute description of the employment of the restless young man on the morn of the day of his murder greatly interests us, and makes us more familiarly acquainted with his whole character. We follow him, when the day clears up, and brightens into sunshine, on his parochial visits; we partake in his depression of spirits, arising from the state of the parish.

He goes forth on his clerical duties, his mission of Christian love—is disheartened that he is so coldly listened to by his parishioners, whose

minds are occupied in brooding over the evils that assault them from the persecuting spirit of the Papists. It is on his return home, in a lonely place, that he is murdered by the hands of one who had partaken of his bounty and his kindness. All this part of the little volume is most powerfully and vividly written. The scene, the perpetrators of the deed of death, the sufferer, are strongly before the eye as a picture; and it is impossible to read without emotion. But we will forbear.

On taking up these volumes, we had intended to notice the several tales they contain; but we have already trespassed too much on the indulgence of Maga to continue our remarks. Much remains. "Irishmen and Irishwomen" is admirable. There are one or two of a lighter cast.

We hope that the extracts which we have given will induce those who have not seen these works before to judge for themselves. They are so modestly sent into the world in single and small volumes, that we fear they do not attract the attention they deserve. We suspect that there might be more to come from the author, and we sincerely wish he would task his strength, for we are persuaded he would not regret that he had put it forth.

ON THE LATE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY.

Good and holy man, farewell!
He that hears thy funeral knell,
Hears the requiem of a soul
Wholly in its God's controul,
Dedicated long to Heaven,
And for Christ's dear sake forgiven.
Those who knew thee most and best,
Deeply in their faithful breast
Shall record thy virtues, flown
To a country all their own.
While thy farthest flock, who knew
How devoted and how true
Was their much-lov'd shepherd's
care,
Each lamenting his lost share,
Wandering o'er the hills shall tell
Of the mournful funeral knell,
That in every heart shall raise
Echoes of regret and praise.
Nor shall one that hears deny
The just meed of sympathy.
Heavy is thy loss to earth;
But the memory of thy worth
Shall excite full many a heart
To perform a kindred part,

And erect thee thus a tomb
Lasting to the day of doom—
Lasting through eternal years
In the region of "no tears;"
Whither thy blest soul's release
Wafts it to the home of peace.
Heavy is our loss—but He
Who saw thee toil exceedingly
To spread his earthly kingdom, gave
Permission to the quiet grave
To close thy labours, and withdrew
Thy soul to His celestial view.
Oh! let those who deeply feel
For their own eternal weal,
Join in prayer, that they may trace
The foot-prints of thy blameless
race,
And, through all the gathering strife
Of this torn and troubled life,
At whatever distance, be
Followers of good like thee!
Join with tributes to their friend
Thoughts of their own latter end;
Join the conscious sinner's cry—
"Like the righteous, let me die!"
CORINTHUS.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.

PART IV.

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS.—THE TWO PARTS OF HENRY IV.

With what success the genius of Shakspeare, unassisted by learning, could reanimate the dry bones of classical antiquity, clothe them with body and colour, and impart to them a true spiritual life, the plays of *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, sufficiently show. In the outward garb and mere form of antiquity, in all that is accidental, local, and variable; in the painting of manners and customs, particularly among the lower classes of society, we grant the inferiority of his sketches, in point of mere correctness of outline, to those which "learned Jonson" drew. The English doublet and hose of the sixteenth century sometimes protrude beneath the toga. The mobs which throng the forum to witness the triumph of Cæsar, or lift up their most sweet voices in the Capitol for *Coriolanus*, have a marvellous resemblance to those who cry shame on Richard, or throw up their stinking caps for Gloucester at St Paul's. The language of his Roman cobblers might pass for that of an English artisan of the days of Elizabeth, and the activity and dexterity with which they manage their staves and clubs, were probably suggested by some similar exhibitions on the part of the 'prentices of Eastcheap, in which our dramatist had doubtless played his part. So far it is true these plays have less of the antique Roman about them than some of Shakspeare's enthusiastic German admirers are disposed to admit. Shakspeare indeed saw that the populace in all countries and in all ages are pretty much the same, nor was it in the least essential to his purpose to discriminate those smaller traits of character and manners which separate a Roman mob from an English one; and accordingly he has dashed them in with a careless hand, and with the nearest materials which presented themselves. But in the essential spirit of the classic times, and in the felicitous combination of the uni-

versal with the particular, in his pictures of the more elevated, intellectual, and marked personages of ancient history, we have already said that they leave all other attempts of the same nature at an immeasurable distance. The Roman Actor of Massinger—*Valentinian* and *Caractacus* of Beaumont and Fletcher—the *Catiline* and *Sejanus* of Jonson—appear either stifled or out of keeping when placed beside those speaking and moving portraits with which every scene of *Julius Cæsar* abounds. In reading these Roman pages, the sun seems to go back for ages on the dial of Time: the two thousand years that lie between us and them disappear; and the lost scenes of existence are re-enacted before our eyes anew.

Turn we now from Italy to England: to that brilliant cycilus of Dramas from English history, which forms one of the most peculiar features and brightest ornaments of British literature; a monument to the glory of England, reared not less by patriotism than by poetry; and which, more perhaps than his most imaginative and wonderful creations, has rendered Shakspeare pre-eminently the popular, the national dramatist of his country. Here the poet brings himself fairly within our own circle. He stoops from that aerial elevation into which none but a kindred genius could follow him; he no longer places us in enchanted isles, still vext by tempests, haunted by spirits, or beings whose primeval innocence associates them more with a spiritual than an earthly nature; he leaves behind him the moonlight woods of Athens, with their tiny fairy train, that sweetest of midsummer dreams; he shrouds himself no longer in the obscurity of remote classic antiquity, with *Timon*, *Brutus*, and *Antony*; or of the fabulous mythic period of the British annals with *Cymbeline* and *Lear*; he seeks not even, as in the *Merchant of Venice*, and *As You*

Like it, to invest his subject with an Arcadian clothing, or steep it in the rosy hues of romance and melody; he ventures fairly and boldly into the clear daylight of English history—into the sad and often prosaic realities of his own century, or that which preceded it; he attempts a task, where all men believe themselves to be, and all are to a certain extent, judges: for it is wonderful how far, in the most uneducated and least intellectual of beings, the perception of conformity or disconformity to nature is visible. However little calculated to appreciate the *finesses* of Molière's plays, the delicacy of their satire, the point and beauty of their language, we doubt not that, so far as regarded their great outlines, and the question how far he had presented a true epitome of nature, he might have found worse critics at the Académie Française than his old woman. Such was the test to which Shakspeare submitted himself in these dramas. And how has he succeeded? It is not long since one of our legislators confessed that his acquaintance with English history was chiefly derived from Shakspeare; and this gentleman's case, if the truth were told, we believe to be by no means singular. At least, for our own part, we feel an uneasy consciousness that we are much better acquainted with that portion of our history which extends from Richard II. to Henry VIII. than with those which precede or follow it. It seems to us like an explored spot in the midst of a terra incognita. And while, guided by our recollections of Shakspeare, we feel a certain degree of modest assurance in regard to facts, dates, and other puzzling occurrences within that sphere, we are always remarkably nervous about venturing beyond its confine. But without presuming to conjecture how many "candid readers" are indebted to Shakspeare for their facts, we will venture to say, that in as far as regards the spirit of the English history of the period—the grand outlines of the social and political movement which is obvious between the fourteenth century and the sixteenth—the feelings, habits, amusements, and conversational tone of our ancestors—as well as the personal character, motives, and objects of the

leading actors in these tumultuous scenes;—these historical plays are actually more instructive than all the chronicles of the time. Every age of a nation's history has a moral meaning, which, though written in hieroglyphics unintelligible to the uninitiated, or obscured by the trivial and unimportant matter with which, as in some of the Paleopsests of the Vatican, the original characters are written over—is yet discernible by the eye of genius. To decipher this meaning, to express it in an abstract form, is the study of the philosophic historian; to seize and to embody it in living and popular symbols, is the far higher aim of the poet. And in this spirit is our English history studied and dramatized by Shakspeare. It is not the character or the fortunes of a King John, a Bolingbroke, or a Henry VI. that he seeks to lay before us, for the history of an individual monarch could afford no proper materials for tragic composition; what he aims at is the exhibition of the age and body of the time. Each drama in this historical cycluz is a picture gallery in which the nominal hero is at best "the centre of the glittering ring,"—one of a varied and extensive group, in which each individual is drawn with the same care, and many with even greater prominence. To this assembly the virtues and vices of the age, its passions, tastes, and opinions, its piety and superstitions, its rudeness or refinement, its joys and sorrows, send their representatives, selected by the hand of genius: the substance of a hundred chronicles is here found combined, purified, and concentrated; and in this combination we see epitomized human nature as it appeared in England in those days of struggling and imperfect civilisation. Let it not, however, be supposed that Shakspeare has limited himself to a mere picture of the spirit of the time, however accurate and true. Not so; for these would have but imperfectly fulfilled the highest duty and aim of poetry. In these sections of English life, there is a spell beyond the mere representation of the actual; in all of them their poetical relation to a higher ideal and to the general destinies of mankind is indicated. The idea of an overruling Providence

guiding by its secret springs this restless movement to its glorious ends, and at times striking like a finger from the clouds, into the calculated machinery of human affairs, is perpetually suggested. This indeed is the secret of the peculiar charm with which, apart from the mere liveliness and truth of the portraiture, or the rapid interest of the plot, the historical plays of Shakspeare are invested, and which distinguishes them so remarkably from the dramatized chronicles of a Dumas, a Merimee, or a Vitet. In the latter, the ideas of a providence or a future state, of the terrors of conscience, the punishment of evil even on this earth, and the consolations which religion imparts under the heaviest weight of suffering, are never for an instant hinted at. Chance seems to preside over a weltering chaos of blood and crime. The lots of good and evil appear to be drawn indiscriminately by virtue and vice, and the personages pass from this world to the next like Scott's dying desperado cavalier, hoping nothing, believing nothing, and fearing nothing. In Shakspeare, on the contrary, though his morality is never formal or abstruse, the thought of this higher agency is ever and anon brought before us; a spirit of calm celestial reflection steals in like a still small voice, amidst the most troubled and harrowing scenes of human passions, selfishness and crime; in the barest and most blighting aspects of existence which are presented to our view, we are mysteriously reminded of another, and the shadow of the Infinite and the Eternal is seen brooding above the finite and the quickly fading, even as this earth is over-canopied by the boundless azure of the sky.

"Shakspeare's historical plays from English history," says Schlegel, "are as it were an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies. The principal features of the events represented are exhibited with such fidelity,—their causes, and even their secret springs, are placed in such a clear light, that we may attain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression

on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is intended as the vehicle of much higher and more general instruction. It affords examples of the political course of the world applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of young princes; they may learn from it the inward dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which hurries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors, and crimes of kings for whole nations and many coming generations. Eight of these plays, from Richard II. to Richard III., are linked together in an uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow each other, but they are linked together in the closest and most exact manner: the circle of revolts, factions, civil and foreign wars which began with the deposition of Richard II., first ends with the accession of Henry VII. to the throne. The negligent government of the first of these monarchs, and his injudicious conduct towards his own relations, drew upon him the rebellion of Bolingbroke. His dethronement was, however, altogether unjust, and in no case could Bolingbroke be considered the true heir of the crown. This shrewd founder of the House of Lancaster never enjoyed, as Henry IV., the fruits of his usurpation in peace; his turbulent barons, the same who aided him in ascending the throne, never afterwards allowed him a moment's repose. On the other hand, he was jealous of the brilliant qualities of his son, and this distrust, more than any real inclination, induced the Prince to give himself up to dissolute society, that he might avoid every appearance of ambition. These two circumstances form the subject of the two divisions of Henry IV.; the enterprises of the discontented in the serious, and the wild youthful frolics of the heir apparent in the comic scenes. When this warlike Prince ascended the throne, under the name of Henry V., he was

determined to assert his ambiguous title; he considered foreign conquest as the best means of guarding against internal disturbances, and this gave rise to the glorious but ruinous war with France, which Shakspeare has celebrated in Henry V. The early death of this king, the long minority of Henry VI., and his continual minority in the art of government, brought the greatest misfortunes on England. The dissensions among the regents, and the wretched administration which was the consequence, occasioned the loss of the French crown; this brought forward a bold candidate for the crown, whose title was indisputable, if the prescription of three governments is not to be assumed as conferring validity on an usurpation. Such was the origin of the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which desolated the kingdom for a number of years, and ended with the triumph of the House of York. All this Shakspeare has represented in the three parts of Henry VI. Edward IV. shortened his life by excesses, and did not long enjoy the throne purchased at the expense of so many cruelties. His brother Richard, who had a great share in the elevation of the House of York, was not contented with the regency, and his ambition paved a way for him to the throne by treachery and violence, but his gloomy tyranny made him the object of the people's hatred, and at length drew upon him the destruction which he merited. He was conquered by a descendant of the Royal House, who was unstained by the civil wars; and what seemed defective in his title was atoned for by the merit of freeing his country from a monster. With the accession of Henry VII. to the throne, a new epoch of English history begins; the 'curse' seems at length to be at an end, and the scenes of usurpations, revolts, and civil wars, all occasioned by the levity with which Richard II. sported away the crown, to be brought to a termination."

"The two other historical plays, taken from the English history, are chronologically separated from this series. King John reigned nearly two centuries before Richard II.; and between Richard III. and

Henry VIII. comes the long reign of Henry VII., which Shakspeare justly passed over as susceptible of no dramatic interest. However, these two plays may in some measure be considered as the prologue and the epilogue to the other eight. In King John all the political and national motions which play so great a part in the following pieces, are already indicated; wars and treaties with France, a usurpation, and the tyrannical actions which it draws after it; the influence of the clergy, the factions of the nobles. Henry VIII. again shows us the transition to another age; the policy of modern Europe, a refined court life under a voluptuous monarch, the dangerous situation of favourites, who are themselves precipitated after they have assisted in effecting the fall of others; in a word, despotism under milder forms, but not less unjust and cruel. By the prophecies on the birth of Elizabeth, Shakspeare has in some degree brought his great poem on the English history down to his own time, at least as far as such recent events could be yet handled with security. With this view, probably, he composed the two plays of King John and Henry VIII. at a later period, as an addition to the others."

The first of the series of dramas, the connexion of which is thus traced by Schlegel, is King John. It is difficult at first sight to see by what interest Shakspeare was attracted to this period of English history, or what dramatic idea he could hope to evolve from the mass of confused, indecisive, and often degrading events which occur in the reign of John. We are at first inclined to wonder, with all the romantic interest which now attaches to the Crusades, that the more brilliant and spirit-stirring days and reckless gallantry of Cœur de Lion, should not rather have attracted his attention. But the reign of Richard and his personal character probably appeared to him to have exercised too little influence on the destinies of England to form a fit introduction to his dramatic chronicles. Richard had passed away with the rapidity of a meteor; his short career, chiefly spent on the plains of Pales-

tine or in the dungeons of Austria, seemed but like an episode in English history; he had left no traces of his existence in the policy of England. But the reign of John was marked by traits of a more striking and distinct, though painful character. Outward pomp combined with inward meanness; magnificent pretensions with paltry performance; high-sounding phrases of virtue and disinterestedness used as the cloak to utter hollow-hearted selfishness in conduct—these had been the distinguishing features of the policy of the time; the chief materials of the “state comedy” of the thirteenth century. And of these qualities, the weak, mean, treacherous, and gloomy John was a most striking and impressive representative. He is the pattern of his age in its worst form. Whatever vices of selfishness, or cruelty, or meanness stain the characters of the Phillips, Pandulf, and Austrias, by whom he is surrounded, appear in him in deeper and darker shade. Shakspere represents him as a coward at heart, amidst all his affectation of courage and warlike dignity: insolent and overbearing in prosperity—in adversity, grovelling and abject; restrained by no principle, on the one hand—but, on the other, guided by no judgment; so that while he plunges into crime he reaps not the fruit of his villainy, and is at once an object of dislike and contempt. Conscious of his doubtful claims to the throne, he is not supported by the inward consciousness of native majesty. He feels that on the love and loyalty of his subjects he can have no claim—that crime, artifice, or mean submission, alone can preserve him on that elevation which he has attained. He is ready to stoop to any equivocation which will serve his turn. He would lay England at the feet of Innocent, could he but borrow the thunders of the Vatican to aid him against his own turbulent and high-spirited nobles. He would sacrifice his helpless nephew—he would extinguish his young and innocent life—deliberately, without passion—simply because he is the object of his fears. The very thought that he has secured the consent of his creature to the murder, rejoices his gloomy heart. “Enough! I could be merry now;

Hubert, I love thee.” He breaks his fearful purpose in hints and glances only—he has not the courage to speak out the crime he meditates—he speaks in monosyllables, as if shuddering at the sounds he uttered—

“King J. Death.

Hubert. My Lord?

King J. A grave.

Hubert. He shall not live.”

Remorse is a feeling to which, while all goes on well with him, his bosom is a stranger; but he can “repent” the instant he finds that Arthur’s death has roused the indignation of Salisbury and Pembroke, and begins to deal in moral reflections on the instability of power based in blood. How admirably are the cause and the effect associated by Shakspere in these lines—

“They burn in indignation. I repent;
There is no sure foundation set in blood—
No certain life achieved by others’ death!”

With his characteristic meanness, he endeavours to justify himself even to his associate, by the apology that he had not in express terms required the murder; and with the miserable self-delusion of guilt, he consoles himself with the thought, that had Hubert “but shook his head, or made a pause, or turned an eye of doubt upon his face,” the bloody deed would have been undone. Every one must feel that the catastrophe, which Shakspere has borrowed from the old play, and which represented John’s death as occasioned by poison administered by a fanatical friar, is almost the only fit tragic termination for the career of this cold-hearted and cruel tyrant. A Macbeth or Richard may fall in honourable battle; for their courage, or intellectual power, redeem them from contempt—the memory of their early virtues, or great qualities, survives amidst their career of crime—and we willingly see their last appearance on the stage of existence undisturbed by the debasing effect of physical pain, and even gilded by a ray of dignity and resolution. But the death of a John could be redeemed by no such admixture of elevating feeling. He must die as he had lived—meanly, miserably; with his intellectual energies sunk and prostrated under the tortures of his body—

"There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust;
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment—and against this fire
Do I shrink up."

When Romeo drinks the poison,
death follows, as if he dropt asleep
ere we have time to think of its
effects—

"O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick—thus with a kiss
I die."

When Hamlet is wounded by the
poisoned rapier there is no display
of his bodily sufferings.

"The potent poison quite o'ercrows his
spirit;"

but he dies seemingly without pain,
administering consolation and re-
proof to Horatio,—occupied with
the thoughts of his country, giving
his dying voice for Fortinbras;
"and flights of angels sing him to
his rest." It is reserved for John, in
the agony of his fever, to call on the
winter to come "and thrust his icy
fingers in his maw," or his kingdom's
rivers "to take their course through
his burnt bosom," to feel a "hell
within him," where the poison

"Is as a fiend conf.'d to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood."

A ghastly picture, and yet with that
art and moderation which is so
conspicuous in the scenes of Shak-
speare, and so seldom to be found
in those of Beaumont and Fletcher,
Webster, or Ford, the horrors of
the scene are relieved by a multi-
tude of little touches and images
which mitigate the physical horrors
of the scene. The death of the King
takes place in the open air, in the
sheltered orchard of Swinstead
Abbey. We seem to feel that "the
breeze of heaven fresh blowing"
must "comfort him with cold." We
are reminded by Prince Henry, that
"death having preyed upon the out-
ward parts, leaves them insensible;"
that his siege is now chiefly against
the mind. Ere the dying monarch
is brought in, Pembroke observes,
"He is more patient—even now he
sings!"

"Prince Henry. 'Tis strange that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own
death;

And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest."

Other things also are introduced,
obviously with the view of leaving
on the mind that degree of tragic
consolation which Shakspeare never
loses sight of.

Tidings of peace for England have
been breathed into the ear of the
dying King. The Dauphin and his
power are about to return for France,
and we are left at the close to share
the hope of Salisbury, that the reign
of Henry is to repair the evils of that
of John, and set a form of order and
tranquillity on that constitution
which his father had left "so indigest
and rude."

To bring out with all the force of
contrast the hollowness, duplicity,
and selfishness of John's character,
Shakspeare has—in this instance
alone—prominently brought forward
a boy as one of the chief personages
of the drama; for, by the innocence,
artlessness, and affection of Arthur,
all the opposite qualities of his
gloomy uncle, and of the policy
of the time, are presented in more
remarkable relief. Indeed, the cha-
racter of Arthur is not only unique
in Shakspeare, but, we may venture
to add, in dramatic literature. No-
thing is indeed more common—not
in Shakspeare certainly—but in
some of his contemporaries, and not
a few of his successors in more mo-
dern times, than the introduction
upon the stage of ingenious youths
and maidens; children in years, but
men and women in sentiment and
expression, who alternately astonish
us with precocious displays of reso-
lution, generosity, and resignation,
or seek to captivate our feelings by
an affectation of more than childish
simplicity. The charm of Arthur's
character lies in his perfectly uncon-
scious childishness; he fascinates us
from his very entrance upon the
scene, but it is by his helplessness—
his inability to comprehend the mo-
tives and the conduct of the per-
sonages by whom he is surrounded
—by the shrinking and retiring part
which he takes—so long as there are
others on whom he feels that he
can rely. He appears like a ten-
der flower, which might have ex-
panded into bloom and beauty under
the fostering care of a fostering
hand; but which, torn from its place

of shelter, and exposed to the storms of life, must soon droop, and wither, and die. We see how willingly he would be back in the haunts of his childhood in Bretagne, with his boyish companions, his sports, his exercises, his studies—how wearily all the stir and tumult around him, and the sight of those kings, queens, legates, and warriors, who quarrel and draw the sword for or against him, press upon his spirit. Above all, he shrinks from witnessing the angry features and inflamed language of the mother whom he loves so tenderly, and whom, till now, he has seen only in moods as gentle as his own. He is so unused to these scenes of passion and vehemence, particularly from her, that he looks upon the whole with a feeling of insupportable terror. What are the secret objects and views of the contending parties he understands but imperfectly; but he sees that a long and probably a bloody war, on his account, is in preparation—he feels at this moment weary of the world, even on its threshold—and the wish to be at rest, and removed from all the sorrows which he sees in sad perspective, is visible even in the first words he speaks—

“ Good my mother peace !

I would that I were laid low in my grave—
I am not worth this coal that’s made about me.”

But sadness is not natural to childhood. This is but a momentary cloud of sorrow—the elasticity of his spirit revives again; even in the prison of Northampton it has not forsaken him—“ were he but out of prison, and kept sheep, he would be merry as the day is long.” There is no sullenness or selfishness in his sorrow—in his hours of imprisonment he has found time to confer many an act of kindness upon his stern gaoler; he has nursed him in his sickness—the poor boy has been lavishing on others that sympathy and tenderness which he so much required for himself. The scene with Hubert, where he pleads to have his eyes preserved, and vanquishes the resolve of the stern warrior, notwithstanding his oath, by the pathos and childish innocence of his appeals, is, as all the world have felt, superlatively masterly. Nothing, indeed, but the magical beauty and tenderness of the speeches of Arthur

could render tolerable the horrors of the situation—which, in the somewhat similar case of Gloucester, in *King Lear*, is felt to overpass the legitimate boundaries of tragic emotion; but while we listen to his gentle pleadings, Hubert and his fierce attendants, the cord and the hideous irons, disappear—we feel an inward persuasion that the cruel deed will not—cannot be done. What human bosom, indeed, could resist an appeal such as this?—

“ Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brow—
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again :

And with my hand at midnight held your head ;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?

O, What good love may I perform for you ?
Many a poor man’s son would have lain still,
And ne’er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning : Do, and if you will :
If Heaven be pleased that you must use no ill,

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?

Those eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?”

While we listen to these heart-breaking words, we feel assured that Hubert—sworn as he is to do the deed—must relent. We see that with every fresh appeal his purpose is more and more shaken; that he is vainly endeavouring to varnish over his feelings with an appearance of harshness, and long before he utters the words, we anticipate the confession,

“ I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.”

The peculiar design of Shakespeare in the play of *King John*, to illustrate and expose the hollowness, pretension, hypocrisy, and conventional dignity of the time, appears most distinctly in the singular character of Falconbridge, on which much care has been bestowed, and which was obviously a favourite with the author. Falconbridge, himself an adventurer, whose principles sat most loosely about him, and who is perfectly ready to catch and imitate

the tone and spirit of those with whom he mingles, has yet the fullest perception of the ridiculous; he cannot disguise from himself—nor occasionally from others—the comic, the contemptible impression which this mock heroic pageant makes upon his mind. He plays the part of a chorus in the piece; he delights to strip those “illustrious personages” of their diadems and royal mantles, and to hang a calf’s-skin on their recreant limbs. He translates their pompous and high-sounding phrases into the vulgar tongue—into their true, selfish, and ignoble meaning. He laughs in his heart at the whole scene; he despises the actors in it; he can even be moved to strong feeling and energy by such an event as the death of Arthur; but he sees no reason, on the whole, why he should not imitate others, and belong rather to the class of the deceivers than the deceived. If the world around him be out of joint, he feels no inward call to set it right.

“And why rail I on this commodity,
But for because he hath not woned me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted y^e,
Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich.
Will,—whiles I am a beggar I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich—
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary:
Since knigs break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord!—for I will worship thee!”
The striking and masterly character of Constance is dismissed by Schlegel with the single remark, that “her maternal despair on the imprisonment of her son is of the highest beauty.” So it is; but the character deserved a more detailed and discriminating analysis, and it should not have wanted it, if we could have hoped to add any thing to the remarks which have already been made upon the subject by Mrs Jameson.

The play of Richard II. stands like a porch before the more magnificent edifice of the Two Parts of Henry IV. Its perusal is absolutely necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the position of events at the opening of the latter, and to give the key to the character of Bolingbroke. “In Richard the Second,”

says Schlegel, “Shakspeare exhibits to us a noble kingly nature, at first obscured by levity and the errors of an unbridled youth, and afterwards purified by misfortune, and rendered more highly and splendidly illustrious. When he has lost the love and reverence of his subjects, and is on the point of losing also his throne, he then feels with painful inspiration the elevated vocation of the kingly dignity and its prerogatives over personal merit and changeable institutions. When the earthly crown has fallen from off his head, he first appears as a king whose innate nobility no humiliation can annihilate. This is felt by a poor groom. He is shocked that his master’s favourite horse should have carried the proud Bolingbroke at his coronation—he visits the captive king in his prison, and shames the desertion of the great. The political history of the deposition is represented with extraordinary knowledge of the world;—the ebb of fortune on the one hand, and the swelling tide on the other, which carries every thing along with it. While Bolingbroke acts as a king, and his attendants behave towards him as if he really were so, he still continues to give out that he comes with an armed band merely to demand the restoration of his birth-right and the removal of abuses. The usurpation has been long completed before the word is pronounced, and the thing publicly avowed.” Nothing can be more just than Schlegel’s remark on the skill and knowledge of the world displayed in depicting the march of the political events in this play, but in his estimate of Richard’s character it is impossible to concur. Of the noble kingly nature which he supposes Richard to have possessed, which is only obscured by levity and the disorders of youth, and which reappears in its former lustre when his character has been purified by misfortune, this play affords no traces, though Shakspeare, by commencing his play within two years of Richard’s deposition, and sinking twenty of violence, rapacity, and tyranny, has given his hero every advantage which he could dramatically possess. We see in him, in the outset, a mixture of levity and cold

selfishness — boundless vanity and presumption in success, with instant and total despondency in misfortune. His is one of those natures on which no feelings can be lasting; all impressions glide off from him as from a hard and polished surface. He might be described in the lines which Wallenstein addresses to Illo when he learns the flight of Isolani:

"In swiftly fading characters are writ
The forms of life upon the glassy brow;
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth;
And though a giddy spirit wake the blood,
No soul exists to warm the frame within."

He is the companion of low flatterers, like Bushy, Bagot, Green, and the treacherous Aumerle. We see him cold and unmoved by the noble appeal of Norfolk at the tournament, and, careless as to the investigation of truth and right, arbitrarily banishing both him and his antagonist Bolingbroke. We listen to his heartless speech when York communicates to him the death of his uncle, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster"—a noble model of chivalrous truth standing there, as Schlegel says, like a pillar of the olden time which he has outlived.

"The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that."

How strongly are the weaknesses of his character brought out in the scene on the coast of Wales, when he learns from successive messengers the progress of Bolingbroke's rebellion! his overweening confidence in himself and in the influence of his royal name in the outset, and his pusillanimity the instant he learns from Salisbury that the Welsh had fled to his rival! He, who but the moment before had been comparing himself with the sun, "darting his light through every guilty hole," and making the traitor Bolingbroke tremble at himself, is in the next plunged into the deepest despair, and ready to resign his crown when he hears that some thousands of his liegemen had fallen off. Even his subsequent resignation has no true and consistent dignity. He is no martyr purified by suffering; for we feel at least doubtful whether, had fortune eventually favoured him, he would not have been as thought-

less, heartless, and presumptuous as before. He is ever relapsing into passionate bursts, regrets, and expostulations, and sarcasms—most true to nature, we grant, but certainly by no means consistent with that "lunate nobility" for which Schlegel gives him credit in misfortune.

The whole interest in the play centres in Richard himself and his rival, for the other characters are but slightly traced—even Gaunt, though a fine outline, is but a sketch. In this respect the play presents a remarkable contrast to those to which it forms the introduction; for the two Parts of Henry IV. contain the most complete and varied picture-gallery of character which is to be found in Shakspeare: Henry himself, the Prince, his rival Hotspur, Glendower, Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, Poins, Shallow, Silence, Mrs Quickly—each laboured with as much care, and marked with as distinctive traits, as if the chief interest of the piece had been dependent on that individual alone.

The outlines of Bolingbroke's character had been indicated in Richard II. He is the personification of worldly prudence; bold where it is necessary, but never beyond what is necessary; sagacious, cold-hearted, cautious, and moderate, with little in him to love—much to respect—something to fear—nothing absolutely to hate. Though the death of Richard has removed the immediate object of his fears, he feels that the very principle on which his authority rests may be turned against him. He has himself violated the sanctity of right. What security can he have that others will regard it? Already he begins to feel how uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, when force alone has placed it on his brow, or can preserve it there. Already, in the thoughtless and dissolute conduct of his son, he begins to feel the punishment of his own political delinquency, and that Heaven, "out of his blood hath bred revengement and a scourge for him." A monarch, confident in his title, might have tided the influence of "mildness, frankness, simplicity of demeanour, but Henry sees that his security lies only in maintaining, in all their

extent, the reserve, the pomp, and the severity of royalty. Nothing in the conduct of his son grieves or alarms him more than the levity with which he throws aside the conventional dignity of his rank. This is the main topic on which he insists, in the masterly interview with his son in the presence chamber. He feels that, in his own case, his rise has been mainly owing to the very opposite line of conduct; and his admonitions to his son are founded, not on general topics of morality, but on considerations drawn from his own successful example, the downfall of Bolingbroke, and the similar fate which he anticipates for his reckless heir.

"Had I no lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, this is
he;
Others would 'ay, Where—where is Bo-
lingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's
hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their
mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at; and so my
state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kill'd, and soon burnt: carded his
state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their
scoffs;
Grew a companion to the common streets;
Enscoff'd himself to popularity:
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Snee mine, which hath desired to see thee
more;

Which now doth—that *I would not have it do—*

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness."

Henry had attained greatness by acting a part, and by the same arts he feels he must maintain it. Restless, disappointed, and apprehensive of the future, he seems anxious to bring matters to a point. He rather urges on than seeks to check in the outset the rebellion of Northumberland; for he knows the characters with whom he has to deal, and his own superiority; he is assured that, from such antagonists, so rash, so wayward, and so divided, he has no serious danger to fear—and he looks upon their insurrection as a storm by which the atmosphere is to be cleared, and after which he can breathe more freely. The dramatic idea which the whole serious part of the play embodies, is that of the contrast between the outward prosperity of Henry's life, as he stands before the world, placed, apparently, on the summit of his ambition—a powerful monarch, the founder of a new race of kings, triumphant over his enemies—and the deep, secret, internal suffering and restlessness under which he truly labours. To the world his position appears an enviable one, and he would wish it to appear so. But within all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

It is our perception of this secret grief—this drop which embitters the whole cup of prosperity, which, notwithstanding the coldness and distrust with which we at first regard his character, softens our hearts towards Henry, and enlists at last our sympathies on his side. Usurper as he is, he is also a father; and in this, the nicest point, the one where he is most accessible to feeling, he has been made to feel deeply. We perceive at once with what contempt and dislike he would have regarded a character like that of the prince, had he been any other than his son. He finds him apparently, in all points, the antipodes to himself; rash and unthinking, when he himself was cautious; dissolute and riotous, when he had been temperate and calm; courting the very society which he had most carefully avoided; degrading the name and

rank which it had been his constant study to surround with all associations of grandeur and awe. He sees the edifice of state policy which he had himself built up with such labour, and which he had hoped to see cemented and strengthened by the hand of his son, threatening to crumble again into the dust, if not to be more speedily dashed asunder by him who should have been its prop and bulwark.

"Therefore his grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from his heart when he
doth shape
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times England should look upon,
When he is sleeping with his ancestors."

These gloomy reflections are deepened by the comparison which is forced upon him, between the wild excesses of his own "unthriftly son" and the youthful promise of the heir of Northumberland—that Percy who, but eight years before, had been "the man nearest his soul," but who is now leagued against him with Douglas and Glendower, and labouring to push him from that throne to which he had helped to raise him.

"O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had ex-
changed,
In cradle clothes, our children where they
lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet;—
Then would I have his Harry and he
mine!"

This is the consideration which, more than any other, rankles in his heart. The high character, the warlike accomplishments, and universal popularity of young Percy, are the themes by which, in the interview in the third act, after pointing out and illustrating, by the contrast of Richard and himself, the dangers of the course which the Prince was pursuing, he chiefly seeks to rouse his own seemingly degenerate heir to a sense of his degradation and his duty. For all these traits, which so finely humanize the character of Henry IV., and redeem it from its more political hardness, Shakspeare obtained scarcely a hint from

Hollingshed, or from the old play, entitled, "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," which is known to have furnished him with the outline, and with some few lines of the two parts of Henry IV. Any one who wishes to see with what inimitable superiority a mind like that of Shakspeare can treat an incident which he adopts from the chronicle, and from his anonymous predecessor, has only to compare the admirable interview in the third act of the first part of Henry IV.,* between the King and his son, with the corresponding passages in Hollingshed and the old play. The King's part in the dialogue, in particular, is inimitably sustained; his gradual transition from the censure of his son's conduct, to a contrast of it with his own when young, and of the policy by which he had raised himself and the house of Plantagenet to greatness; his contempt for the conduct of Richard, as owing his ruin to the very same thoughtless abasement of the royal dignity in which Prince Henry indulges; the eulogy on Percy, by which, if by any thing, he hopes to awaken the dormant seeds of shame and good feeling in the heart of his son, and to rouse him to the necessity of manly and honourable exertion, and that burst of natural tears in which it ends, are given with equal grace, pathos, propriety, and characteristic truth.

We pass, however, from the father to the son—a character which Shakspeare has obviously portrayed in the spirit of love, and has graced, amidst all its wild extravagances, with a thousand amiable and redeeming features. Whence arose this obvious leaning towards this "rascaliest sweet young prince"—this evident fellow-feeling with him, who plays off practical mystifications upon waiters, and "robs me his father's exchequer upon Gad's Hill?" Might not all this have some connexion with his own youthful peccadilloes—his moonlight deer-stealing excursions at Charlecote—and all those mad frolics by which, long ere he had thought of inditing dramas, he had made Warwickshire

too hot to hold him? In painting this wild early career of Prince Hal, afterwards matured into so brilliant and glorious a manhood, was not the poet, in some sense, pleading his own apology, and proving, by a parallel instance, how often in the seemingly dissolute and careless youth might lie dormant the seeds of the great and accomplished man?

Be that as it may, it is certain that no character has been arrayed by Shakespeare in more attractive, and almost dangerously fascinating, colours. He has endowed him, amidst his errors, with every attractive and amiable quality—with wit, intelligence, generosity, modesty, and courage. He has been anxious, from the first, to make the reader distinctly aware of the great qualities which lie hid under the garb of levity, and to prepare us for their ultimate development; for, even in the second scene of the first act of the First Part, no sooner have Falstaff and his companion Poinz disappeared—after an encounter of tongues, in which the wit is nearly equalled by the profanity, and after the project of stripping Falstaff and his companions of their ill-gotten gains, has been adjusted between the Prince and Poinz—than he vindicates his present association in the well-known and beautiful lines—

"I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humours of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him."

The Prince was indeed entitled to say that he knew his companions well—for no one more thoroughly appreciated their real worthlessness—including that of their master-spirit Falstaff himself. But the confession would have been more true and complete if he had added that he upheld "the unyoked humours of their idleness" from the real gratification which their society afforded. His heart, indeed, has not been contaminated, nor his high feeling of honour impaired (though the falsehood to which he

recourse in the scene with the Sheriff appears somewhat suspicious), but he has a natural turn for dissipation, and elevated by wit and humour. He turns with real pleasure from the stiffness and formality of his father's court, where men are measured by the artificial and extrinsic advantages of wealth and rank, to the freedom of the Boar's-head, where they are estimated at their true value. He willingly leaves his place at the council-board to his brother of Lancaster, for there he can play but a secondary part while his father lives, to enjoy the supremacy to which his wit not less than his rank entitle him, in the revels of Eastcheap. He loves to study men in all situations, high and low; and, in truth, is rather inclined to the belief that man is a more agreeable object of study in the latter situation than the former. It is his pride to be master "of all humours that have shown themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam." And in this investigation he is, for the time, sufficiently engrossed to forget all matters of higher moment. It is sufficiently obvious, from the spirit with which he not only enters into those scenes of low life, but occasionally organizes them, that whatever higher capacities he may feel within him, he cares not how long they lie dormant while Falstaff's exhaustless wit is there to grace those follies with an intellectual character. Nay, so easily is he disposed to be pleased, that even Bardolph, Poinz, or Francis, will serve his turn: Bardolph's nose had evidently been so long a mine of wit both to Falstaff and the Prince, that the Prince might have a pride in showing that the vein was even yet not wrought out; and that in the hands of a man of talent, it might still be turned to some account. But the delight which he receives from the dilemma in which he places the foolish Francis, with his single parrot-note of "anon, anon, sir!" and the account of his sworn brotherhood with the Drawers, in which he truly says, that he sounded the very base string of humility, evince a still less critical taste. Laughter, no matter how caused, seems to him to be the end of life.

"But the scene with his father," says Horn, "plainly evinces how little the better feelings of his heart had suffered by this unworthy association. That scene, we must recollect, had been already parodied by anticipation by Falstaff; and how natural, how pardonable would it have been, if a smile at the recollection of the lecture of the night had mingled with the morning's audience. Must he not have perceived, as clearly as we, the hollowness and inconsequence of two thirds of his father's reproaches? As a stranger he might, but not as a son. The object of the reproof is in truth more in the right than he who administers it: but it is a father who does so, and against him the son can avail himself of no other weapons but patience and love. He admits the justice of the reproach—he asks only forgiveness.

'I shall hereafter, my most gracious Lord, be more myself.'

"With what a noble fire of enthusiasm does he appear inflamed, when the opportunity of great deeds in behalf of his king and country is presented to him! how generous is his voluntary eulogium on the bravery and knightly worth of Percy!—an eulogium which flows from that sympathy which he feels for all excellence, and which pauses not to consider whether the object on which it is bestowed be friend or foe.

"But does this interview with his father effect a change in Henry's character? Has he really determined in future to change his course, and to avoid this wild and discreditable society? 'Not a whit.' His better understanding with his father only seems to raise his spirits, and the first place to which he adjourns from the palace is the tavern. He who is so soon to wield so nobly the general's truncheon, must begin by playing upon it like a fife.* He allows himself ample time to listen to the delightful squabbles of Falstaff and the Hostess. When, at last, notwithstanding the brilliancy and ful-

ness of his own wit, he feels himself fairly overcome by the irresistible flood of Falstaff's humour, he contrives, like a true humorist, to furnish himself with the materials of laughter for a month, by assigning to the poor fat knight 'a charge of foot.' Here the humour almost amounts to cruelty; were it not that his knowledge of Falstaff's resources assures him that he will not really be the sufferer on this occasion any more than on those that have preceded it."

The character of his rival Percy is a simple one: the name of Hotspur describes it at once; he is a being of fire from head to heel. He has many of the great qualities that should adorn knighthood, high honour, boundless courage, respect to engagements, generosity; but he wants its great ornament, the spirit of love—and its greatest safeguard, reflective prudence. In love his character is altogether deficient: he treats his wife with no tenderness; he intrusts her with no confidence; she is to him but a housekeeper, an indispensable, but on the whole irksome, appendage to his state. Even for friendship he seems to have little inclination: his attachments take their rise in a spirit of opposition; the best passport to his friendship and protection is that the individual shall have been injured or rejected by others. In prudence he is, if possible, still more deficient. Incapable of reflection, he can form no due estimate of himself and others; impelled by the fire within him, he thinks that every thing must yield to it as he has done himself. His courage is more animal than intellectual; he is far too wordy and too self-laudatory to be a great leader. But out of this very propensity, however, Shakespeare has drawn one of his simple and pathetic touches. "Would to heaven," exclaims Percy but the instant before he falls beneath the sword of the victorious Prince, "thy name in arms were now as great as mine!" Self-confident, secure of conquest, Hotspur only wishes that his victim

* Horn has not here evinced his usual accuracy. It is Falstaff, not the Prince, who converts his truncheon to these "bagg uses."

were adorned with higher renown, that he might offer him a worthier sacrifice on the altar of his vanity; he never contemplates the alternation, that he himself should so soon swoop his crest to him whom he almost despises as unknown in arms. Such a character as Hotspur would, in ordinary hands, have been an extremely unpleasing one; but Shakespeare has softened its rugged outlines, and given it a peculiar and even pleasing individuality, by the rough humour with which he has invested it, which in this instance is not merely ornamental; but is truly the cementing quality—the spirit of life by which the whole character is moulded into an animated and natural whole.

Shakespeare has given us but a few glimpses of the conspirators, but these few are sufficient to illustrate their characters, and to set us at ease as to the danger of Henry from such a rebellion. The single scene in which they are discovered parcelling out their respective shares of England upon the map;—dividing the bear's skin before they have killed him;—their already apparent dissensions, the contempt which Hotspur openly expresses for Glendower's magical pretensions, the firm belief which the Welsh chief entertains in them; his boast of having thrice sent Bolingbroke

"Boottless home, and weather-beaten back,"

and Hotspur's coolly sarcastic rejoinder,

"Hame without boots, and in foul weather too!"

How, escapes he agues, in the devil's name?"

All these admirably prepare us for the jealousies, the divided councils, and rashness which led to the encounter of the rebels with the royal army during the absence of Glendower, and to the defeat and suppression of the rebellion at Shrewsbury. They make us feel how poignantly Northumberland must have afterwards felt the pathetic reproach of Lady Percy—on his failure to bring up his troops to the assistance of his son.

"Let them alone;"

The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong: Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talked of Monmouth's grave."

The part of the Prince is the connecting link between the tragic and the comic portions of Henry IV. The conqueror of Percy is also the companion of Falstaff and his group. "But Falstaff, unimitated, inimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee?" So asked Dr Johnson, breaking out into an unwonted fit of enthusiasm;—for, strange to say, the grave and moral Doctor seems to have been more deeply struck with Shakespeare's powers in this comic conception of character than in any of his tragic and dignified creations. Most certainly the effort required for the production of such a character as Falstaff was not less than that by which a Lear, a Caliban, a Macbeth, an Imogen, or a Miranda was called into being. All were equally drawn purely from the regions of imagination; for Falstaff, though represented by Shakespeare, as walking, or rather "larding" this earth, and frequenting some of those haunts with which the poet himself was familiar, was as little the mere result of actual observation, and as purely an ideal conception, as the airiest or most supernatural of his characters. No such being, we may be assured, ever figured at the Globe or graced the festivities of the Mitre or the Mermaid. Gross and earthy as he seems—he has yet come to us from the same region from which those more spiritual visitants had preceded him; from that world of imagination with which Shakespeare was as familiar while he stood a culprit before Sir Thomas Lucy, as when in after life he walked the streets of London, or sat an honoured guest in the hospitable halls of Lord Southampton.

The substance of our English criticism on the subject of Falstaff (except the ingenious but paradoxical attempt of Mr Morgan to prove that Falstaff was neither cowardly nor selfish) is pretty well embodied in the following remarks of Cumberland.*

* The Observer. No. 86.

"To fill up the drawing of this personage, Shakespeare conceived a voluptuary in whose figure and character there should be an assemblage of comic qualities; in his person he should be bloated and blown up to the size of a Silenus, lazy, luxurious; in sensuality a Satyr, in intemperance a Bacchanalian. As he was to stand in the post of a ringleader among thieves and cutpurses, he made him a notorious liar, a swaggering coward, vainglorious, arbitrary, knavish, crafty, voracious of plunder, lavish of his gains, without credit, honour, or honesty, and in debt to every body about him. As he was to be the chief seducer and misleader of the heir-apparent to the crown, it was incumbent on the poet to qualify him for that part—in such a manner as should give probability and even a plea to the temptation; this was only to be done by the strongest touches and the happiest colourings of a master; by hitting off a humour so happy, so facetious, and of so alluring a cast as should tempt even royalty to forget itself, and virtue to turn reveller in his company. His lies, his vanity, and his cowardice, too gross to deceive, were to be so ingenious as to give delight; his cunning evasions, his witty resources, his mock solemnity, his vapouring self-consequence, serve to furnish a continual feast of laughter to his royal companion. He was not only to be witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; a whiststone for raillery, a buffoon, whose very person was a jest. Compounded of these humours, Shakespeare produced the character of Sir John Falstaff, a character which neither ancient nor modern comedy has ever equalled, which was so much the favourite of the author as to be introduced in three several plays, and which is likely to be the idol of the English stage as long as it shall speak the language of Shakespeare."

No very substantial addition is made to these observations by the criticism of Schlegel: and, indeed, the features of Falstaff's character are so broad and palpable, that they could hardly be mistaken by those who first attempted to delineate them. The best remark in Schlegel's critique is, that Falstaff employs the activity of his understanding as the

means of obtaining the pleasing repose of sensuality for his body. Stunted as Falstaff is—he feels this to be the price which he must pay in order to take his ease in his inn;—and he pays it (the only debt he does pay) honestly, and to the last farthing.

"Falstaff," says Schlegel, "is the summit of Shakespeare's comic invention. He has continued this character through three plays, and exhibited him in every variety of situation, without exhausting himself: the figure is drawn so definitely and individually, that, to the mere reader, it affords the complete impression of a personal acquaintance. Falstaff is the most agreeable and entertaining knave that ever was portrayed. His contemptible qualities are not disguised: he is old, lecherous, and dissolute; corpulent beyond measure, and always attentive to cherish his body by eating, drinking, and sleeping; constantly in debt, and any thing but conscientious in the choice of the means by which money is to be procured; a cowardly soldier and a lying braggart, a flatterer to the face, and a satirist behind the backs of his friends, and yet we are never disgusted with him. We see that his tender care of himself is without any mixture of malice towards others; he would only not be disturbed in the pleasing repose of his sensuality, and this he attains through the activity of his understanding. Always on the alert, and good-humoured, ever ready to crack jokes on others, and to listen to those of which he is himself the subject—so that he justly boasts that he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others—he is an admirable companion for youthful idleness and levity. Under a helpless exterior, he conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always some dexterous turn at command whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure; he is shrewd in his distinctions between those from whom he has favours to solicit and those over whom he may assume a familiar ascendancy. He is so convinced that the part he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drollest colouring to his love intrigues."

his relations with others, and his sensual philosophy—witness his inimitable soliloquies on honour, on the influence of wine upon bravery, and his description of the beggarly vagabonds whom he had enlisted.”

Perhaps the cowardice of Falstaff is too much insisted on, both by the English and the German critic. In Falstaff, cowardice is not so much a weakness as a principle,—less an innate quality than the dictate of wisdom and reflection. He has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear. He retains his sagacity, quick-wittedness, and presence of mind—and invariably contrives to extricate himself from his dangers or embarrassments. With such a body as he is obliged to drag about him, what could courage avail him? He sees that military prowess would, on his part, be a ridiculous and hopeless affectation; the better part of valour, whatever it may be in other cases, he most potently believes in his own case must be discretion. Falstaff's cowardice is only proportionate to the danger, and so would every wise man's be, did not other feelings make him valiant. To such feelings—the dread of disgrace, the sense of honour, and the love of fame, he makes no pretension. It is the very characteristic of his nature to be totally insensible to them. He looks only to self preservation, and that he finds can be much more effectually secured by wit than weapons.

On the wit of Falstaff we find little in our German friends that is new or deserves quotation. We prefer extracting the following pleasing and discriminating passage from one of the essays of Mackenzie.* “The imagination of Falstaff is wonderfully quick and creative, in the pictures of humour and the associations of wit. But the ‘pregnancy of his wit,’ according to his own phrase, ‘is made a tapster;’ and his fancy, how vivid soever, still subjects itself to the grossness of those sensual conceptions which are familiar to his mind. We are astonished at that art by which Shakspeare leads the powers of genius, imagination, and wisdom in captivity to this son of earth; it is as if, transported into the enchanted island in the Tempest,

we saw the rebellion of Caliban successful, and the airy spirits of Prospero ministering to the brutality of his slave.

“Hence, perhaps, may be derived great part of that infinite amusement which succeeding audiences have always found from the representation of Falstaff. We have not only the enjoyment of those combinations and that contrast to which philosophers have ascribed the pleasure we derive from wit in general; but we have that singular combination and contrast which the gross, the sensual, and the brutish mind of Falstaff exhibits, when joined and compared with that admirable power of invention, of wit, and of humour, which his conversation perpetually displays.

“In the immortal work of Cervantes, we find a character with a remarkable mixture of wisdom and absurdity, which in one page excites our highest ridicule, and in the next is entitled to our highest respect. Don Quixote, like Falstaff, is endowed with excellent discernment, sagacity, and genius; but his good sense holds fast of his diseased imagination, of his overruling madness for the achievements of knight-errantry, for heroic valour, and heroic love. The ridicule in the character of Don Quixote consists in raising low and vulgar incidents, through the medium of his disordered fancy, to a rank of importance, dignity, and solemnity, to which in their nature they are the most opposite that can be imagined. With Falstaff it is nearly the reverse; the ridicule is produced by subjecting wisdom, honour, and other the most grave and dignified principles, to the control of grossness, buffoonery, and folly. It is like the pastime of a family masquerade, where the laughter is equally excited by dressing clowns as gentlemen, or gentlemen as clowns.

Almost all critics have concurred in condemning the needless harshness of Falstaff's treatment by the new king. Falstaff, agreeably surprised by the intelligence of the death of Henry IV., while engaged in a most serious carousal at Justice Shallow's, posts up to London, in the full persuasion of the truth of Pistol's assu-

* *Lounger*, No. 69.

rance. "Sweet Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm." He has even begun to lavish dignities upon his friends on the strength of his own immediate promotion; and to threaten his enemies with his vengeance. "Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land — 'Tis thine."—"Let us take any man's horses,—the laws of England are at our commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends,—and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!" Such is the magic which the wit and *bonhomie* of Falstaff exercise over our minds, that we feel it like a personal stroke of injustice and cruelty, when in return for the enthusiastic and hearty, "God save thee, my sweet boy," with which he greets his old associate in the coronation procession, he receives the freezing answer,—not even addressed to himself,—“My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.” And this at last is followed by a sermon on his vices, and a sentence of banishment for ten miles from the royal person. At first he cannot believe his misfortune real; “’tis but a colour.” “I shall be sent for in private to him;” he endeavours, though obviously with some sinkings of heart, to persuade Shallow that his thousand pounds are safe: till the entrance of the Chief Justice, and his committal to the Fleet Prison—a committal for which there is no warrant in the speech of the King—banish the last remains of his delusion. It is singular, that Shakspeare should have introduced this needless and unmeaning piece of cruelty; for the real conduct of Henry, as described by Stowe, would have afforded materials for a noble scene, in which justice might have been done to the cause of morality without any injury to feeling. “After his coronation, King Henry called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen who were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts, and then commanded that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon

pain of their heads, never after that day to come into his presence.”

In the First Part of Henry IV. Falstaff is the Atlas upon whose shoulders the support of almost the whole comic portion of the plot is laid; for Bardolph is but the recipient and the butt of the wit of other men. He has no wit save in his “malnsey nose;” deprived of that feature, he would be less than nothing and vanity. Shakspeare himself, however, appears to have felt the demands on his humorous invention in the character of Falstaff to be too great and incessant; for, in the second part of the play, he divides the duties of the comic among several auxiliaries—Pistol, the Hostess, Shallow, and Silence—and the comic is more of the passive than the active kind. Pistol is a character of a more temporary and local cast than is usual with Shakspeare; a braggadocio, whose language is a patchwork of passages from plays in which the poet had been occasionally a performer. This language, originally adopted to aid his awagging manner, has, in the end, become natural to him; he thinks, as well as he speaks, in fustian. It is in vain that Falstaff entreats him, when he brings the news of Henry’s death, to “deliver them like a man of this world.” The only answer he receives is,

“A foutra for the world and worldlings, have I speak of Africa, and golden joys.”

To many he appears, by dint of his “Ereles’ vein,” an absolute hero; but Falstaff, with his usual sagacity, has detected his thorough cowardice, has long set him down as “a *tenne* cheater;” and actually dares (!) to draw his sword upon the boaster,* and drive him out of the Boar’s Head with contempt. The Hostess is a still more carefully finished character, and more interesting, because less connected with the mere manners of the time. Hers is one of which the prototype can never entirely disappear. To her imagination, the knight whom she has known “these nine-and-twenty years, come peascod time,” appears a very pattern of honour and a mirror of knighthood. It is evident she could never have mustered up courage to have him arrested, had her bill

* Part 2, act ii. scene 4.

amounted to two hundred nobles instead of one, but for his breach of promise of marriage, after that engagement of his on "Wednesday in Whitsun-week, upon the parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in the Dolphin chamber, the day the Prince broke his head for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor." And how instantaneously does the old respect and attachment revive when Falstaff reappears! He has but to whisper in her ear, "As I am a gentleman,"—a phrase which she has too good reason to say she has heard from him before,—and the demand for the hundred nobles is converted into a loan of ten pounds more, though "she pawn her gown for it."

There is something peculiarly delightful in the country scenes at Justice Shallow's. Every one, indeed, must have felt the pleasing effect produced in a novel or play, by carrying the hero out of the turbulence and bustle of the city into the calm and retirement of the country. Don Quixote never appears more delightful than when lecturing the goatherds on the golden age in the Sierra Morena, or assisting in the festivities of the marriage of Camacho; Gil Blas is never so great a favourite with us than when we see him with Scipio, in the pavilion at Liria, sitting down to the first olla podrida which had been produced under the auspices of Master Joachim; and Falstaff no where appears more imposing or agreeable than when accepting the hospitalities of the Justice's seat, and eating pippins and carraways in the orchard, in Gloucestershire. With what a consciousness of the favour he is conferring does he yield to the importunities of the Justice to stay and taste his short-legged hens, his joint of mutton, and "tiny little klick-shaws." He accepts the homage which is paid him by Shallow and his cousin with the same lordly air with which he receives the sword of his captive, Sir John Colville of the Dale.

Shallow and Silence.—what a pair! We should hesitate at first to admit the possibility of a lower depth of commonplace imbecility than is exhibited in Shallow, till we see him fairly placed beside his cousin Silence; but in his company he abso-

lutely appears sprightly or philosophical. Well might Falstaff observe of him, "I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow." He is the very pattern of self-conceited, characterless inanity. He even seems to think it necessary to translate his ideas so as to render them level to the capacity of others, for he generally repeats his observations three or four times over, varying the phrase in all ways. "I will not excuse you—you shall not be excused—excuses shall not be admitted—there is no excuse shall serve—you shall not be excused." With what seulle triumph does he recal to the recollection of Silence the days when he was called mad Shallow, lusty Shallow, when, in company with Falstaff, little John Dort, and others, he had known the haunts of the *bona robas*, had been one of the swash-bucklers of the inns of court, and fought "with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn!" Then his inimitable transitions from moralizing on death to the price of fat cattle—

"O, the mad days I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!"

"Silence. We shall all follow, cousin."

"Shallow. Certain—tis certain: very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist says, is certain to all—all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"

"Silence. Truly, cousin, I was not there."

"Shallow. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?"

Silence, though an absolute *caput mortuum* when sober, has an undercurrent of gaiety in him too—when drunk. Wine seems to make little impression on Shallow, or rather, on the whole, he is more reasonable in his cups than otherwise. But Silence loses the only safeguard he had when sober, namely, the consciousness of his own utter imbecility: he becomes a roysterer, inlets on inflicting on the company a variety of new songs, then subsides, like an expiring candle, into second childishness and mere oblivion, till Falstaff, who, amidst all the excitement which the news of Henry's death and his own prospects produces, has kept an eye on his new pupil in the art of toying, consigns him to that Euthanasia for which he was most fitted—"Carry Master Silence to bed."

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THE THREE BROTHERS OF DAMASCUS;

A COMEDY.

BY ADAM OEHLenschläGER.

THE dramatic literature of Germany at the present moment certainly by no means appears in the most high and palmy state. Though far enough from being very enthusiastic admirers of the last great modern *playwright*, Adolph Müllner, we must admit, that, since his death, few successors more worthy to wield the dramatic sceptre have arisen. Tieck, absorbed in the composition of fantastic satires and philosophical novels, seems to have entirely abandoned the drama. Uhland has followed his example; but has fortunately afforded us some compensation in his delightful lyrics; a field, indeed, for which, notwithstanding the merits of his tragedies of "Lewis of Bavaria," and "Ernest of Swabia," we think him better fitted than that of dramatic composition. Grillparzer, whose "Sappho" gave promise of dramatic powers in the purest and most classic taste, which his "Ottocar," and his "True Servant of his Master," have scarcely justified, has for some years past been entirely silent, if we except the light and trifling opera of "Melusina." Raupach alone, the clever, prolific Raupach—the Scribe of Berlin, seems to keep possession of the stage; and however little we may be disposed to recognise in him our ideal of a perfect dramatist, we

must in justice say, that compared with the Gräbbers, Immermanns, Aufsenbergs, and others, who attempt to dispute precedence with him, we have no difficulty in declaring him to be the true prince, and the others who figure in the dramatic field mere counterfeits.

Oehlenschläger's dramas have by no means enjoyed the same popularity on the stage as those of Raupach; for in the tactique of "stage business" the Dramatist of Berlin has the advantage of the Dane. In all the higher elements of the drama, however, his inferiority must be admitted. Granting to Raupach the power of constructing and evolving his plot with dexterity; thorough knowledge of stage effect; a pathos which, though sometimes theatrical and hollow, is frequently impressive; and great skill in the dialectics drama, it is impossible to recognise in him those higher principles of composition, that standard of nature, to which all Oehlenschläger's compositions seem adapted. There is nothing in particular by which the poetry of Oehlenschläger is more agreeably distinguished from that of many of his German contemporaries than by its cheerful and healthful character. Mysticism he has none; from the theories of the

fate tragedians, the Müllners and the Houwalds, he turns with dislike; with the Catholic reveries and Rosicrucian or masonic mummeries of Werner, or the stormy melodramatic exhibitions of a Klingeman, or an Immermann, he has as little sympathy; in short, the overstrained, the affected, the obscure, the purely fantastic, in all their manifestations, are foreign to the character of his mind. His poetry affords another proof how indispensable, or at least how valuable, is the possession of the quality of humour to every true poet. This is the controlling principle by which the other powers of his mind are restrained and guided to their proper ends; which prevents his pathos from degenerating into a puling sentimentality, his passion from swelling into turbulent bombast, his imagination from running wild into airy and fantastic theories. Oehlenschläger's is no one-sided view of nature or art; he has an eye for all the comic, as well as the tragic aspects of life, and seizes with equal tact and dexterity the laughing graces of an Oriental tale or the grim and iron force of Scandinavian fable. It is impossible to peruse any of his lighter works without being impressed with the idea of a well-balanced mind, in which good sense, good feeling, and a tempered vein of imagination are happily combined. In his *Aladdin*, of which we exhibited an outline in a former number, the comic and tragic were intimately blended in the same piece; the play of which we propose to exhibit some specimens on the present occasion is almost exclusively comic. It is the old theme of the *Three Brothers of Damascus*, an Oriental edition of our own European conception of the "*Twin Brothers of Ephesus*"—a

story in some shape or other familiar to all the literatures of Europe; but treated by Oehlenschläger with a degree of light and quiet humour (sometimes, perhaps, a little too European for the Asiatic locality of the piece), which imparts to it an air of novelty and originality. Poetry, in any elevated sense of the word, our readers must not expect; the nature of the subject did not admit of it; but in that poetry which is to be found in the light, clear, and graceful treatment of a comic groundwork, and in the dexterous management of a somewhat intractable imbrogllo, the *Three Brothers of Damascus* will not be found deficient. From the contrast between the close resemblance of the three brothers in corporeal appearance, and the total difference which exists between one of them and the other two in mental conformation, the whole movement of this little piece is made naturally and easily to arise; and though the characters of two of the brothers, Ibad and Syahuk, can scarcely be said to be distinguished by any very marked features, yet those of the covetous brother Babekan, and his wife Lira, are vigorous, original, and consistent. But these characters will unfold themselves better in Oehlenschläger's verses than in our prose; and as we hate the system of short extracts in dealing with a work of art, we shall begin by quoting the first act, which is of no very formidable length, entire; premising merely, that we have taken the liberty, in some few instances, of abridging some portions of the dialogue which did not appear materially to forward either the action of the piece or the development of the characters.

A Square, with Trees. A Khan on the left hand.

IBRAHIM, a caravan driver—IBAD—SYAHUK (two of the three brothers).

Ibrahim. So! Here we are in Bagdad! On the way You've fared like princes,—for your sleep you've had Soft carpets, and strong camels for your riding.

Ibad. Like princes! One would think, to hear you talk, We came from Paradise and not the Desert.

Ibrahim. Your merry bearing, and your strange resemblance, Have much amused my caravan.

Ibad.

'Tis fair then

The caravan should pay for it.
 No man is bound to play the fool for nothing.
 If at our cost the caravan has laughed,
 They must not leave us weeping at our own.

Ibrahim. Payment! The very word has sent them trooping—
 As by the Desert wind the sands are scattered—
 Each to his home.

Ibad. And we have none!

Ibrahim. What are ye?

Ibad. Two honest artizans, two poor kufse-grinders,
 Driven forth, in search of work, to other lands:
 And as our faces nature framed alike,
 So fate has made our joys and labours one.

Ibrahim. A jovial pair in sooth!—But tell me how
 Thus moneyless ye can be merry too?

Ibad. Ask rather how the rich man can be merry;—
 The bark swims lightest with the lightest load.
 Some fortnight hence, perhaps, you find us graver,
 Deep-thinking wights, fellows with furrowed brows:
 For, sooth to say, between ourselves, we hope
 To make our fortunes here in this same city.

Ibrahim. That hope is built on quicksands.

Ibad. Not a whit.

Here are no deserts, friend. But hear our tale,
 And if it please you—take it in full payment,
 For not an asper else have we to offer.

Ibrahim. I'll play the fool for once, and hear your tale.

Ibad. No tale, good Ibrahim, but downright truth.
 In fair Damascus lived our father Sadib
 Some thirty summers since, or thereabouts,
 An honest and pains-taking citizen.
 Twelve children were his lot—and but two hands
 To work for them withal; and yet he grumbled
 Not at his fate, but lived and laboured on—
 A thirteenth was expected, but the case
 You'll own was rather hard, when three at once
 Were added to his store instead of one.
 Three, each the other's image—three impressions
 From the same die. I pass our childhood by.
 Short commons and long labour were our portion;
 Soon in our father's leathern shop we sat
 And plied his noisy calling—while the urchins,
 Gathering without, would jeer and mock our likeness.
 Ibad was gentle, I was lazy—not so
 Babekan, who with frowns and clenched fists
 Oft bade them hold their cursed tongues, and go—
 But still the more he raged they mocked the more.
 Once, as one luckless wight came grinning near him,
 He seized a stone and threw it; on his brow
 It lighted, and stone-dead the urchin fell.
 They seized and hurried us before the Cadi;
 But how to tell the criminal? There lay
 The rub—for each so like the other seemed, and all
 Sat with a look of perfect innocence
 That baffled all research. Of course Babekan
 Was silent for his own sake—we for his.
 In short they did not choose to hang all three—
 And so they only banished us for ever.

Ibrahim. Poor devils! But your brother would be grateful?

Ibad. That will be seen: for we are come to try him.
 We parted in the Desert; he himself
 Advised our parting. This confounded likeness,

Said he, brings nought but mockery on our heads
Where'er we come. Far better let us part,
And each man by himself pursue his fortune.
Take you the left—I'll take the right. Some years
Hereafter we shall meet and share our gains:
And greeting us, he turned and disappeared.

Ibrahim. And you?—

Syahuk. We did not part: the bands of custom,
Of blood—and of the heart we could not tear
Thus rudely—that were worse than aught beside.
We wandered through Arabia, through Egypt—
Go where we would, labour was never wanting;
But riches were as far removed as ever;—
When suddenly the joyful news was brought us
Our brother had grown rich, and here was married;
And so we hurried here to share his fortunes.

Ibrahim. And ye believe that he will share with you?

Syahuk. Why! he has sworn it.

Ibrahim. Have ye witnesses?

Syahuk. Yes; Allah's self in Heaven.

Ibrahim. Allah! Good friend,

He'll scarcely answer to your summons. But
I will not with my croakings damp your hopes;
Such things have been, and such may be again;
So God be with you. For the sum you owe me,
Think not of that, I give it willingly
While ye are poor. Should fortune make you rich,
I tarry for a fortnight at the Khan,
And there you'll find me. If in aught beside
I can assist ye—not with money, look ye,
But hand or head, call for me. Now, farewell.

Ibad. Farewell, thou honest heart.

Syahuk. God's peace go with thee.

[*Exit* *IBRAHIM.*

Ibad. (*drawing breath*). He's gone, and so one care at least is over.

Syahuk. True, we have nought to pay, but have we aught
To eat? Methinks the meal of yesterday
Will furnish but cold comfort for to-day.

Ibad. We shall be with our brother soon.

Syahuk. I feel

A qualm at heart to think that we must meet him
As beggars; God knows how he may receive us!
Ten years have flown since we beheld him last;
Ten years change many things, and riches more;
And of us three, Babekan, as ye know,
Was still the coldest, though the friest.
In faith, I have not heart to face him fasting.

Ibad. That may be helped. See you yon khan, whose roof
Peeps forth so tempting from the palm-tree's shadow?
There we may breakfast.

Syahuk. Friend, have you forgotten
That not an asper in our purse is left?

Ibad. No, faith, not I. But be assured Babekan
Is known to all in Bagdad, and to such
All men are glad enough to lend on credit.
I know of old he had a liquorish tooth
For stolen dainties and forbidden wine,
And shall be much mistaken if mine host
Here of the suburbs know him not, and gladly
Give credit for his breakfast till to-morrow.

Syahuk. 'Tis well for him, but not for us.

Ibad. Even so.

We will persuade our host we are Babekan.

Syahuk. How so? Babekan can't be two at once.

Ibad. One at a time we must appear, and, like
The guard, relieve each other at the moment.

Syahuk. The joke were excellent, but will it answer?
In face and figure we are like our brother,
But not in voice.

Ibad. That we must counterfeit
As best we can. Perhaps he has seldom heard him;
Babekan is laconic while he's eating.

(*The Landlord comes to the door of the Khan.*)

Syahuk. Yonder he stands, no doubt.

Ibad. The very man—

A most unquestionable landlord's visage!

Slyly he sends his prying glance abroad,

As from the roof the urchin eyes the pigeons

He lures with mouldy pease into his net.

See how he smiles, and rubs his hands, and looks

So courteous, with his copper countenance

Red with the wine his guests have forced upon him;

And yet he can be brutal too, I warrant,

And kick a guest most cavalierly out

Who asks for breakfast, and has nought to pay for't.

Syahuk. Lay that to heart then, Ibad, and beware.

Ibad. Conceal yourself behind that cypress; with
That fasting face thou look'st half dead already.

But courage, my elixir will revive thee.

(*The Landlord (greeting Ibad courteously).*)

Good-morning, good Babekan—inan of wisdom,

Thou pattern to the idle, flaunting world,

I see the caftan which you wear is even

More coarse and ragged than the last. What then?

You are the same rich, wise, and worthy man,

And can afford to smile at foppery.

Ibad. You know me, though in rags, then?

Landlord. Have I not

Philosophy enough to separate

The walnut from its filthy shell?

Ibad. My voice

You'll scarcely recognise. I've caught a cold. (*Hemming*).

Landlord. Not easily. You never did me yet

The honour to exchange a word with me.

Ibad (aside). So much the better!

Landlord. And to say the truth,

Even if you had, 'twould have been much the same.

I am so little musical, I scarce

Could tell a treble from a thorough bass.

I mind the sense, and care not for the sound.

Let but my guests speak plain, they'll have their asking.

Ibad. This is my day of penance. Therefore am I

In sackcloth and in ashes thus attired.

I'm not in all things so severe.

Landlord.), no!

In living you are tolerant enough.

You love not noisy revels, that I know;

Nor banquets where yourself must play the host;

But at a quiet solitary treat

You ask no questions as to cost.

Ibad. Bring out

Your best, and place it hero beneath the shade.

Landlord. Enchanted to obey your wish—

Ibad. But, hark ye,

I've got no money with me.

Landlord.

That's of course.

It were not fit that such a man should walk
With money in his pocket, or should pay
His bills in person; all will come in time;
Don't mention such a trifle. (*Exit.*)

Ibad.

Well! I won't.

At least he can't deny I gave him warning,
And none can say I call'd myself Babekan.

Landlord (*brings out meats and wine; spreads a carpet under the tree, and invites Ibad to eat.*)

This is a pasty that might tempt a prophet.
There's fruit, and wine in that dark looking pitcher,
That so the wine may answer for sherbet,
If, by mischance, the Cadi should pass by;
Your conscience—

Ibad.

—Friend, will imitate the Cadi:

'Twill pass and take no notice There, you'll pledge me?

Landlord. What says my lord?

Ibad.

I say, make haste and drink.

I do not choose to drink alone.

Landlord (*astounded—aside*). (Am I

Awake? Is this Babekan?) Good, my lord,

I have a buzzing in my ear. Methought

You ask'd me even now to drink?

Ibad.

I did so.

Landlord (*seating himself opposite to his guest; eyes him steadily, shakes his head, and says in an under voice, as he takes a long draught*).

Heavens, what a change!

Ibad (*aside*).

So! I forget my part.

(*Aloud*). Hold there, though! that's enough. This jug of yours
For some things answers well, but there's no seeing
How much is drunk.

Landlord.

For my part, my good lord, [*Drinking again.*

I drink but little, and would gladly pass
That little too. I do protest that landlords
Have not a greater enemy on earth
Than the mistaken courtesy of guests,
Who strive to make them toppers like themselves.
I always long to throw my wine away;
And never drink but to keep others from it.

[*Drinks again.*

Ibad (*taking the pitcher from his mouth*).

You really must set bounds to your exertions,
Your health will suffer in the public cause. (*Eats and drinks*).

Now tell me something sprightly. Since you have

No music, wit must season our repast.

I pass then for a miser in the city?

Ah! who can know himself. We hear but seldom

The voice of truth. Speak, landlord, and speak boldly.

This is my day of penance and amendment.

Come, tell me all my faults: the catalogue

Will never spoil the relish of my wine.

Landlord. For heaven's sake, sir, let nothing spoil your relish.

Ibad. No fear, good landlord. Let them talk. I have

An appetite that will defy them all.

Landlord. Why should you heed their empty babble? You

Have chosen the better and more solid part,

And need not care what envious foes may utter.

Ibad. O! Prophet! I've upset the salt cellar.

Landlord. Wait, wait. I'll bring another instantly.

[*As the Landlord goes out, Ibad motions to SYANEK, who hurries to take Ibad's place. Ibad conceals himself behind the cypress. The Landlord comes out with the salt cellar.*

Syahuk (eating quietly, and in the same tone as IBAD).

Well then, what say they of me?

Landlord.

Why, they say

You are a miserable hunk;—your pardon!

'Tis they that say so, and not I—a fellow

That beats his wife although she brought him riches,

And doats on his ill-favoured countenance—

Penurious, peevish, coarse—so says the world.

Syahuk. O world how much dost thou mistake the man!

I am like other men, I have my failings,

And do confess I take my rouse at times;

But for the rest—pure lies, upon mine honour.

Landlord. If all the rest belies, you have no failing;

Drinking I cannot reckon such.

Syahuk.

You speak

After my heart. But see, the jug is empty.

Landlord (aside). He guzzles like a hsh—no matter—if

He eat for two, I'll make him pay for four.

(Aloud). I am enchanted that my cookery pleases;

You shame the very pilgrims when they first

Land here, from their starvation in the Desert;

You walk but some few paces from your house,

And eat and drink me with an appetite

A caravan might envy.

[As the Landlord turns his back, SYAHUK again springs behind the cypress, and IBAD seats himself in his place.]

Ibad. What say they of my brothers, Landlord?

Landlord.

How?

Ibad. What say they of my brothers?

Landlord.

You have none.

Ibad. No brothers!

Landlord. You had two, but they are dead.

Ibad. Dead are they? dead. Then God be with them. But

How know I that?

Landlord. Yourself have seen them buried.

Ibad. Ah! I forgot. Well! Peace be with their ashes. *(Rising).*

A blessing on this meal—as for the payment—

Landlord. Speak not of that—would that the debt were greater!

Ibad. Nay, do not wish for that; it soon might bring thee

To beggary.

Landlord (aside). Old miser that he is! still shamming poverty, Though he has gold in heaps. Now then, Babekan, Farewell, and Allah's blessing go with thee.

Ibad. Thanks, friend!

Landlord.

Don't mention it.

Syahuk (behind the cypress.)

Thanks, my good host.

Landlord (bowing, without turning round). You are too good.

(Aside as he goes out). The man is mad. Till now

He never gave a man a courteous word.

[Exit.]

IBAD and SYAHUK meet, and eye each other musingly.

Syahuk. That voice is like the screech-owl's boding cry.

Ibad. Fear not, our sun is still above the sky!

Syahuk. But if our brother should no brother be—

Ibad. Then firm to our fraternal bond are we.

Syahuk. It he be mindless of his pledge of yore—

Ibad. Still poverty and we were friends before!

Syahuk. Yea, let the grumbling miser stuff and swill,
He wanders, Ibad, in the Desert still.

For us the palm-tree blooms, the fountains play,

For us the sun brings forth the laughing day.

If vainly for a sheltering home we look,

Labour gives bread, and water every brook ;
 We'll fashion knives and weapons. Sword and knife
 All men must use, who live and guard their life.
 The poorest bird still finds his grain of corn ;
 And roses blossom on the roughest thorn.
 Then, courage, Ibad, what have we to fear ?
 No frost can chill the love that harbours here.
 We envy not his ore, but use our art
 To win a better prize, a brother's heart.

The second act opens in the house of Babekan with a conversation between his wife Lira and her neighbour and confidante Salleh, on the subject of the temper and habits of Babekan. Salleh finds it altogether impossible to conceive by what "conjuraction, or what mighty magic," a being whom Lira admits to be avaricious, peevish, drunken, tyrannical, and unreasonable, in short, a worthy scholar of the Bashaw, who in his reasonings was accustomed to "cut the woman at once and the argument short," can still continue to render himself an object of liking to his patient and much abused wife. She is enraged, however, to find that such is after all the case, and accordingly does her best to organize a revolt of the harem by presenting Lira with a full-length portrait of her husband, in which all these features of his character are brought out and dwelt upon with complacent

ingenuity. Lira, whatever may be her own views upon the subject, has no wish to have them corroborated by another—she "thinks it not honesty to have it so set down," and is determined to vindicate her exclusive privilege of abusing her husband herself. In fact Babekan, sot, tyrant, and miser as he is, has one cardinal virtue which in her eyes is sufficient to outweigh the seven deadly sins, and, with the quick tact of a woman, she at once perceives where the strong point of her own case for the defence, and the weakness of her assailant's, lies. Salleh has got a young, handsome, and good-tempered husband—the antipodes in all respects to poor Babekan; but, alas! his conjugal fidelity is more than suspected—is in fact past praying for. Observe how scientifically the thrust is sent home, and its immediate effect.

Sal. And think you then all men are like your husband ?

Lira. Oh ! no. The most are worse.

Sal. Far handsomer

At least.

Lira. Nay, many more ill-favoured.

Sal. Far younger then ?

Lira. I love no baby husbands.

Sal. Ay, ay—no doubt—you are a lucky woman !

Lira. That grieves you, it would seem : you come to proffer
 Condolence, and are angry that I tell you
 I don't need compassion.

Sal. (irritated). Simple fool,
 That does not see what all the world besides
 Knows well : he is a sot, a good-for-nothing—
 A miserable scrub, who lives upon
 Your gold, and yet denies you every pleasure.

Lira (with equal irritation).

Nay that is false, and I am pleased with him
 Such as he is. I fret not your head, I pray you,
 About my pains or pleasures. Get you home
 To your soft, yielding, well-dressed spouse, who fills
 Your harem, not the less, with charming slaves.
 My spouse is faithful : Now the secret's out,
 That virtue in my eyes outshines all others.

Sal. Faithful ? Who would seduce him ?

Lira.

A rich man

Would never want seducers.

Sal. And how know you
That he is not seduced?

Lira. I have my spies
About, and nothing have they yet discovered.

Sal. (with an ironical obeisance).
I take my leave, and wish you long enjoyment
Of that best proof of love—a drubbing.

Lira (returning the obeisance). Thank you!
And if the only purpose of your visits
Be thus to breed 'twixt man and wife division,
The greatest favour you could show would be
That this should be the last. Here comes my husband.

Sal. Allah! defend me from the monster's sight.

[She runs out.]

BAHEKAN enters (grumbling).

What wants that woman here? Why fled she hence?
Her conscience smote her, I suppose. What wants she?
The go-between? I can't abide her look.

Lira. Nor I—and so I showed her to the door.

Bab. You showed her to the door! False serpent, is
She not your trusty confidante and friend?

Lira. She was: She is not now.

Bab. Well then, to-morrow,
She will again.

Lira. That is if she repent
Her incivility, and beg my pardon.

Bab. She was uncivil then? What did she say?

Lira. No matter; let it rest. It did concern
No one.

Bab. No one! Confess at once. What said she?

Lira. Your pardon—but I cannot.

Bab. Tell at once!

Lira. I cannot.

Bab. (beats her). There then! Will you tell me now?

Lira. She called you miser, drunkard, good-for nothing.

Bab. That I should live to hear this! Shameless woman!
And this you dare to utter to my face?

Lira. Did you not beat me till you made me tell it?

Bab. That's true, and so for this time it may pass.

How now? why take your veil? whither so fast?

Lira. Unto the bath.

Bab. The bath! always the bath!

Methinks ere now you might have washed yourself
Completely clean; but no! No soap and water
Can wash an artful woman's sins away.
Ay! wera it not for these same baths of yours,
What would become of all your plots and plans?
The bath, the bath! why 'tis the woman's mart;
'Tis there they meet; 'tis there they manage business;
There, in the corners, young gallants can hide;
There bathmen may be bribed too. In the street
Back flies the veil, while, flower in hand, the lover
Stands pressing you to take his nosegay. That
Expresses love, encouragement, approval—
Ay, even the hour and place, they say, by such
A garland may be fixed. A plague upon them!
I cannot read their cursed hieroglyphics,
And so I hate all flowers.

Lira. Now, dear husband,

Do not be angry, I'll return anon.

Bab. And why these gauds? For whom do you bedizen
Your person thus?

Lira. 'Tis but to please you.

Bab. Me?

Let it alone then—I'll have none of it.
It profits not: 'tis costly, it allures
The beggars thither. Would a man have peace
From beggars, he must strive to make the world
Believe him one.

Lira. Well, you have peace at least,
No beggar asks you for an asper. Only
Be with yourself at peace.

Bab. Tush—teach me not
How to demean myself.

Lira. Now then—Farewell!
A kiss before we part.

Bab. Why—you had one
This morning early.

Lira. Holy Prophet! are you
Penurious even in kisses!

Bab. (*kisses her*). There then—take it;
But you must give it back again—observe;
Not that I long so hotly for your kisses,
Only for order and for custom's sake:
For what I lend I must receive again.

Lira (*smiling*). Well, then, when I return I will repay you. [*Exit.*]

BABEKAN (*alone and somewhat mollified*).

I almost do believe she may be trusted,
And yet I know it not. And if I did
I still must act as if I knew it not;
For let a wife once know she is beloved,
And then good-night at once to liberty!
Strange race! they kiss the hand that punishes,
And bite the finger that caresses them.
What sums each year does her profusion cost me,
In shawls, rich stuffs, and variegated plumes!
I do believe I never should have married her
Had I but known. But stop—this talk is folly.
Is not the gold her own? And yet what boots it
If I at last am brought to beggary!
I was so happy that we had no children:
Fool that I was! she brought them fast enough—
A whole menagerie of little dogs,
'That, sword in hand, perform their exercise;
Besides a school where starlings, linnets, parrots,
Receive instruction in the mother tongue.
'Twas but the other day I wrung in anger
The cursed parrot's neck, because he called me
Old Huuks—that lesson doubtless Salleh taught him.
I should have sold him to the Grand Vizier,
Who dabbles in such fancies. (*A knock*).

Who goes there?

Babekan's reflections on the assassination of the parrot are cut short by the entrance of Ibrahim the caravan-driver, who comes to communicate to him the arrival of his brothers. Somewhat doubtful, however, from his knowledge of his previous character, how the intelligence is likely to be received, he begins to sound him by a feigned narration of their death, and of the large inhe-

ritance which they had left to him. Babekan overflows with fraternal tenderness at the news of the hundred thousand pieces of gold to which he is to succeed; the recollection of the service his brothers had formerly done him in Damascus absolutely brings tears into his eyes; he cannot sufficiently applaud their fidelity to their engagement to divide their goods and chattels with each other,

since he finds he is to be executor and residuary devisee of both. Conceive his astonishment and vexation then, when Ibrahim maliciously unfolds the truth, and stepping to the door, introduces Ibad and Syahuk, alive and merry, without a single sequin in their pockets, but quite persuaded that Babekan is ready to share his purse with them, according to covenant. All the possible consequences of this awkward arrival, the demands for money, the jibes to which this strange triplicate resemblance must expose him, nay, the more delicate domestic distresses, and "mistakes of a night" to which it might lead, immediately

present themselves in appalling perspective to his fancy. Not being blessed with the liberality of Stella in the double arrangement, the idea of playing the part of a Turkish Amphitryon is too much for his philosophy; and it is with an effort that he is able to master his confusion and embarrassment, so far as to bestow upon his brothers a cold embrace. Ibad and Syahuk, who little know the train of thought which is passing in the mind of their rich brother, begin by remarking how little any of the three had changed in appearance since they had last met.

Ibad. Brother, you see we have not altered much.

Bab. No; more's the pity.

Sya. You are much the same, too—

We thought to find you stouter.

Bab. Oh! no! no!

It is our evil destiny, all three
To be alike in length, and breadth, and thickness;—
The luck all other men possess—to be
Distinct from other men, we must not hope for.

Sya. Well, let it be so; let us but transfer
The body's likeness to the mind, and be
The same in heart and thought.

Bab (*with annoyance*). Nay, nay, my brother,
That is unnatural—impossible.

Ibad. Then you are grieved, it seems, to find us here?

Bab. Oh! no; so that your visit be but short.
Such likeness suits not here, where folks have got
Too much to jeer and talk about already:
As boys, indeed, there was no help for it,—
And even as boys, ye know, I was compelled
To smite one shameless rascal with a stone.
But here, a citizen—a married man—
Must be a little of an egotist—
Must make his personality appear
Distinctly from his neighbours': else, Heaven knows,
What sad confusion and mistakes might follow.

Ibad. We meet according to our promise, brother;
You cannot have forgot the oath we swore
To share like brothers all that Heaven might send us.
We two have toiled for nothing. You, Babekan,
Have better thriven; and we are not ashamed
To come and to remind you of your oath,
Feeling how deep our joy has been to share
With you, had we been rich and you been poor.

Bab. (*confused*). I grieve to think ye should have travelled hither
So far in vain. The oath I do remember.

Sya. We swore it in the moonlight, by the fountain
Beneath the palm-tree's shade. The Prophet's light
Besilvered o'er the lightly moving waters:
We dipped our fingers in the moonlit brook,
Bathed breast and face, and thrice pronounced the words,
Towards Mecca and Medina.

Bab. Right! they were

"To share as brothers *all our property*,"
 But for these riches, which as steward only
 I manage here, they are my *wife's*, not *mine*.
 Were they mine own, won by mine own exertions,
 It were a duty then to share them with you.
 But, ah ! God knows how little I can do ;
 My wife, between ourselves, is ruler here—
 An arrant shrew ! so let me counsel you,
 Come not within her presence. Fare ye well :—
 Your journey's cost I gladly will repay.

(*A knock heard at the door*).

A knock—quick !—go into that room—we must not
 Be seen together thus ; we should be laughed at.

The Landlord from the suburbs enters.

Bab. (aside). What wants the fool ? To borrow money, doubtless.
 Ay, I did right to keep aloof from him,
 Although his house is handsome, and his fare
 Is, as I hear, superb. The wretch is deaf, too,
 And one must almost shout to make him hear.

Land. I greet my worthy patron, and am come
 To thank him.

Bab. What have you to thank me for ?

Land. I had begun to think you never meant
 To visit me.

Bab. I'll come when I require it.

Land. And may your appetite be never less !

Bab. Thank you.

Land. How did the pasty taste ?

Bab. The pasty ?

Land. Was not the wine most unexceptionable ?

Bab. Wretch ! do you mean to say that I drank wine ?—
 Canst prove it—Have you witnesses to swear it ?

Land. Nay, good my lord, you manage matters better—
 You are too wise for that. You drink alone !

But fear not : no complaint from me shall reach
 The Cadi's ear.

Bab. You have nothing to complain of.

Land. Nothing indeed :—for you will pay my bill.

Bab. That which I drink I pay for.

Land. That I know.

For God's sake, worthy sir, think not I come
 To dun you ;—nay—'tis but to ask a favour.

Bab. I grant no favours : that you know already.

Land. I know—but one good turn deserves another.
 I gave you trust ; you'll do the same for me.
 Men have not always money in their pocket,
 And yet may need it. So it fared with you ;
 So fares it now with me. I prythee, lend me
 Thirty sequins ;—I'll pay them in a week.

Bab. I'd sooner lend a cord to hang thee with.
 Begone—I'll give thee nothing.

Land. Nothing !—well,

Pay me at least the two sequins you owe me.

Bab. I owe you two sequins !—O, shameless monster !

Land. For breakfast !—fruit, wine, pastry, and so forth.

Bab. Breakfast !—I breakfast with you—did you say ?

Land. So I should think.

Bab. When ?

Land.

Why, this blessed morning.

Bab. This is too much—out of my house, thou thief !

Land. How, drunkard ! dare you call me thief ?—was ever

Such brazen impudence? A fellow walks
 Into my house—crams to the very throat
 With dainties—swills enough to swamp a dozen—
 Then calls me thief because I ask for payment.
 There—(*Seizing him by the collar.*)—Wilt thou pay me, greedy
 devil?—wilt thou

Still call me thief?—wilt say I stole thy money?

Bab. I do not say that you have stolen my money;

I called you but a cheat—let me alone.

Land. Will you deny it still? Speak, did you breakfast

With me, or did you not?

Bab. I do deny

Nothing.—Help! help!—a madman's in the house!

Land. Ay, call—roar—shout. I've owed you this sound drubbing

Too long for many an ancient grudge between us,

And, please the Prophet, now it shall be paid.

I'll beat the iron while 'tis hot. There—there! (*Beating him*).

Though there were three of ye—(*The door opens, and IBAD
 and SYAHUK rush in. Landlord, terrified, loses his hold of BABEKAN.*)

—And three there are!—

Help, Allah, help! the wretch is a magician.

He multiplies himself at will. But wait;

If there be justice to be found in Bagdad,

It shall be found, and that right speedily!

[*Goes out.*]

Eab. Almighty Prophet! what can all this mean—

Pastry, and wine, and payment, and reproaches?

Sya. Brother, let me read the riddle:—Faint and weary

We came this morning to the town; we spied

Beneath the palm-tree's shade a tempting cookshop,

Whose odours, to the sense of hungry men,

Breathed sweeter than the flowers. We thought the owner

Would know your face, and we might pass for you.

He never knew the difference. Forgive us,

That thus we breakfasted at your expense!

Bab. (*claps his hands together above his head*).

Ay! there it is! This is the consequence

To which this cursed likeness leads. No, no!

This is past bearing—we must part at once.

God knows, each man has quite enough to do

To sweep his own door clean; and, by my faith,

I shall not sweep for thee. Must I be pommelled

Each time ye please to banquet in my name?

Must my purse pay for all your knavish tricks?

How know I that the fancy might not strike you

To play my part in absence with my wife?

What, if it please you to commit a theft

(And this last prank of yours looks something like it),

Must I be hanged, forsooth, on your account?—

No! brotherhood may yet be pushed too far.

Begone, I tell you; leave my house directly—

There are two gold sequins for each; and each

Shall have a coat of mine, though thus I know

I only make this luckless likeness greater.

For all my coats and turbans still are made

Of the same stuff, because I find it cheaper,—

Now hence; and never let me see you more.

Sya. (*contemptuously*). We thank you, miserable man, for tearing

The bandage from our eyes, and showing us

The greedy miser, not the faithful brother!

You swore, and shamelessly the vow is broken;—

For, grant you dare not share your riches with us,

Yet why refuse that hospitality

Which even the desert robber shows the wanderer
That seeks his threshold? Can you not afford
Some food, some drink, some shelter for your brothers—
For us, who ventured life itself for you?

Have you the heart without remorse to send us
Again into the dreary desert back,
Where soon the scorching sands, more merciful
Than you, will with an easy grave provide us,
And hide our mouldering corpses from the sun?

Ibad. Fle, fie, Syahuk! Who would shed a tear
In presence of a heartless churl like this?
See how he stands and stares, with stony eyes,
And hears not, heeds not, feels not what is spoken!
Courage, good brother, quit not hold of hope;
Even o'er the burning desert she will bear us,
As lightly as the roc upon his wings.

Women's quarrels seldom last long where they have a common interest in making them up. Accordingly, in the commencement of the third act, we find Lira and Salleh, whom we had left mortal foes in the opening scene of the second, perfectly reconciled; they have mutually explained, and a coalition has taken place, on the implied condition, that the obnoxious subject of domestic politics shall not again be agitated. They are, in fact, closely engaged in a most confidential cabi-

net council, conducted with all the good understanding of former times, when the discussions are broken up by the entrance (apparently) of Babekan, whose appearance as usual puts the gossips to flight. It is Ibad, however, who, attired in the cast off caftan and trowsers with which Babekan had generously presented him, has taken the liberty of personating him on this occasion, for reasons which will appear in the progress of the scene.

Ibad (dressed like BABEKAN, and with a counterfeited voice).

Lira, I'd speak with you alone.

Salleh.

There goes
The face that vainly seeks on earth its fellow.
I'll disappear at once.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Lira. Dear husband, pardon—
I know you had forbidden—

Ibad (with a disguised voice). Of that hereafter.
To business now. A tempting bargain offers,
And I am come for money.

Lira. Here's the key
Of the small coffer. I have none but that,
Ibad. Right—for the larger—that I keep myself,
How much is there?

Lira. Two hundred golden pieces.

Ibad. Bring them to me.

Lira.

I will.

Ibad.

So, all goes well;

She has no doubt of me. I am Babekan.

Lira (returns with a purse). Here is the money.

Ibad (takes it). Good!

Lira.

You are not angry,

Because I saw poor Salleh once again?

Ibad. Peace—that account we'll settle afterwards.

Lira (tenderly). Well! shall I pay you back the kiss you lent me.

Ibad. Ay—do. (*Kisses her.*)

Syahuk (also dressed like BABEKAN, rushes in).

O! traitor! villain!—kiss my wife?—

Adulteress—I'll be divorced directly.

Lira. O Mahomet!

(*About to faint.*)

Ibad. What does this juggler mean?
What!—would he take my little Lira from me?—
No, she is mine, and wife to none but me! (*Draws her to his side.*)

Syahuk (*pulling her back to the opposite side*).
Nay, she is mine; and mine she shall remain.

Lira. O wretched me!

Ibad (*releasing her*). Herself shall be the judge.
Speak to him, Lira—tell him you are mine.

Syahuk. Say rather you are mine.

Lira.

Nor yours nor his.

For neither is Babekan: Ye are two
Vile, juggling wizards: Ye can imitate
His look, but cannot counterfeit his voice.

Ibad (*with his natural voice*).

That too we might have copied, had it suited
Our purpose—but 'twas needless. I have gained
Babekan's money, and a kiss beside.

Lira. O Prophet, how could I, poor wretched woman,
Protect myself against such likeness?

Ibad.

There!—

Take back the money, Lira, with our thanks.
The jest was only meant to prove how easy
Imposture would have been, were such our object.

Lira. Who are ye? Mighty Prophet! None but brothers
Could be so like each other.

Syahuk.

Has Babekan

Ne'er spoken to you of his brothers?

Lira.

Yes—

He said that both were long since dead and buried.

Syahuk. We are those brothers: likeness such as ours
Scarce lies within the bounds of chance, for nature,
So rich in difference, is poor in likeness:
We are Babekan's brothers, Lira—that
Is certain, but, alas, he is not ours!

Lira. But tell me, has my husband seen you yet?

Ibad. Seen?—to be sure—and turned us out of doors.

Lira. How strange! How wrong! What could have moved him
to it?

Ibad. Our likeness to him. 'Twas our only fault.
He offered us an alms, like beggars. We
Spurned the sequins, with which he hoped to purchase
Release from all the ties of brotherhood—
These garments only would we take—constrained
By pride of heart, not poverty of spirit,
For of our former rags we were ashamed.
We wished to prove, too, if you were in truth
So harsh and niggard as your husband called you—
For he maintains he is a henpecked spouse,
And you an arrant and ill-tempered shrew!

Lira. Poor man, how much I pity him! How strangely
These fancies work on him at times. Ah! brothers,
It is an evil hopeless malady,
And therefore he deserves our pity.

Syahuk.

What!

Pity for him, and none for us?

Lira.

Not so.

But most for him. You want for money only—
How easily that want may be supplied!
But how can money ever buy for him—
Good sense and loving-kindness to his neighbour.

Syahuk (*smiling with an air of surprise*). Nay!—that is true
indeed.

Lira (giving him back the purse). Well—mean time take This purse. I give it gladly. It is yours.

Syahuk. Thanks to thee, gentle heart—

Lira.

Doubtless you need

Refreshment?

Ibad. And a sheltering roof, good sister.

Lira. With money you will feel no want of either.

Beneath this roof you cannot tarry, since

Babekan has dismissed you. But cheer up!

Ye shall not travel hence in poverty.

If he be thankless, I will recompense

The life you saved for him. But have a care—

Show not yourselves abroad, except at evening.

I would not willingly—

(Looking out of the window, exclaims, with a terrified accent)

Oh! heavens! here comes

My husband back—

Ibad.

What's to be done?

Lira.

Run, fly!

Hide yourselves in the cellar. There's the key—

The cellar in the garden, where the grapes

O'erhang the entrance door! I will release you,

So soon as he is gone. Haste, fly, away!

BABEKAN enters a little intoxicated, and speaks.

One cannot be too careful: who can tell,

What those two vagabonds may choose to do.

I'll speak to Lira first, and then return

Unto the tavern. If a man would drink

With comfort he must have a mind at ease,

And undisturbed by passion—else the wine

Sticks in his throat: (discovering his wife).

Ha! Are you there, good wife?

Lira. Yes, here I am.—Where should I be but here?

Babekan. Most true—most true—an excellent remark,

Where else? A very solid observation;

Good wife—thou art indeed an honest soul.—

Has no one called for me?

Lira.

None.

Babekan.

It may be

That some one may,—if so, be sure you open

To none. Say, I am not at home.

Lira.

I will.

Babekan. No man except myself into this house Must find admittance.

Lira.

Good.

Babekan.

And when I come,

Give not at once admittance even to me.

For possibly I may not be—myself.

Lira. You speak a little incoherently,

Methinks. The wine perhaps?—

Babekan (interrupting her).

Don't mention it.

I am as sober as a judge. Beware,

You must not judge of people by their looks.

Lira. What can you mean? I understand you not.

Babekan. So much the better. If you did, it were

A proof the matter were past praying for.

Lira. What mean you? Have you left the tavern For good to-night?

Babekan.

Not I—I mean to sit

And drain another tankard with mine host.

Lira. Go then, and come not home too late.

Bab.

I'll come

When it so pleases me. But as I ate,
And with my boon companions drank and sang,
The fancy crossed me, that you might receive
A visit from me in my absence—

Lira. How?

A visit from you in your absence?—Are
Your wits amissing?—Are you in your senses?

Bab. I meant—a visit from my precious brothers,
Who are not dead.

Lira. Not dead! what, were you not
Yourself a witness to their funeral?

Bab. They were not dead—that is to say—not rightly,
Not satisfactorily dead;—they rose
Out of their coffins when I left the churchyard—
And here—in short—they are in Bagdad—looking
As like to me as chickens to their dam.

Lira. Is't possible?

Bab. Whether it be possible
I cannot say; that it is true—is certain;
And to my sorrow have I learnt besides,
They are the basest rogues on earth—Now, *Lira*,
Do me this favour. Be upon your guard:
Give none admittance here, without the watchword,
“Wine and Sequins.” You understand?

Lira. I do.

Bab. “Wine and Sequins,” observe. And he who comes
Without this passport send him to the devil—
And now to business.

[*Walks out with an air of drunken gravity.*]

Ibad and Syahuk have in the mean time been spending their time not so unpleasantly in the cellarage. The perfection of philosophy is to adapt ourselves readily to the circumstances in which we are placed—at Rome to imitate the Romans—in a wine-cellar of course to take the good the gods provide, and drink a skintful before retreating. Acting on this maxim, Ibad and Syahuk have made such excellent use of their time that, in the commencement of the next scene in the cellar, where we find them pledging each other in flowing cups, they have obviously arrived at that state of elevation which banishes all idea of danger. Babekan has lost his terrors, and they are engaged in an animated discussion on the beauties of two of the Caliph's harem who had caught their eyes on coming from the bath. “At length, with love and wine at once opprest,” they drop sound asleep on the floor. *Lira*, entering in the dark with her friend *Salleh* to liberate the prisoners from their supposed miserable confinement, stumbles over the body of Ibad and falls, while her friend,

coming to her assistance, is prostrated in like manner by that of Syahuk. No sound being at first emitted by either of the carcasses in reply to the pressing calls of the ladies to get up and begone, they are believed for a moment to be dead; but a snore from Syahuk is thrown in just in time to announce his continued existence and to save the brothers from the chance of a premature interment. It is clear, however, that here in the cellar they cannot remain, for Babekan is hourly expected to return from his fatiguing duties at the tavern, and *Lira*, with the memory of her morning's drubbing fresh in her recollection, is resolved if possible to prevent a scene, and have these unlucky doubles of her husband removed before the anagnorisis takes place. But how? If not dead they are dead drunk, and in either case it seems plain that their own limbs will not suffice to carry them to upper air. The female friends are almost at their wit's end, but not entirely, for *Salleh* fortunately recollects that, in coming to *Lira*'s house, she had seen a porter from Basra in the street anxiously

looking out for work, and suggests that, for a couple of sequins, he would probably be glad to convey the sleepers from the cellar, and to drop them in the mausoleum of the Dervise Mesroun in the neighbourhood, the door of which she had observed to be open as she passed. Lira makes some difficulty, on the ground that the porter, on discovering the strange likeness of the bro-

thers, might be terrified, and refuse such a freight. But Salleh, who now takes the lead, tells her to leave the matter to her—to cover Syahuk in the mean time with some sacks which lie in the corner of the cellar, and leave Ibad displayed on the floor. She then goes out in search of the porter, while Lira conceals Syahuk beneath the sacks.

Lira. Wo's me ! what troubles one must bear on earth !
If, as of late has been so oft the case,
Babekan comes intoxicated home
And finds his brothers with the gold I gave them,
I do believe he'll beat us all to death ;
And yet what have I done ? Shall I not dare
With mine own means to mitigate distress ?

SALLEH returns with the Porter.

I have succeeded—I have found him, just
About to leave his station in despair ;
Come hither, friend—we'll find thee work to do ;
But first—a cup of wine—to raise thy spirits.

(She hands him the cup—he looks suspiciously about him.)

Off with it—quick—none will betray you here. *(He drinks).*

Salleh (pointing to IBAD).

There lies the man whom you must carry hence.

(To LIRA).

He knows already all he needs to know.

Lira. Can you then carry him to Mesroun's tomb ?

Porter. Yes, if you could but help me to a sack
To cram the drunkard into.

Lira.

There, good friend,

Lie sacks enough.

Salleh.

Well, then, let's make the trial.

She assists him to put IBAD into the sack.

It fits the man as neatly as a glove,

Now, quick—convey him to the monument ;

Return, and you will find your money waiting.

Porter. Good.

[Goes out with IBAD on his back.]

Lira. That's well. But how shall we get rid of him ?

(Pointing to SYAHUK).

Salleh. No fear. I'll answer for him too.

Salleh has good reason to be confident in her own resources, for her scheme for getting quit of Syahuk combines boldness with ingenuity. When the porter, after his half mile walk with Ibad on his shoulders and the thermometer not under eighty, has at last got his load safely

deposited, as he thinks, beside the dervise in his marble monument, and returns to claim his hard-earned sequins, he is surprised to find that Salleh takes the initiative, and, instead of handing him the money, receives him with reproaches for not performing his promise.

Salleh (to the Porter). How now ?—we've waited long enough, methinks,

Till you perform your promise. Yet you came not.

Porter. Perform my promise ? Why it is performed.

The man lies snug in yonder monument.

Salleh. Your task, remember, was to carry hence

A drunkard whom we could not harbour here,

To Mesroun's grave.

Porter.

Quite right—and there he lies.

Salleh (pointing to SYAHUK). True—there he lies—we see that but too plainly.

It was not honest to deceive us thus.

And how long would you have him lie there.

Porter.

Where?—

I say he lies within the monument.

Salleh. So! You would know the man then if you saw him?

Porter. Know him? At once. I opened up his sack

To let him breathe a little, and I marked

His features. I would know him of a thousand.

(Salleh, showing him SYAHUK's face). Look here then, friend, and say if this be he.

Porter (terrified). Oh Allah! Prophet! there he lies indeed!

And yet I'll die for't that I bore him thither.

Salleh. Go to! some drunken vision has deceived you.

Porter. God help me, I'm as sober as the Cadi.

Salleh. Too sober then, perhaps—which might produce

The same effect—but why waste time in proving

What your own eyes avouch? There lies your man.

Porter. Ay, there he lies, that's clear—and if he lie

Here, 'tis most certain that he can't lie yonder.

Salleh. I'm glad to see that common sense has brought you,

Without the help of scientific rules,

To such a sound conclusion; for there have been

Wise folks who have denied it.

Porter.

I at least

Will not. I do entreat your pardon, lady,

And own that fancy must have played me false.

Salleh. Let reason then in future, my good friend,

Control your fancy. Take your drunken load

Away. Convey him quickly to the tomb.

Return, and the sequias are yours.

Porter.

Good! Good!

Salleh. On with the sack. (Assisting him to put SYAHUK in).

Porter (shaking his head with SYAHUK on his back). Well! how a man may dream

With his eyes open.

Salleh.

Friend, console yourself,

For wiser folks than you have done the same,

And had not sense like you to see their error. [They follow him out.

While the porter is thus engaged in his second pilgrimage to Measroun's tomb, Babekan, having indulged at the tavern in as much wine as he thinks consistent with loco-motion, and that not in the most direct line, is plodding his way down the street to his own door. Like many a true believer, it appears that he is a sceptic at times, and accordingly, under the influence of the grape, he indulges in some rather irreverent specu-

lations on the inspiration of the Koran, and on the shortsighted views of the Prophet in that part of his code in which he prohibits the use of wine. How far indeed he might have carried these doubts and objections it is difficult to say, for his reasonings, which are rather of an involved nature, are interrupted by an incident which our readers will probably more easily anticipate than Babekan did.

The Street before BABEKAN's house.

Babekan (with a lantern, completely intoxicated, enters singing).

Whether our holy Koran be
Divine, I ne'er could clearly see;
But this is clear, that rosy wine
Must be eternal and divine.

In all things else, the Prophet spake the truth,
 A holy man he was, a valiant soldier,
 A true philosopher, who preached the truth
 At the sword's point; a wise and prudent man;—
 He made but one mistake. To err is human!
 Wine he forbade, and therein he was wrong.
 A total inexcusable mistake.
 But hush, is any one at hand? (*Looking about him with the lantern*).

No, none,
 I am alone. 'Twas well I brought my lantern,
 For mine own light, I fear, burns somewhat dim.
 Well! God be praised that I have rid myself
 Of my two brothers; doubles seldom answer,
 And least of all in marriage; then to share
 Two-thirds of all my means with them, would leave
 A beggarly account indeed behind.
 But not to jumble things too much together,
 'Tis here my house should stand, if it still stands
 In the same spot, where it was wont to stand.
 But much I fear it must have moved away,
 Or sunk into the earth. For all about me
 Goes whizzing, dancing, shaking, nodding so—
 We have a shocking earthquake here to-night,
 But, with God's blessing, things may mend to-morrow.

The Porter, returning with the sack on his arm.

Porter. Why, what the devil is this? Ah, now I see through
 The trick! the villain still comes sneaking back
 To bilk me of my hire as soon as buried.
 I'll teach him not to try the trick too often,
 Or else my name's not Caleb. Soho, friend!
 There—back with you into your sack—no struggling!

Babekun. What want you with me, youth—you must confound me
 With some one else—you must mistake me for
 Some specimen of counterfeited coin.
 But try me only by the weight, the sound,
 You'll see at once that I am genuine.

Porter (forcing him into the sack).

'Tis by the weight indeed I mean to try you.

Babekun (laughs).

What means this dressing? Do you mean to put
 Another shirt upon me?

Porter. Yes, a night-shirt,
 And put you into bed. It is too late
 To night to trouble servants for assistance.

*Babekun (who has allowed himself without resistance to be put into
 the sack up to the neck).*

Some new conveyance! What a strange contrivance—
 'Tis easier than a palanquin, besides
 Quite economical—dog-cheap, I dare say—
 One bearer only 'stead of two to pay for.

(The Porter closes the mouth of the sack).

But do you know my house?

Porter. Too well. I've been

There twice already.

Babekun. Don't forget the pass-word—

"Wine and sequins."

Porter. The wine I've had already,

And now my mouth waters for the sequins.

He is asleep. Runs not the proverb thus—

"The third time thrives." I'll try it once again,

Though sorely wearied of this endless trudging.

[*Walks out with BABEKUN on his shoulders.*

This time the porter's mission is successful, for we are now introduced to the interior of the Dervise's monument, in which, by the dim light of the dawning morning, three sacks are discovered lying in the foreground, while the marble sarcophagus is faintly perceptible behind. Out of one of these Ibad, still only half awake, puts his head, and exclaims:—

Ibad. Where am I? Have I been asleep? O, yes, I must be in Babekan's cellar still, Where sleep so suddenly overpowered us both, But what is this? A sack—who wrapt me in it? O, now I understand, our gentle Lira, With kindly foresight, must have thus attired us, To save us from the cellar's damp and cold. Well, never will I call her goose again, Be she as fond and foolish as she will. But where's Syahuk? Doubtless he has fared As well—ay, ay, there lies my fellow sack. Hist, hist, Syahuk, sleep no more—arouse thee, Before Babekan catch us here, and make Some hellish uproar. See, the day is breaking, Let's leave the vault, as soon as we have quaffed From out yon portly hog's-head in the corner A parting morning draught. *(Pointing to the sarcophagus).*

Syahuk (putting his head out of his sack).

Where can I be?

What means this mummery? Who has swaddled us In these infernal sacks?

Ibad (lunging).

Nature, good brother!

With such a husk surrounds her butterflies, Before they spread their morning wings for flight. But come—be quick, let's have our draught of wine (For coffee we shall scarcely meet with here) Ere our grim host appears.

Babekan (in his sack).

Where are you, Lira?—are you up?—bring coffee, I'll drink it here.

Ibad (wofily).

O heavens! here comes Babekan.

Syahuk (in the same tone). Babekan!

Ibad (to his brother).

Down into our sacks again.

Babekan (peeping out of his sack).

She comes not.

The lazy creature hears not—will not rise; And I must make it for myself. Where am I?

This bedroom is not mine—yet to be sure

'Tis dark, and all things show but indistinctly.

But then a sack—who popped me in a sack?—

How's this?—companions too! I long to know

Who these same bedfellows of mine can be.

(IBAD and SYAHUK put their heads out of their sacks).

O Allah! Prophet! help! it is my brothers.

(All three crawl out of their sacks).

Ibad (seriously).

Forgive, Babekan! 'twas necessity

Alone compelled us to revisit you.

Thine honest wife, more merciful than thou,

Gave us this cellar for a sleeping room,

And covered us with these for lack of bedclothes.

See, morning dawns, give us one parting draught—

And you shall never see our faces more.

Babekan. In Heaven's name speak!—where can I be?—where am I?

Syahuk. Is your own cellar then so strange to you?

Babekan. What cellar?

Ibad.

Why the wine cellar.

Babekan.

The wine cellar!

And have I slept within the garden-cellar
All night. Oh! now I see! That cursed wight,
Who in the sack should have conveyed me home,
Has entered by the backdoor in the garden,
And, finding the door open, dropt me here,
To save himself a yard or two of travel.

A curse upon him! Well, since we are brothers,
For this time your offence shall pass; nay, each
Shall have a cup at parting from the hogshead
Which looks out dimly from its shadow yonder.
I'll give you also ten sequins a-piece—
But, mark me! vanish, and return no more.

Ibad. But see, the rising sun comes shining in
Upon our old acquaintance in the corner.

[*A ray of sunlight lights upon the coffin, and they discover all.*]

Babekan. The devil!

Syahuk. 'Tis a splendid porphyry coffin,
Inscribed with characters in gold.

Ibad.

Where are we then?

Syahuk. (*reads*).

O wanderer in the house of death,
What is life's pleasure—but a breath?
The fount that slakes the spirit's thirst
Beyond the grave arises first.

Ibad. Woe's me, from such a fount I have no mind
To drink. Are we then buried here alive?

Syahuk. Not so—the door is open, see ye not?

Babekan. It is the holy Mesroun's mausoleum.
I know it now again. But some one comes.

They are armed—it is the guard. Conceal yourselves
Each man within his sack, till they are gone,
And then for flight.

[*They creep again into the sacks, and lie still.*]

It is not the guard, however, by whom they are disturbed, but a party of Bedouins, who had come thither in search of metal more attractive than three rather ugly middle-aged gentlemen. Ochenschlager, has, in fact, connected the comic adventures of the three brothers with a slender thread of more serious interest, founded on the attachment of Nadir, the chief of the Bedouins, to Zobeide, the favourite of the Caliph Haroun, and the resolution of the Arab lover to carry off his mistress from the narrow walls of the Seraglio to the wild freedom of the desert. Availing himself of the assistance of the Caliph's physician, Saadi, whom they had captured on one of his professional visits from Basra to Bagdad, and on whom he had bestowed his liberty on condition of his furthering his views, it has been arranged, that a sleeping draught shall be administered by the physician to Zo-

beide, and two of her companions, Mirza and Fatime, the same in fact who had attracted the notice of Ibad and Syahuk, by unveiling as they came from the bath, and whose charms had been in their flowing cups so freshly remembered. While under the influence of this potion, the three young ladies were to be placed in sacks, and in this unceremonious guise smuggled out of the Seraglio, and deposited in Mesroun's monument, till carried off by Nadir and his companions, Kobad and Schemseddin. Saadi, however, instead of administering the sleeping draught to the ladies of the Seraglio, chooses rather to murder sleep by wakening up the Caliph in the middle of the night, and communicating to him the whole plot, after exacting from him a promise that all concerned in the conspiracy shall be leniently dealt with. Accordingly, a corps of black eunuchs, and such like neutral

powers, are despatched to the monument with orders to arrest all persons found there, and to bring them forthwith before the Caliph. Thus the Bedouins are in search of their mistresses, and the police of Bagdad are in search of the Bedouins. The Arabs, entering the tomb, find the sacks lying there as they had expected, and proceed, without examining the contents, to lift them on their shoulders, and transport them to a cave in the neighbourhood. The opening of the sacks in the cave, and the discovery of three grim-looking male heads, all exactly alike, would form, we think, a *compte théâtre* which could hardly fail of its effect. The Bedouins, convinced that the inhabitants of the sacks can be nothing less than emissaries of Zatanai himself, and that they are under the influence of enchantment, fly in terror; but their flight is arrested by the appearance of the Caliph's guard, and the whole party, including the three brothers, are taken into custody and conveyed to the palace.

The fifth act is almost entirely occupied with a somewhat cruel, practical joke, in the Abou Hassan style, played off by the Caliph upon the brothers. Babekan is well aware that three men found under such suspicious circumstances, and with such companions, have but little chance of making their innocence apparent, and that the offence of being accessory to an attempt at abduction from the harem is likely to be visited with some tolerably severe punishment. He is willing to compound for some strokes of the bastinado, or a few months' imprisonment. Muladdin, however, one of the slaves of the harem, is sent to communicate to the unfortunate brothers that the Sultan is inexorable, and that nothing less than poison is to be their fate. Ibad and Syahuk bear the announcement with courage, as might be expected; but Babekan gives way entirely—Indulges in maudlin tenderness towards his brothers, who indignantly reject his approaches—and boldly drinking off the potion presented to them by the slave, seat themselves in the back-ground of the prison, to await their death. Babekan, after many natural

shrinkings and delays, imitates their example, and all three soon drop down—sound asleep; for the Caliph does but "poison in jest," and the object of this mock-tragedy is to persuade the brothers on awaking that they have passed from this world to the next. Accordingly, Ibad and Syahuk find themselves surrounded when they awake with all sights and sounds such as may suit with the idea of Paradise. Gentle music breathes around them, houris with wings on their shoulders float about in mazy dances, Mirza breathes words of love into Ibad's ear, while Fatime whispers accents as soft into those of Syahuk. Far different is the reception which awaits poor selfish Babekan. A wild and savage music startles him into consciousness. All hideous shapes, with torches and whips in their hands, present themselves before him; some tantalizing him with fruits and dainties which he is not permitted to taste—others exhibiting before him all the horrors of the realms of Eblis, on which he believes himself to have just entered. At last the good-nature of the Sultan prevails, the mummy ceases, and the whole piece winds up with the liberation of Nadir, and the restoration of Babekan to his wife—though, like Shylock, he is ordained, by the judgment of the Caliph, to purchase his escape by a liberal division of his large fortune with his two brothers.

On the whole, without any very high pretensions to poetry, this little comic drama of *Oehlenschläger* carries the mind most pleasingly back into the old haunts of our youth, and surrounds us with those Asiatic associations (heightened and blended with an European humour) which recall to most of us the happiest period of life. In his company

"The tide of time flows back for us,
The forward flowing tide of time,
And in the sheeny summer's morn
Adown the Tigris we are borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High wall'd gardens green and old,
Enchanted with the place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

JOB PIPPINS, THE MAN WHO "COULDN'T HELP IT"

CHAP. IX.

"I think—I think," repeated Doctor Saffron, his fingers still upon Job's pulse,—“I think it was very fortunate I came.” Now, whatever Job thought, he said nothing. Saffron rose from his seat, stroked his chin, thrust his hands in his pockets, and pronounced sentence—“A little more blood.”

“I thought so,” said Winks, and beneficently smiling, he added—“Nancy, a basin.”

“Some sixteen ounces, and a blister on the chest,” said Saffron. “Yes, that will do for to-night.”

“His dinner couldn't have hurt him; he was only helped three times to haunch,” said Winks, piteously.

“Well, I promise you,” protested Saffron with more than professional earnestness, “if he isn't much better to-morrow I'll shave his head.” Winks pressed the doctor's hand in token of thanksgiving. “You have pigeons at hand, I hope?”

“You know, we're very fond of 'em, doctor. But you can tell best—would they quite agree with his stomach?”

“Stomach! pooh—soles of his feet! if we don't take great care,” and Saffron lowered his voice to a most confidential tone, “if we don't take great care, this may be a case for Doctor Lullaby.” Winks winced—“I tell you, there is no time to be lost.” At this moment Nancy made her appearance with a riband and the fatal china bowl. Again Saffron stood ready with his lancet, again he was about to approach the sufferer, when he was chained to the spot by the loud snores of the patient. “Bless me! he's asleep,” cried Winks, and again Job snored in corroboration; the very curtain rings vibrated with the sound. “You'll never wake him?” asked Winks, as Saffron laid his hands upon the bed-clothes; “won't sleep do him good, doctor?”

“Quite cure him,” replied Saffron, with a sarcastic smile. “Six hours of such sleep, and he'll want none of my help.” And Job snored with greater vehemence. “Don't

be deceived by that,” said the doctor to the host, “I've heard many a patient do that, and, I give you my honour, with all my care, it has turned into the sleep of death.”

“Well, I thought sleep must be a very balm,” said the superficial Winks.

“And so it is,” sharply returned the doctor, “but in some cases balm is the deadliest poison: this is one of them. Sir—Sir,” and the doctor shouted to Job, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. The footman, with a fine respect for the sick man's chamber, only edged in his cheek, and in the softest voice begged to ask whether the doctor would be able to attend the dinner-table, or whether a cover should be put aside for him?

Saffron, absorbed by his professional duties, apparently gave no ear to the mission; but pausing near his patient,—who continued at a short notice to perform wonders, for every snore was an improvement in tone and body on his predecessor,—his face bent into a smile, and he resorted to his snuff box, and having taken a pinch, observed—“Ha! well—that's better—yes, much better. What did you say?” and he turned to the still lingering footman, who repeated the question.

“I think, friend Winks, we may venture to leave him for a few minutes;—but, hark ye, Nancy, let me be called if there's the slightest alteration.” Still Job snored, and still the doctor until beyond ear-shot, applauded every note with—“that's well—better—better—better.”

When the doctor appeared in the dining-room, every voice—save the *ferrea vox* of Skinks, alias Wigmore—cried for news of the patient. Saffron answered in general terms, which, translated into particular replies, assured the enquirers, that if Mr Jewel recovered, he would no doubt live;—if his disease proved mortal, there was as little doubt he would die: that these were most learned deductions was evident from the fact that everybody seemed per-

fectly satisfied with them. The dinner was recommenced with an avidity that promised to more than fill up the previous hiatus. Once—for the turtle lay at his heart—Doctor Lullaby uplifted his voice amid the unfeeling din of knives and forks, and nodding to Saffron, took off a bumper of port with "to your patient, doctor." There was an ostentatious kindness in this—a benevolence very far beyond the wine.

We like not to linger,—though in truth, we have been accused of the low disposition,—but we protest, we like not to dwell upon the darker colourings of our nature; no, had we our own task to choose, we would distil the essence of our brains into mottoes for thread-papers;—we would prick sweet natal verses with baby pins in satin cushions;—we would indite the philosophy of a quadrille;—and pen the biography of Lady Mary's bullfinch. And oh, ye twelfth-cake images! how truly—how beautifully would we paint this much mistaken world! How would we prove the very flag-stones to be best white lozenges;—December mud, real black-currant jam;—all acts of Parliament, sweet apple-pittlers;—Newgate itself, a mass of barley-sugar;—and bedlam hospital, a piece of mere blancmange. The pillory should be a tasteful sweetmeat;—and the very gallows built of candy! A professed beggar of twenty years' duplicity should be a worthy object of the picturesque;—and a man who lives by cutting throats a person with an eccentric turn of intellect;—infanticide should be a provident care of little children;—and bigamy, in man or woman, an ennobling spirit of universality. The world we inhabit is really a paradise,—and yet—yet they issue four-penny pieces!

However, as we are not permitted to be one of those very choice writers, who, like Prometheus, make their own men, but are compelled to take men ready made to our hands, we must not disguise the fact, that in a very, very brief time the patient of the blue-room was utterly forgotten by at least nineteen out of twenty of the guests, Doctor Saffron almost included. It was very strange, but had it been a dinner to solemnize the funeral of

one of the family, the feeders could not have eaten more heartily. Not a soul left his place, and—as he ought to have done—went beating his breast upon the lawn, or watering the gravel walk with his tears. And yet, there was one—one who thought of Job—one whose appetite had been struck dead at the tenth mouthful by what the doctor called his dangerous relapse. The fair widow—none of your silly splinters with hearts like green oranges—had a heart, soft and ripe as a medlar. Whether from having lived with, and, alas! buried, a husband twenty years older than herself, she had become a deeper thinker—had acquired a keener vision into the soul of things than many of her evenly-paired acquaintance, we know not enough of young widows to decide; but of this we are certain, she had, from the first, appreciated the merits of Job at their golden value: five feet ten inches—a handsome face—apparent good temper, and, despite the doctor, sound constitution, were not lost upon a woman of her experience. "She was not a maudlin girl," as her own maid ingenuously avowed, "to give herself red eyes for a bread and butter face and curly hair." With the widow, the whiskers of Mars were of better worth than the locks of Adonis.

The selfishness of the table proceeded in all its tumult, when the widow, seated next to Doctor Saffron—he had attended her poor husband in his last illness, and she felt a great confidence in him—ventured to put a list of queries touching the sufferer, as she tenderly thought him, up stairs. The doctor was a man of system, and cared not to have his patients laid upon the dinner-table. Moreover, in the present instance, he was ferociously hungry, having been wellnigh worn out in his late attendance on Lady Gemini—whose medicine, by the way, at that moment haunted him.

"And, my dear doctor, going on well, you say?"

Turning the drum-stick of a gong in his mouth, he replied—"Well as can be expected;" never taking into account the extraordinary expectations of some people.

"You think there's nothing serious in the case?"

"Serious! no—not at all. I've—with great pleasure"—and Saffron hummed a challenge to wine—"I've sent for a nurse," and again he filled his mouth with goose.

"A nurse!" cried the widow, "so bad as that?"

The doctor, getting a free passage for his voice, gently declined his head, and in a soft professional tone, breathed into the quickened ear of the widow—"No milk."

"Doctor!" cried the widow, blushing like a peony.

"Still, her ladyship."

"Ladyship! why, my dear doctor—he! he!—who are you talking about?" And the widow simpered.

"Your dear friend, Lady Gemini—hasn't Mr Winks told you? At last, a charming little boy."

"Very true—I never was so delighted to hear any thing. But the preserver of *our* little boy?"

"He's—he's in bed;" and Saffron, becoming restless under the examination, turned from the window and rolled his eyes up and down the table, seeking what he might devour. At last he lighted upon a huge turkey in chains; and with epicurean gusto, insinuated his advice to the carver; the widow unconsidered with downcast head talking at his side.

"And—and dear Doctor, what may be his complaint?"

"The breast," said Saffron to the man with the turkey

"Love!" thought the widow; then aloud, "He's a remarkably fine young fellow."

"The leg's a poor thing," said the doctor.

"Well, I'm certainly no judge, but—tell me this—hasn't he a good constitution?"

"Not a bit of liver left," exclaimed Saffron, with deep regret.

"God bless me! There's no going by looks," sighed the widow. "I though a little pale, he looked so perfectly handsome."

"No message," replied the doctor to a gesture of the carver, and then for the first time since his seduction by the bird, he was conscious of the rustling of the widow's black. The lady for some time said nothing, but somewhat bewildered, she fervently hoped that the talk of the doctor had been of turkey.

Disgusted at the selfish manners of Saffron, the widow resolved on continued silence. It was in vain—her philanthropy was neither of the deaf nor dumb. Just as the doctor had changed his plate and prepared himself for a new encounter, the widow began in her silveriest voice, "But my dear doctor, *do* tell me—*do*!"—

Saffron laid down his knife and fork (he had returned to the venison), and with a piteous look of remonstrance and a tone almost vibrating with the pathetic, appealed to the widow. "For goodness sake, madam! do not talk to me while I am eating—do not—pray do not—here have I swallowed three pieces of fat without tasting them."

A magistrate, who until that moment had never spoken, rolled his eyes in his head, and cried "Shameful."

Hath the reader seen a duck pluming itself in a summer pond? In like manner, stung by the rebuke of Saffron, did the widow work her head and neck. The doctor cared but little for the involutions, and was proceeding gravely with his task, insured, as he presumptuously deemed, from further hindrance. A delicious collop—no less—was on his fork—his fork near his mouth—his mouth gaping, when, with a long-drawn sigh, down fell the head of the widow on the doctor's shoulder. There was a general stir at the table—a general cry of "fainted!" The magistrate, chewing his meat, authoritatively pronounced—"decidedly tainted." Wigmore carried the widow from the room, followed by the hostess and another female friend, who relentlessly urged the doctor from his plate. In the moment of desperate disappointment Saffron could have thrown up his diploma, so that he might have executed his dinner.

"Was ever any thing so unlucky!" said the host. "First that Mr Jewel should be ill, and then that Mrs

"Sympathy," said Triton, with a wink of wickedness. "Sympathy."

"Don't, Frank," cried a dear female friend of the widow, benevolently strangling a laugh. "Don't." But we are forgetting what is due to the new patient.

"We had better get her to bed," said the doctor, with the down look of an injured man.

"The cane room," said Mrs Winks, and one of the servants led the way. Wigmore ran up stairs with his hysterical burden, and Saffron, with funeral gait and aspect, followed. Wigmore, having surrendered the widow to the doctor and the women, was proceeding to join the company, when, about to pass the door of the adjoining chamber, he recognised the voice of the male patient, at first he thought loudly laughing, but his head yet rang with the hysterics of the widow, and his ear was not sufficiently fine to distinguish the sex of a note. However, once at the door of the sick man, it would have been unkind to pass it; therefore turning the handle, Wigmore thrust his skull into the room, and, grinning like a shark, asked "If Mr Ticket was any better." Nancy was about to speak. "Say Wigmore—Captain Wigmore—called to ask;" and then, with a departing kindness that quite puzzled the girl—"take care of his teeth."

"Ticket and teeth!" said Nancy, "what can he mean, sir?"

"What can he mean!" echoed Job to himself, and again an ague fit came on. In a few minutes another knock at the door, and Bodkin, the widow's maid, entered flutteringly, fairly sweeping the ground with curtseys. She begged very many thousand pardons, but would Nancy go to her mistress—the doctor was about to bleed her—and for herself, she loved her so much she could not hold the basin? If the gentleman didn't mind she would stay, in case he might want any thing. Job raised his eye above the counterpane and nodded assent. Exit Nancy.

"And what," asked Job, in a feeble voice, well worthy of cultiva-

tion for a representative of the sick, "And what may all your charming mistress?"

"I can't tell, sir—the doctor says her complaint is just the same as yours."

"And what is that?" said Job to himself in great perplexity.

"And I think he called it sympathy. But whatever it is, he says bleeding is the only cure for it. He has bled you, sir?"

"Damn him!" said Job.

"And he'll bleed my mistress."

Job said nothing.

"Yes, sir—he said you are both to be treated just alike. He has written home for blisters for two. I hope, sir, you won't let him shave your head—pray, don't, sir."

"And why not?" asked Job, touched by the interest the woman seemed to take in him. "Why not?"

"Because my mistress has such beautiful hair, and as you're both to be treated alike—Oh, sir! you should see it out of that filthy cap; for my part I wouldn't wear a widow's cap to please the best dead man that was ever buried. I!"

Bodkin was arrested in her eloquence by the return of Nancy, who told her she was wanted in the next room. Bodkin, with a mysterious glance at Job, heaved a deep sigh, exclaimed, "My poor mistress!" and departed.

"In the next room!" thought Job; and he fell off into a brown study, which held him tongue-tied for many minutes. When next he spoke, he asked, quite unconscious of the syllables, "Nancy, is she rich?"

"Very comfortable they say, sir."

"In the next room!" again thought Job, "and to be treated both alike!" And the widow's face, despite the dead man's cap, glowed prettily between the curtains.

CHAP. X.

For three whole days—three anxious nights—were Job and the widow next-room neighbours. Their feelings, toned, as the doctor avowed, and as they firmly believed, by the same sickness, sweetly harmonized. They could hear each other cough, and conscious of such

advantage, that usually unmusical operation, sublimed by the tender passion, became almost dulcet. Great things have of late been done upon the Jew's harp, but they are as nothing to the cough of our widow. Ere the second day was closed, so assiduously had she practised, so

frequently had she changed and modulated the note—now coughing *off tuoso*, now *con espressione*, now *allegretto*, and now *fortissimo*—that she was the Philomela of a slight cold, the very nightingale of a "hem! hem!" Guileless widow! Little did she know that the woman who in certain situatious coughs—is lost.

The heart, listening in the ears of truant Whittington, gave the words it wished to bells. A spirit came through the dewy air of evening—a spirit speaking golden promise—a visible advent of the great future—touched the brain of the little tatterdemalion of Holloway—clasped his little hand, and made his truant feet tread the green meads back to fortune and to London. "Turn again, Whittington!" Thus rang the bells.—"Write, Job Pippins!" Thus coughed the widow.

Job wrote—

"Blue Room, Ladybird Lodge.

"Mr Jewel would feel great happiness at knowing how Mrs Candy passed the night. Mr J. has been much concerned at her cough—fears it is very troublesome to her. Can nothing be done to relieve it?"

"Cane Room, Ladybird Lodge.

"Mrs Candy returns her best compliments to Mr Jewel, and earnestly hopes that he has passed a better night. Has been much interested in his cold—fears that the rookery is too near the Blue Room for a delicate patient. Begs to assure Mr Jewel that there is no danger in her little cough—she has it every spring. Hopes it has not disturbed the rest of Mr J."

"Blue Room, Ladybird Lodge.

"DEAR MADAM—Although I listened all night, I was agreeably disappointed at not hearing you above three times—may I therefore hope on your part for a most refreshing sleep, with a considerable abatement of cough? I fear that those nasty sparrows were up too early for you this morning. I trust, however, that your complaint has not suffered from their noise. Yours, most truly, dear madam, JOHN JEWEL. N. B. If you have taken all your medicine, mine is not quite out. Need I say it is at your service?"

"Cane Room, Ladybird Lodge.

"DEAR SIR—Your anxiety flatters and distresses me. I would deny the fact—but I have ever been the worshipping of truth. Not once did I close my eyes last night. In happier days, I slept like the lady in the fairy tale. But there are afflictions, there are losses—and since my late bereavement—but let me pass the theme;—I have done.

"I did not sleep—but there were stars in heaven, sir—and there was the vestal brightness of the soft, full moon—and the nightingale was singing in the wood—and the little airs were creeping about my window-panes—and the leaves were tapping at the glass—and there are associations of youth—childhood, I would say—and there are feelings—I mean sentiments—touching emotions, which the bounteousness of nature—oh, Mr Jewel!—what would this world be without sympathy! AGNES CANDY. P. S. Could you spare a powder?"

"Blue Room, Ladybird Lodge.

"MY DEAREST MADAM—My heart is torn to inform you that I have no powder left. But I have sent to Mr Winks, and house and man are by this time gone.

"And you were awake all night, and—odd circumstance—so was I! And I was looking at the stars, and thinking whether hope was there! And I was gazing at the moon, round and bright as a new wedding-ring! And your name is Agnes! Oh, madam, did you ever see the *Bleeding Nun*? If you have, then have you seen a wounded heart—but I'll say no more. And yet, what a fool was *Raymond* to run away with a ghost! Should not I—I say, should not I have known my own, own Agnes? Thine ever, my dearest madam, JOHN JEWEL. P. S. I have now nothing left but one little bottle and a poppy-head."

"Cane Room, Ladybird Lodge.

"DEAR MR JEWEL—Your criticism on the drama does honour alike to your judgment and your feelings. The improbability, so lucidly developed by your own instinctive goodness, has, I own, often struck me; but never so fully as now, touched by your diamond of a pen. Oh, sir! why

will you not condescend to write for the stage? A task so easy—and the reward so great! For the sake of the expiring drama, do forget you are a gentleman, and write a play.

"You spoke of *Raymond* deceived by a shadow. Alas! hath not many an *Agnes* been alike betrayed? How many an elopement—how many a stolen match—but whither am I wandering?"

"I hear that you are about to quit your room. I am rejoiced at your convalescence. How delightful—as the old gentleman in *The Stranger* more than insinuates—to feel well after being ill! To breathe the fresh air—to move again among rural objects—to sit in the dusk of evening—such an evening as this day promises—in a jessamine bower—such a bower as that at the end of the second garden to the right of the acacia, as you enter by the little gate through the private arbutus grove—I say, how delightful in such an evening, and in such a place, to inhale the fragrance of the jessamine's creamy blossom—to sit and talk of our hopes in the next world, and our pleasures in this! Oh, Sir!

"Farewell, yours truly,
"AGNES CANDY."

We do not intend to criticise this correspondence; we merely vouch for the letters as from true copies. That the widow should promise jessamine blossom in April, we put down to the unthinking liberality of the generous sex. And yet it is the power of woman to make even the dead twigs of life bud—yea, to give to very stinging nettles the form and fragrance of delicious hyacinths.

In all epistolary history there are to our mind few letters so interesting from their origin, from the place, feelings, and sentiments which beget them, as these notes, written with only a thin partition between the writers. A matter-of-fact lover would have thought of a gimblet. Job, however, in the height of his passion, knew what was due to female timidity and his host's wainscot!

Job lay in a sweet pensiveness in bed, the last letter of the widow between his finger and thumb—when Winks tapped at the door. "Better—oh, yes—much better"—cried

that soul of hospitality, glowing benevolently at Job, who received the news with a smile of interesting languor. "And the widow—she vows she'll leave her room to-day!" Job felt the blood in his cheek, and crumpled the letter under the clothes. "He! he! Saffron's given ye both up!"

Job's lips moved, and we think he said—"Thank God!"

"He swore there was no making ye better or worse. He! he! Medicine was thrown away upon ye. Oh! I had almost forgotten—your trunk is come."

"Trunk!" echoed Job, forgetting in the moment that he had spoken of a compact, but handsome wardrobe, left at a distant inn, to be forwarded to him, whenever he should write for it—he pursuing a rambling tour throughout the country, led onward by its objects of the picturesque. And yet, had Winks certified to Job that his "elephant, harnessed and mounted, was at the door," Job had not been more astounded than at the announcement of his "trunk." Were the fairies back again!

"A young man left it. Nancy, let John bring it up. Ha! ha! widow," and Winks tapped playfully at the wall, in answer to a light feminine laugh from the next apartment. The laugh was repeated. "Ha! ha! my lady," responded Winks; and then looking archly at Job, sagaciously said—"You can't tell me who's in next room?"

"My trunk!" cried the rapt Job.

"Ha! ha! my lady—oh, here is the box;" and the servant put down a square wooden repository, very like one of those precious coffers made for precious legal wigs.

"Trunk," repeated Job, eyeing the box as if it contained a lighted bomb-shell.

"Your name, however," said Winks, reading in sonorous tones the direction on the lid—"John Jewel, Esq."—Ha! you are right—very right," commended Winks, contemplating the limited dimensions of the box—"never take a tour of pleasure with much luggage. A clean shirt, and a change—quite enough. I suppose, now, you have some of your sketches there?"

Job tried to speak, but could only

effect a ghastly smile, which Winks liberally translated into the affirmative.

"I must see them—where's the key?" and, at the same moment, impatiently placing his fingers to the lid, it yielded to the action. "Unlocked!" exclaimed Winks, and the lid stood up. "Why, Mr Jewel—humph!—eh—ha, ha!—why, what is this? Sketches? Ha! ha!"

Job dissolved into a cold jelly, and the roots of his hair turned to ice, as Winks, with a fine homage to art, carefully removed a pen-and-ink drawing from the inside of the lid, and held it in a light most favourable to its beauties. The connoisseur beheld, scratched with bold, though rugged touches on the back of a printed dying speech—(the valedictory oration of a celebrated sheep-stealer)—a gallows; the perpendicular and horizontal beams fancifully constructed of two baby corals, and the figure of a man, with that mortal inclination of the muffled head, depending therefrom.

"An odd subject—a very odd subject," exclaimed Winks, "and what is this written underneath?—oh! I see," and Winks, his eyes growing bigger, read with a tone of wonder, "*I had's the T'chet!* Well, Mr Jewel, I—ha! ha! I can't for the life of me compliment you on the taste of your design, but" and Winks gave a look that heralded a joke, "but your execution is perfect."

Job grinned from ear to ear with ill-suppressed horror. He tried to speak, but not a word would come. He lay in silent agony—fairly nailed by terror to the bed—watching the looks and hands of the interested Winks, who, his curiosity conquering his good manners, rapidly twitched up the few articles of dress tumbled into the box. The freedom of Winks may, to be sure, admit of this excuse; had the garments been of velvet and brocade, he had not rudely laid his hand upon them, but openly displaying their coarse web and plebeian cut, they were at a thought plucked forth, and thrown about at pleasure.

"Your wardrobe, Mr Jewel? *yours?*" cried Winks, holding a doublet between his fingers, and his face wrinkling into a thousand

lines of fear and doubt, as though he held a serpent by the tail, "*yours?*"

Winks waited for an answer, but Job was struck dumb by the mysterious apparition of his own breeches!

Yes; the box directed to "John Jewel, Esq.," contained the whole of the wardrobe, *minus* the shirt, of Job Pippins. Job raised himself upon his elbow, and with a peculiarly pale cast of thought surveyed the remains—the slough of his baser days. His higher nature (he was in the blue bed in a fine cambric shirt, lace ruffled) looked down upon his sordid first life. In that moment, the purified intelligence contemplated the squalor "shuffled off." No wonder then that Job, looking at his late breeches, after some time doubted his identity.

"This is some shameful trick," cried Winks; "some infamous hoax." Job smiled in acquiescence. "A stupid piece of would-be wit." Job shrugged up his shoulders in pity of the inventors, "But it shall be seen into." Job shook his head and blandly smiled a—no. "But it shall! That a guest of mine should—no, Mr Jewel, no,—it shall"—A sudden thought, with a rush of blood to his face, came upon Winks; slapping his thigh with great force and precision, he exclaimed, "If now, it should be"—

A slight tap at the door, and enter the hero of the river—Frank Triton. "How-d'ye-do, Jewel, how-d'ye-do?" asked the visitor, with that graceful freedom which distinguishes the truly well-bred. Job smiled faintly, and immediately there grew at his bed-side a clump of alders, and a bright river ran through his chamber. "How-d'ye-do, sir?" and Frank offered his hand to Winks, who gathered himself up, and at a short notice, looked as dignified as a leaden statue.

"Mr Triton, as a gentleman,—and a man of honour"—

"Hallo!" cried Frank, evidently unused to such terms of conjuration on the part of the speaker—"Hallo! what the devil now?"

Winks remained stern to his purpose, and began *de novo*. "Mr Triton, as a gentleman, and a man of honour, do you know any thing about this?" and inclining his forefinger towards the box, Winks look-

ed and stood the incarnate spirit of interrogation.

"About what?" cried Triton, with a tongue of brass.

"About this, sir—and this—and this—and this?" and Winks pointed to the various articles of dress the *convict* of Pippins scattered on the floor; and as he compelled the eye of the questioned to jerkin, vest, and doublet, it was plain from the shifting expression of the beholder, that he was not all guiltless. Frank tried the first resource of detected crime; he essayed a laugh, relentlessly nipped in the bud by Winks. "No, sir, no, this is a serious matter; I look upon myself as insulted, and again I ask you if you know any thing of these clothes?"

Triton hung down his head, and subduing a laugh, and then biting his lip,—with a look of confusion, turned over the vestments with his cane.

"Enough, sir—quite enough—I see the joke, and a very poor one it is, belongs to you. How Mr Jewel may receive it, I know not. Nay, sir, no denial. Now, I recollect—there was nobody but yourself and your new friend Mr Wigmore present,"—(at the name of Wigmore it was observable Frank fluttered with his cane),—"when I spoke of Mr Jewel's wardrobe; and I repeat, how he, as a man of delicate honour, may consider this affront, sir, I"—

Here the attention of the speaker was turned towards the bed where Job lay with a slate-coloured face, and his teeth rattling like dice. Whether it was fear, or conscience that touched him, we will not enquire; Mr Winks liberally translated the emotion into "indignant rage. Of course, any gentleman so put upon, would be in a fury." And then the host, his softer nature returning to him, began to play the part of peacemaker. "It was wrong; it was very

stupid of Frank—but he was a wit, and wits were very foolish people—and Frank, if he would but leave off his wit, would be a very fine fellow, and so Mr Jewel would pardon the jest, and think no more of the rags sent in the box?" Job strove to make an answer, but still he lay dumb and bewildered.

"Come, come, forget and forgive. Now promise me, my dear Jewel, you'll think no more of the trumpery, will you, now?"

"I'll—I'll—try to forget it;" magnanimously answered Job.

"That's right, the brave are always generous; and the man who would jump into a river"—

Job looked piteously at Winks—"Well, well, I'll say no more of that; but you'll shake Frank's hand—yes, you'll shake his hand?" Job had some conscience, and still kept his hand in bed. "Come, I must have your hands upon it—I say I must;" and Winks, with a powerful philanthropy, pulled the hand of Job from beneath the sheets, and fixing it in the hand of Frank, bound the two in his own, and kept shaking them to make their friendship mingle.

"Now, now, I'm happy," and Winks walked from the room, confident that he had planted the olive; and pondering on the courage and generosity of Job, who was at once a hero and a sage, and "couldn't help it."

Job, left alone with Frank Triton, was about to launch into general topics—when Frank put to him the following question—"Pray, sir, can you tell me any thing of Mr Wigmore?"

One moment before Job was for turning upon his side, when the query, significantly put, kept him on his back. No beetle with a corking-pin through his bowels was ever more cruelly fixed. Job groaned!

CHAP. XI.

"PRAY, sir, can you tell me any thing of Mr Wigmore?" Frank, with cold ferocity, repeated the question.

Job felt the whites of his eyes turn yellow, as he replied—"No, sir."

"Very odd; humph; I thought

he recognised you at your meeting?"

"No, sir," repeated Job, with some improvement of tone.

"Why, I thought he alluded to an old complaint of yours. Didn't he speak of a—a toothach?"

"Never saw him in my life till I saw him down stairs," said Job, with growing confidence; and what was more, with truth; for it will be remembered that when the great captain entered the hut, Job was sleeping in the arms of spirituous liquor.

"He has something the air of a—a gentleman!" said Triton doubtfully. Job was silent. "And yet, yet," continued Triton, after a pause—"yet, it's very odd."

"I thought he was an old friend," remarked Job; becoming interested by the manner of his visitor, and really anxious on his own account to know something of the mysterious Wigmore. "An old and valued friend."

"Only an acquaintance of a few hours. I'll tell you, Mr Jewel, how it was. You have heard of the affair of the swimming-match?" Job tremblingly nodded an affirmative. "Returning to dress, I found some scoundrel had stolen my clothes. Without a rag—a stitch—you can easily suppose the perplexing delicacy of my situation." Job could. "At the very moment of my destitution, who should saunter to the bank but Mr Wigmore. He professed the deepest sympathy for my loss, and with the most benevolent zeal, ran to a neighbouring hut, and in a few minutes returned with the very garments you see before you, borrowed from the wife of a cottager."

"Indeed?" said Job, looking at his old familiar dress with the cold eyes of a stranger. "Indeed?"

"So he said, but the fact is, Jewel, one doesn't like to own one's self tricked; and, in the first place, the hang-dog who stole my coat stole my purse with it.—You are the first to whom I have owned so much, and"—here Frank confidently laid his hand upon the hand of Job—"Pray let it go no further."

"Nobody shall know it from me," stoutly promised Job.

"However, I don't so much care for the fellow who took my purse; he'll meet with his reward—yes, I already see the knot under *his* ear." Job instinctively clapped his hand to his jugular. "What's the matter, Jewel?"

"Weakness—only weakness," said the dizzy Pippins. "And—and—he—Wigmore borrowed those clothes from a cottager?"

"So he said; but, between ourselves, I know not if they didn't come from the bones of Jack-of-the-Gibbet. Look at 'em, Jewel," and the speaker weighed the doublet at the end of his cane—"Isn't there a Newgate cut about 'em?"

"Very Newgate," confessed Job. "But," said he, hastening from the subject, "what makes you suspect Mr Wigmore?"

"I'll tell you. Struck by his friendly offices, and thinking him something of a character, I asked him to the house of a friend I am visiting, and then our talk falling upon"—

"Won't you try to come down?" said Winks, knocking at the door, and speaking as he opened it. "Won't you come down, Jewel? The widow will be up, and there's somebody below, who—why, what's the matter? You are friends still, I hope?" anxiously asked Winks, as he marked the look of constraint on the face of Triton, and the perplexed countenance of Job. "Still friends?" he bawlingly repeated.

"To be sure—good by, Jewel, good by—mum!—not a word," added Frank in a low tone, but not low enough to escape the picked ear of Winks—"not a word; we shall meet, and then"—and then in a louder note, "Good by—wish you well—good by."

Winks inwardly blessed his benignant stars that had brought him up stairs. "A feigned conciliation—a sham truce—we shall meet"—yes, yes—very good—thank God! there's a magistrate!" All this passed through the beating brain of Winks with incredible celerity; however, disguising his sagacity, he again addressed himself to Job—"You'll come down—you must come down—here, John, take this rubbish away"—and Job's late habiliments were again boxed, and carried from the presence. "You must come down—I have some friends here yet whom you must know. Her ladyship was just now in the next room—ha!—I declare—look upon the lawn—her husband is come—there is Sir!"

Job looked from his bed, and though the outdoor object had suddenly moved, Job too clearly recognised through the under branches of a larastinus, the well-known nine-

pin calves of Sir Scipio Mannikin. Job sunk back upon his pillow, and wished to render up the ghost.

"You will come down?" repeated Winks, his back turned upon the sufferer.

"In the evening—yes, in the evening." The doubting looks of Winks compelled Job to peculiar emphasis; and the host, affecting satisfaction, left the room. We say affecting, for Winks was not to be duped.

And again Job was under the same roof with Sir Scipio and Lady Mannikin! with the individual mischief—the sweet perdition of his hopes! What was to be done? As he asked himself for the twentieth time the perplexing question, his eye fell upon the *vera effigies*—in pen and ink—of William Ticket, scratched on the dying speech, fallen like a sybil's leaf upon the bed. As his eyeballs hung upon the black lines, his imaginative fears made them undulate and tremble, and he saw, not William Ticket, but Job Pippins in his mortal throes! Nor were the terrors of Job without the best authority; for at the very time that he lay steeped in the cold dew of horror in the blue-room, his garments, accidentally waylaid in the hands of John by the inquisitive Sir Scipio, were recognised as the identical covering of the kiss-robber—artery-cutting—repeater-stealing barber! Great was the astonishment of Sir Scipio, and many and curious were the looks passed between his stern sick and gentle wife (Mercy married to Justice, but with no power over the sword), as the story was told of the delivery of the box at the lodge, the theft committed on Frank Triton, and the accident which put him under temporary obligation to Job's vestments.

"There is no doubt that the scoundrel," said Sir Scipio, and no man, from constant practice, gave more sonorous expression to the epithet—"that the scoundrel has joined the gang of ruffians prowling herabout. Yes, yes"—and he looked at Lady Scipio as though he were about to promise her a delightful treat—"there'll be a pretty cartfull. And this, madam—this is the fellow you have pitied!" Lady Mannikin spoke not; but, assuming the privilege of her sex, she passed her hand

kerchief across her eyes. She, indeed, spoke not; but, oh, the eloquence of her cambric! Yea, there is a tongue in pocket-handkerchiefs!

Faustus in his agony shrieked—

"Lentè, lentè, currite noctis equi!"

Not so, Job; he lay and prayed for night—"thick night." He had made up his mind—he had determined to escape. It is true, he thought of the widow with a touch of tenderness that—then again he thought of his neck, and the widow passed away. Marriage was a doubtful good—but hanging was a certain evil. To stay for the widow, was to go to the assizes; Hymen and Jack Ketch were in his case so intimately allied, that he must have them both. The evening came on, the stars appeared, and Job, with a heavy, heavy heart, looked abroad into the grey sky, and asked himself where he should sleep. He rose from his bed—precipitately dressed himself—went to the door—touched the handle—withdrew his fingers—sat down, and again and again ruminated on the policy of his departure. Now he thought of the good dinners, the soft bed, and the servants in livery. And now all his hopes would be extinguished by a black cap! No; fly he must; so, determining to creep down stairs, silently gain the garden, and thence get into the open road, he with a sinking of the heart, and pausing once to listen for the widow—he listened and he heard her not—he placed his hat upon his head, and was about to open the door, when—his arms dropt to his side, and he fell—*come cadde un corpo morto*—he fell into a chair—the door was double-locked!

At the first burst of perspiration consequent on this discovery, Job could not have parted with less than two-pounds of solid flesh. All was known—Sir Scipio had found him out—he was a lamb shut up for the knife! He listened, and he heard the clouted shoes of the parish constable ascending the stairs! No; it was his own heart thumping to get through his walscoat. Job wiped his forehead, and tried to think. He had, with very many people, great presence of mind—but not in crisi-

cal situations. He walked to the window; but he gathered no counsel from the stars. He cautiously opened the casement, to contemplate the possibility of "a drop." Bacchus—bountiful Bacchus—prevented his taking it. Never was the jolly god so beneficent to wretched man! A vine, of at least some fifty years growth—a vine, with arms of cable strength, grew up the wall of the house, offering the finest footing to the fugitive. Had the purple toper visited Ariadne as Romeo visited Juliet, he could not have set up a better ladder. Job's feet and hands were in a trice among the fruitful cordage—and so lightly did he descend, that never a bud was lost to his helper.

Job stole along the garden, and, silent as a mole, made in the direction of the high road. Creeping down one of the green alleys that intersected the grounds, he was suddenly struck motionless by a voice that touched his heart-strings. He laid himself flat upon his belly, perspired, and listened; an umbrageous lilac entwined him around. "Two husbands before I'm thirty?" exclaimed a female voice in a note of perfect satisfaction; the speaker was no other than Bodkin, the widow's maid. "Two husbands—a lord for a twelvemonth—and a third marriage at forty," was the reply; and Job gasped agony as he recognized the deep, winning, subtle tone of Molly of the hut, removed to the precincts of Ladybird Lodge for the ostensible purpose of telling the future destinies of the anxious household. For the last three days it appeared Molly had secretly driven her trade; every domestic, from the butler to the scullion, had crossed her hand and looked on future life. "And now you must tell me about my mistress?" "The widow?" asked the black-eyed sibyl. "Will she—will she marry Mr Jewel?" "If nothing worse befall him," was the unsatisfactory reply. "Worse!" cried Bodkin; "can any mischief threaten so sweet a gentleman?" Job was generally above vulgar superstition; but in the present case he thought there might be something in a fortune-teller. "At this moment," pronounced Molly, her voice deepening with her subject, "I see a

gallows and a church—a noose and a wedding-ring—a coffin and a bride-bed. Yes, yes, I smell the flowering hemp and the marriage roses."—"God bless us," cried Bodkin, with sudden religion—"hang a gentleman!"—"And why not?" replied the propheteess, quite unmoved by the probability of such a catastrophe. "Hang Mr Jewel!" still exclaimed Bodkin—"Why, what can he have done?" There was a sudden rustling of the leaves—a quick footstep—and then another shrill, feminine, anxious voice, asked—"What can he have done?" A delicious tremor went through the bones of Job as he heard the voice of the widow. It was, indeed, Mrs Candy; won to the imprudence by the strong weakness of love, she had prompted her maid to touch upon the future fate of her mistress, herself hid the while among the bushes. Molly answered not the agitated interrogative; the widow, with new fervour, laid a dollar in her palm, and again repeated, with tenderness, "What can he have done?" Molly was meditating, if possible, a satisfactory answer, when—when—

Job, worked upon by a thousand sweet emotions, and fearing to betray himself, lay and wriggled on the grass like a wire-snake in a pantomime. "Holding his breath for a time," and digging his face into the turf, two or three green blades unhappily entered his nostrils; and thus, when Molly was about to divine, Job published a loud sneeze. There was a death-like pause!

"A cat!" cried Molly.

"A man!" exclaimed the maid, with deeper knowledge; and instantaneously the three women, like a leash of startled hares, ran bounding off. Molly and Bodkin, not weakened by the weight of sorrow borne for the past six months by the widow, secured their retreat—but the widow, running with a more matron-like step, and accidentally coming in close contact with Job, as he rose upon his knees, was locked—nay, double-locked in his nervous arms. Of course she was about to give a scream that would have split the "unwedgeable and gnarled oaks," but Job exclaimed, "'Tis I—your Jewel," and added to the evidence of voice the testimony of touch—and the scream of the widow,

merely snapping a stay-lace, died mutely in her throat.

"You wicked man!" said Mrs Candy, "after such an illness to venture in the night air. Pray—pray return to the house."

"Impossible," cried Job, deeply impressed with the imprudence of such a step. "Impossible—my fate is fixed."

"What *can* you mean," asked the widow with most peculiar astonishment.

"I say, my fate is fixed—but wherever I go, madam, the recollection of your charms, your virtues—the sweet hours of sickness passed in the blue room—oh, ma'am! I am the unhappiest of men!"

"Don't say so," urged the widow, though at the time thinking the unhappiest of men the most picturesque object in creation. "Don't say so. What has happened?"

"Oh, ma'am! I am a wretch hunted by evil fortune—a miserable, ill-starred man—a victim to accidents that—why, why was I born?" exclaimed Job, throwing his head up to the stars for an answer.

"I see it all!" cried the widow—"I see it all—tell me, sir—pray tell me—I have heard the story from Mr Winks,—but I thought you were secured—and now it all comes upon me—but weren't you locked up?"

"I—I was!"—and Job's teeth chattered at the recollection.

"And yet you have eluded him,—and—oh, yes—the fortune-teller spoke too truly—flowering hemp!—yes, your life, your precious life is forfeit to the law! they'll—they'll"—and the widow grew hysterical with the conviction, and she laid her head upon Job's shoulder as she finished the sentence—"they'll hang you."

Now, although Job had withstood the torment of his own fear of the gallows, he could not bear up against this touching corroboration, and the tears started to his eyes, and he stood dissolved, with one arm round the waist of the widow.

"And you have met,—and you have shed his blood!"

"I did it for the best," said Job, his thoughts recurring to the apoclectic Sir Scipio in the waggon.

"No doubt—no doubt," replied Mrs Candy with feminine charity—

"but the world, Mr Jewel—the world judges not of best intentions. And where—where is he now?" she asked with timid curiosity.

"In the lodge."

"But are you certain of the worst?"

"Certain—I saw his legs among the branches, and"—a new gush of sorrow on the part of the widow awakened Job to new attentions.

"But this"—and Mrs Candy wiped her eyes with marked decision—"this is no place for us—I mean for you. You must fly—you must quit the country—in a brief time the affair will be forgotten, and then you may return—and"—

"True, madam, true; 'twould be the safest—wisest plan—but, since you have shown such kind concern, I will confess to you that I cannot leave England without—"

"Nay, Mr Jewel—"

"I cannot stir from this spot without"—money, Job was about to say, but the widow was impatient—

"You are a man of honour, Mr Jewel?"

"I am, ma'am," and Job, anticipating an offered loan, put his hand upon his heart very boldly.

"Then—then be our two fates one—England, farewell—I'm thine for ever," and she sank upon Job's neck, and his kneesknocked together with his new responsibility.

At this moment, shouting voices were heard in the direction of the house. Sir Scipio and Winks were loudly encouraging searchers and pursuers.

"No time is to be lost," exclaimed the widow!—"this way,—this way!" And Mrs Candy wound through the bushes, Job mutely and wonderingly following her, the shouts growing louder—and a brace of pistol bullets being fired, as Job swore, within a hand of his curls. For a few moments let us leave the fugitives to their fortune.

Winks, morbidly fearful of the irascibility of Job, had locked his door to prevent what he otherwise looked upon and published as certain, a duel between Messrs Jewel and Triton. He had unburthened his bosom to Sir Scipio, who, as a magistrate, proposed that the inhabitant of the Blue room should be bound in heavy articles of peace.

For some time did they wait for the bell of Job—when Winks, attended by Sir Scipio, proceeded to the Blue room, where they found the window open and their Jewel gone. The affair was clear as day to Winks: his guest, incited by his delicate sense of honour, had dropt from the window to keep a mortal assignation. On this, butler, footmen, grooms, lacqueys, all were armed, and all scattered about the grounds to seize the would-be homicides. They found not Frank Triton, for he had that day consented to be chairman at the Walton Club—a knot of brothers of the angle—and at the time of the search, was certainly about to measure his ground under the table; neither did they find John Jewel, for he—but we shall return to him;—but they found, rolled up like hedge-pigs among the shrubs, armed to the teeth with crow-bar, centre-bit, and all the other implements of their “dreadful trade,” three gentlemen with one purpose, Phineas, Mortlake, and Bats, the triumvirate of the wattled hut. Two of them having fired in resistance, and thus satisfied their self-respect, modestly surrendered. Bats fought, but valour was in vain. Let us return to the lovers.

They had crossed the bridge, when they espied a post-chaise rapidly approaching them, sent, as it appeared, for Doctor Lullaby, yet a visitor at the lodge, for a grand christening next day at Wiggledon Park. The widow possessed sufficient arguments to induce the postillion to take herself and her Jewel in and turn the horses’ heads. Away they rattled, Job sitting, in the estimation of his affianced wife, a new-blown hero by her side; she full of tenderness—the full of hope, when—the horses stood fixed. Job let down the glass to call to the postillion, when a horse’s head looked into the chaise, and he heard in, he thought, well-remembered notes—“Stand—your money!” The widow screamed—“Wigmore!” and felt for her purse. The horse withdrew his head, and

when Job, trembling on the verge of dissolution, rose to give the treasure to the highwayman, he saw the animal with his forelegs stubbornly folded under him, and his rider tugging at the reins and digging with his spurs. Nor was the postillion blind to the accident, but lashing his horses, started on, and the wheel striking the head of the highwayman, knocked him senseless into the road. In four and-twenty hours the passengers of the post-chaise were wedded man and wife.

Poor Wigmore,—we mean the luckless Skinks—was found by a compassionate countryman, who recognised the horse as the property of Frank Triton, esq., a fine animal, but with one extraordinary defect, that of going upon his knees,—and was delivered into the hands of the law. His further history is to be seen in that interesting miscellany which for the past few years has supplied the playhouses with their most touching dramas. It also contains brief notices of Phineas, Mortlake, and Bats. As for Molly, she became an honest woman: she married a sheriff’s officer, and wore diamonds from the small and uncertain profits of a sponging-house. Poor Skinks! in an evil hour did he boast of his knowledge of horse-flesh—of his power to cure any steed of any known or unknown vice, and, in a no less luckless hour did Frank Triton, taking him at his word, lend him his bright bay without naming its particular defect.

And what became of Job Pippins?

He married the widow—made the grand tour—sent, anonymously, fifty pounds to Frank Triton for his purse and clothes—a handsome repeater to Sir Scipio Mannikin (and though he was dead, the present was not lost upon his successor)—returned to England—kept a comfortable house—and having plenty of money, was a decent, respectable, neutral kind of fellow—a frank, jolly dog, whom the luck of accidents had made so, and “couldn’t help it.” There are very many Pippins!

REMINISCENCES OF STOTHARD.

PART II.

I HAVE NOW to speak of Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, the most popular of all his works, though he has executed hundreds quite equal to it in merit. No artist had ever before attempted so full and so elaborate a painting, illustrative of the father of English poetry. Indeed, Chaucer had been most undeservedly neglected, both by the artists and the reading public at large, though he was always valued and studied by the few who have a true taste for poetry founded on nature, in the manly and unsophisticated strains of pure English verse. Though genius such as Stothard's generally selects its own subjects in the highest aims of literature and art, yet it is not a little remarkable that some of the great efforts of the human mind have arisen from the suggestion of others. We have instances of this in Milton, in Shakespeare (if it be true that Elizabeth suggested to him the subject of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*), in Cowper's *Task*, and in various other works of no less celebrity. With painters, most of the old masters had their subjects pointed out to them; some were directed to illustrate a particular event in history, in the annals of a noble house, or to decorate the shrines and altars of the saints with particular passages and occurrences from their lives; and the most distinguished of all Rubens's works, as a *series*, the *Triumphs of the Medici*, were painted by command.

Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims* owe their existence to the late Mr Crome, the engraver, who resided near the artist in Newman Street. I first saw the picture at the house of the engraver above named, soon after it had been returned from Liverpool and Manchester, and other large towns, where it had been exhibited. The following is, as nearly as I can recollect at this distance of time, the account given to me by Mr Crome of this celebrated painting. "I always wished," said he, "to see a picture of Chaucer's pilgrims on the road, travelling

in company together, when they determined to beguile the way by telling stories. But I was quite aware, that the great objection to such a picture would be the monotonous uniformity of a procession; and how little capable such a subject appeared to be to admit of variety and action, so as to preserve the natural order of a company of horsemen going along a straight road, without (by an attempt at varying the line of march) becoming either too violent or too artificial for a procession, which, however broken, is still a procession, and has in it something formal. Who could hope to make any thing of it? was always the cry, when I talked about it; but I felt convinced that, in the hands of Stothard, the subject was one capable of being made a great deal of, without the faults that were apprehended having any thing to do with it."

This work, thus suggested by an engraver whose name is scarcely known (and it deserves not to be forgotten), was undertaken and executed in a comparatively short space of time. It is now before the eyes of every one; for few houses, where the master has a library, or has any pretensions to a love or knowledge of the fine arts, are without the print, framed and hung in a conspicuous place—thousands have seen it, both abroad and at home, and every where is it equally admired and praised.

In the *Pilgrims*, Stothard has discriminated the characters with the utmost judgment and delicacy of tact, following closely the poet, and never masquerading or grotesquing his creations. There is great merit in this; for Hamlet's observations to the players on the liberties they take with their authors, is quite as applicable to the painters, who too often do much more than is set down for them, in illustrating the records of history or the fictions of poetry. In this painting, the miller, "dronken of ale," who leads on the cavalcade, playing on the bagpipes (an instrument which, in Chaucer's time, was

as common in England as it is yet in Scotland), appears very careless of the good people to whom he acts as piper, to bring them "out of town"—his own tipsy music seems to be all that he heeds—his horse carries him as he lists. The host is excellent: Stothard has seized on the moment for representing him, when he stops his steed, and holding up the lots in his hand, proposes the recounting of tales, to beguile the time on the road to Beckett's shrine. He truly gives us the man described by the poet, as

"A fairer burghess is there non in chepe,
Bold of his speech and wise, and well y-
taught."

The wife of Bath, who forms a most prominent object in the group, is represented to the life; she has all the joyance, the hearty good will of a blithe and bold spirit, unchecked by any delicacy of sentiment, or courtly reserve of manners. She is not nice enough to ride quietly along as the Prioress does in such a mixed company, but laughs and jests with all around her. She is speaking to the Pardoner, who, by the arch expression of his countenance and his action (that of pointing to the bag of papal pardons that he carries with him, as a welcome commodity, to market with at Canterbury), seems to be cracking some joke with her, and recommending to the jovial dame the indulgent contents of his holy bag. It shows great judgment in Stothard that he has not represented the wife of Bath as a gross or disgusting woman. She is to Chaucer's party what Ninon De L'Enclos was, some centuries after, to the court of Louis XIV., a refined voluptuary, delicate in appearance, not in mind or manners; she rides, like the Muse of Comedy, light and gaily along.

To the wife of Bath Stothard has well opposed the Lady Prioress; the most minutely drawn and, perhaps, delicately shaded and relieved of all the poet's characters in the Pilgrimage. She sits her horse with a quiet and a graceful ease; and appears to be engaged in conversation with the Nun, who is her "Chapellaine." Her attitude, person, face, air and dress are in exact agreement with Chaucer. As we look on her we see

a gentle and a modest lady in holy bonds—"a Prioress,"

"That of hire smiling was fulle simple and
"oy,
Hire grettest ooth u'as but by Seint Cloy."

Chaucer enumerates her accomplishments admirably, from the style of singing the service in the church to her French, which was derived from the fashion of her day.

"Untuned in hire nose ful sweetly;
And French she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris was to hire unknowe."

In the days of the poet the use of knives and forks was reserved for the carver, not for those who ate. The extreme attention on the part of a lady of so pure a mind as the Prioress, in the nicety observed by her at table, is particularly noticed by Chaucer; and it shows his careful observation of human nature—since delicacy at meals is not only the distinction of a gentlewoman, but, like nicety in dress, it is one of the never-failing indications of a delicate mind; coarse and absent feeders, and slovenly and negligent persons (though there may be a few rare exceptions), are, for the most part, gross and selfish spirits, for they seldom respect others or themselves; hence is it that good manners have their silent witnesses in personal attire and in demeanour whilst partaking of a meal at table; and if such manners and observances are not absolutely virtuous in themselves, they indicate virtues in those who practise them. How carefully did the Lady Prioress conduct herself at the social board!

"She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette her fingers in hire sauce deepe;
Wel could she carry a morsel, and wel kepe;
Her over lippe wiped she so clepe
That in her cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of gresse, when she droken hadde her draught."

Her humility, her tenderness, and feeling are beautifully described by Chaucer, and as nicely preserved in the modest air and the sweet and feminine deportment by the painter. She was lively, too—not a melancholy religionist.

"And sicklerly she was of grette disport,
And full pleassant and amiable of port,

And peined her to counterfeiten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so piteous,
She would wepe if that she saw a mouse
Caughte in a trappe, if it were dede or
bledde.

Of small boundes hadde she that she fedde,
With roasted flesh, and milke and wastel
brede,

But sore wept she if one of them were dede,
Or if men smote it with a gerde smert;
And all was conscience and tender herte."

The temptation to quote Chaucer, when we look on Stothard's beautiful Pilgrimage, is almost irresistible. But I must forbear, and confine myself to a few general remarks, as to expatiate on every character in the piece, excellent as they are, would require a little volume. The Surrey hills are seen in the background; and for those hills the artist made sketches on the spot, from the old Kent Road near Peckham; the company in the picture, when they begin to tell their tales, are not supposed to be more than a couple of miles "out of towne." They had quitted the Tabard in Southwark early in the morning, in the month of April; a time of year, when, if so fanciful a parallel may be indulged, we may liken Nature to a damsel of fifteen, opening and blushing, and displaying a promise too advanced for childhood, and not sufficiently put forth for womanhood, where the smiles and tears rapidly chase each other, where there is more of sweetness than energy, and where gentleness and tenderness give the assurance of a summer warmth of feeling that is to come, like the beautiful flowers and the glow of a June day, and an autumn rich in the fruits and the harvest, which both the previous seasons contribute to make plenteous. The hour of the morning, at such a time of the year, is marked in the picture by a deep-toned colour, and the effects of light and shade, of foreground and distance, are in perfect harmony the one with the other; yet so nicely managed, that they are made secondary to the train of figures; nothing being so brought forward, or made of so much importance as to divert the attention from the characters of the piece; the eye rests on them at

once. The portrait of Chaucer is introduced, he is one of the company. This was painted from a portrait of the poet, still preserved in the British Museum, and said to have been executed by Thomas Occleve, who was Chaucer's pupil. It represents a remarkably handsome man, of a thoughtful countenance, who seems to be observing what is passing around him, but without taking any prominent part in the discourse. This is a touch true to nature; since, with some few and rare exceptions, men of great genius are the worst companions that can be found in ordinary society. Whilst the world around them are busied in their own matters, or on little and common things, the man of genius is busied in that world only as the bee is among the flowers, to glean the modicum which each individual may supply, to store it in his own hive, and there to build up his fabric of such sweet food, that no man, like no one flower, could fix on or recognise the individual portion that may have been derived from himself, now that it has undergone the change and the refinement and the depositing in those beautiful cells of order and of grace that are, in the poet's mind, like the waxen caves of the bee, the treasury he forms for himself, and whence he draws forth all his wealth and dispenses it to others.

The knight and the young esquire are prominent characters in the picture. The latter rides a beautiful white horse; and by its being introduced in the foreground, relieves the whole group. Stothard excelled in painting the horse; and in this he resembled his favourite Rubens. In the Pilgrimage the animals are as various and as characteristic as their riders; and the way in which he has contrived to break and diversify the monotonous line of the procession, without placing any one figure in an uncommon position, shows the very consummation of the artist's judgment; it is a complete triumph over the difficulty that was most apprehended, and one which no man but of the highest order of invention could overcome; for there is no repetition in the picture; and Stothard has in this instance contrived to turn a defect of subject into a merit of art. I have only to add, that in the

costume of the characters, the most scrupulous exactness was observed. The painter, assisted by his son Charles, collected from manuscripts of the time of Chaucer, preserved in the British Museum, from monuments, effigies, &c., his authority for the armour of the knight and all the other dresses; not the slightest accompaniment was neglected. I cannot do better than to close my brief notice of this extraordinary painting, by giving the following extract of a letter, from the pen of the late Mr Hoppner, R. A., on the subject:—"In respect of the execution of the various parts of this pleasing design, it is not too much praise to say, that it is wholly free from that vice which the painters term *manner*; and it has this peculiarity besides, which I do not remember to have seen in any picture, ancient or modern, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted, but might very well pass for the work of some able artist of the time of Chaucer. This effect is not, I believe, the result of any association of ideas connected with the costume, but appears in a primitive simplicity, and the total absence of all affectation either of colour or pencilling. Having attempted to describe a few of the beauties of this captivating performance, it remains only for me to mention one great defect—the picture is, notwithstanding appearances, a MODERN ONE. But if you can divest yourself of the general prejudice that exists against contemporary talents, you will see a work that would have done honour to any school at any period."

Nothing can be more true than the remarks thus elegantly expressed, and generously felt, by Mr Hoppner. Stothard's *Pilgrims* have, indeed, no fault but their want of age, and that every year will lessen; for though time, both by poet and painter, is represented as an old man, yet for one so aged, he is unquestionably the swiftest runner in the world. In all respects the *Pilgrims* reflect honour, not merely on the artist himself, but on the school of British art, that such a picture should have been produced by a member of the Royal Academy so soon after its foundation. The celebrated Schiavonetti commenced the engraving of it. He proceeded as far

as the etching, which, as all the drawing in the plate depends on it, was a happy circumstance. Stothard spoke in the highest terms of that etching; the Italian artist had preserved all the spirit of the original; but he did not live to go beyond this delicate and introductory part of the task. Soon after his death, Mr Cromek took the plate in hand; he also died; and a third (whose name I do not remember) undertook it; but he had soon a similar fate with the former engravers. The plate was at length beautifully finished by Heath. It speedily became a universal favourite; whilst the fame of Stothard spread rapidly through out the country.

I do not know at what period Stothard painted *The Fitch of Bacon*, which, from form and size and subject, becomes a companion to the *Pilgrims*—It was, however, a later work. The nature of the subject gives an air of festal triumph to every gay figure in the group. Before the young and amiable pair, who have won the fitch, is seen a serving-man bearing it along. By the side of his horse walk the country minstrels, who head the procession with harmony. Two lovely and sylph-like damsels run before the animal that bears the wedded couple, strewing flowers. After them follow the train of friends and attendants crowned with garlands—some mounted, others on foot. The picture is closed by a group of figures who stand as spectators. Amongst these the painter has introduced himself—the head is in profile, the likeness faithful. A beautiful young gentlewoman, who stands in the midst with a fan of feathers in her hand, is listening to some remark made to her by one of her own sex, whilst her head modestly inclines downward to avoid the admiring looks of two young cavaliers, each mounted, who close the procession, and who seem to be equally struck by her beauty. One of them is touching his hat to her with a fixed gaze of admiration; the other bows bare-headed, but appears to look upon her with more diffidence, less in face. The painter by these figures, which form a little episode in the story of the *Fitch*, seems to indicate that between the two young

men a future rivalry is likely to spring up for so fair a prize. The landscape, and every accompaniment of the painting, is light, glowing, and exhilarating. From this circumstance, I confess, it is my favourite—I prefer it to the Pilgrimage. The dresses of the figures in this charming subject represent the picturesque costume of the time of Charles the First.

I do not remember the date of the year in which Stothard was employed to make his designs for the Wellington shield—they form one of his great works. The merchants of London had, at a public meeting, agreed on presenting a silver-gilt shield to the Duke, as a mark of their sense of his merit as the greatest general of modern times. Messrs Ward and Green of Ludgate Hill were the goldsmiths chosen to make the trophy. Artists were invited, without any restriction, to send in their designs for the compartments of the shield by a fixed day. The subjects were to be selected from the military career of the victorious general. Stothard, who did not, I believe, hear of it quite so soon as other artists, found he had exactly three weeks before him to read the history of the war, to make choice of his subjects, to execute *all* his designs, and to send them into the committee. To any other than genius of the highest order, perfected by long practice, by having gained a facility in embodying its conceptions, the task to be performed in so short a time would have been impossible. Stothard attempted and achieved it; and his drawings so infinitely surpassed all competition that they were chosen without a dissentient voice. Those who have never seen them can form no idea of the astonishing rapidity with which such a task must have been performed. When I first saw them, well knowing the circumstances under which they had been executed, I was struck dumb with amazement, though I had long known enough of the mind of the great painter to consider it equal to any object on which its energies might be turned.

The designs for the Wellington shield were rather large drawings, and executed in sepia. They com-

menced with the battle of Assaye in the East Indies, conducted the gallant Duke through all his brilliant victories in the Peninsular War, and concluded with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent after the battle of Waterloo. These subjects are ranged in compartments round the shield. In the centre, the General is seen seated on horseback, surrounded by the most eminent officers engaged in the war. Tyranny lies subdued and trampled under his horse's feet, whilst Victory, represented by a graceful female, is about to place a laurel crown upon his head. But the wonder of Stothard's talent concerning the Wellington shield was not confined to the manner in which he executed the designs. It was of course necessary that, before the chasing of the silver was commenced, an exact model of the drawings to be so chased should be executed as a guide to the persons who were to be employed on so nice a work. A Mr Talmarch was chosen, but he died suddenly soon after he was appointed to the task, and some difficulty arose as to who should succeed him, when, to the extreme surprise of all, Stothard offered to make the models himself from his own designs, and, with a rapidity scarcely less extraordinary than his former exertions, and wholly unpractised as he was in this branch of art, he produced one of the most masterly models ever executed of its kind. He had now gone so far that he determined to superintend the whole work till the shield should be completed.

I used to hear him talk a great deal about it, and I know that he agreed in the opinion that a *bronze* shield, though less costly, would have been a richer and more classical material for his designs, and one the most likely to go down to posterity, since in times of tumult and civil strife (and who could say such would never occur again in England) trophies of this nature, if they fall into the hands of the rude soldiery, or of the multitude, are less likely to escape pillage in silver than in bronze. Even a memorial to the Duke of Wellington might be consigned to the melting pot, if misrule or rebellion once more gained the

mastery in our land; for the warlike achievements of Henry the Fifth could not save his head, formed of silver, from the plunder of the godly, who tore it from his tomb in the abbey of Westminster when the iron rule of Cromwell had usurped that of a crowned king.

Whilst the shield was in progress the Duke and Duchess of Wellington honoured the venerable artist with a visit at his house in Newman Street. His son Charles was with him to receive them—they were both highly gratified with the interview, and spoke of the Duke as a man whose superiority was apparent in all he said. I asked Mr Stothard what was the general impression the Duke had left on his mind. He replied, "That of strong sense—he looked attentively at my drawings, but I observed that every remark he made was decided—not as if he came to see his actions illustrated by my designs for them, but to see if I understood what he had been about. He was satisfied. He is a gentleman, but I will venture to say no courtier. The Duchess was very pleasing, and seemed a very gentle person, fond of the arts. She noticed my female figures, but the Duke was taken up with my soldiers."

The shield was finished and presented; and for some time before the ceremony of presentation took place, Messrs Ward and Green very liberally and obligingly exhibited it by gratuitous tickets of admission at their house in Ludgate Hill, where it was seen by most persons of rank and talent of the day. It was indeed a gorgeous work, but I thought it dazzled the eyes too much, and wished again and again that it had been in bronze. Mr Stothard afterwards executed, as an amusement of a winter's evening, his eight large and masterly etchings from his own designs for the shield. The last day I ever had the happiness of spending with him (it was at his own house), he presented us with the whole series, proof impressions, of these beautiful etchings. It is needless to say how they are valued, as coming from such a hand, and as one of the last memorials of a connexion of years' standing, and one that now awakens the blended recollections of affection, reverence, and regret!

A few notices more, and I close these slight observations on his works. In the years 1821 and 1822 he painted the ceiling of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. In the first named year he sent to Somerset House the finest, and, I believe, the largest picture, he had ever there exhibited—*the Vintage*. His choice was, as usual, directed by having a frame by him that happened to fit the picture. It was one of the most beautiful he had ever sent before the public—it was universally admired—and allowed by artists, and such as were capable of appreciating its excellence, to bear a marked resemblance to Rubens in the richness and depth of its colour, whilst in drawing and in grace it was not inferior to Titian. I was with him and his son Charles, at the beginning of May in 1821, at the private view of Somerset House, and heard both Flaxman and Sir Thomas Lawrence speak their enthusiastic admiration of *the Vintage*. Lawrence, in his manner of addressing Stothard, showed a deference to his opinion, and an attention to the slightest remark he made on Sir Thomas's own works, that evinced the high value and respect in which he held his judgment. I observed that Lawrence never led the way with his opinion about any picture in the presence of Stothard, but asked him what he thought of it, with the modesty of one who looks up to a superior. I remember, too, how this triumvirate of great men, Stothard, Flaxman, and Lawrence, concurred in their high admiration of two pictures that were exhibited that year—one was Leslie's *May-day in the reign of Elizabeth*, the other Edwin Landseer's *Cats' Paw*.

A very short time ago I was naming my recollections of that memorable day to the elder Lewis (who is himself a clever artist in original composition, and used to engrave all the finest drawings of Lawrence); he told me, that so much did Sir Thomas admire and revere Stothard, that he always kept a cast of his bust, after Chantry's beautiful head of him, upon the table of his studio.

I am fortunate enough to possess a very good collection of Stothard's original drawings, besides some of

his oil pictures. Amongst the former are some sketches that he made of the sailors and officers who were on board the *Victory* in the action in which Nelson lost his life. These portraits he introduced in his picture of the hero's death. The sketches are executed in a bold style, like the old drawings of artists in the Venetian school.

In landscape, Stothard was admirable; his back-grounds of that nature are generally distinguished by richness of colour; warm, glowing sunsets; they display execution of pencilling, but they are seldom highly finished. Indeed very few of his pictures are so; yet he could finish highly and elaborately, when leisure or inclination led him on to the task; witness his beautiful little picture of the *Cock and the Fox*, from Chaucer; and several of his landscape drawings from nature are equal to those of any artist who has exclusively devoted his study to scenes of this description. We have an instance of this in his two most exquisite drawings of Clifton and Chepstow, that were amongst the vast collection, of a portion of his works, sold at Christie's, in June, 1834, soon after his death.

One of his last great designs was for the frieze of the interior of the new palace, near the Park. The subjects are illustrative of the history of England; they principally relate to the wars of the White and Red Roses. The venerable artist was between seventy and eighty years old when he executed these; they possess all the spirit and vigour of imagination that had distinguished his best days. As a whole, there is not, perhaps, to be found a more interesting series of historical designs of any country in ancient or modern times. The drawings of this frieze ought to have been in the possession of the King, but they were sold at Christie's with the rest, on

the decease of the painter; I believe that Mr Rogers was the purchaser.

It is not, I apprehend, generally known to the public that Stothard made the designs for some of the most celebrated pieces of our sculpture. Amongst these may be mentioned the monument of Garrick, in Westminster Abbey; also that for Chantry's exquisite figures of the *Sleeping Children* in Lichfield Cathedral. Stothard said, no sculptor had ever before so completely embodied his ideas in the marble; and he always spoke of Chantry as a man of the first order of genius, cultivated and embued with the grace of classic antiquity.

There was no branch of art, but, at some period or other, Stothard had attempted it, and always with success. Nor did he disdain to copy others, when any useful object was to be gained by so doing. That last day I was at his house, he showed me a collection of sketches that he had copied from a work on Eastern habits and costume; he said they would be useful to him in his designs from Eastern subjects. He also made vast collections of prints of foreign cities and countries; he used to fancy, he told me, that he *travelled* when he looked at them; and they were hints for correctness in his different works. Many years ago, he commenced carving, with a penknife, a set of ivory chess-men, after his own designs. Of these he executed only two or three pieces. One, the knight, represented that warlike character of the game, attired in armour, with a lance in his hand, ready for the field. The pawns, I believe, he intended to be archers; and the king and queen were to be royal personages, attired in the costume of the middle ages. The pieces he finished were very beautiful.*

So numerous were the compositions of Stothard, that they consist of many *thousand designs*; I should

* I recollect having seen, years ago, at Ghent, some *carvings in ivory* by Michael Angelo, that in their style of execution very much resembled those of Stothard. Michael Angelo's work was, however, finished. It was a little portable altar, known in Roman Catholic countries by the name of a *Tabernacle*, intended to hold the *pix*. Stothard's knight for chess was not unlike some of the saints; which, in miniature dimensions, decorated the sides of this beautiful little box, by Michael Angelo; for it was shaped exactly like a box, only that it opened with folding-doors in front, instead of having a lid. The whole was in ivory.

think it impossible that any one could give a regular list of them, as the artist could not do so himself; his whole life of labour, study, and industry had been devoted to one object; and, by constant practice, he had gained a facility of execution, which, in his early years, he could not, even himself, have anticipated. Some of his earlier works are now so rare, that they are absolutely not to be bought (I speak of the engravings from them), and of many the plates were worn out by the frequency of the impressions.

There can be no doubt that Stothard's youthful study of Raphael helped not merely to form his taste, but to develop his own remarkable powers, and to make him what he was. He had imbibed that grace, or *mystery of painting*, which is so transcendently beautiful in the pictures of the Italian masters. This they owed to the church, the great patron, in the greatest age of art, of architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the fine arts. Paul Veronese, Raphael, Julio Romano, Leonardo da Vinci, and a host of others, were all employed to decorate cathedrals, churches, altars, and shrines with subjects from holy writ, or from the traditions and mysteries of Catholicism. The result of this patronage may be seen in the exquisite purity, in the expression of angelic sweetness, which altogether rendered the works of these masters, of Raphael in particular, of something more than earthly character; and the great difference between the English and the Italian school of historical painting is more marked, perhaps, in this than in any other feature. The holy families of English painters are human beings; with the Italians they are only human forms, but having diffused into them something of a superhuman spirit. In the latter school there is also a warmth and depth of colour which the English too frequently neglect; and that pure taste which pervades all the efforts of Italian art, extends itself to subjects that are of classic mythology, and even to those of an Ovidian character; for, whilst our British Venuses are but Venuses, and have in them more of beauty than of delicacy, the Italian artists, educated as painters for the church,

possessed that refinement of feeling which enabled them to blend two most opposite things into a perfect harmony with each other, for they alone knew how to give to voluptuousness itself an air of modesty; so that it might be called, by a catachresis, *the seduction of virtue*.

Stothard was a great master in this refinement of feeling; all his females are modest, and nothing can be more airy or sylph-like than his girls, or more fascinating than his women. In them he seems to delight in the lovely and the graceful, more than in the commanding and the dignified. He gives us a hundred Juliets and Rosalinds to one Constance or Lady Macbeth; and, in depicting such characters as the last named, so pervading is his love for all that is feminine in woman, that he scarcely bestows on such beings that energy, bordering on what is masculine in its developments, which the poet requires; for we cannot fancy either a Volunna or a Lady Macbeth, even in their physical distinctions, to resemble the ordinary race of women, whose chief excellence of character is, as Coleridge has so well remarked, to be "characterless," having no strong passions or propensities to lead them into resolute and independent action, their principal moral excellence being that docility of mind which yields to the guidance of another, and holds to the support of man, as the clinging ivy does to the column which it most adorns with beauty at the very moment it receives its sustaining strength. Stothard's powers were peculiarly adapted to enable him to become a chivalrous painter of the fair sex. His sportiveness, his elegance, his taste, his slight yet masterly pencilling, so delicate little indications, fine and feeling as the gentle heart, rendered him the very chronicler of youth, beauty, and woman, whose evanescent charms he had the spell to fix and to record in all their festal glory.

The only prominent fault in Stothard was now and then seen (yet not in all his pictures) in *mannerism*; and this was more especially observed in a certain indescribable cast of countenance, that he depicted too often in his females. Certainly it was a beautiful peculiarity, but from

repetition it became *mannerism*; and the Stothard female heads, with their large eyes and peculiar expression, are as impossible to be mistaken for individual character, as the cat-head form and features of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who unquestionably beautified and rendered human the feline countenance, in nine out of ten, in the faces of his children.

The sunshine brightness and warmth of Stothard's mind, gave the poetic stamp to all his compositions. He never could be vulgar. Rich as he was in humour, yet it was humour of the most refined sort, that which is allied to wit of character, or simplicity of heart; the first is seen in his *Falstaffs*, the second in his *Sanchos*. He never could be *Dutch*; he never could have painted what was termed a *Dutch drollery*; in which the humour of the piece is principally produced by low life fun and unseemly incident; he never could paint man when man degenerates into the brute, as Hogarth did with a fidelity that borders on disgust, in his "*Modern Midnight Conversation*." Hogarth (and with reverence be his name spoken) made us loath, sickened at the very sight of vice; Stothard never brought any vicious images before us; he led us through the fairy ground of the picturesque and the beautiful; Hogarth showed us where lay the bog and the quagmire, and the miry ground, that we might not be lost, or soiled, in our road. Both, therefore, may be considered as *moral* painters; each as teachers in a school of ethics, though of a different class.

Stothard's pictures of humble (not low) life, were very characteristic; his landlords and publicans, his Christopher Slys, Tam O'Shanter's, and his companions, are all rich in humour; but they do not represent base fellows that would shock a gentlewoman; she may smile, but will not blush. His gipseys, perhaps, are often too like ladies masquerading as gipseys; they are not the real fortune-tellers, a compound of cunning and petty larceny; but Stothard was, as a painter, aristocratic; he could condescend gracefully to humble or rural life, but he never could descend to low life. Stothard's acquaintance with the actual world around him, was comparatively

small; and the only use he made of it was, as a sculptor uses his chisel, not to make it cut out a representation of itself, but to develope and give form to the conceptions of his own mind. Perhaps he did not sufficiently attend to the world in which he moved; of its littleness, in little and ordinary things, he had small comprehension; of knavery, trick, and *manœuvre* he had not the slightest observation; fortunate was it for him, that his pursuits generally led him to have dealings but with honourable men and respectable publishers, else would he have become an easy prey, for he took every man's honesty by the measure of his own assertions. A child was not more guileless than he was, or more thoroughly unacquainted with the selfishness practised by half mankind. He had a world of honour, worth, and beauty within himself, and in that he lived and moved. I am persuaded that his very fault of mannerism, in so many of his paintings, proceeded from this habit of contemplating beauty in the sun-lit region of his own mind, without sufficiently attending to the actual world about him. Hence was it, that whatever he touched he made it his own, and sometimes, with Stothard's grace, it had Stothard's faults.

His genius was unlimited—it embraced every species of composition, every subject of the pencil. Landscape, portrait, cities, architecture, sea pieces, animals, birds, flowers, fruits, costume, even insects—all were familiar to the great historical painter, who could make even sacred subjects, as well as our own Shakspeare, become more familiar to the mind—who could rise with the sublimity of the Bible in the portraiture of saints and prophets, of divine persons and things—who could embody the majesty of princes and the heroism of warlike chiefs—who could give to love its tender sportiveness and its purple wing; to beauty its crown and flowers; to childhood its sweetness, and its smiles and tears—and could call up the scenes of social, domestic, and rural life, with a pathos and a truth that made their way to the heart.

The drawings of this great man have long been considered, both by

artists and collectors, as unique in their kind. The finest and largest collection that I have ever seen is in the possession of Stothard's friend, Rogers the poet. Not very long ago, I was gratified by viewing them at his house in St James's Place, the seat indeed of the Muses, of genius, classic elegance, and taste. To look on the drawings of Stothard, and to hear them commented on by the venerable author of the "*Pleasures of Memory*," is something worth remembering among the most pleasing events of social life. To the honour of Rogers be it spoken, he ever appreciated, encouraged, and liberally rewarded the efforts of Stothard's pencil. He was at once his patron and his affectionate and familiar friend; and to this day that amiable poet entertains his admiration of Stothard, and of all the fine arts, with an enthusiasm that is unchilled by time and unabated by habit. Rogers is one of those rare souls who are always young; with whom time and even decay do but injure the casket, but cannot touch the jewel that it holds within.

Having already spoken at large respecting Stothard's drawings, I have only to add a few observations on his pictures in oil. These were so various (and in many he is wholly free from the fault of mannerism), that it is impossible to do full justice to his powers by the sight of merely one picture. Some of them, however beautifully composed, were slight, hasty, and, in parts, not sufficiently defined. Others, on the contrary (especially those painted on a *red ground*, like most of the old Venetian masters), were marked by a depth and strength of colour that fully equalled Rubens, and gave to several, especially those on panel, an air of antiquity. Of this kind I will instance two only;—The first a little picture of the death of Thomas a Beckett. It breathed the very spirit of the old masters,—it was rich, even to excess, in colour, and looked at least three centuries old. Another, a sleeping Venus, possesses in the repose of the figure, indescribable beauty. It is not one of those sleeping Venuses that appear like statues laid at full length—it is a creature of flesh and blood in a calm and breathing rest. The colour,

too, is fine; and the deep blues in the back ground, with the ruddy and glowing effects of an evening sun, forcibly remind one of Titian. Those deep blues, which Londoners think unnatural in pictures, are common in Italian climates; and not less common in the mountainous districts of England and Scotland,—in level countries they are never seen. But Stothard had visited the Lakes, North Wales, and Scotland, and nothing in those lands, where nature is a poet, struck him so much as the wondrous and almost magical effects of the deep aerial blues. He said they would change in an instant the whole face of the country, making it a new thing. He revelled in such effects in his own pictures. His choice of Paris, and his triumph of Thetis (which are at this moment before my eyes), are not less excellent in these peculiarities of richness and of depth, though they are less finished than many other of his works.

Greatly as Stothard admired good drawing, and beautifully as he drew, yet he was sometimes careless in this respect himself. The neglect too frequently arose from his not having time to finish highly, nor to devote so much of it as he could wish to the more minute parts of his outline. He used, with regret, to compare the condition of an English historical painter with an artist of the old Italian school. If an Italian was skilled in painting, he was certain to have ample time and opportunity afforded him to execute a great picture. Whilst it was in progress, he was supported either by his prince, or by one of the nobility, who would take him into his palace, give him spacious apartments, and cause him to be treated with all honour. He had not one *worldly* care to distract him, or to take off his attention from his work, or to compel him to hasten over it, or to bestow on it one hour less than he desired. But the English painter, left solely to his own unassisted and precarious exertions, is often obliged to hasten through one subject to secure employment upon another for bread, and lives by the *number* of the works he executes, instead of by their individual excellence as finished works of art. Can we then wonder that a

Stothard has exceeded in *number* the works of a Raphael, and yet leaves no single picture which, in the excellences that are the result of labour, time, deep study, magnitude and finish, can compete with his?

There is another thing, too, in which the Italian school has the advantage over the English. It is here noticed with no intention to offend the feelings of any living individual, but simply because it is truth. Young artists of the present day are, for the greater part, young men of poor circumstances and station. They begin to study for painters with an *uneducated mind*. Only genius of the very noblest order can hope to overcome such a defect as this. In Italy, many of the greatest painters were learned or highly educated men; and so necessary for an artist did Michael Angelo deem a liberal education, that he said "None but a gentleman should study to become a painter." This is too exclusive; but it shows the opinion of that great man, and that he thought the pursuits of the scholar and the advantages of good society were likely to enable the student to achieve far greater things in art, than can be hoped for with the painter who has no previous stores of his own to assist him in forming his taste and refining his feelings; and who is ignorant of that grace so necessary in poetic composition, which is best gained and preserved by associating with the educated and the polite, in the domestic or the social circle.

I have said so much of Stothard and his works, that I have now but to close these reminiscences with a few anecdotes that relate to him as a man more than as a painter. It was in the year 1794 that he was elected a member of the Royal Academy. Long before this, he had married a Miss Watkins, a lady of respectable family, and who, at the time of her marriage, was possessed of considerable beauty—she had the remains of it when I first saw her. By this union Mr Stothard became the father of six children, the youngest only being a 'girl. Mrs Stothard was a woman of naturally good abilities, and was possessed of a fund of shrewdness and humour, that marked her as a character of no

ordinary cast. The latter part of her life was one of great suffering, painful, indeed, both to herself and others; and the nervous and irritable state of mind from which she endured so much, arose, in the first instance, from the calamitous circumstances I am about to mention.

The eldest son of the painter, who bore his father's name, Thomas, and inherited his genius, was, by all accounts, a gifted, noble, and spirited lad—one of those boys of whom we naturally augur great things. His historical designs and drawings seemed to come to him without effort. I have heard his father say, that, for so young a person, they were very extraordinary, characterised by imagination, energy, and spirit. They were mostly battle pieces, or relating to war; and so decidedly military was the turn of his mind, that he told his father he should never be happy unless he let him go into the army; he would, rather than not serve at all, serve as a volunteer in any quarter of the globe: he hoped, therefore, he could get him a commission, for he longed day and night to tread the path of military honour. All his childish play, even from infancy, had been about soldiers and battles; and he talked of Alexanders, and Cæsars, and Pompeys, and made designs for their achievements, in a manner that was truly masterly, with his pencil. When he heard of the death of some one of our commanders in the war, his exclamation was, "I wish I had been in his place!" and his countenance would light up and glow at the relation of military achievement—and the youth who felt thus, and who could with his pencil so give life to his feelings, had not attained his sixteenth year! He was, I have heard his father say, of a fine person, of a frank and manly countenance, good-natured in the extreme, but of a fiery spirit—ever in action, and yet full of thought. Alas! he was cut off, not by the common casualties of disease, that sometimes wither youth in the blossom, but by a death as violent as it was sudden, and by the very means so destructive in modern war,—he was accidentally shot dead on the spot!

His afflicted mother used to relate a circumstance respecting this disas-

trous event, that I shall repeat as she told it. I do not pretend to judge of it. It might have been the effect of a *deceptio visus*, produced by a strong and anxious imagination; or it might have been purely a thing of fancy; it is not, however, my place to decide what it was, but simply to relate those particulars which so deeply impressed the mind of one, whose veracity was never questioned in the relation of them.

Mrs Stothard was always more than usually anxious about her son Thomas; and had been particularly so on the day the fatal accident occurred. Soon after dinner, whilst she was in her bedroom, poor Tom (for so she called him) came to her unexpectedly, and asked her to give him some money, for he wanted to go out, with a schoolfellow, to buy a bird. Mrs Stothard wished him to stay at home, and more than once entreated him to do so; for she said she had an unaccountable weight upon her spirits. But the poor boy was in a very lively mood; his mind bent on buying his bird; and not being positively forbidden, he kissed her, and left home to go and purchase it. Mrs Stothard went down to the drawingroom; but some little time after again returned to her bedroom; when, on looking towards the bed, she solemnly declared that she distinctly saw her son Thomas, standing by the side of the bed, opposite to where she was herself stationed. Astonished at the sight, and fully convinced in her own mind that it was impossible he could have returned home without her knowing it, she looked at the figure which bore his form and feature steadfastly for a moment, and a cold horror ran through her veins, as she with difficulty asked him, "What he did there?" No answer was given; a pause of some seconds ensued, when, as if the figure stooped down, it moved strangely, and she saw it no more. She was greatly agitated, yet retained a perfect possession of her senses; she began to doubt their evidence, when she heard a knock at the house-door. She was eager to enquire who it might be; the servant told her that two strangers, gentlemen, were below asking for Mr Stothard. She rushed down the stairs, and wanted to know their

business. They would tell her nothing, but persisted in their desire to see her husband. He at length appeared. They requested to speak with him alone. "It is about Tom," said Mrs Stothard, in the greatest perturbation of mind. Mr Stothard and the gentlemen went into a front parlour. The door was shut. The anxious mother could not restrain the feelings of agonized curiosity that possessed her; she listened at the door, and heard that her son Thomas was shot dead by a schoolfellow, who was accidentally handling a gun, not knowing it to be loaded, when they were about going out together.

Deeply as Stothard felt this sudden stroke of calamity, he nevertheless supported it in a manner that was suited to the philosophical character of his mind. He felt deeply indeed, but he bore silently his own feelings; not thinking it proper, as he expressed it, to disturb others with his sorrows; nor did he deem himself of sufficient consequence to have any right to complain that he was not spared his share of those accidents and trials, allotted to so many, who he considered were more worthy than he was.

The fate of his second beloved and lamented son, Charles, was no less calamitous and sudden; for he also perished by an accident, whilst engaged in his professional pursuits. But the circumstances attending it are already so well known, and have been so fully detailed in the memoirs of his life, published some years ago, that it is not necessary here to enter on the melancholy particulars. The shock was to his father, and to all his family and connexions, indeed, great; for the loss of the younger Stothard was aggravated by the deprivation taking place at the very time the talents of poor Charles, as an author, an antiquary, and an artist, were beginning to be known and estimated as they deserved to be in the world of art and of letters; and when the fairest prospects were opening upon him; since, had he lived, it was the intention of the late Duke of Norfolk, on the recommendation of the late Lord Howard, to have appointed him, on the first vacancy that might occur, a herald in the college of arms; and a vacancy

did occur only six weeks after his death.

Stothard's three other sons are still living. Henry, the eldest, was brought up under Flaxman as a sculptor. But though he remained with him for many years, his health, which had suffered from long and severe illness, rendered it impossible he could sufficiently apply himself so as to follow sculpture as a profession. He now teaches drawing, in the higher branches of the art, and possesses fine taste and accurate judgment, and a knowledge of the old masters that is creditable to the name he bears. In private life he is exceedingly beloved and respected for the kindness of his heart, and the worth of his character. The next son, Alfred Joseph, is a very fine artist in the branch he has chosen to pursue, that of a medallist. His works are remarkable for their high relief, and the taste, fidelity, and beauty of their execution. It was this gentleman who produced the finest medal that has yet been seen of Sir Walter Scott, after the bust by Chantry. Mr Alfred Stothard was appointed medallist to the late King George the Fourth, of whose head he executed a beautiful medal. Those of Canning, Byron, &c. were also from his hand. The third son, Robert (who in person bears a marked resemblance to his father), possesses likewise a very great share of the family abilities for the fine arts. His drawings from subjects of antiquity are very chaste, tasteful, and accurate; very much in the style of his late brother Charles, whom he succeeded as historical draughtsman to the Society of Antiquaries. Emma, Mrs Stothard's only daughter, possessed a mind cultivated by reading and natural taste; she never pursued any branch of the fine arts, but she was a favourite companion with her father, with whom she lived till he died.

Stothard was a most kind and indulgent husband, and an affectionate father to all his children. He encouraged their several pursuits; and

always said, with truth, that he endeavoured to judge of what they did, as he would judge the works of an indifferent person; neither praising nor blaming them as his sons. Indeed his commendation and his censure were generally given in moderation; they were the result of judgment unswayed by prejudice or by any private motive. Amongst his friends and acquaintances, Stothard numbered several of the celebrated persons of his day. Many of these he had outlived; for those who live to his age know the sorrow of seeing most, often all, their early ties and connexions drop around them. He used to speak of Northcote, and Mrs Lloyd* (formerly Miss Moser, and once very celebrated for her oil-paintings of flowers), as the two oldest remaining academicians except himself on the list; they both, I believe, died before him. Though Stothard knew so many of the eminent persons of his time, he never, I believe, formed so strict an intimacy with any, as he did with Mr Flaxman and Mr Rogers. The death of the former alone put a period to their friendship; and the poet's kindness and regard continued unchanging and unchanged to the last hour of the painter's life.

Of Flaxman's genius and worth, he ever spoke in the warmest terms of admiration. I have heard him say that, in his opinion, no sculptor of modern times had ever so closely approached the great masters of antiquity; yet he did not deem him, as a sculptor, ever likely to become popular. He possessed also the high merit of himself designing all the pieces that he executed with the chisel; he drew beautifully.

Flaxman's works will indeed never be fully and universally estimated, till time shall have hallowed his genius. His conceptions of his subject, his personifications, were all of the highest order of poetical design. There was a sublimity of sentiment in his works, a simple and stern dignity, which, even among artists, required a similar intuitive

* Mrs Lloyd is now almost forgotten; but I have heard Stothard speak very highly of her merit as an artist. Angelica Kauffman was also an academician of her day. Stothard said of Angelica, that she would have made a beautiful paintress, had she been educated, and had studied in a better school of art.

feeling, beyond the mere knowledge of art, fully to appreciate. Flaxman never sacrificed his sense of what belonged to his subject to mere effect. His was like the severe school of classic antiquity; and his genius, like that of Greece in its pristine greatness, was of a character not formed for his own age alone, but to excite the admiration and fix the standard of taste in those ages which should succeed him in the sculpture of England. Flaxman was also a scholar; and the purity and elegance of his mind infused itself into all his works. Nor was he as a man less excellent than as an artist; he was truly a single-hearted being; and the meekness with which he bore his faculties, his gentleness and affection to his family, his pupils, his workmen, and to the humblest servant in his house, rendered him, like one of the patriarchs of old, as their common father, who presided over all for good, with the utmost simplicity of life and conversation. Stothard and Flaxman are now both dead; I knew them both, and to know was to revere them; for they were as much above the ordinary race of men in the moral perfection of their nature, as they were raised above them by the achievements of their genius. Thus to pay homage to their memory, is not only a delightful task, but one which can raise no suspicion; for who flatters the inhabitants of the tomb! Flattery has a selfish aim, but posthumous praise is the offering of sincerity.

It is almost needless to state that the painter whose pencil had been so constantly employed in illustrating the greatest poets and writers of his own country, was a lover of poetry. Stothard had fine taste in literature; and, considering how constantly he was engaged in his professional pursuits, it is not a little surprising to think how much he had read; and how extended was his knowledge on subjects of general reading. I shall never forget the last day I spent with him at his own house. He was then past seventy; but I never saw him in a more delightful frame of mind. His deafness, too, on that day, happened not to be so bad as it usually was; and he enjoyed and sustained the

conversation with extraordinary vivacity. There was a kindness, a cheerfulness blended with serenity, in his manner, which, at his date of life, it was delightful to witness. It was impossible to contemplate it without the sincerest feelings of reverence and affection; for no one had ever learnt to grow old with a better grace than had Stothard.

He showed us the contents of several portfolios filled with his drawings, designs, views from nature, &c., related many little anecdotes concerning the circumstances under which they had been made, or of persons with whom he came in contact during their progress. His anecdotes were amusing, his observations original, and evinced a mind that thought and judged for itself; his remarks on books, and on the poets he had illustrated, were derived from no set rules, no current opinions; they were the result of his own feelings, and of that fine taste which in him was intuitive in the appreciation of whatever might be excellent. I recollect well that, whilst showing us a sketch he had made of Mrs Burns, the poet's wife, he took occasion, as he often did, to speak his exceeding admiration of Burns; he used to call him the poet of nature. I had, many years before, once heard him read Burns.

Stothard was a beautiful reader; but not at all in that style which passes current for beautiful reading. It seemed to me (if I were asked to describe what I thought so peculiar and so excellent in his delivery) that he read as if not reading at all; there was nothing in it artificial; not a tone was modulated by effort; it was the natural man throwing his mind into the subject that engaged him, and speaking the thoughts of another as if they were his own. In subjects of pathos all flowed from the heart; and his voice, which was deep, had great flexibility, and now and then, when his feelings were touched, an emotion in it that produced a corresponding effect on his hearers.

Some persons, who did not know Stothard intimately, or had not studied him (for he was one of those men who are really a subject for study with an observant mind), con-

sidered him an awfully reserved person, and were afraid of him. He was unquestionably reserved, and very much so in any society where he did not feel himself quite at home; but it was not the reserve of design, far less of pride; it was merely from a want of sympathy in those about him, to know how to touch the key-note of an uncommon mind; for Stothard's was more of a ruminating than a reserved spirit; he was always thinking, not of himself, I am certain, but of some subject connected with his books, and his designs. His mind was, strictly speaking, philosophical in its character; hence was he generally calm, notwithstanding the deep and strong nature of his feelings. I once heard his son Charles (who revered him, and thought no man on earth, as a man, a finer character than his father), say—"It requires some very great occasion to make my father forget his equanimity, but when he does give way to his feelings, he is really awful."

In his manners, Stothard was indeed a gentleman. In saying this, I do not mean to imply that he had that precise knowledge of form and custom which is the result of an attentive observance of etiquette. Of such he took no heed; but he was that gentleman in his manners that we feel at once to be such from the union of a cultivated mind, a kind and beneficent heart, and an unobtrusive modesty of disposition; one who wishes to give pleasure to others, but never to inflict pain. I can at this moment recall, as vividly as if he were now before my eyes, the quiet manner, the smile, and the good-humoured welcome with which he received you, as he would come from the painting to the drawing room; and, however short your call might be, he always endeavoured to make it agreeable by showing you something that he was about, or had done, that he thought would interest you.

In his external appearance, he certainly neglected the graces; for he was exceedingly careless in his dress; and his mind, absorbed in his pursuits, made him occasionally so lost, that he would do the most absurd things. He was once to dine with Mr Rogers, the poet, to meet

Mrs Barbauld, and, I believe, Madame de Staël, during her visit to England. Stothard had, on this occasion, expressed his intention, on that day, of making himself smart. But when he got to the door of Mr Rogers, in St James's Place, feeling his throat rather cold, and before the portal opened to his rap, he chanced to place his hand on his neck, when he found that he had forgotten to put on his cravat. He made a hasty retreat, before the door was opened, to return home for this very necessary part of his attire. He did many similar absent things. Charles used to relate an anecdote of his father's love of romance reading making him forget both time and place; it occurred whilst his son was a boy of fifteen. The youth had been engaged in Mrs Radcliffe's powerful work of "*The Italian*." Stothard took the book out of his son's hand, just before he went to bed, to see what sort of romance had so bewitched him. The next day Charles learnt that his father had been no less absorbed by it, and that he had sat up nearly all the night, till his candles were burnt out, and day dawned in upon him, ere he could close the work. Stothard was a great lover of novels in general, and especially of the historical romance; he illustrated very beautifully those of Sir Walter Scott, whose writings, it is needless to say, he greatly admired. But he more than once declared that no novelist, in his opinion, of the present day, had afforded so many subjects for a painter as a friend of his; and he attributed this to the writer in question having the power to draw with the pencil, as well as to write; it was, he said, a proof how much the knowledge of one art assisted another.

There are many portraits of this celebrated artist; but that by Harlowe is unquestionably the best, though it was never quite finished; for Stothard was to have given the last sitting to that early lost painter, on the very day, I believe, on which he died. In Harlowe's portrait the character is finely preserved, and brings before our eyes the original in the most vivid manner. It was painted when Stothard was at that date of life when there is in the

countenance all the strong expression that time renders more marked in persons eminently gifted with superior intellect, where we see the venerable character of age without the slightest touch of its imbecility. Chantry's bust is also a fine likeness, and a most beautiful work of art.

The genius of Stothard, though its peculiar distinctions have been occasionally noticed in these sketches of him, can alone find its adequate eulogium in his own works. In them it lives and speaks. It may be briefly said of the excellences of this great painter, that his chief characteristics lay in the taste and feeling with

which he treated his subject, the judgment that guided and governed both, and, above all, in the heights and depths of his boundless imagination — an imagination so wonderful in itself, so comprehensive in its exercise, that, as no other country has ever yet produced a painter who exceeded him in this, the highest attribute of genius, so may many an age pass away before we shall again, if we shall ever, number amongst our most illustrious men his equal as a second Stothard in the annals of our English schools of art.

* * *

OXFORD AND DR HAMPDEN.

SINCE our notice on this subject, Oxford has made a manly effort to vindicate herself from the foul aspersion of abetting heresy. A meeting of Convocation was called, for the purpose of proposing to the heads of houses that students should *not* be required to attend the Regius Professor of Divinity; the Margaret Professor, Dr Kausset's, lectures, being taken as the substitute. The mere mention that there was some hope of thus freeing the university from a dishonour, which must be highly injurious to its reputation for soundness of doctrine and independence of principle, produced a great conflux of members from all parts of the country. If any evidence could be asked of the feeling with which the Church of England regarded Dr Hampden's errors, it was most amply given by this conflux. Could party or personal feelings be supposed to operate on men who knew no more of Dr Hampden personally than of any man in the farthest corner of the earth, who having given up all direct communication with the University for many a year, had no acquaintance with its parties beyond the newspapers, and who, fixed in their various professions in London, or residing on their livings in remote nooks of the country, had no more inclination for a journey to Oxford, than men generally have to leave their business and their homes to take a long and troublesome travel to a place where they had no object

of their own to answer? The fact, that upwards of five hundred graduates, of whom the much greater part were under those circumstances, could be assembled together, at peculiar personal inconvenience (from want of accommodation, &c.), must be a sufficient evidence that they regarded the decision on the conduct of the Professor as of remarkable importance to their colleges or to the community. It is plain that no inducement but a public one could have acted at once on so many persons so widely dispersed, and that this inducement existed in the desire to purify the University of what they regarded as a foul stain, to rescue the Church of England from a formidable danger, and to save the country from that wrath of Providence which especially punishes a corruption of Christianity.

The Assembly met. Their object was stated, in a manly address by the Rev. Vaughan Thomas; and then, to the infinite disgrace of the few abettors of Dr Hampden, the honest zeal of these five hundred divines, scholars, and gentlemen was nullified by a vulgar trick of authority. The proctors, it seems, have a dubious power of forbidding any question to be put. It is obvious that the use of such a power, on an occasion of personal character, extinguished the character at the same time with the question; for no man conscious of being able to make a defence, ought to shelter himself

under a subterfuge. However, so it was; the Convocation, by five hundred to thirty, declared their abhorrence of the Professor's doctrines, and, by an indignant resolution, their sense of the proctors' poor interference. There the matter rested for the time. Dr Hampden is in possession of the salary and the obloquy, and he must be satisfied to keep them both together. The two proctors, it is presumed, will not be greatly disappointed if their active use of office, at its last gasp—for they could hold it but for a week or ten days longer—should attract the smiles of power, and a stall or two should mark the merits of persons who can defy public opinion at the proper seasons.

We must not be supposed to use the language of scorn otherwise than reluctantly, where members of the colleges are concerned; but, from the beginning to the end of this singularly repulsive transaction, something the very reverse of dignified stains the whole. The "pitch-touching" process (to use the favourite parliamentary phrase) has become extensive, and there are few figures in the group who may not expect the glance with which gentlemen regard the "touched." Our surprise is, that Dr Hampden should not have felt, from the commencement, that his acceptance of the Bampton preachiership was altogether unsuitable to notions like his own—doctrines we must not call them—as we suppose that what he denies to Scripture he will scarcely assume to himself. This lecture was founded for the express purpose of defending the doctrines of Christianity against all false interpretations, violent glosses, and heretical errors. What he has made of his task depends not on our testimony, but on his own. It is in his volume, and before every eye. In his performance of this office, he has, if he knows the common meaning of the English language, or is master of his own meaning, actually, from beginning to end, done nothing but give interpretations which he cannot sustain, and which have drawn on him the strongest censure of the scholars and divines of the Church of England. We say unhesitatingly, that Dr Hampden, with

his notions of divinity, ought to have been conscious that he was the very last man who could fulfil the intentions of the founder. However, he preached the sermons; and, instead of the retribution which has since been heaped for him, he put the L.150 in his pocket. As to his obtaining the chair of Moral Philosophy, if the few electors were wiser men, they would have made a wiser choice; and that is all that is worth saying on the subject. But the Regius Professorship is a more serious affair. Dr Hampden must fully know, at least by this time, that his notions are totally adverse to the opinions received by the Christian Church during the last eighteen hundred years. He actually pronounces, that nothing which can be proved from Scripture, can be received as a solid matter of scriptural faith; in other words, that no direct deduction from the facts and words of Scripture, however unquestionable, can be entitled to be received as perfectly true. A notion as perfectly absurd, untenable, and self-contradictory, as any ever contained in the records of human verbiage; the very *heavenly ideal* of solemn nonsense. He tells us of the sacrament of the Eucharist, that the theory of the sacraments is a "mystical notion," "to be accounted for only by the general belief in magic (!) in the early ages of the church." He denies that baptism is the means of cleansing the soul, and says that this idea has also arisen "from the belief in magic in the early Church," and that "the definition of sacrament given in the catechism, is exactly what the scholastic theory suggests." Now, what is to be done with a man, who, eating the bread of the Church, and grasping at as much more of its bread as he can lay hold of, yet talks such rank opposition to the palpable language and principles of the Church? As to the 39 Articles, supposing them to be the most arrant heresy, what right has any man who lives by the Church, and, moreover, struggles hard for the more responsible offices of that Church, to pronounce them the work of men still too much under the trammels of Popery: or "the reception of the Athanasian creed, the evidence of the triumph of a

party in the Church?" Supposing all this cloudy and contradictory verbiage to be all correct and intelligible, must we not ask, what business has the man who talks it, to take his livelihood from the hands of the Church? Let him form a Socinian congregation, or an Arian, or a Mahometan, and he may mould its doctrines and his own as he will. But the doctrines of the Church of England are already formed, he must take them as they are, and if he seeks employment in that Church, it would be most extraordinary if he were suffered to earn its salary by doing the very reverse of that which he was paid to do. But another point, in which we charge him with forgetting the natural dignity which ought to attach to a gentleman and a divine, is his begging the University to suspend their judgment of his past publications until they should hear his "inauguration lecture." A man of spirit would have said, either—"Gentlemen, I am right and you are wrong;" or, "I have been wrong, and henceforth I shall give evidence of having seen my error." Dr Hampden says neither the one nor the other; but, "wait—spare me your sentence—give me a week or two before condemnation, and you shall hear what I can unsay." He has unsaid; and his inauguration lecture is just as puzzled as his Bampton. He admits every doctrine of the Church in words; he confounds every one of them in explanation. All seems fair; and yet all is strange, dubious, and undeclared. A cloud of words is thrown around every doctrine; and by the help of such phrases, as *non-affirmative belief*—"dogma," "scholastic doctrines," and "mystic theology"—words of profound aspect but of little meaning, as he uses them—he manages to get through his essay without disclosing the lofty secret—*what he is*. Thus he retails the chief professorship of theology, and enjoys himself in the easy consciousness that, whether Oxford may rail or Cambridge may smile—whether England may grieve or Popery may exult, he is master of a canonry, a chair, and £1500 a-year. But let him not venture to attribute the general indignation and resistance to a desire to run down the individual

by party bickerings, or personal disfavour. We know nothing of him but from himself—we should not distinguish him among any sectarian coterie existing. What have we to do with Oxford bickerings, if they exist? Probably four hundred and fifty, out of the five hundred who condemned him in convocation, were under precisely the same circumstances with ourselves. They knew nothing of him as an individual; but, like us, they honoured the Church of England—they read with astonishment the modification given to her high and hallowed doctrines in his books; and with us, accordingly, they regarded the writer of those books as the last man on earth fitted to hold the situation in which now, by the favour of the Cabinet, he is installed.

The next step in the process, was to prejudice the University in the Edinburgh Review. An article, decorously headed "*The Oxford Mutinants*," was written, heaping on the Convocation the whole vocabulary of the vulgar tongue. They were pronounced to be "conspirators, fanatics, obscure, factious, audacious, and unprincipled calumniators, slanderers, agitators, persecutors, &c.," the head and front of their offence being, that they demanded that a man who treated the faith of their Church with contempt, should not hold an office which gave him the power of turning his personal contempt into public mischief. And then, in one effort of the Reviewer's whole wrath and eloquence, they are described as "a party made up of two elements, the *Hophni and Phinehas* school on the one hand, the mere low worldly clergy, careless and grossly ignorant ministers, not of the gospel, but of the *aristocracy*, who belong to Christianity only from the accident of its being established by law; and of the formalist, Judaizing, fanatics on the other hand, who have ever been the peculiar disgrace of the Church of England; for those High Church fanatics have imbibed, even of fanaticism itself, nothing but the folly and the virulence." And thus is to be defended the man who, whatever may be his private qualities, and we know too little of them, either to panegyrize or impugn them, has put on record

his doubt, if not absolute denial, of some of the most important doctrines of Christianity; has palpably ridiculed the code by which we regard the Church of England as demanding the obedience of the people, and to make short work of the whole affair, has thrown into such scorn as powers like his could accomplish, the creeds and declarations, which, from the earliest ages, have been the safeguard of the Christian church against corruption, schism and infidelity. We cannot be surprised that, while such is the object to be defended, such are the means of the defence, that the Reviewer scoffs at English Episcopacy, or that he is outrageous at the idea of refusing to allow Dissenters of every grade admission into the Government of Universities endowed expressly for the permanence, learning, and purity, of a National Church, to whose property they never contributed, nor ever will contribute, a shilling; whose principles they have uniformly libelled, and whose whole system it would be their highest triumph to overthrow.

However, the matter has at last come to a decision. The article, which has, we hope without sufficient grounds, for the charge would be singularly discreditable, been attributed to a clergyman of the Established Church, was not made to shake the nerves of honest men, and

on the 5th of May, the Convocation assembled, and took the whole series of Dr Hampden's avowals and retractations, &c., into their purview. The result was, that by a vote of 474 to 94, or a majority of 380, they declared the Professor to be altogether undeserving of the confidence of the University. "*Quum vero quinnunc professor est, scriptis quibusdam suis publici juris factis, ita res theologicas tractaverit, ut in hac parte nullam ejus fiduciam habeat Universitas.*" It has been determined, that he shall have no voice in the appointment of the select preachers, nor any reference made to him with respect to them. A decision which cashiers the professor as a governing functionary of the divinity schools. How far a man of honour or feeling would be inclined to retain his barren office, while it lay under this public brand, cannot be a moment's question. But Dr Hampden has hitherto made no other answer than a lawyer's opinion, contesting the power of Convocation to act legally in thus disqualifying him; an opinion which has already been answered by an appeal to the statutes, but which, whether right or wrong, leaves his character as a theologian, a churchman, and a gentleman, just in the predicament in which it found them. The Convocation at least have done their duty.

SONNETS.

BY THE SKETCHER.

THE PASSAGE.

As one whose homeward path through darkness lies,
 Emerging from the city's joyous blaze,
 Feels the chill horror of his lonesome ways,
 Then onward with firm step and purpose bies;
 For Hope, familiar from his threshold, flies
 To meet him, and through th' yielding night displays
 The path, with pictures brightening to his gaze,
 His wife, trimm'd hearth, and children's laughing eyes,—
 So the bereaved awhile in darkness go
 From sunshine through a gloomy vale of tears,
 Till th' heaven-spel spirit meets them in their wo,
 And from their vision lifts the cloud of years.
 Their lost are found. Then onward they proceed
 To their eternal home with better speed.

LIBERTY.

I marked her childhood on the breezy hill,
 Her bright locks floating to the morning sky;
 Joyous she laughed as the wild winds sped by.
 The vision changed. As angel, calm and still
 She sat, God's book before her. "'Tis His will,"
 She said, and rose, "His armour I should try;"
 And forth she fared. Where'er she went her eye
 Kindled desire high duties to fulfil.
 The vision changed. 'Mid battle's slaughtered ranks
 She raised awhile the bleeding warrior's head.
 The foeman struck again. "I give thee thanks,"
 She cried; "Thy victim's with the glorious dead.
 The body's worthless if the soul be free."—
 "Who art thou then?"—She answered, "Liberty."

THE FORSAKEN.

What is it that came o'er her fainting heart,
 Sickening to loathing life? Oh, is it death?
 For it doth half suppress the panting breath.
 It is not death; for with new life each part
 That sorrow eats revives to keener smart,
 Twice sensitive. Such life as legend saith
 The Promethean vulture did impart,—
 Exquisite to the pain it nourisheth.
 Her moments hours, hours days, and all unblest.
 Days are sad years; for grief with her doth lie
 Down in her bed, rise with her, and invest
 Whatever meets the touch, the ear, the eye.
 The agonies of death, without its rest,
 'Tis hers to know, and feel she cannot die.

ST CECILIA.

I marvel not thou art adored a Saint
 Inventress, if indeed that art be thine
 That gives to airy breath a soul divine,
 Holding the voice of earthquake in restraint,
 To pour celestial hymns distinct yet faint.
 Nor marvel if thy pictured image shine
 With inspiration, like some holy shrine
 That sanctifies with heavenly lustre paint.

Thy look is as an angel's, sent abroad
Through the substantial and spiritual world,
To gather those who their Creator laud,
And th' howling crew into perdition hurl'd,
That all, as thou shalt move thy hand, may tell
The joys of heaven or agonies of hell.

GENIUS.

Genius lay folded long in slumber deep,
And idle phantasies amus'd his brain.
Though Duty called him up, she call'd in vain,
Till Love she asked one day to break his sleep.
Love came. "Rise up," quoth he, "be quick, boy, leap."
With that he pricked his heart with so sweet pain,
That up he started both to joy and weep;
And thenceforth never slept so sound again;
For Love brought Beauty to his wondering gaze,
And bad him shake off sloth, and win the prize.
Then Genius burst forth into sudden blaze;
Soon Duty bless'd his home and enterprise;
'Th' old housewife Penury packed her niggard stores,
And the steward Hymen turned her out of doors.

GENIUS.

Quoth Fame to Genius, "Who's to blame! thy sons
Lie slumbering upon earth. It moves our ire
That thus they sleep away thy heavenly fire."—
Quoth Genius, "Penury! she brings them duns
To vex them up; so they lie close as nuns,
And hide themselves; and further, their attire
(Not having wherewithal to buy or hire)
Bears not the scrutiny of mid-day suns."
"Is't so?" quoth Fame; "then, Genius, take thou Love."
'Tis done; they go. Whomever Genius touches
Love goads their hearts, and up they start and shove
Old Penury packing, with her rags and crutches;
And off they set, like racers for the prize
That fleeting Love still holds before their eyes.

THE HORNET.

Phæbe demure, lay sleeping in her bower,
A hornet stung her in her gentle breast;
Poor Simon absent—pedlar Love she press'd
To extract the sting—(he chanc'd to pass that hour)
He probed the wound; two poisons now of power
Diverse, commingled, the fair maid molest;
Warlike and gentle things her dreams possess'd,
Dragoons, stings, arrows, doves, and marriage dower.
Fair maidens! whatsoever may be th' emergence,
If stung, though it were best avoid a hornet,
Call not Love in; for he's the worst of surgeons.
Phæbe eloped next morning with a cornet.
'Twere better for your heart an insect sting it,
Than that you call in Love to probe and wring it.

STEAM-VESSEL.

I saw her when her smoky volumes curl'd
Over the woods. She paw'd the river tide,
And dash'd the flaky waters far and wide;
And as she pass'd her frightful hissings hurl'd
Like some vast monster of a former world,
Rent by convulsion from a mountain's side

(Its stony sinews with new life supplied),
 Amid a new creation wondering whirl'd.
 The woods are mute; and the late leafy stems
 Are hid as with a murky veil of death.
 But now, the paintress Nature all re-gems,
 And paints with golden tint the monster's breath;
 The reign of beauty may not suffer wrong;
 So the sweet birds resume their cheerful song.

STEAM-VESSEL.

Old Homer says that the Phæacian bark
 The aim and purpose of its owner knows,
 And self-moved to all parts and havens goes;
 Nor steer'd nor tack'd, as arrow to its mark,
 Cover'd with cloud and vapour; so the lark
 Straight to heaven's gate soars upward, and then throws
 Herself unheeding through the vapours dark
 That 'twixt her homeward pathway interpose.
 What means the bard? Did his sagacious mind,
 With faculty inventive rarely fraught,
 Leaving all present things as past behind,
 Pierce to the future reach of human thought?
 Or were Phæacian ships impelled by steam?
 Truth ever gilds the poet's *pageant* dream.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Wisdom is of her children justified.
 Taste of the tree of knowledge, Satan cries,
 And be as gods. The tempted tastes and dies.
 E'en from that hour is knowledge deified;
 And the worm human wisdom, in the pride
 Of man's sufficiency, scans earth and skies,
 And gazes e'en where angels shroud their eyes,
 And droop their wings subdued, yet glorified.
 There is a wisdom like the star that led
 The wise men with their offerings, in their meek
 Obedience, to the babe in lowly shed,
 To see the strength of godhead in the weak,
 The wisdom of the humble from above,
 Opening the volume of redeeming love.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

Ungodly land! and is there such a dearth
 Of evil, that the great ones in their might
 Should set apart, for discord and fell spite,
 The blessed day that gave the Saviour birth?
 Turning the mysteries of holy mirth
 To preparation dire of rancorous fight!
 Day of goodwill to man, and peace on earth!
 Sang angels so, and blessed the glorious night,
 When by their flocks the peaceful shepherds lay,
 And rose and bowed them to the heavenly light,
 Then sped rejoicing on their pilgrim way,
 They found the babe, and at the gladsome sight
 Worshipped the Saviour, and departed then,
 Publishing "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

THE LIAR.

Come forth, wild moralist, and show thy creed,
 Forging thy nice distinctions between home
 And public virtues. From what musty tome
 Hast thou, that virtue is a lowly weed?

Or rather, from what edict of old Rome,
The scarlet sorceress that doth largely feed
On blasphemy and lies, and toss her foam
Eavenom'd, wherein deadly serpents breed?—
Upon thy threshold, shines there gospel light,
If in the public council thou dost rise
To lie, mistake, misquote, swear black is white?
Yea, rather worship'st thou the father o' lies
Than God, (and this expediency men will call);
But He will smite thee, O thou whited wall!

VOX POPULI.

I'll hear no more. Think you the people's brawl
The voice of God? Consult the sacred page.
The people imagine a vain thing, and rage,
They and the rulers, 'gainst the Lord. Now call
Your witness history. Read a nation's fall;
Now follow we the people's changeful voice,
From Hallelujahs to the judgment-hall.
Whose was it when Barabbas was their choice?
The rabble's wills are like the devils that found
Permitted refuge in the reckless swine,
That rushing madly down the steep were drown'd.
O where then shall we seek the voice divine?
When two or three are gathered unto prayer,
The voice of God speaks peace and comfort there.

XERXES.

The monarch on his vast array look'd down
His myriads, and forestall'd a conqueror's bliss,
As earth and all it held were surely his;
The fetter'd sea a vassal to his crown;
For the vexed Hellespont had seen his frown.
A phantom cross'd him. "Death sole conqueror is,"
Cried he, and wept. A century hence shall this,
The countless host, be dust,—men, arms, renown!
Fool in thy grief as joy. The sea and land
Vengeance prepare, and mock thy frown and chain.
Ere days, not centuries pass, a holy band
Shall with thy myriads strew the burthened plain.
The poorest Christian lifts a mightier hand;
For he amid immortal hosts shall reign.

FAME.

And what is Fame? what to the passing day?
A charm that gilds a melancholy hour,
And breaks into pure light through clouds that lower,
And fain would chill the soul in mortal clay.
But if sweet beauty list the poet's lay,
And with her eye benignant guard the flower,
A mortal plant, touched by celestial ray,
Then Fame hath wedded Love, and rich the dower.
Fame, for the future what? The thought that reacheth
From earth to heaven, and quitting worldly throng,
Bears with it life's affections warm, and teacheth,
For them it lives for ever fresh and strong;
The friend's approval, and the children's tear;
The hope that all shall meet that once were dear.

FAME.

And what is Fame? when the closed eye is dead
To sight of pageantry; when the cold ear

Receives no sound, though loud the trump and clear,
 Is't like the passing wind in sunshine sped,
 Leaving still bleak, and bare the mountain's head;
 An idle 'scutcheon o'er a lonely bier;
 The rose wherein the cankerworm is bred—
 Is Fame no more? It is. The dead shall hear.
 Our Saviour's promise, if aright I read,
 That wheresoe'er the gospel should be preach'd,
 There should recorded be one gracious deed;
 Fame as the soul's inheritance hath reach'd
 Heaven with it, still enjoy'd—in earth, in heaven,
 Immortal as the soul to which 'tis given.

THE BELFRY.

From an old Belfry Tower I looked down
 Upon a churchyard, and a new dug grave,
 O'er which the rank grass with the wind did wave,
 And show the scatter'd bones and relics brown,
 And round about did rosy childhood play
 At the grave's brink, and breathe the early breath
 Of pure life in the precincts of decay;
 So "in the midst of life we are in death."
 A text; the comment—Lo! athwart the rust
 Of the barr'd casement old had spiders spread
 Their web, with diled flies matted, and thin dust
 Of generations of the withering dead.
 Still insects sport where ruin oft hath been,
 Because the spoiler lurks within unseen.

DANGER.

How many times have I been near to death!
 How many times hath death been near to me,
 When I th' uplifted weapon might not see!
 And once I stood aghast, and out of breath,
 Upon a slippery ledge (a gulf beneath
 Lay of dark precipice and foaming sea);
 Grasping a weed, I sprang, and I was free;
 And straight bethought me how the Psalmist saith
 Man is a thing of nought. In trance profound
 I stood, till better scripture to me sent,
 Taught me a sparrow falleth not to ground
 Without the will of God; then on I went
 Praying for grace, that I might safely rest
 Beneath his eye who loveth, watcheth best.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

Where shall the warrior rest, but on the battle plain,
 Where with his gushing blood the field of death was won?
 Where should the warrior lie, but where his deeds were done?
 Though o'er his hasty grave pomp pour no funeral strain,
 Yet shouts of victory ring a requiem to the slain.
 Where should the warrior lie, but where his course was run?
 He needs no marble tomb—escutcheons are but vain.
 Glory gilds every grave that lies beneath the sun.
 He did not die in vain; nor shall he pass away,
 Hid in a silent vault, and deck'd with painted wo;
 But the free winds, they may come and kiss his living clay
 In the corn upon his grave, that is waving to and fro.
 When the blast of war he heard, he was ready aye to die,
 And when angels blow the trump, he will not mouldering lie.

WINTER.

I wander'd to the forest, to discern
 The goodness Nature giveth every where.
 In sooth 'twas winter, and the trees all bare.
 "Cold hearted season!" quoth I—"harsh and stern!"
 The branches moved, and methought whisper'd, "Learn
 Even blessings seem not what they are;
 Our hoary heads they mark not age nor care.
 Why does the hoar-frost pencil white the fern?
 The silver garlands, thrown from tree to tree,
 Grace but our holiday; our working suit
 Are summer leaves. Close hid we toil, for we
 Are Nature's work-folk, to bear flower and fruit.
 'Tis now, like you, our social rest we know,
 And intertwining visits to and fro."

WINTER SCENE.

The silvery frost hath spangled every spray,
 And nicest pencillings mark every bough,
 That shoots or bends in azure lustre now,
 In rival whiteness to the blossom'd May.
 In mellow light the white-faced cattle stray,
 And tints of amber streak the new-cut mow;
 And care sits lightly upon every brow,
 As in the sunshine of a summer day.
 And whence the charm? Proud Beauty long hath fled;
 Charity walketh now the field and plain,
 And brightness rises where her footsteps tread;
 Glad children run to her from cot and lane
 To see her bless the kine, the aged, the poor,
 And give good largess from the old church door.

BEAUTY—NATURE—WINTER.

Beauty and Nature quarrell'd on a day—
 Twin sisters they. Beauty went off with Art,
 And wondrous things they did in town and mart,
 Till Art grew vain. Then at the proud display,
 Shock'd with her sanction, Beauty stole away—
 To Nature came; she press'd her to her heart
 Warmly, though in her wounded friendship's smart
 Cold Winter she had begg'd with her to stay.
 The sisters now, loath to dismiss a guest
 That merry was withal, Employment found,
 And taught him how to smile and look his best,
 And made him dresser of their forest ground,
 To clear the paths, and sweep them with his storms.
 Since then this annual duty he performs.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

I saw an old man, that his budget threw
 Down on the ground, and 'gan his shoulders shake,
 As with that burden they did sorely ache.
 "'Tis time we part," quoth he; "old friend, adieu!
 Load full of cares, and pleasures very few,
 Befits a younger back the burthen take."
 With that came one, that seem'd to merry-make,
 And straight the budget to his shoulders flew.
 "Thou canst not shake it off before thy time,"
 Quoth that old man, and laugh'd; "and now though light,
 'Twill heavier grow as up the hill you climb."
 He spake, and faded as he spake from sight,

Heir to his pack, the younger did but flout,
Rang merry bells, and danced the old one out.

PORTS.

"The schoolmaster's abroad;" then let him teach
Our children scholars how to read and write,
Cypher, and square, and sum—to walk by sight
Warily 'midst the throngs that overreach—
To walk by faith! that will he scarcely preach.
The parish parson there would beat him quite;
Nor seemeth it the knowing wrong from right
Has much to do with learning parts of speech.
Who then shall teach the heart? Next the divine
Gospel, they, not with uninspired pen
Perhaps, who lift our manhood till it shine
With virtue's light and intellectual ken.
Oh! I would praise the old Greek satirist's * line—
Masters for children; poets are for men!

TIME.

Time painted an old man—silly conceit!
Gifted with wings—yet age is ever slow—
And with a scythe, as if old men should mow.
Time, they say, gallops; and if so, discreet
Should be the rider that would keep his seat
(Runaway steeds full oft their masters throw),
Use curb and martingale, and teach to go
An ambling pace, and check his fiery heat.
Time, therefore, is like to a wild colt,
Which, taken by the forelock, you may tame,
And lead to stall; but if he chance to bolt,
What's lost is lost, and hope not to reclaim.
Safe is the forelock, ne'er the fetlock trust,
Lest first he kick, then roll you in the dust.

SHELTER.

I thank thee, Ruysdael, for this simple scene—
Two lowly cots, fenced from a waste of moor,
A little plot, not rich in stock or store—
Yet two or three sheep dot the partial green.
Warm are life's charities within the screen
Of those domestic trees. From door to door
A pathway leads; a faithful dog before
The glad returning cottar, too, is seen
Hastening, with upraised neck and outstretch'd paws,
And look intelligent of home hard by.
Without, cloud-gathering evening closer draws
The curtain around sweet humanity,
Still unforgotten 'midst a wilderness;
For where man builds a shelter, Heaven will bless.

THE DECAY.

One sat among the old sepulchral stones
Of a lone churchyard, underneath the yew,
That did the ground with its brown scattering strew,
Small emblems of decay, like dead men's bones,
And there held converse with the passing crones,
(He seem'd some hoary villager to view).
If any from the path he silly drew,
Breaking his tardy speech, with aches and moans,

* Aristophanes.

"Blest be the hands," quoth he, "that did my task,
Planting this yew, whose stout cross-bows have sent
Full many to their graves." Thereat the mask
Fell from his face; his icy fingers bent,
Grasp'd the old crones. They cried, with faltering breath,
"Who art thou then?" He grin'd, and answer'd "Death!"

THE PORTRAIT.

As Beauty for her picture sat one day,
Affection slyly took the page's part,
And mix'd the colours for the painter's art,
By what strange alchymy I dare not say.
Tints of the rainbow's hue and lucid ray
From eyes, lips, cheeks, and breathings of the heart,
Till the poor painter 'gan with wonder start
To see life breathing in his pencil's play.
"Immortal be the work," cried he. "Not so,"
Affection whisper'd. "Must not Beauty die?
Wherefore these colours have a charm'd glow,
And when we fade, will fade—when dead, will fly
From earth perhaps," said he. "All love, all grace
Die but to bloom, transferr'd to happier place."

THE PAINTER.

He that built up this world for man and beast,
And made it beautiful, he made the eye,
That none his gracious bounty might deny,
That all might worship, greatest and the least.
He gave the painter mind, that, Nature's priest,
He should go forth, and bid the passers by
Behold in all things that around them lie—
The temple of God, that glory be increased.
I thank thee, Lord, that underneath this hand
Mountains have risen, green vales and forests grown.
E'en now, as these ideal clouds expand,
Feign'd ministers from out thy golden throne,
The maker of a mimic world I stand,
Adoring thy creation through my own.

PARTING AND MEETING.

As on th' extreme verge of a sunny plain
Thorn-tangled rocks the pleasant stream divide,
Whose parted waters rush on either side
In restless wanderings till they meet again;
So was their earliest life of love; in pain
They parted, and their course was vex'd and wide.
Yet still they met, like to that faithful tide,
Indissolubly one, yet seeming twain;
And when they met, into one being pour'd
Two souls, an undivided pair, and blest,
Like the fond waters to one life restored,
Seeking their ocean in the golden west,
Sped to their home, eternal, unexplored,
Where Love, all perfect, welcomed them to rest.

WHAT IS OUR EXTERNAL POLICY AND CONDITION?

THAT England has now taken up the trade of propagandism, by which France long brought such incalculable miseries upon Europe, is now not only certain from their actions, but admitted by our rulers themselves. Lord Palmerston has said in the House of Commons that it was for the interest of England to establish liberal governments in the adjoining states, and therefore they had concluded the Quadrupartite Alliance; and since it had proved not adequate to beat down the Spaniards, they had resolved upon openly giving them maritime assistance along the coasts. They did the same thing in Flanders, and thereby partitioned the kingdom of the Netherlands, and conferred half the dominions of their old ally on a revolutionary monarch. They did the same thing in Portugal, and thereby imposed a revolutionary yoke on the unwilling Portuguese people. They are doing the same thing now in Spain, and thereby keeping alive a civil war, attended with unexampled horrors and suffering throughout all the north of the Peninsula. What more unjust, tyrannical, or atrocious deeds did the French Directory commit when their revolutionary propagandism drew down on them the deserved hostility of Europe? They revolutionized Flanders; so have we. They nourished a civil war in Switzerland; we have done the same in Portugal.² They spread the seeds of liberal principles through the states of Italy, and devastated its beautiful plains by hostile armies. And we have done worse; we have let loose, not the dogs, but the furies of war on the Spanish Peninsula, and overwhelmed its smiling valleys with an inundation of horrors worse than the imagination of Dante had feigned, or the Jacobins of Paris executed.

We have seen what conduct of this sort occasioned to France: we have been the instruments under Providence of its righteous punishment. Year after year the system of propagandism went on. It was

loudly proclaimed by the Jacobin rulers, as it is now by our Reform Ministers, that it was for their interests to establish liberal governments in the adjoining states. And was war the result? Did France enjoy in quiet and peace the fruit of its revolutionary injustice? Was she permitted to sit down in tranquillity herself while she sent the dagger into the bosom of every other people within her reach? Was she not, on the contrary, involved in a career of foreign aggression, to which no limit could be placed, and compelled, in order to maintain the fruits of early injustice, to persevere to the end in a course of external conquest? For long this course of iniquity continued; for long the Imperial eagles were fanned only by the gales of triumph. No limit appeared to be possible to the course of revolutionary injustice. But what was the end of these things? Did not the Roman poet say with truth of the affairs of nations, as well as individuals,—

*Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem
Curarent superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
Abstulit hunc tandem Itufini poena tumultum,
Absolvitque Deos—jam non ad culmina rerum
Injustos crevisse queror—tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruant?*

And do we suppose that we are to be an exception to the same external laws? Is England, secure in her sea girt isles, to carry the fire-brand and the dagger with impunity into every adjoining state, and never to feel the just measure of retaliation in her own bosom? Is a non-intervening administration, which professes so tender a regard for the liberty and independence of every other nation,—which pretends to hold in utter horror any interference in the internal concerns of another state, or coercion of its inhabitants in their choice of a government

for themselves,—to be permitted forever to alimient a sanguinary and atrocious civil war in the bosom of its ancient allies? Are the British people never to feel the unutterable evils which they have permitted their Reform rulers to inflict on other states, and enjoy all the blessings of peace and prosperity under their own fig-tree, while they distract their old comrades in war with revolutionary passions, and, by insidious aid rendered to one of the factions, hinder the people from exercising their free choice in the formation of their government? Let us not deceive ourselves; such things neither can nor ought to go unpunished. We have voluntarily plunged into the same system of revolutionary aggression and insidious propagandism as France, and we must look for the same fruit to our labours. The time will come when the monstrous injustice, aggression, and perfidy of the last five years will recoil on our own heads—when the old and undying jealousy of other nations at our maritime superiority will provoke, under darker auspices, another armed neutrality—when no Pitt will be at the helm to dissipate the cloud by the wisdom of his councils, and no Nelson at the head of its fleets to strike dead the enemy by the lightning of his arm—when, instead of being supported by the consciousness of a just, we shall be weighed down to the earth by the shame of an unjust cause—when, in place of bearing on our flag the ensigns of freedom and honour, we shall be overshadowed by the streamers of rebellion and tyranny—when the cannon of Antwerp will seem the knell of our fleet, and the blood of Navarre will call for vengeance on our heads.

That the northern powers are unalienably separated from our cause—that Russia and Prussia are only waiting for the favourable moment to make an attempt on our naval supremacy, and wrest India from our arms—that France is joyfully watching the growing disgust at our external conduct, and preparing, when the time comes, to join in the general crusade which is to assert the freedom of the seas, and avenge the maritime wrongs of three centu-

ries—that America will gladly join her forces to the general league, to beat down her old and formidable competitors in the carrying trade—may be considered as certain. Examine the foreign writers. There is not one of any nation, character, or shade of opinion, French, German, Russian, Spanish, or American; Doctrinaire, Republican, Royalist, or Jacobin, to whom our maritime supremacy is not an object of horror. On that subject, and that alone, Thiers is agreed with Lacretelle, and Guizot with Chateaubriand. Of all the illusions under which the nation labours, there is none so complete as this. Of all the foundations on which our external security rests, there is none so utterly unstable as the idea that we are any thing but an object of aversion to foreign states.

Wherefore, it will be said, all this alarm? Are we not in a period of profound peace? Is not trade prosperous, manufactures thriving, money overflowing? Is not the revenue rising, taxation declining, exports and imports increasing? When were our cities so busy, our millions so well employed, our fields so smiling? True. But has no nation, while pursuing a guilty and unjust career, been brought up in like manner in heedless security to the very edge of perdition? Were they not eating and drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, when the waters of the Flood were beginning to rise? Were they not feasting and rioting in the palace of Belshazzar when the handwriting on the wall announced that they were weighed in the balance and found wanting? Was not Athens reposing in fancied security when the flames of Aigospotamos delivered them over to the arms of Lysander? Had not Rome recently witnessed the triumph of Aurelian over Zenobia and all the forces of the East when the Goths were ferried over, never to recede, across the waters of the Danube? In what fancied repose and boundless security were the whole nations of Europe sunk when the tempest of the French Revolution was let loose upon the earth? Was not Prussia constantly growing in population, territory, manufactures, and revenue, up to the moment when the catastrophe of Jena at once

sunk them in an abyss of misery? and Napoleon framing schemes of universal dominion, of the throne of Constantinople and Oriental conquest, when the frozen gales were beginning to blow which were to drive him before their icy breath to the rock of St Helena? Was not the power of the triumphant Tory Administration deemed unassailable, and the constitution of England eternal, when the fatal discontents were gathering strength in the nation which terminated in the Reform tempest? It is not in the present tranquillity or apparent security of a nation that we are to discern the shadows which coming events cast before; but in the evidence of their councils, the justice of their measures, the foresight of their Government, and the spirit of their people. And if they are wanting in these vital particulars; if their councils are unsteady or revolutionary, their measures unjust and aggressive, their Government inconsiderate and unforeseeing, their people selfish and infatuated, the public danger is only the greater that it is not generally perceived, and the chances of irreparable ruin only the more alarming, that no provision has been made to ward it off.

Even supposing that these views are surcharged with gloomy colours, and that no immediate danger threatens in the political horizon, still it cannot be supposed that an unbounded course of prosperity awaits this country, that the evil days are never to arrive to its inhabitants. Wars and jealousies will and must arise; the march of intellect, so far from having made any diminution in the number of the causes of division, has fearfully augmented them, by bringing the rival interests and passions of the masses on both sides to bear on public affairs. Republican states ever have been, and ever will be the most warlike, because the interests and ambition of numerous bodies are there enlisted on opposite sides. If Europe is rendered essentially democratic, by the organic changes in progress amongst us and the states we have revolutionized, the contests in which its popular states will be engaged will, in all probability, be more dreadful, when they do arise, than any in which they have hitherto

been involved. They will no longer be the strife of kings or the rivalry of their ministers; but the stern vengeance of numerous bodies who have suffered grievous injuries from each other; the mortal struggle of Rome and Carthage, which all the citizens of both republics felt could not be extinguished but by the ruin of one of the combatants.

Then what provision has been made or exists for the serious strife with conservative Europe, which our revolutionary aggressions and insidious intervention have so strongly provoked, and our long prosperity and glorious renown are so likely to render universal? Having thrown down the gauntlet to the whole conservative powers of Europe, in other words, all its potentates, excepting the rickety revolutionary dynasties we have set up in Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, what provision have we made for the conflict? Have we, like republican Rome, taught every citizen the use of arms, and reared up a people which could never be subdued, till its whole male inhabitants were destroyed? Have we, like revolutionary France, made a levy of fifteen hundred thousand men for the conflict; and is all our empire, like the territory of that blood-stained republic, converted into a vast arsenal for war? These, our predecessors in republican ambition or revolutionary aggression, went to work like men in the perilous enterprise in which they had engaged: if they were determined "to disturb the peace of all the world," they were at least prepared "to rule it when it was wildest." But when we began our propagandist principle; when we carried the tricolor into Belgium, and nourished a frightful civil war in Spain and Portugal, we made no provision whatever for the natural consequences of these measures. We neither amassed treasures, nor raised armies, nor equipped fleets. We flattered ourselves we should be allowed to carry on a "quiet little agitation" in all the adjoining states, without disturbing the peace of our own: to devastate with fire and sword all the countries who were formerly our allies; but never see an enemy's flag in our own territories. Can these things be? Ought they to be, under the government of a right-

eous Providence? We tell the people of England, that the day of reckoning will yet come, and a woful day it will be : we perceive the signs of its approach only the more clearly, that the inconsiderate multitude repose securely in the belief that the time of all danger from external power is over, from the march of intellect and the spread of republican ideas.

If you ask a partisan of Government what preparation has been made to meet the storm which our propagandist efforts in Western Europe must sooner or later cause to burst on our heads, he will answer that the nation never was so powerful; that our population is advancing in every part of the empire with extraordinary rapidity; that our exports are seventy-six, and our imports forty-eight millions; that commerce is active, speculation abundant; that railroads are every where forming, and joint-stock companies universally set on foot; that our artisans are in full employment, and our husbandmen contented in their fields. That great present prosperity pervades the land (whether founded on a secure basis or not time will show) is indeed certain; but these appearances are suited to a period of profound peace; and afford but slender preparation for a warlike struggle. If we go to war with Russia, Prussia, and France, it will be neither our joint-stock companies nor our railroads which will avert the public danger, and hurl back from the Channel the combined fleets of Europe. Herein, therefore, lies the extraordinary infatuation of the present times, which strikes us as in an eminent degree fraught with future danger; that while our external language is unconciliatory, our external conduct, at least to all lesser states whom we can reach, is ambitious, faithless, oppressive, and injurious; our internal habits, speculations, and scale of taxation are suited for a period of profound peace, and adapted only for a nation which sedulously avoids inflicting any injury on its neighbours. Read the democratic journals; they are furious against Russia, indignant against Government for not engaging in a crusade for the re-

storatation of Poland, and clear for a peremptory demand of the abolition of all duties on the Danube, and opening of the Hellespont to the armed vessels of all nations. But if any proposal is made to increase the taxes or augment the army or navy, the necessary antecedent or concomitant of such a policy, they are still more indignant, and exclaim against the monstrous and unnecessary warlike establishment which is maintained. Such expectations and ideas are inconsistent; they cannot co-exist. If we will take up the system of democratic propagandism after France has laid it down, and devastate our allies with an interminable civil war, let us at least be prepared, like resolute though iniquitous men, to bear the burdens and face the dangers which it necessarily induces. If, on the other hand, we are anxious to withdraw from strife and enjoy in external tranquillity the period which is to witness our internal regeneration, then let us at once, and in good faith, abandon our insidious support of the democratic bloodthirsty faction of other nations, and cease to think it necessary to impose upon every state within our reach a liberal tyranny at the point of the bayonet.

Let us, then, in anticipation of a collision, which may possibly be postponed for some years, but must, sooner or later, arise between our democratic rulers and the conservative powers of Europe, take a survey of the resources which are at the command of the nation for such a contest.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his financial statement on opening the budget on May 9, 1836, stated the revenue of the empire at L.46,000,000; and the charges of the debt and consolidated fund at somewhat above L.30,000,000. The surplus available towards the reduction of the debt, after providing for the charges of the West India loan, and making the proposed reductions in the newspaper duties, was only L.600,000. The debt is L.770,000,000. Practically speaking, therefore, we have no *sinking fund*; for a few hundred thousands a-year is evidently no fund at all for that purpose, after twenty-one years

of unbroken peace. Here, then, is the first leading feature of our political situation,—that we have no sinking fund. Mr Pitt left us at his death a sinking fund of ten millions. It had grown up to fourteen millions at the conclusion of the war; but now it may be considered as to all practical purposes destroyed, and the nation must sit down for ever with seven hundred and seventy millions of debt, and eight-and-twenty millions annually to pay as its interest. The public revenue is about forty-six millions, of which nearly two-thirds are absorbed in the charges of the debt. It is easy to see to what this lamentable financial situation of the nation is owing. The power of the democratic classes in the House of Commons has become so inordinate that no fixed system of finance is practicable, and the measures of government are ruined by that “ignorant impatience” and disregard of every thing but present relief, which is the invariable characteristic of the masses of mankind. The very last budget has afforded decisive evidence that Government are noways emancipated from their blind democratic taskmasters; for out of a disposable surplus of £1,600,000 a-year they were compelled to surrender no less than £600,000 to their formidable allies, in the form chiefly of a remission of the taxes on what they call knowledge, but which in truth is falsehood and malignity; leaving, when the charges of the West India loan were taken into account, only £660,000 a-year to meet a debt of £770,000,000!

The army is now reduced to so inconsiderable a scale that it may be considered as almost totally powerless in a national point of view. About 96,000 men are scattered over the immense extent of the British empire, of whom 20,000 are required in Ireland to prevent a rebellion from breaking out among the grateful receivers of Catholic emancipation; 20,000 in Canada and the West Indies, to stifle the seeds of revolt consequent on achieved slave emancipation, and anticipated equalization of timber duties; and 20,000 are buried in India, to overawe the native army, and hinder the discontents consequent on the nig-

gardly reduction of its pay from tearing that splendid dominion from our empire. Not thirty thousand men remain for Great Britain and the fortified ports in the Mediterranean; a force less considerable than the Grand Duchy of Warsaw or Bavaria could at a moment's warning bring into the field. To save the people from slavery, and the empire from destruction, no possible efforts of Government could now assemble above fifteen thousand British soldiers at any point of Europe, Asia, or America! It is with this force that our insane democratic journals would have us provoke the hostility of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, who could, without difficulty, bring three hundred thousand admirable troops into the field. And it is with such preparation for a revolutionary contest that we have actually taken off the mask and begun hostilities to beat down the freeborn peasantry of Spain to a vile slavery at the feet of the urban revolutionists of the southern parts of the Peninsula! Such is the admirable foresight and sagacious wisdom of the Government of the masses!

But the navy, it will be said, is the real strength of England; the wooden walls are its true fortifications; while they are undecayed, no weakness in our military strength or financial resources need give us any uneasiness. —Softly!—Is the navy undecayed? Could we fit out now the fleets which carried the thunder of our arms to the Nile and Trafalgar? In the small remnant of that once glorious establishment, indeed, we firmly believe that skill, and valour, and patriotism exist worthy of the days of Rodney and Nelson; but what is the size of the fragment which democratic stinginess has suffered to remain of the wooden walls of England? Twelve or fifteen ships of the line are in commission, and twice as many frigates, to face the navies of Europe, whom our revolutionary inroads into other States may any day array against our independence. With great difficulty, and as a prodigious exertion, Government this Session prevailed on their Radical ruler to allow an addition of 5000 men to be made to the sailors of the Royal Navy. Why, if they had pre-

posed an addition of 50,000 it would have been hardly adequate to preserve us from most serious danger, in the revolutionary course of propaganda into which we have blindly, and with no sort of preparation, had the infatuation to rush. Sir Edward Codrington told us lately in Parliament, that he recently saw twenty-five ships of the line in the Baltic, manned and ready for sea, in the Russian harbours. We should be glad to know what would come of our democratic transports, if these five-and-twenty ships of the line were some morning to make sail for the German ocean, and pick up on their way twenty-five more from the harbours of Copenhagen and Carlscrona, and cast anchor off the mouth of the Thames.

Meeting us with our own language, would not they be able to say, with at least as much truth as we have done, that it was for "their interest" not to allow a democratic regime to prevail in this country; that the monstrous anarchy of Ireland could no longer be endured by the adjoining states, and that the focus whence revolutionary doctrines were incessantly impelled into other states could no longer be permitted to exist? How could we, who sailed into the harbour of Navarino, and burnt the Turkish fleet during profound peace, to stop the bloodshed of the Morea which the Porte was unable to put down, complain if a similar step was taken to extinguish, by a grand conflagration at Plymouth, the anarchy of Ireland, which half a century of ineffectual efforts have shown we are unable to allay? How could we, who blockaded the Scheldt and besieged Antwerp, to give the finest harbour in Europe to a democratic power, remonstrate against a similar course being adopted by the combined French and Russians, in order to place the arsenal of Woolwich at the disposal of the Conservative forces of Europe? How could we, who partitioned the kingdom of the Netherlands, in defiance of the Treaty of Vienna, and gave the malecontent portion to a revolutionary monarch, be surprised if the northern powers were to propose to "arbitrate" in the eternal dissensions between England and Ireland, by handing over the emerald isle, with its eight mil-

lions of souls, as a separate appanage to King Dan? Or have we, who for four years have kept alive a frightful civil war in Spain and Portugal, because it was for "our interest" to be surrounded by states with liberal institutions, any reason to suppose that we are to enjoy forever a monopoly of selfish interference, or to be surprised, if fifty thousand foreigners are landed to foment the divisions or consolidate the institutions of the British dominions? It is easy to find a Conservative cant which would be just as plausible in defence of such acts of aggression as our revolutionary cant to palliate our monstrous foreign iniquity during the last six years has been; and if the evil days thus come upon us, where, we beg to know, are the elements of successful resistance to be found?

Experience has recently taught us, in the attempt to raise the five thousand men for the Royal Navy, how extremely difficult it is to provide any increase for the public service on a sudden emergency; impressment will not be tolerated by the emancipated sons of freedom, and where, we again ask, are we to find sailors to combat the sixty or eighty ships of the line which Russia, France, and Denmark could at a month's warning combine in the British Channel? It is easy to say the resources of the kingdom are undecayed, the countrymen of Nelson will never want defenders; but we here tell the people of England that they, just as well as other nations, stand in need of organization and foresight, in order to provide an efficient system of defence; and that without such foresight, which, with our present preponderance of democratic shortsightedness, it is in vain to expect in the Lower House, a calamity may ensue which may at once prostrate the empire, as that of Algospotamos did the maritime power of Athens, by bringing the hostile fleets to the mouth of our harbours, and thereby interposing between the parent state and its immense colonial possessions. And if the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and the Clyde, are blockaded by the combined fleets of Russia, Denmark, France, and Holland, we should be glad to know how the millions of

Middlesex, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Lanarkshire would be able to exist for three months; or what it would avail Great Britain that she ruled an hundred million of Hindoos in the East, if a victorious hostile fleet was to cast anchor at the Nore? Of all powers, a maritime state having great and distant colonial possessions is most easily prostrated by a decisive stroke at the centre of its resources, because it may be reduced to starvation and irrevocably destroyed before the news even of the critical state of the heart can reach the extremities of the empire.

And is our colonial empire so very loyal and contented; are dissatisfaction and jealousy, resentment and indignation so thoroughly banished from its wide circle, that we could rely with certainty upon deriving aid from these distant possessions, if the parent isle were hard pressed by a combination of enemies? Is Ireland so thoroughly pacified; are its millions so completely united; is religious dissension so effectually banished, and gratitude for concession so universal, that there would be no danger of any portion of its population joining the enemy? Has the country been so effectually pacified since the days of Wolfe Tone; have the efforts of O'Connell and the priests been so uniformly directed to sopite ancient divisions, and diffuse an attachment to the English alliance, that the two hundred thousand united Irishmen who he tells us were arrayed in regiments and companies awaiting the approach of the tri-coloured flag, are no longer to be apprehended? Or if the Catholics are, notwithstanding the Relief Bill, still actuated by their old and undying animosity against Great Britain, is the support of the Protestants of the North so very secure, their gratitude for recent legislation so conspicuous, their confidence in a democratic government so strong and deserved, as to afford a reasonable ground for hope that they will make the same heroic efforts in defence of British connexion and the British Government, which they did in 1798? Pressed by external enemies in the centre of her power, the utmost that could possibly be hoped from Ireland would be, that its antagonist

forces would engage and destroy each other; but as to supposing that either could afford any effectual aid to the general defence of the empire, is altogether out of the question.

Turn to Canada. Is the prospect more cheering on the other side of the Atlantic? Is the allegiance of the magnificent Transatlantic colony which employs in its intercourse with the mother country five hundred thousand tons of our shipping, or fully a fifth of its total amount, secure beyond the reach of doubt? The reverse is unhappily and notoriously the case. It would far exceed the limits of this paper to give even a summary of the troubles and divisions of our North American colonies, on which we have already more than once dwelt, and to which we may hereafter revert. Suffice it to say, that the jealousies consequent on the influx of a vast and active population of British subjects upon the native and stationary French population have been so increased by the democratic feelings, which, emanating from the British isles as a common centre, have more or less pervaded all their dependencies, that the country is now almost in a state of rebellion. Nor is it surprising that this is the case. The Canadians see in the debates of Parliament, and in all the democratic journals of England, a constant assertion of the right of self-government; the indispensable necessity of giving the people of all parts of the empire a share in the great work of legislation, in which their knowledge and capacity have so peculiarly fitted them to shine. Are these doctrines confined to one side of the Atlantic? Are the Canadians not likely to imbibe them from England on one side, America on another, and the freedom of their own forests on a third? Having done so, are they likely to submit longer than expedience may counsel them to a government in London, where they are totally unrepresented, and which, so far from evincing any regard for their interests, is avowedly about to deprive them of the protecting duty on the staple branch of their industry, which alone compensates to them for the want of a government of their own, and all the vexatious consequent on colonial regulation?

This is a point of vital importance, and has never yet received nearly the attention which it deserves. The timber trade is the staple of the British North American provinces: it is the cotton and woollen trade of their industry. It employs the greater part of the 500,000 tons of shipping annually absorbed in its trade. Of this vast and lucrative trade, about two-thirds come to England, and one-third to the West India Islands. The great difference of duty is the cause of this immense market having been opened up for their industry; the import on Baltic timber being 55s. the load, while that on American is only 10s.* Ministers are known to be determined to equalize, or make a step towards equalizing, the duties: the Commons' committee of last Session have proposed that the Baltic duty should at once be lowered to 40s. a load. The necessary effect of this must be to ruin the whole capitalists engaged in the Canada trade, crush the industry engaged in this immense branch of trade, and sever the last links which unite Canada to the British empire. The adoption of such a system at once demonstrates that our colonies are no longer regarded as our children; that we are resolved soon to give them no preference over foreigners, and that, provided we get good articles cheap, we care not whether it is from our friends or our enemies—are indifferent though our whole colonial empire goes to the bottom. Being actuated by such a principle, can we be surprised if the feeling of indifference becomes reciprocal? Canada is preparing, on the first convenient opportunity, or the first serious reverse to the parent state, to sever a connexion from which they have ceased to derive any benefit.

The tenure by which we hold the West Indies is, if possible, still more slender. The wounds inflicted on those splendid but unhappy possessions have been so deep; the injus-

tice worked upon them by democratic tyranny at home so flagrant; the confiscation of property by rash and ill-judged legislation so enormous, that reconciliation is impossible; the injuries done can neither be forgotten nor forgiven, and a connexion is kept up with the mother country only till it is possible or expedient to dissolve it. In the long catalogue of West Indian oppression, all parties must take shame to themselves, the Tories equally with the Whigs must take their full share of the general blame; but the great and crowning act of confiscation and infatuation could only have been perpetrated by the mingled madness, conceit, ignorance, and benevolence which were let in tumultuously to the legislature by the Reform Bill. For the last twenty-five years West India produce has been loaded with a duty of from thirty to twenty-four shillings a hundred weight on sugar; equivalent, even at the lowest rate, to a duty of fifty per cent on wheat and barley. We should like to hear what our domestic cultivators would say to such a burden; but West India cultivators must groan and submit in silence. Not content with this enormous and withering direct burden, the Reform legislature have by one sweeping act confiscated property to the amount of L.40,000,000 in the sugar islands, absolutely and irrecoverably, supposing the emancipation system to work as well as its most ardent supporters can desire. The sum awarded by the nation for the emancipation of 800,000 slaves was L.20,000,000, or about L.22, 10s. a-head. Before the Reform Bill was passed, there was not a West India proprietor who could not have sold his slaves for an average of seventy or eighty pounds a head: we have known as much as L.300 a-head given. Not more than *one third* of the value of the slaves taken over the whole islands was given;† in other words, forty millions were destroyed without any compensation. We know one property in St

* The trade in timber with Canada is four times as great as that with all the world besides, as appears from the following returns: 1835, loads of Canada timber, 439,288; all other countries, 118,446: 1836, loads of Canada timber, 563,935; all other countries, 131,024.—*Parl. Pap.* 29th Feb. 1836.

† In some places it was a half or even two-thirds, in others not a third or a fourth.

Vincent's where, on a stock of two hundred negroes, for which L.80 a-head had been recently given, only L.20 a-head was received; in other words, L.60 a head was lost, that is, on this small stock, L.12,000 was confiscated. We know an estate in Nevis, where the loss on the negroes by the emancipation act was L.70,000, and land to double that amount was rendered totally valueless. It is the same in all the other islands. The high lands in Jamaica are going rapidly out of cultivation, as the rise in the price of sugar proves; the produce of the island was some years ago 100,000 tons a-year; this year it will not exceed 60,000 tons. Supposing, therefore, that the negroes all work quietly at the close of the apprenticeship (which present appearances give no reason whatever to hope will be the case), still the property destroyed by the emancipation act, without any compensation whatever, was at least forty millions sterling: an instance of wholesale revolutionary confiscation well worthy of being placed beside the most illustrious deeds of the Jacobins in that line; and which, when its ultimate effect on the negroes themselves comes to be fully understood, will deserve to be classed with the most inhuman deeds which human rashness and delusion ever yet perpetrated on mankind. After such treatment, it is unnecessary to say, that all reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country is impossible: and to close all avenue even to such a chance, it is whispered that it is in the contemplation of Government to equalize the duties on West and East India sugars: thus striving to obviate the rise of prices arising from the commission of one deed of injustice by the perpetration of another.

Even the magnificent dominion on the shores of the Ganges stands on a tottering foundation. It enjoys a revenue of twenty-three millions, and boasts an army of above two hundred thousand men; but the shortsighted parsimonious spirit which has sprung up with the growth of democratic power at home, has loosened, to a degree which to those unacquainted with Indian affairs would be deemed incredible, the loyal and affectionate disposition of

this vast host, especially the British officers by whom its character and disposition are formed. Looking to nothing but the saving of a few hundred thousand pounds a-year, the Government of India have ventured upon the hazardous step of making a great and simultaneous reduction in all branches of the service: the number and pay of almost every grade has been materially lowered. The disgust and heart-burnings which this injudicious step has excited throughout India are indescribable. Nor is this surprising—the officers of the Indian army left home early in life, renouncing all their relations and friends, the enjoyments of home, the love of country, probably for ever, in order to earn a competence and perhaps collect an independence on the sultry shores of the Ganges. In the midst of their exile, after the best period of their life was past, and all hope of getting into any other line was utterly extinguished, they found a considerable part, generally about a third, of their income suddenly withdrawn, and themselves reduced for the remainder of their life to such a pittance as precluded all hope of making a fortune, and to most prolonged the term of their banishment to an indefinite period. Is it surprising if such a flagrant breach of faith to men so situated, and who have irrevocably made such sacrifices, should lead to the utmost dissatisfaction? The only surprising thing is how the officers of a hundred and eighty thousand native troops with bayonets in their hands submitted to such an injury. It affords the strongest proof of the mingled loyalty and virtue of that upright and meritorious body, the Indian officers, that under such provocation, and with such power in their hands, they submitted in peace to the change. But let it not be imagined that because they have done so in time past they will continue to do so in time to come. There is a limit to human patience, even in the most loyal and upright breasts: the embers of discontent are smouldering, not extinguished; and a repetition of the same mingled injustice and impolicy may at once, by a general revolt, sever the empire of the East from our arms.

Nor is such a catastrophe less likely to arise from another cause. Under the new bill prepared by the Reformed Parliament, all settlers from the British islands are allowed to go to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; while, by a recent regulation of Government, emanating from the same supreme influence, all restrictions on the press are removed from these settlements. Thus are the three capitals of India to be deluged at once with an unlimited inundation of British emigrants, and an unrestrained freedom of public discussion. This, too, is to take place in a country situated in such very peculiar circumstances as Hindostan, with thirty thousand whites dispersed among a hundred millions of blacks, and twelve thousand miles from the parent state or any effectual succour. It is upon an empire so situated, in circumstances unparalleled since the beginning of the world, that we have let in at once an unrestrained flood of foreign settlers and democratic discussion! It is on a people buried in ignorance, embued for three thousand years with superstition, and requiring above all others in existence care and delicacy in the details of practical government, that we have thrown at once a firebrand sufficient to wrap in conflagration the oldest and best consolidated empire of modern Europe. Of a truth it may be said, that the curse of judicial blindness has been pronounced upon our rulers, and unless the good sense, or necessities of the Government in India allows these enactments to remain a dead letter, which, with the present temper and composition of the House of Commons it is extremely doubtful whether they will be permitted to do, it may be affirmed with perfect certainty that the seeds of irrevocable ruin, and that too at no distant period, have been sown in our eastern dominions.

As if, too, our democratic rulers had been resolved to excite a flame in all, even the most remote and inconsiderable of our colonial possessions, they have contrived, by a most absurd and unjust regulation to excite a ferment even in the convict colony of New South Wales. This has arisen from their having

imposed the expense of the police of that colony, a very heavy burden in such an unruly population, and amounting to L. 40,000 a-year, not on the mother country, as heretofore, but the colony itself. This tax the colonists complain of, and apparently with reason, with great asperity. They assert, that they are first saddled with a convict population, the refuse of all the jails in the British isles, to the immense relief of the mother country, but their own great discomfort, and then burdened with an enormous annual tax to keep them in order. The advantages of convict labour, though great at one period, they assert is now altogether nugatory, as, if the stigma arising from their presence were removed from the colony, it would be sufficiently stocked with free settlers of a higher moral caste and greater capital; and that when, instead of persons of this description, they are flooded with others of the most abandoned description, who necessarily by their presence keep off, in a certain degree, a more eligible class of free settlers, it is to the last degree unjust to burden them in addition with the cost of a police to restrain these periodical discharges from the English prisons. So it is, however, that these complaints, as coming from persons not represented in the legislature, are disregarded, and it is only necessary to take up a file of Sidney papers for the last nine months to see the angry feelings which have in consequence become general among the inhabitants of the colony.

Serious, however, as these evils in our financial, naval, military, and colonial situation undoubtedly are, they are trifling compared to one, to which public attention has never been sufficiently drawn, viz. the rapid decline in our shipping interest engaged in the foreign trade, and progressive increase in the tonnage of foreign ships in carrying on British commerce since the fatal era when the reciprocity duties were introduced. This is an evil of first-rate magnitude, because it tends at once to rear up in our harbours a race of foreign seamen who will speedily equal our own both in numbers and efficiency; and who may at a moment's warning be sum-

moned away by their respective flags, and after having learned the art of seamanship in carrying on British commerce, employ their skill in destroying our navy. To this vital subject public attention has hitherto been very casually directed; but the facts we are now about to communicate are of such a kind as to cause the most inconsiderate to reflect.

The reciprocity system, it is well known, was introduced by Mr Huskisson in February 1823; and let the result be attended to upon the comparative growth since that period of British and foreign shipping in carrying on our extensive commerce.*

From the Parliamentary returns quoted below, it clearly appears, that down to 1832, our shipping employed in the foreign trade was

rapidly declining, and our tonnage was kept up solely by the vast increase in our colonial trade, which is of course entirely our own. From 1823 to 1832, the tonnage of foreign shipping in British harbours had increased from 433,000 to 896,000 tons, or more than doubled; while the British engaged in the same branches of trade had rapidly declined. From a paper laid before Parliament in this session (Parl. Pap. 26th Feb. 1836), it appears, that since 1833 the progress of foreign vessels in carrying on the foreign trade of the empire is still augmenting; and that the foreign shipping now employed in carrying our trade with foreign nations is assuming such a magnitude as, but for the colonial trade of the empire, would speedily render their shipping, nursed in our harbours, superior to our own.†

* VESSELS BELONGING TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

UNITED KINGDOM AND POSSESSIONS IN					
EUROPE.			COLONIES.		TOTAL.
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships. Tons.
1821	21,969	2,419,629	3,384	201,564	25,036 2,560,203
1822	21,238	2,355,853	3,404	203,611	24,642 2,519,014
1823	21,042	2,302,867	3,500	203,893	24,542 2,506,769
1824	21,280	2,318,311	3,496	211,273	24,776 2,559,587
1825	20,701	2,328,807	3,579	211,875	24,280 2,553,682
1826	20,968	2,411,611	3,157	224,183	24,625 2,635,611
1827	19,524	2,181,138	3,675	279,362	23,199 2,460,500
1828	19,616	2,193,300	4,419	324,891	24,095 2,518,191
1829	19,110	2,199,959	4,313	317,041	23,453 2,517,000
1830	19,171	2,201,592	4,517	330,227	23,721 2,531,819
1831	19,150	2,224,356	4,792	357,608	24,212 2,581,964
1832	19,694	2,260,980	4,771	356,208	24,655 2,617,638

Years.	Imports.	Exports.	British Shipping.	Foreign Shipping. Outward. Tons.
1820	L. 31,484,108	1,48,343,051	2,560,203	433,328
1821	29,724,173	50,796,982	2,519,011	383,781
1822	39,401,261	52,770,416	2,506,769	457,542
1823	31,591,263	51,733,161	2,559,587	563,571
1824	36,111,339	58,218,633	2,553,682	746,707
1825	42,661,054	55,018,327	2,635,611	905,520
1826	36,069,999	50,401,292	2,460,500	695,440
1827	43,467,717	61,082,695	2,517,000	767,821
1828	43,396,527	61,957,805	2,531,819	608,118
1829	42,311,648	66,072,163	2,581,964	730,250
1830	44,815,397	69,028,423	2,617,638	758,368
1831	48,161,661	70,820,066		896,051

† VESSELS EMPLOYED IN THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

An Account of the Number and Tonnage of Vessels, distinguishing the Countries to which they belonged, which Entered Inwards and Cleared Outwards in the Year ended 5th January, 1836, compared with the Entrances and Clearances in the preceding Year ended 5th January, 1835; stated exclusively of Vessels in

It is of the highest importance, therefore, to reflect how large a proportion of our foreign trade is carried on in foreign bottoms. When we next resume this subject, we shall give a detailed comparison of the British and foreign tonnage to all other countries and our own colonies; from whence it will distinctly appear, that in all our intercourse with foreign states, foreign vessels are gradually encroaching on those of British construction; and that it is the colonial trade of the empire, and it alone, which enables us to maintain a superiority over them. Suffice it to say at present, that the number of British vessels annually passing the Sound is at present nearly two thousand less than it was three years ago. The general returns of the amount of British tonnage exhibit no insight into the progress and effect of the reciprocity system, because in them the whole trade, fo-

reign and colonial, is mixed up together, and consequently the rapid increase of the latter compensates and conceals the progressive decay of the former.

When Mr Huskisson repealed the navigation laws, and introduced a total change of system in 1823, he grounded his alteration on the impossibility of keeping up a lucrative commercial intercourse with other states, and especially Prussia, without making such an alteration. In truth, therefore, the change was a sacrifice of our maritime to our manufacturing interests. But let it be observed what has been the result of this great alteration. Has Prussia, in return, admitted British goods on favourable terms, and made us any return for the vast sacrifice of maritime security which we made to propitiate her good-will? So far from having done so, she has formed an anti-British commercial league,

Ballast, and of those employed in the Coasting Trade, or the Trade between Great Britain and Ireland.

COUNTRIES to which the Vessels belonged.	ENTERED INWARDS.			
	Years ended 5th January			
	1835.		1836.	
	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom and its Depen- } dencies,	11,678	2,108,102	11,710	2,203,026
Russia,	196	54,158	201	55,894
Sweden,	111	15,765	130	16,839
Norway,	711	119,151	731	113,911
Denmark,	679	55,377	630	55,307
Prussia,	545	117,009	572	121,815
Other German States, . .	552	44,880	505	38,333
Holland,	336	31,912	295	27,372
Belgium,	275	26,918	282	29,245
France,	829	35,441	769	32,058
Spain,	33	3,269	33	5,007
Portugal,	28	3,237	60	6,530
Italian States,	65	15,286	25	5,536
Other European States, .	1	298		
United States of America, .	505	208,802	546	238,112
Other States in America, Africa, } or Asia,	4	1,053	6	1,866
Total,	16,584	2,841,378	16,531	2,952,854
	11,678	2,108,492	11,740	2,203,026
Foreign Ships and Tonnage,	4,906	732,886	4,791	749,828

which, though nominally imposing only a duty of ten per cent, really loads our manufactures with a crushing impost of fifty per cent, and in this she has contrived to include twenty-five millions of souls. M. Thiers very recently, in the Chamber of Deputies, loudly protested against the supposition that France was to be seduced, by the insidious offers of England, into any relaxation of the duties on its manufactures, imposed for the protection of French industry. Thus the reciprocity system has not the excuse, even for its adoption, that it has obtained a boon for our manufacturing interests; for the conduct of the nations, to propitiate whom it was introduced, could not have been more hostile to our manufactures, if the navigation laws had stood as they were originally enacted by the Long Parliament, and praised as the wisest regulations which could be adopted on the subject by Adam Smith.

But even if a benefit had accrued to our manufactures by their sacrifice of our shipping interests, what comparison could such an advantage bear with the enormous and lasting evils arising from nursing up in our own harbours a maritime force belonging to foreign states, which may at any moment be all arrayed under hostile flags against ourselves? In this view, the increase of our exports and imports only increases the dangers of our situation, by augmenting in a greater proportion than our own the foreign seamen employed in carrying it on. And if a struggle in the end ensues, it will little avail us that our manufactures are thriving, our merchants opulent, and our operatives in full employment; a blockade of the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde would soon prostrate all these resources, and convert what is now deemed the pillar of our strength into a source of fatal weakness. And in such a crisis, millions of starving and clamorous Radicals would not compensate for the want of a hundred thousand sailors who otherwise would have been at hand to man the British fleet, but have now by our tradesmanlike and anti-national po-

licy, been forced to give way even in our own harbours to the nautical classes of hostile states.

Finally, amidst general present prosperity and profound external tranquillity, we discern the symptoms of approaching misfortune and a just retribution for foreign injustice. We see a government at the head of affairs actuated by revolutionary violence in foreign transactions, and democratic parsimony in domestic arrangements; provoking thus the hour of external vengeance without any provision to avert its fury. We see a great and splendid colonial empire becoming disunited and falling to pieces from the blind selfishness of the dominant multitude in the British islands, and their determination to sacrifice every colonial interest to the interested views or inordinate passions of the classes at home installed in power. We see a navy, once the terror and glory of the world, silently melting away under the wish to buy good articles cheap; and our army, which once struck down Napoleon, suffered to dwindle into insignificance, lest its numbers should excite the discontent of the tradesmen in our manufacturing towns. We see that what Napoleon once said of us has now literally become true; we are a nation of shopkeepers, and a nation of shopkeepers is unfit to rule half the globe. The storm is not yet arisen; the vessel sails on majestically, with its sails filled and its motion still directed by the impulse of former times; but the breakers are distinctly visible ahead, and its beams begin to yawn with the progress of internal corruption. And tracing back these multifarious appearances of evil to their remote causes, they will be found all to be distinctly referable to one common source: the undue preponderance of ONE SINGLE URBAN CLASS in the national representation; and the constitution of government upon a basis which compels its impatience, parsimony, and selfish desires to be applied in every department to an empire far too extensive and scattered to submit long to so intolerable a dominion.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

MELEAGER.

Πωλείσθω, καὶ μητρός.—κ. τ. λ.

CUPID SET UP FOR SALE.

Sold he must be—*there*, while he lies asleep
 On his own mother's breast; I cannot keep
 The bold, pert imp,—the jeering winged pest—
 Whose active talons never are at rest,
 The chattering, fearless creature, full of wiles,
 With tearful eyes suffused with roguish smiles,—
 Eyes looking darts—whose glances all inflame,
 Whose wildness, even his mother cannot tame;
 Sold he must be—the monster;—buy him, pray,
 Good stranger, only bear him far away.
 Stop, stop, he weeps—sold, dear, thou shalt not be,
 But dwell a pet with my Zenophile.

II.

ATTRIBUTED BY SOME TO SIMONIDES.

Τούτο κεν τις ἄιδαν.—κ. τ. λ.

THE DEAD.

1.

The phantom of a substance fled,
 The echo of a sound,
 Where darkness all around is spread,
 And silence all around,
 These—these alone, when we are dead,
 In Ades will be found.

2.

Down through that yawning gulf—the grave,
 When life's brief fit is o'er,
 Shall sink the great, the good, the brave,
 Down to the sunless shore,
 Where by the hush of the sullen wave,
 They sleep for evermore.

III.

HERACLIDES.

Α κόνης ἄρτικαπτος.—κ. τ. λ.

EPITAPH.

1.

The sod so lately stirred, the wreaths that shed
 On this sepulchral stone their waning bloom,
 And these sad words—the story of the dead—
 Tell whose the bones that moulder in this tomb.

2.

I Aretemias in Cnidos born,
 In pangs of child-birth twins to Euphron gave;
 One lives to prop a father's age forlorn—
 One with its mother sleeps within this grave.

IV.

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Ἀντιπάτρης, ὁ Γαλῶν.—κ. τ. λ.

1.

With his last breath, Antigenes the son
 Of Gelo—thus his weeping child address'd—
 "Fair virgin, daughter mine, thou much-loved one
 Cleave to the distaff, 'tis thy helper best,—

2.

"A sure contentment in thy low estate :
 And should a husband e'er thy love secure,
 Bring as a dowery to that happy mate
 Thy mother's virtues—and he'll no'er be poor."

V.

UNKNOWN.

Ω Πάν, Φερβομέναις ἱερῶν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A STATUE OF PAN.

Let thy lips, curved upon thy golden reed,
 Discourse to browsing sheep a sacred air,
 That Clymenes, oh ! Pan, for all his care,
 May find in udders swoln with milk his need :
 So on thine altar—placed by hands devout,
 A goat's rough, shaggy breast its purple blood shall spout.

VI.

AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.

Πέσαν ἔγὼ τὴν νύκτα κινύρομαι.

The livelong night I spend in wo,
 And when the dawn appears,
 It brings no rest to soothe my breast,
 Or wipe away my tears.
 Ye envious swallows at my door
 With pipes so loud and shrill,
 Will ye not leave me to repose
 But twitter, twitter still !
 If yours were Philomela's skill
 I should not hate your song :
 Go to the lapwing's desert haunts,
 And there your woes prolong.
 And while you mourn poor Tereus' fate,
 Perchance Rodanthe's charms
 May glow in dreams of blissful rest
 Within these longing arms.

VII.

ARCHIAS.

Ὅ περὶν ἔπ' Ἀλφειῷ στιφανηφόρος.—κ. τ. λ.

ON AN OLD RACE-HORSE.

Me at Alphæus wreathed, and twice the theme
Of heralds at Castalia's sacred stream,—
Me Isthmus' and Nemœa's trumpet-tongue
Hailed fleet as winged storms—I then was young.
Alas! wreaths loathe me now: and Eld hath found
An outcast trundling mill-stones round and round,

VIII.

LUCIANUS.

Ὡς τίθηξόμενος τῶν σὺν ἀγαθῶν.—κ. τ. λ.

Just as if death were near, enjoy thy wealth:
Be frugal, as if sure of years of health:
Sparing or spending be thy wisdom seen,
In keeping always to the golden mean.

IX.

UNKNOWN.

Αἱ τρισταί ποτε παῖδες.—κ. τ. λ.

Three laughing maidens by the lots would try
Which of them all was destined first to die:
The dice they threw, and one the doomed of three
Laughed when she saw the threat of Destiny.
Unlooked-for doom!—from a roof's dizzy height—
Down rolls she to the realms of endless night.
Oh! if they point to ill, the lots no'er fail:
To good—our divinations nought avail.

X.

CRINAGORAS.

Καὶ κλαῖν, καὶ στίναζε.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A STATUE OF CUPID MANACLED.

1.

Ay! groan, and weep,
And writhe, and strive with all thy might,
These bonds will keep
Thy hands from mischief now;—and right
That so it be,—thou traitor sprite.

2.

No help appears,
Thy winning, suppliant looks are vain:
Think of the tears
Wrung from our eyes,—the rankling pain,
The fever of the soul and brain

3.

From thy sure darts—
Tipt with desire; while thou could'st see
Our tortured hearts,
And laugh in merriment,—as we,
Just retribution! laugh at thee.

XI.

PHILODEMUS.

Ἡδὴ καὶ ῥόδον ἴσσι.—κ. τ. λ.

1.

Now blooms the rose, my Sosylus, the peas
 And early cabbages are now in prime :
 The newly-pressed, and salt besprinkled cheese,
 And savoury anchovies observe their time ;
 While the wild lettuce curls its milky leaves,
 And from the earth refreshing juice receives.

2.

Why should not *we*, my Sosylus, resort
 To that loved hill beside the winding shore,
 As erst—though those, who lately shared our sport,
 Antigones and Bacchius are no more ?
 To-day we bore them on the mournful bier—
 But why not, therefore, temper grief with cheer ?

XII.

CRINAGORAS.

Νῆσον, τὴν εἰς χ' οἱ μὲν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A SMALL ISLAND.

An island I—whose length, with little toil,
 The land-surveyor finds not quite a mile :
 Yet fat my glebe,—whose teeming bosom yields
 All the rich garniture of painted fields,
 All shell-fruit trees my banks produce in store,
 While fishes of all tribes are near my shore,
 When the red dog-star fumes with sweltry heat,
 Let gasping mortals to my bowers retreat :
 And when the tempest scowls upon the main,
 Let the lorn bark my peaceful harbour gain :
 Near to Corcyra am I :—but my name
 Men laugh to hear it,—while I blush for shame.*

XIII.

NOSSIS.

Αὐτομίλινα τέτυκται.—κ. τ. λ.

ON HER CHILD'S PICTURE.

This is Melinna's self : the gentle child
 Looks sweetly on me with those eyes so mild.
 My own dear daughter—oh ! what bliss to trace
 A parent's features in an infant face.

XIV.

PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Τίπτει μάτην, ἀνθρώπι, ποιῆς.—κ. τ. λ.

Why this vain toil and trouble, mortal man !
 Slave of thy *weird*—fixed when thy life began,
 Which thou must dree, nor strive 'gainst god-like power :
 Court fortune's smiles, seize every peaceful hour :
 Contend for bliss : and even, in spite of fate,
 If possible,—enjoy a happy state.

* Supposed to be Sybota—opposite a port of Epirus—which port had the same name.
 The word signifies *sow feeder*.

XV

ARCHILOCHUS.

Θυμὶ, θυμὶ ἀμειχάνοισι.—κ. τ. λ.

1.

Toss'd on a sea of troubles, oh! my soul,
 Thy self control,
 And to the weapons of determined foes
 A breast oppose
 Undaunted, and unshrinking from the might
 Of hostile squadrons burning in the fight.

2.

Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
 Brings thee renown:
 Thine—no unseemly sorrow when defeat
 Urges retreat:
 In joy rejoice,—let grief thy bosom touch
 Not overmuch
 'Mid evils;—and for ever bear in mind
 How perverse are the ways of human kind.

XVI.

BACCHYLIDES.

Γλυκὴν ἀνάγκα συνομένη κυλίκων.—κ. τ. λ.

A DRINKING SONG.

1.

How sweet the compulsion of Cypris and Bacchus
 When rushing they come in their might to attack us!
 One mingles a cup of good liquor to warm us,
 One summons her visions of beauty to charm us.

2.

Be blessings on wine!—how the spirit it brightens—
 How the fardels of care in a twinkling it lightens!
 We quaff it—and victory's banners wave o'er us,
 And cities' proud battlements tremble before us.

3.

I am monarch of all,—and who shall gainsay me?
 My subjects before me—and who disobey me?
 In my palace the ivory's brightness is beaming—
 And the good yellow gold in profusion is gleaming.

4.

Is it ships?—see them bounding from Egypt's rich strand, sir,
 There's corn in abundance with riches at hand, sir,
 Oh! the soul-stirring wine in the goblet it glances,
 And the blood in our veins—how it dances and prances!

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

No. I.

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOCKE.

Locke's "Essay concerning Human Understanding" was first published at a time when the abstract, speculative, and often obscure doctrines of the scholastic logicians yet held their full sway in the science of mind. It is to be regarded as the first regular attempt to subvert the authority of those doctrines, and to establish this part of philosophy upon surer principles, as answering to those new views in physical science which were introduced by the application of Lord Bacon's method of induction to the investigation of material nature. It was, in fact, the application of that same method of induction to the investigation of mind. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a work, undertaken upon such grounds, by an enquirer, profound and indefatigable in his researches, ardent and sincere in the desire of truth, and of the most powerful and discriminating intellect, should have made an era in the history of philosophy, and have maintained the most marked and decisive influence upon the whole subsequent character of the science.

The first great object of Locke's enquiries was to overthrow the received opinion of innate ideas; and this he conceived would be most effectually accomplished by showing whence our ideas are derived. His work, therefore, though suggested by that particular object, takes the character of a general enquiry into the origin of human knowledge.

He first resolves our knowledge itself into ideas, and then endeavours to trace our ideas themselves to their origin. He finds two sources of such ideas: a world without, and a world within ourselves. One is known to the mind through sense, communicating with material being; the other by thought; the mind in its own act turning inwardly to take cognizance of itself. Hence he establishes two sources of all our knowledge, one by which we know that which lies without, *sensation*;

and the other that by which we know what lies within ourselves, *reflection*. We must understand the meaning he attaches to these terms, and examine in what manner he considers *sensation and reflection* as furnishing the origin of all our ideas or knowledge. This can only be done by a minute and close explication of his own doctrine from his own words.

By *sensation*, then, he understands precisely what is now understood by it among philosophers, that is to say, the simple affluence of the sense, uncompounded with any action of the mind. He considers all sensations as simple elementary impressions, from which the mind afterwards frames its own understanding of the objects which have thus affected it.

By *reflection*, he understands the mind's intelligent observation of every act or operation of its own; comprising alike its intellectual processes, and its passions of every sort, which it can know only by attending to them as they arise, or recalling them in remembrance, and thus making them the subject of consideration.

The sum, therefore, of the doctrine is this, that the mind is unconscious till it is awakened through sense; that as soon as it is affected by sensation, intelligent action begins to take place in it, variously modifying and combining these impressions; and that both from the simple sensation, and the knowledge of objects thus framed, the whole mind is set in motion, its feelings and passions called into activity; and the intelligent being now finds a *second subject* of thought and knowledge, in these acts of its own intelligence and the various affections of its own will.

The term which Locke uses to express generally the action of the mind is *operation*, to his use of which term it is necessary to call attention, because he has in some measure departed from its natural

or more obvious signification; employing it to describe not merely what the word itself suggests, the intellectual acts of our mind, but its movements of feeling and passion. A peculiarity which it is the more necessary distinctly to remark, because, in the further course of his work, he draws his illustrations with such partial and almost exclusive preference from the operations of the understanding, that his reader might often feel very much in doubt with respect to some of his general propositions, whether he meant to comprehend in them or not the impassioned part of our mind, unless he remembered this enlarged sense which in the outset Locke has given to his terms.

Having stated that our first ideas are from sensation—the second source, he goes on, from which the understanding is furnished, “is the perception of the operation of our own mind, as it is employed about the ideas it has thus got. Such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our minds; which we being first conscious of, and afterwards observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses. These two,” he says, “external material things, as the objects of sensation, and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of reflection, are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings.” And the term operation he then explains that he uses in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the *actions* of the mind about its ideas, but the passions arising from them.

“We suppose,” says he, “the mind to be at first void of any ideas. How comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer in one word, from experience. In that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible ob-

jects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understanding with all the materials of thinking. These two are the *fountains* from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.”

By the word *idea*, Locke understands in the first place the simple apprehension which takes place in the mind of that which is before it. Thus, when he speaks of the *ideas* of sensation, he makes no distinction between that idea of the sensation which the mind afterwards retains, and that first affection of which it is conscious in the moment of sensation. Accordingly, when he instances as *ideas of sensation* those of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft; hard, bitter, sweet, he must be understood as including both the first impression of the mind by the presence to its sense of the yellow, white, cold, bitter, sweet object; and also that *copy* of the impression, as it is often called, which it afterwards retains. This may be collected from many passages. Thus he says, “that to *perceive* and to *have ideas*, are one and the same thing,” elsewhere showing, that by *perceiving* he means the mind’s simple apprehension of any impression. Thus, too, he says, “that all that are born into the world being surrounded with bodies that perpetually and diversely affect them, variety of ideas of obvious and familiar qualities *imprint themselves* on the minds of children;” going on to say, in illustration, “light and colour are busy at hand every where, when the eye is but open. Sounds and some tangible qualities fail not to solicit their proper senses, and to force an entrance to the mind.” Again, he calls light and colours, as white, red, blue, &c., and noises and sounds, and tastes and smells, *ideas*,—ideas finding admittance by the organs and nerves to the understanding. So that, though the qualities that affect our senses are in the things themselves united and blended, yet the ideas they produce in the mind enter by the senses simple and unmixed—though the sight and touch take in from the same object at the same time different ideas, as a man sees at once motion and co-

lour, the hand feels at once softness and warmth, yet the simple ideas thus united in the same subject are perfectly distinct. And more expressly still, ch. 1, § 25:—"In this part the understanding is merely passive; and whether or no, it will have these beginnings, or, as it were, materials of knowledge, is not in its own power. For the objects of our senses do, many of them, obtrude their particular ideas upon our minds, whether we will or no. These simple ideas, when offered to the mind, the understanding can no more refuse to hear, nor alter when they are imprinted, nor blot them out, and make new ones itself, than a mirror can *refuse*, alter, or obliterate the images or *ideas*, which the objects set before it do therein produce. As the bodies that surround us too diversely affect our organs, the mind is forced to receive the impressions, and cannot avoid the perception of those ideas that are annexed to them."

We have brought together different passages to ascertain the intention of Locke in the use of the word, because he has not expressly confined it; and we have thought it necessary to do so, because the distinction which has since been very commonly made, in philosophical language, between the original impressions and the ideas remaining from them, and which was first proposed by Mr Hume, has such a prevailing influence on our minds, that unless we begin by expressly recognising the absence of this distinction in Mr Locke's phraseology, we shall be in constant danger to misunderstand his writing, and that of the other early writers who generally adopted his views and language.

In the same way, with respect to ideas of reflection, he considers that the notice which the mind takes of an act of understanding or feeling produces, in the very moment, the idea of that act, which idea may indeed afterwards separately be recalled, but which at first exists *with* the act or emotion itself.

These ideas, whether derived from sense or reflection, whether perceived in the presence of their object, or afterwards recalled, are either simple or complex. They are

simple in their first unmixed elementary state; they are complex when the mind, by its own activity, proceeds to combine them. In distinguishing between sensation and perception, it is requisite to attend to the same difference: the difference between the simple original impressions, before the mind has begun to exert its power upon them, and its own combinations. This is all that Mr Locke means when he distinguishes our ideas into simple and complex.

Having thus grounded the origin of our knowledge in these simple ideas of sensation, and simple ideas from the mind's observation of itself, or, as he expresses it, from reflection, he proceeds to establish the office of those intellectual powers by which, from the materials thus prepared, knowledge is compounded.

The *first* in his enumeration is *perception*, concerning which it is not necessary to observe more than that he gives this name to the faculty of the mind *to take observation of what is present to it*; the old use of the term, and widely different from that fixed and limited sense to which the word is now appropriated.

The faculty by which these primary ideas are preserved for use he calls *retention*, remarking, that it implies two things—contemplation, whereby the idea is held before the mind as the subject of a more distinct and deliberate notice—and memory, by which "we revive again in our minds those ideas which, after imprinting, have disappeared."

Thus prepared, the mind may proceed to its intellectual work; and we have now to know the processes which he explains as constituting the whole power which it is capable of exercising over these materials of its knowledge. But it is right first to remove one of those misconceptions, which have been held even by distinguished writers, as to Locke's own notion of ideas, without which the metaphorical language he uses might easily lead into the same error. It has been imagined that Locke conceived these ideas in the mind to be something distinct from itself, and having

a proper and absolute existence. Now nothing can be farther from his thoughts; for, being aware himself that there is indeed a natural tendency of the mind to take up this view, he has even thought it necessary expressly to warn his reader against so erroneous a conception of the operations of the mind. His own views cannot be more plainly expressed than in the passage in which, after speaking of laying up ideas in the repository of the memory, he immediately subjoins: "But our ideas being *nothing but actual perceptions in the mind*, which cease to be any thing when there is no perception of them, this laying up of our ideas in the repository of the memory, signifies no more but this, that the mind has a power in many cases to revive perceptions which it has once had, with this additional perception annexed to them, that it has had them before; and in this sense it is that our ideas are said to be in our memories, when indeed they are *actually no where*; but only there is an ability in the mind, when it will, to revive them again, and, as it were, paint them anew on itself, though some with more, some with less difficulty—some more lively, others more obscurely."

This view, that our ideas, even in memory, are nothing in themselves, but merely perceptions or *acts of the mind* renewing a former act under slight modification, was, considering the period at which Locke wrote, indeed an important and necessary step towards all just physiology of the human mind.

Thus far Locke has considered those simple ideas merely in receiving which the mind is *passive*. But having passively received them, it then begins to exert power of its own in various acts, by which, out of these simple ideas, as its materials, all others are framed. These acts are (chiefly) the three following: The first, *combining* several simple into one complex idea; the second, bringing together two simple or two complex ideas and *comparing* them, by which process all 'ideas of relation' are obtained; the third, is the act of *separating* ideas from all those which accompany them as they are presented in real existence, and thus generalizing them. To this

act he gives the logical name of *abstraction*; and these *three modes* of the mind's action—combining, comparing, and separating—he conceives sufficient to account for the entire production of our most extensive and complicated knowledge, from the simple elements to which he ascribes its origin.

The complex ideas framed by the first process may, he observes, be again combined; and the combination of many complex ideas into one is still acknowledged by the mind as one idea though infinitely complex, as in the example of that one idea in which the whole of its most complex ideas are collected and combined—the universe.

This, then, is Locke's simple account of the whole process of the composition of our knowledge. But as this account so far stands merely as a *hypothesis*, and *proposes* merely, but does not *establish* his system, he has occupied the chief part of his work in investigating some of those among our ideas which appear to be the most remote from such an origin, and in reducing them to their elements, and it is from the adoption of this mode of demonstrating his theory that the work is to be regarded as an example of the method of induction applied to the science of the mind.

This great undertaking of one bold and original mind changed the face of the science in this country. Till that time it was a structure of hypotheses without foundation. Locke directed men to enquire into the mind itself, on which they reasoned, and taught them to know nothing but what they found there. But he had almost done too much, for his work, overthrowing, by the power of effective and authentic science, the old systems against which it was directed, took their place in *authority*. He exhorted and guided men to enquire, and no doubt his bold example and distinguished success aroused a spirit of enquiry which has not again fallen asleep. But the great doctrines which he had himself established, which seemed to have brought forth out of the dark vacuity of the schools a whole substantial and ordered world, gave what he never intended or conceived, *the law* to science on the

points which he had so laboriously investigated.

The two words, which he had singled out as comprehending the entire grounds of our knowledge, Reflection and Sensation, took possession of men's minds as if they had included all science; and his followers either accepted implicitly the doctrine which these terms described, and rested there, or sought only to push farther the principles of the same simplification. It is something surprising to read the language of philosophers who followed him, and to observe the tone of undoubting and almost submissive assent with which they cite these doctrines, and the urgency with which they insist upon them, as containing the sum of all intellectual philosophy.

The result has been one which the author of the system did not foresee or desire. His followers, prouder in their exemption from the chains which Locke had broken than anxious themselves to tread in the painful steps of his investigations, took up his doctrines without examination; and it has happened that the authority of his name, united with a misconceived result of his speculations, has established among great numbers of his countrymen a doctrine which his work does not contain, and drawn from many writers severe animadversion upon tenets of which that work offers the confutation.

The misconception of his doctrines to which we allude is this—that there are no thoughts in our minds that are not direct copies of previous states of our mind—that the impressions made upon sense, variously compounded, make up one class, and the impressions which have commonly been referred to consciousness make up the other. So that all our thought is the representation of the external world, or the representation of the Agent Mind—a being thinking, feeling, willing, acting.

Now, this is not the doctrine of Locke. He conceives the original sources of our knowledge to be such impressions, and our complex

ideas to be the combinations of such impressions; but he does nowhere limit the activity of the mind to perceiving the original ideas, and combining them into complex ones. On the contrary, he does, in the most formal manner, in describing the action of the mind upon the subjects of thought thus acquired, assert the existence of a direct and peculiar power, which, by comparing the ideas thus acquired together, obtains other ideas—namely, those of relation; such as those important and comprehensive ideas of cause and effect, duration, analogy, identity, proportion, number, and all those which he describes generally under the terms *agreement and disagreement of ideas*. This is announced in the enunciation of those intellectual faculties to which he ascribes the agencies that, from our ideas, compound our knowledge. But when he afterwards enters into those extensive and intricate details, in which he lays before us the analysis of our knowledge, he illustrates expressly and decisively this capacity of the mind to mix ideas of relation with those otherwise derived. Of this a single example may suffice. He thus explains the manner in which we get the notion of power.*

"The idea of power," says he, "is got by observing change effected in our simple ideas; for there is no evidence of power but in the change effected in the object; and that change appears to us only in the change of those sensible ideas which accompany the presence of that object." This observed change, then, in the sensible ideas of an object, is the ground of our notion of power; but he does not say that the observation or perception of this change is our knowledge of power; on the contrary he explains very distinctly that it is merely the ground or occasion on which that idea arises in our minds. "The mind," he says, "being every day informed by the senses of the alteration of those sensible properties it has notice of in things without, how one comes to an end and ceases to be, and another begins to exist which was not before;

and observing like changes within itself, either from the impression of external objects or by the determination of its own will, and concluding from what it has so constantly observed, that the like effects by like agents will take place in the same circumstances, *conceives the possibility in one thing to effect such change in another*; and so comes by that idea which we call power." Here, then, in the plainest way he states that the idea of power is a *derivative idea*, derived from the contemplation of changes taking place among other former ideas, and even by means of a reasoned inference. So that it is not possible to assert more clearly and decisively the capacity of the mind to frame, from the information of sense, an idea that did not exist in sense. But if more were wanted he supplies it. For immediately after, speaking more explicitly of what is implied in the idea of power, and describing it as implying *relation, a relation, namely, to action or change*, he concludes with saying: "Our idea, therefore, of power, I think, may well have a place among other simple ideas, and be considered as one of them, being one of those that make a principal ingredient in our complex ideas of substances, as we shall hereafter have occasion to observe."

Here, then, he deliberately and expressly asserts that one of the most important ideas we have, that of power, founded on a perception of relation, and that perception only consequent upon a process of reasoning, is nevertheless a simple idea. As explicit and clear a declaration as can well be made, that of the simple ideas which enter into the composition of our knowledge, a part are the birth of the understanding itself.

Thus, then, it will appear from this passage alone that there is no sufficient reason for the observation of that excellent writer, Dr Price, one of the ablest of those who have commented upon his doctrine, who says in his section on the original of our ideas in general, "that it does not appear, notwithstanding all Mr Locke has said of the operations of the mind about its ideas, that he thought we had any faculty of perception different from sensation and

reflection that could give rise to any *simple ideas*; or that was capable of any thing more than compounding, dividing, abstracting, or enlarging ideas previously in the mind." And yet Locke in the very enumeration of the faculties does expressly admit a faculty of perception different from sensation and reflection, that gives rise to ideas, namely, those of relation; and in the present instance we have seen one of those relations admitted to be a simple idea. There is, therefore, by Locke's account, a faculty of perceiving simple ideas besides sensation and reflection; and when Dr Price goes on to assert, in opposition, as he says, to Locke, that the understanding itself is a spring of new ideas, he contends for nothing more than what Locke has already laid down.

To understand clearly the extent to which Locke conceives the ideas of relation to enter into our knowledge (that is, the extent of the contribution which the faculty of perceiving relations makes to the stock of our ideas), it is necessary to take together the scattered passages in which he speaks of that vast tribe of our ideas, as he calls them, which depends on relation—those in which he mentions incidentally the variety of relations which mix with the ideas of simple sensation in composing our conception of the nature even of material properties; and then to combine these with the extensive investigation into the subject of relations, which is pursued through the twenty-fifth and the three following chapters of the second book. By this examination, it will appear that a very extensive and most essential part of our knowledge is derived by him from the perception of the ideas of relation by the understanding itself.

It is by comparing these views on the subject of relation, unfolded in the progress of his investigation, with the principles stated in the outset of his work, that we are to understand in what light the observations there made, referring to sensation and reflection as the source of our knowledge, are to be understood.

From this comparison it will be

found that the true meaning of Mr Locke is, that all our ideas are either immediately derived from these two sources, or ultimately grounded on ideas so derived; in other words, that they furnish us with all the subjects, materials, and occasions of knowledge, comparison, and internal perception; but not, as has been imagined, that our knowledge at last is merely a varied repetition of those original impressions.

But the erroneous views which have been held of the principles of Locke in his own country seem nothing when compared with the wild extravagance with which they have been perverted by his followers on the Continent. If his doctrine were such as it has been frequently conceived at home, the worst charge that could be brought against it would be that it was intellectually defective—that it left some of our abstract ideas unexplained, for which it was necessary to have assigned an origin. But there is nothing in it, even as thus represented, that is dishonouring to the mind. Its own character as an intelligent nature, with intellectual powers derived from that nature alone, is distinctly asserted, as indeed it speaks from every page of his work; for the very definition of reflection includes it, in which the mind's own operations are described as original sources to it of knowledge, expressly contradistinguished from and opposed to the knowledge derived from sensation. It is something very astonishing, therefore, to find a metaphysical school established in another country professing to deduce their tenets from this system, in which the mind is in some sort excluded from the science of which it is the sole subject. Yet such is the philosophy which Condillac has deduced from that of Locke, which was eagerly received by his countrymen, and till lately was the reigning philosophy among them. Condillac refers the origin of our knowledge to sensation alone; not meaning that sensation is the only matter of knowledge to the mind on which it exercises its powers, which of itself would be sufficiently extravagant. But he represents it as

constituting the mind itself, pursuing his enquiries at great length to show that all its operations, and processes, and powers, are nothing more than variations of mere sensation—a doctrine suggested perhaps by the views of Locke, but the furthest possible from resembling them.

At the same time, that there appears sufficient ground to defend Locke from the various erroneous representations to which his work has furnished the occasion, it is not to be denied that it is in some points defective and vulnerable; and that in an undertaking of such exceeding magnitude, if he has established some conclusions of great moment, as their influence on philosophy has testified, yet he did not embrace the whole subject with the same clearness of speculation, and has left much for succeeding enquirers to rectify or to supply.

The first defect that strikes us as generally characterising his essay is one to which we are made particularly sensible, by the far greater precision of language which has since been introduced into the same subjects—that is, a looseness of expression, and even an inconsistency in the use of terms, which makes it often necessary to compare his views on the same point as they are given in different places, in order to determine with certainty the precise import of his words. This is the less to be wondered at, when we remember that he had to frame his own language, in treating for the first time a very various and extensive argument of abstruse investigation. It would almost appear, however, that in his zeal to emancipate his favourite study from the tyranny of the schools, he fell into the excess of substituting for their abstract and speculative diction one borrowed too much from the familiar homeliness of common use. He endeavoured to make philosophy speak an *unlearned* language; and in bringing down her speech to the plainness of common understanding, he has given up with its artificial dignity, too much of the just severity of science.

It must be admitted too that in his speculations as well, there is a defect akin to that which has been

remarked in his expression, and that bold and strong in his intellectual conception, and rigorous in ascertaining the substance of his doctrine, there is sometimes a want of severe precision in the details even of thought. So that many minor inconsistencies may be remarked not only in his expression, but even as we may judge in the meaning.

There is, however, one branch of his subject which appears to be chargeable with a more serious deficiency; and in which much seems to be wanting to complete the account even of the principles of the understanding—to wit, the power of the understanding to furnish its own ideas. It must be acknowledged, that if he had treated this part of his subject with the explicitness and fulness which its importance required, he must have left it free from all ambiguity. The examination of the various parts of the essay and the comparison of them will leave no doubt that he does ascribe to the mind this power. But the fact is not decisively ascertained without this examination and comparison. There is reason therefore to imagine that he himself laboured under some hesitation and uncertainty to what extent it should be admitted; and it may be even conjectured that at one time he has gone further than at another in allowing it. If we were to offer our own conjecture on the subject, we should say that he appears to us to have entered upon his investigation with a mind full of strong convictions of the importance of those two sources

of knowledge, sensation and reflection; and expecting that the part they actually bear in the composition of our knowledge would be found greater than in truth it is; that their results would be found more independent of any additional power; but that in the progress of enquiry his view of the efficiency of the understanding itself by reasoning and judging to frame new and simple ideas was gradually enlarged; but that he never freed himself entirely from the predominance of the views under which he entered upon his examination, and consequently never saw the full extent of this power. In this respect it is that the science of the mind has so much advanced among us since the time of this Philosopher. It is in this part of philosophy that later enquirers have gone boldly on, asserting the true and native character of the intelligence, as determined by its own tendencies to produce from itself its own forms of thought, its own conceptions, its own knowledge. This is the high character of Dr Reid's philosophy; this is the principle on which Mr Stewart has especially insisted; that the mind by its own constitution is determined to such perceptions, to such beliefs.

Without this principle, the utmost reverse of that dishonouring speculation which we have mentioned as prevailing in another country, there can be no true philosophy of mind, for without this the mind itself is robbed of its essential character and has lost all its original brightness.

"THE ANGLO-NORMAN TROUVERES," OF THE 12TH AND 13TH CENTURIES.

LITTLE is the English reader aware, when he contemplates the lengthened series of our poetical literature, that long before Gower and Chaucer sung, long before even the hermit of Hampede composed his moral verses, or Robert of Gloucester indited his rhyming chronicle, England possessed a poetic literature, and a host of poets, who, although they used not her modern language, may well claim to be honoured as the poet-fathers of Chaucer, Drayton, and Spenser. It is to this long-forgotten class of writers, the Anglo-Norman Trouveres, that we would now direct the reader's attention, well assured that in a day, when every relic of past times is viewed with some degree of interest, the tale that was told in the court of Beauclerc or Plantagenet, or the metrical history to which "*Donna Auliz la Reyne*," or Allaner of Aquitaine listened with eager attention, will not be considered as deficient in interest to modern readers. But we may claim for these so long-neglected poets a far higher ground, even that of intrinsic merit; for even as the springing leaf determines the character of the future tree, even as the bud presents every rudiment of the yet unfolded flower, so in their writings we may perceive those characteristics which have stamped upon English poetry its every peculiarity.

Though often trammelled by a half-formed language, and forced to supply its deficiencies by words borrowed directly from the Latin or the Saxon, the Trouveres are distinguished by a singularly light and flowing versification; while their ease of style may be estimated from the fact, that passages from their works, frequently without the transposition of a single word, form excellent modern English.* In the

indulgence of that fine joyous feeling, in which, when contemplating natural scenery, our earlier poets so delight, the Trouveres are emphatically their exemplars. The forest tree, the running brook, the opening blossom, even the "*green grass*," will often bid the heart of the Trouvere dance, even as Wordsworth's "*dances with the daffodil*," while scenes of sterner character are traced with a force that reminds us of the powerful wood cuts of Albert Durer. In the specimens about to be given, the translator has been far more anxious to preserve the genuine style of each writer, than to supply any fancied deficiency, or soften down any supposed rudeness, by the laboured phraseology of mere ordinary poetic diction. The chief peculiarity, and, in the translator's opinion, the chief beauty, of these early poems, is the absence of all pretence, all affectation, all laboured "*working up*" of their subjects. The narrative flows on simply and naturally, the figures introduced are rather light touches that add spirit to the scene than separate and highly finished pictures, while the passing remarks seem always dictated by spontaneous feeling, not by a desire to inform the reader how very learned or how very moral the writer undoubtedly must be.

From among this band of venerable poets, now attempted to be resuscitated from the dust of many ages, we will give the "*pas*" to him who, seven centuries ago, sang the wandering of a holy and right "*ancienne marinere*," in the presence of "*Auliz la Bele*" and Beauclerc, regretting that he who has so minutely described so many marvels, should have left his own name untold.

* "One of the first steps in the formation of English out of the Saxon was the discontinuance of the Anglo-Saxon in versions. We are indebted to the Anglo-Normans for this improvement, for, from whatever cause, the Anglo-Normans are remarkable for their plain, unaffected, and comprehensible diction."—SHARON TURNER.

"LE VOYAGE DE ST BRANDAN."

Cotton Library, Vespasian, b. x.

THE reign of Beauclerc is the period at which the history of English literature may be said properly to commence. After the turbulent reigns of his father and brother, his powerful sway assured to England those greatest of all blessings, freedom from civil warfare, and equal laws; while his immense wealth, his literary celebrity, and his munificent patronage of learned men, drew to his court scholars from all parts of Europe. And singularly happy, in regard to similarity of taste, was Beauclerc in both his marriages; his first wife, the "good Queen Maude," was devotedly attached to literature, while his second, the beautiful Adelais of Louvain, was the patroness of every Trouvere that visited the court of the English monarch. And numerous were the Trouveres, both English and Norman, that sang for her amusement, and instruction too; for the Trouvere was now no longer the wandering minstrel with lay suited equally to high and low, but the "clerk," who translated from the Latin into "romance" many a learned treatise, and many a wondrous history, for the delectation of those who sought knowledge, but could not obtain it, save through the medium of their mother tongue. Among these Trouveres who wonned at the English court and basked in the smiles of the beautiful Adelais, the writer of "the Voyage of St Brandan" must have held no mean place. That he was an ecclesiastic seems probable, both from the character of his narrative and his style of relating it; and that he was of English parentage seems almost certain from his opening verses. It is much to be regretted that no knowledge whatever can be obtained of his name; but, unlike nearly every other Trouvere, neither in his introduction nor in the "envoy" does he make even the slightest allusion to it, and the researches of Abbé de la Rue to obtain information on this subject have been wholly in vain. From the singular ease and frequent beauty of the versification, were it not for the opening verses, we

should almost, on a first reading, have felt inclined to assign to this work a far later date. Independently of its direct testimony to the fact that it was composed early in the 12th century, the character in which it is written, and the frequent use of Latin words, combine to prove its antiquity, and it may assuredly take its place as the most ancient metrical legend in the Norman language.

The hero of this poem is St Brandan, an Irish saint, who is considered to have flourished in the sixth century. Bishop Turner mentions him as having written many works, and among them one upon the Fortunate Islands; and the Abbé de la Rue with great plausibility conjectures, that his having made a voyage thither was probably the basis of his legend, which describes him as having voyaged to Paradise. Under various forms the "voyage of St Brandan" was one of the most popular of the Mediaeval legends, and many a monkish chronicler beguiled the solitude and dulness of his narrow cell by describing those scenes of surpassing beauty and unearthly horror through which St Brandan and his holy company passed; and we may well imagine the eager delight with which "Auliz la Belle," after hearing the prosing rhymes of Phillip du Than's "Bestaire," and the dull details of "Urbaine," would listen to a legend so full fraught with the wonderful as is this curious and spirited metrical tale.

The poem commences thus:

"Lady Adelais, who queen
By the grace of heav'n hath been
Yecrowned, who this land hath blest
With peace, and wholesome laws, and rest,
Both by King Henry's stalwart might
And by thy counsels mild and right;—
For these, their holy benison
May the Apostles shed each one
A thousand, thousand-fold upon thee;
And, since thy mild command hath won me
To turn this goodly historie
Into romanz, and carefully
To write it out, and southly tell
What to St Brandan erst befel,—

At thy command I undertake
The task right gladly, but will make
No light or silly pleasantry,
Unfit in such grave work to be."

The writer goes on to state, that St Brandan was not merely a holy man, but of "the regal line," and therefore a very appropriate subject for a Trouvere who was honoured by royal patronage. Now this St Brandan had long made it his prayer that he might behold with his bodily eyes that Paradise from whence Adam was expelled. His prayer is granted; he prepares for the voyage, and with a number of the monks of his abbey sets sail from a rock, which yet bears his name, in search of that

"Isle beyond the sea
Where wild winds ne'er held revelry,
But fulfilled are the balmy skies
With spicy gales from Paradise;
These gales that waft the scent of flowers
That fade not, and the sunny hours
Speed on, nor night, nor shadow know."

The holy company, therefore, rejoicingly

"Lift the mast and spread the sail,
And full of faith before the gale
They bound; the east winds softly blow
As westward on their course they go,
And moon around nought meets their eye
But outspread sea and outstretched sky."

Fifteen days their pleasant course holds on; but a calm succeeds, which lasts for a month,—they begin to fear their provisions will not hold out, and are very sad, but

"Not forgotten are their means,
God still is nigh his faithful ones."

They perceive a rock, and the ship is driven strongly by a current toward it; they anchor, however, safely, and find

"Right before them there
A noble castle, large and fair,
Like kingly hall, most rich to see,
Or emperor's palace—royally
Within, without was it arrayed—
The walls of hardest opal made,
The palace marble, pure and bright
(No wood was there), and dazzling light

Of gems and gold shone gorgeously
From the inlaid walls, and joyfully
They entered,—but their marvelling
Was that they found no living thing;
Then to the topmost tower they hied,
But human being ne'er espied.
Now in the palace Brandan stood;
Then sat him down in wondering mood,
Looking around, and then he said,
'Brethren, for our support and aid,
Seek ye if aught of food is here.'
They sought, and found with gladsome cheer
Both food and drink most plentiful,
And silver vessels beautiful
As ere could be, and golden too,
Fairer than aught that man could view.
With daintiest cheer the stores abound,
Whate'er they wished for, that they found,
So gladly sat they down to dine,
But, praising first that hand divine
That led them hither o'er the sea,
And prayed his mercy large and free."

They go to rest, and although their dreams are disturbed by the appearance of Sathanas holding an "banap d'or," more beautiful than any they had yet seen, they sustain no harm, and soon leave the island in safety. Their voyage continues some months; they at length reach another island, inhabited alone by sheep of Broddignagian dimensions. They were

"Sheep with fleece of snowy white,
And much they marvelled at their height,
For each one was as large to see
As are the stags of our countree."

As, notwithstanding their size, they seemed to promise good eating, the holy brothers carry off one for their Paschal feast, and being supplied by an angel with bread, and being directed by him to an island, they set about cooking their huge lamb; but ere they are aware,

"Behold the isle seemed moving fast,
And farther off the ship was cast."

Brandan, who happily was on board the vessel, steers toward his affrighted monks, who perceive the island sinking under them, and throwing out ropes, he saves them all.

"Then Brandan said, 'Brothers, know well
Wherefore this strange mischance befel,

* "Co fud en mer, en un isle,
U male erres nuls ne cisle,
U fud repons de ce lodur
Que en Parais letrent h flur,
E h abes n'en nuit ne jurn,
Des urcusuns ne fait tresturn."

No land was that, but monstrous *beast*;^{*}
 Whereon ye sought to hold your feast;
 Nor marvel thus why this should be,
 Hugest of all are fish in sea,
 For they were formed by heaven's great
 King

Before all other earthly thing."

The pilgrims, saved from this imminent danger, and doubtless greatly edified by the saint's curious explanation, proceed in search of new wonders. Erelong, they reach an island, upon which is a wide-spreading tree, bearing leaves speckled with red, and this "outlandish tree" is covered with beautiful birds,

"So purely white,
 No man ere saw a fairer sight."

As the whole of the episode relating to these birds is very gracefully related, it shall be inserted.

"At this the abbot stood amazed,
 And wondering, on their beauty gazed,
 And prayed to Heaven, that it might show,
 Both whence they came, and where they go,
 And who they were—when instantly
 One of those birds from off the tree
 Flew toward him, lightly hovering;
 While at each stroke of that bright wing
 Burst forth such harp-like melody,
 That tranced in joy and bliss was he.
 Then mildly to the bird he said,
 'If thou by hand of God wast made
 To serve Him, swiftly to me tell
 What isle is this? and what befel
 Thee and thy feathered company,
 That far from all society
 Of men ye won—for ye are fair
 As disembodied spirits are.'

"Then sang the bird, 'Ere we were high
 In power and glory in the sky,
 For angels were we, but we fell
 When pride drove Sathanas to hell:
 For we his vassals were, and driven
 Thus for his surquedie from Heaven—
 Now exiled for a space to stay
 Upon this island, till the day
 That shall restore us to the skies,
 For we are birds of Paradise.

But ye have much,' said he, 'to do
 And bear ere Paradise ye view,
 And six years' toils must suffer still,
 Rocked by the winds and waves at will;
 And a-e each year your Pasch shall keep
 Upon some monster of the deep.'[†]
 When thus he said, away he flew
 Back to his tree; and when the dew,
 And slanting shade, and sun's soft shining,
 Showed that the day was fast declining,
 These snowy birds with dulcet throats
 Poured in sweet unison their notes;—
 And sang so softly, clearly, sweetly,
 With voice and heart aye so completely
 Joined in God's praise, that ye might ne'er
 The solace || of that song compare
 With aught that human song could do
 (Tho' man might learn a lesson too).

"Then said the abbot, 'Brethren, see,
 These birds a lesson teach to ye;
 Tho' fallen from their high state, and driven
 Unto this isle, yet praise they Heaven,
 And thank the Lord, who unto us
 Hath been by far more bounteous;
 And hence should we prepare more praise.'
 With joyful hearts their chant they raise,
 They quit the ship, and range along
 The shore; and now the Complin song
 They chant with pleasant melody
 Then, free from all anxiety,
 Commend themselves to Jesus' care,
 And soon they slumber sweetly there."

This graceful fiction of the "Birds of Paradise" finds a place in (we believe) all the different versions of the Voyage of St. Brendan. In one of the latest, that in Caxton's edition of the Golden Legend, they are represented as inhabiting Paradise, and so beguiling the time by the sweetness of their songs, that years fleet away unperceived—a beautiful addition to the story, and most probably borrowed from an Oriental source.

Two months the pilgrims enjoy the repose of this beautiful island and its feathered inhabitants, and then again put to sea. After six months' wearisome tossings, they at length see

* "N'est pas terre, ains est beste
 Unus felmes nostre feste."

† The mixture of Latin words in this passage is very curious:—

"L'oiseil respunt *angelus sumus*,
 Bens in ciel, *indis fumus*,
 E chalmes de halt al fas,
 Cet l'orgueilleuse."

‡ The term "beste" is constantly used by this writer for any large fish. This, however, was formerly the case in English, and the reader will probably remember, that in our authorized version of the Scriptures, the phrase "beasts of the sea" occurs.*

|| The word here used is "cumfert," probably the earliest instance of its use.

* Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, also uses the term "sea-beast."

land, and they right joyfully go ashore, doubting not but they shall meet a friendly welcome, because there is a cross upon the beach.

"So forth they hie with glee
The abbot and his company,
When, lo! they found a wondrous spring,
From whence two streams their waters fling;
The one was foul, the other bright—
Much gazed the faithful at the sight,
But faint were they, so blithe they go
To slake their thirst. 'No, brothers, no,'
Brandan out cried, 'first seek and know
If this strange spring be wholesome drink.'
Affright they hastened from the brink,
Tho' sorely pained with thirst;—then nigh
An old man came, and when his eye
Glanced on St Brandan, and he saw
The holy freres, with mickle awe
He prostrate fell, and kissed the hands
Of the abbot, who now bade him stand,
And soothingly tell by word or sign
Where were they. Well could he divine,
Although he spoke not what was said,
And joyfully and swiftly led
The abbot and his company,
With care and all humilitie,
Unto an abbey fair and good
(Beneath the moon name halier stood).
The abbot of that saintly place,
With honour due his guests to grace,
Caused bring forth from his treasury
Relics of rich orfverie—
Crosses and shrines, and caskets fair,
With amethysts beset, and rare
Open-wrought gold, most rich y-chased,*
And precious gems all featly placed
Around, and censers fair y dight
Of solid gold, and jewels bright,
And vestments rich, not wrought alone
With silk, but many a priceless stone,—
Garnet, and ruby, sardous,
Topaz, and jasper precious,
Gleamed on the clasps most gorgeously."

This passage gives us a vivid picture of the splendour of the church ornaments at this period, and from the accounts which we find in Matthew Paris' lives of the Abbots of St Albans, we may scarcely consider the picture overcharged. The allusion to "open wrought" gold work especially, reminds us of the minute and laudatory description which Matthew Paris gives of the cups which "the illustrious magister Baldwin" made for that abbey during the abbacy of

Symond the first (an Abbot almost contemporary with the date of this poem), and which he describes as being not only studded with gems, but as "beautified with a most subtil work of interlaced flowers." On few subjects relating to that certainly very ill-understood period, the Middle Ages, has more misapprehension prevailed than in regard to its extreme barbarism and general poverty; and we can easily imagine the absolute surprise which a reader well versed in popular histories would feel on reading, instead of second and third-hand information, and that often abounding in errors, the authentic documents of this period.

The reception of the wearied company by their island brethren is most affectionate.

"With joy and great delight, each frere
His pilgrim brother led, to where
The abbey stood, and then with care,
St Brandan and his company
Ushered to the refectory:—
There listened they to holy book,
And then their pleasant meal they took,
While before each was placed as meet,
Bread that was both white and sweet."†

This particular notice of the bread would almost of itself be sufficient to prove the writer an Englishman, since we are not aware that the inhabitants of any other country, even from the earliest period, expressed so strongly a distaste to "brown bread" as those of England did, among whom for centuries the proverb of "eating brown bread" has been used to express the very depth of poverty. In answer to the questions of St Brandan, the island monks inform him that their monastery was founded by a St Alban, or Albeu, (for the u and the n are almost undistinguishable from each other in the MS.) That the writer means a different Saint to the St Alban the protomartyr of England is, we think, evident, because the Trouvere, whether English by birth or not, could not have resided in the court of Beauclerc without becoming well acquainted with the history of that

* "De or aduher e des perrés
Precluses e enterés,—
Od censers cescups de or amasset,
E les gemmes ens sposasset."
† "Devant eels unt, dulces e bianco pain."

saint who gave his name to an important town, and to the abbey which took precedence of every other in the kingdom. Now this St Alben is represented as a rich and noble man who fled from the world, and far away, amid the seas, founded this abbey, where the monks receive their daily supply of food from no mortal source, but direct from heaven.

Quitting this pleasant abode, they again set sail; they are tossed about a long time, they see no land, "the wind ceases, the provisions fail, bitter hunger, burning thirst increases, the sea was so motionless that their course was very difficult, and it became thick like a marsh." * They, however, at length reach an island, and land, but they find there a river, which, although filled with fish, is poisonous, because, the Trouvere says, it was "embetumée" by flowing over metallic ores. They fall ill from drinking its waters, but are cured at the prayer of St Brandan, who urges them to leave the place, "for better is it to suffer honest hunger than to forget God and his *exclam.*" † Sailing thence they are visited by one of the white birds, who reminds them that they are to keep their Pasch and Pentecost "*sur un beste.*" This they do, and remain seven weeks upon their living resting place very quietly. The bird now flies away the vessel draws near, and the "beste," doubtless tired by this time of their company, begins to move. They re-embark, and again set forward on their wearisome voyage. They next arrive at a "dormante mer," which they find very difficult to navigate. "The cold runs through their veins," their barque becomes almost unmanageable, and in the midst of all these troubles a "marine serpenz," of the very pattern of

brother Jonathan's, is seen making toward them.

The description of this genuine northern monster is very graphic, and so is that of the subsequent contest.

"Toward them a serpent of the sea
Rushed swift as wind most savagely—
The fire that from his nostrils came
Was like the roaring furnace flame,
Unmeasured was his length I trew—
His very breadth was huge enew,
Full fifteen feet, and all around him
The waves were seething. Nought could
found him,

He near the frightened pilgrims drew;
Then Brandan spoke: right bold and true
His words—'O sirs, now wherefore stand,
Fearing that God's all powerful hand
Is short to save! O guard, I pray,
'Gainst senseless fear, that would gainsay
God's word, and take this truth away,—
Who puts his trust in Heav'n's high King,
Hath need to fear no living thing.
Then to another monster rose,
That huge sea-serpent to oppose—
Right toward the ship his swift course steer-
ing,

And when the other saw him nearing,
Full well I trew his sue he knew,
And backward from the vessel drew.
And now they close in deadly fight,
With huge heads rear'd, a fearful sight!
While from their nostrils flames spout high,
As are the clouds in the upper sky;
Blows with their fins each gives his brother,
Like clashing shields on one another:—
With murderous teeth each other biting,
Like trenchant swords each other smiting. ‡
Spouted the blood, and gaping wide
Were teeth points in each monster's side:
And huge and deadly deep each wound—
And blood-tinged all the waves around,
And all a-seething was the sea,
And still the fight raged furiously.
The first now fought with failing might,
The second triumphed in the fight,
With stronger teeth he overbore him,
And into three huge pieces tore him,—
And then, the victory gained, he goes
Back to the place from whence he rose."

* "Fallent le vent, e le coraeld,
Crut l'aire faim, e l'ardent seid,
La mer fud tant paisible,
Por quez ont le cors mult penible
Espence fud cum palude."

† "Mieis vient souffrir honeste faim
Que oublier l'eu, e son exclam."

‡ "Direchent fement halt les testes,
Des marins li fous lier salt,
Des que as nua, qui volot halt,
Colps se durent de lur oes

"Tels cum escus e despedés,
A deus merdanz se tafferent,
Qui cum espes trenchant errat."

Scarcely have they returned thanks for this great deliverance, when the pilgrims discover a new danger.

"A flaming griffin in the sky,
With fearful hearts they now espy,
With crooked claws to seize I ween,
And flaming wings and talons keen;
And o'er the ship he hovereth low,
And vainly may the strong wind blow;
More swift is he, than barque more strong,
And fierce he chaseth them along.
But lo! a dragon takes his flight,
With outstretched neck, and wings of
might,
A flaming dragon he, and grim,
And toward the griffin beareth him.
And now the battle furiously
In mid air rageth fell to see,
Sparks from their teeth fly thick around,
And blows, and flames, and many a wound
Is given. The pilgrims anxiously
Gaze up, O which shall victor be?
The griffins huge—the dragon slight,
But far more lightsome for the fight;
And lo! the griffin in the sea *
Falls dead. The dragon victory
Hath won—O then they joyed outright,
And thanked the God of power and
might."

St Brandan now "improves" this second deliverance, and remarks, how weak it is for man ever to despair, seeing that God is always at hand to aid swiftly and effectually.

It is an opinion maintained by many writers, who have made the marvels of mediæval romance and legend their study, that these, with scarcely any exception, are derived from Eastern fable. Many valuable writers of the present day hold a contrary opinion, and we think the present curious poem offers strong corroboration of the correctness of their views, who hold that, in most instances, the marvels of popular fiction have their origin among the people, who adopt them. For the dragons, and other monsters of legend and romance, Huët and War-

ton have pointed to an exclusively Oriental source—a more extensive enquiry into the popular fictions of the northern nations has proved that the dragon belongs equally to Celtic and to Teutonic fable. Centuries before the Crusader set foot in Palestine, and listened, as Warton fancied, to those marvels which he brought back with him to form the gorgeous adornments of chivalrous romance, the Celtic bards sung wondrous tales of dragons and their treasure; and, at a period even before the introduction of Christianity among the Saxons, the unknown author of "Beowulf" described the "fire-drake," full fifty measured feet in length, winged, and breathing flame and poisonous vapour, and reposing all day on his "horde" of century buried wealth. To the griffin, we believe, an Oriental source must be assigned;† but who will say that the huge sea-serpents are not of an exclusively northern origin?

The next wonder that the pilgrims encounter on their eventful voyage, is the same which befel St Francis, according to his legend, written more than a century after, but which was not improbably borrowed from this very poem.

On the festival of St Peter, St Brandan chants the service so delightfully, that *fishes* of all sorts and sizes are attracted by his singing. His monks, who seem to have been more engaged in looking about them, than in attending to their abbot, go to him, and pray him to sing lower, for "so clear is each wave, where the sea is deepest, that we see as though upon earth, both fishes innumerable, and fishes great and cruel, that we scarcely dare to speak of them, for if the noise disturb them, know you that killed we shall be."‡ This cowardly counsel

* "Li grips est grant, dragons malgres,
c'il est plus fort, cil plus aigres,
Mors est li grips, en mer chint."

† Still it was not through the medium of the Crusaders that "griffins" were imported into Europe, any more than flaming dragons. They were known long before; and, in a Saxon geographical work, they are mentioned as employing their tremendous claws, for the very useful purpose of *digging up gold*!

‡ "Quar tant cler est chascun unde
(1) la mer est plus parfunde,
Que nous veïum desques en terre
Et de peüssuns tante guerre,—
Peüssuns veïum grans, et cruels,
Une n'eümes parler de tels;—

does not suit St Brandan; he rebukes them for their needless fear, and

"He sang more high, more loudly clear,—
The salvage fishes, him to hear,
Leapt from the sea, and round they wait,
As they the feast would celebrate;
Thus sang he till the close of day.
And then each monster went his way."

They keep steering onward, and now a new and beautiful marvel meets their eyes.

"Right in their course, they clearly see
A pillar rising in mid sea;
A wondrous building round appeared,
Not as a common structure reared,
But founded all of sapphire stone—
(Nought with more brightness ever shone),
And to the clouds upreared high—
While in the deep ye might descry
Its base, and round about outspread
A fair pavilion, to the sea
Descending, while clear overhead,
Like dazzling gold, the canopy
Shone; ne'er on earth was such a sight!
Then Brandan with swift course sailed
right

Onward, and until within that tent,
He, and his monks, and vessel went,
And then he saw an altar, where
The pillar stood, 'twas emerald rare,
Sardonyx formed the sacristy,
The pavement was chalcedony,
And right above that pillar spread
A golden diaphery overhead.
And there were beryl lamps—they saw
Well pleased these marvels, for no awe
Of peril had they, and three days
They lingered in that pleasant place
Useless the holy service singing."

Now, for the prototype of this splendid temple of the sea need we seek among the diamond palaces of Eastern fable, when the northern voyager could tell of fantastic palaces of ice, rising to the clouds in the mid sea, and in their gorgeousness throwing all the splendours of Oriental marvels into shade. The reader will observe how closely

the venerable Trouvere adheres to fact, amid all his fanciful embellishments—every gem of which he describes this sea-temple as being composed is of the varying hues of *scutiger*. Sapphire forms the base, the pavement is chalcedony, the altar emerald, the sacristy (or shrine) sardonyx, even the lamps are beryl, while the golden canopy spread

over all, what is it but the frosty haze, gilded by the beams of the sun? After their three days' sojourn, they depart from this beautiful ice-temple, Brandan taking with him as a memorial a splendid chalice of crystal.

Their subsequent adventures are of a widely different character, and the force and spirit with which the author paints scenes of horror so immediately after those of beauty, proves a versatility of talent not always to be met with in works of a more advanced period. The pilgrims, after a tedious voyage, see at length land.

"But it appeared all overcast
With darkness thick, and smoky blast,
The smoke with flashing fire was blent,
And stench of carrion far was sent;
And thickest darkness gathered round
them—
Then Brandan, lest it might confound
them,
Thus counsel'd them.—' My brethren,
know,
This fearful place towards which ye go
Is Hell itself;—this mystery
God granteth us alone to see."

"Moreills they saw, as near they drew,
For darker still the valley grew,
And from the depths and treaches came
Huge darting blades of ardent flame,
And fiery blasts made roaring fell,
No thunders are so terrible;
And burning rocks with tongues of fire
Outbursting still were there, and higher
Huge flames upreared so high that they
Took the clear light of Heaven away."

Si la noi e les en comment,
Suches quo morir nus estant."

The reader will observe, that these lines are translated above with only one transposition. It would be difficult to find modern *English* poetry so free from inversions, as this very ancient French poem.

* "De smaragde v; it un altar,
U le piler descent en d'uer,—
Li sacraire sud sardoine,
Li pavemont chalcedoine;
Eus li piler ferme avet
Tref de fin or co susinet.
E li lampes sunt de beryl."

"Now right beside a mount they draw,
And there a wicked one * they saw
Of monstrous size, and forth he came
That evil-doer † clothed in flame,
From Hell. An iron mace he held, ‡
And on a pillar set, beheld
Them coming; then his eyes round turning
(Which flash'd like flaming coals fierce
burning),

Swift started up, for well he knew
His torment would begin anew;
Flames from his throat he swift upcast,
Then to his furnace fled right fast,
But soon came back, and then with awe,
His horrid size and crooked claw
And brutelike face the pilgrims saw.

"He reared himself unto the sky
And rush'd on them furiously;
The cloudy rock flies not so fast,
When driven by the stormy blast,
Nor bolt of arbalest could fly
Swifter, nor falcon mount so high. §
And higher still he rises, veering
Now here, now there, with strong wing
steering;

Thus round them flew that fiend of Hell,
But harm'd them not, in the sea he fell;
Then from the waves flames spout again,
As burneth heath on parched plain. §
And long time blazed forth wondrously
Both fire and flame amid the sea."

They now reach an island surrounded by flames and smoke; they see there "many thousand" "malfeiry," and hear their cries. They afterwards arrive at a mountain covered with clouds, and see flames issuing from a cavern which forms the mouth of Hell. Still they pursue their course, and come to the open sea, where they find a naked rock, and upon it a man—

"Mult ert periz, e detirez,
Delachetex, e deschiez"—

with a cloth tied about his head,
and holding a javelin in his hand—

"And tightly grappled be the stone
Which 'bove the waves he sat upon,
For they were beating vehemently,
As he might overwhelm'd be;

Peril above, peril below,
Peril before, behind, I trow,
And right, and left, in vain he tried
To combat them, and mournful cried
To Jesus, King of Majesty:—
'Oh! with my death assuaged be!
Thou Jesus, sitting on thy throne,
My fearful sufferings think upon!
Oh! Jesus! greatly merciful!
Be unto me most pitiful.
Thou son of Marie, think on me,
Nor vainly let me cry merrey,
Hem! round by terrors of this sea! ¶

The worthy abbot, distressed at this sorrowful spectacle, advances nearer, and questions the sufferer. He now learns that he is Judas, enduring the torments of cold and hunger in exchange for those of fire. He enters into a minute detail of the torments of the lost, and of his own; from whence it appears that Milton's idea of the inhabitants of Hell being brought "from beds of raging fire to stare in ice," was no new fancy. Judas says "there are torments of the heights, and torments of the depths:"—

"Those of the mount more painful are,
Those of the deep more horrid far,
These are thick air and stifling fire,
These cold and wet and stenchy dire."

Another proof of the northern source of the imagery of this poem, since no Trouveres but one well acquainted with the bitterness of a northern winter would have made Judas dread the cold even more than the fire.

St Brandan at this terrible narration "weeps greatly," and asks whether there is any respite to his sufferings. Judas replies:—

"Not half my sorrow can you see,
Which in that place I'm doom'd to dreē,
But respite sweet from Saturday
Even till the Sabbath's past away
I have."

A beautiful superstition, and which seems to have been an article

* "Malfoy."

† "Unfed."

‡ "Un mail de fer en puin portoit."

§ "Esturbeilun plus test ne vait,
Quant sus en l'air le vent le trait,
Ne li quarrel d'arbaleste,
Ne de fonde na galeste
E um plus haleret, e plus emprent,
E en volant for es reprunt."
¶ "Cum bruere en un assart."

¶ The reader will observe throughout this earnest adjuration that the prayer is made directly to our Saviour, and also that even "our ladye" is never mentioned by any of those names of worship which were common at a later period. Indeed, throughout the whole poem, the theology is purely Protestant.

of popular belief during the Middle Ages. So was also the following:—
 Brandan asks Judas the meaning of the cloth which is tied around his head. Judas replies, that he receives great benefit from it, since it shelters his head and face from the cutting winds, and prevents the fish from biting them; and this advantage he obtained because once, when on earth, he gave a piece of cloth to a beggar (on calaf), and the benefit of that single deed of charity still remains to him.* The fiends now appear, and though they are prevented from attacking St Brandan, they carry off Judas to his other scene of torment; and awe-struck and sorrowful, the pilgrims sail on. They next reach an island on which they find a hermit, "with an angelical countenance," and beautiful white hair. He informs them that his name is St Pels, the Hermit, and shows them a wondrous spring, assuring them that on that water he has subsisted thirty years. He gives Brandan some, which he receives with many thanks, and they depart. Again they come to the huge fish, and thus they know that Easter is come again. Setting sail from their living island, they now direct their course to the east. The remainder of their curious history shall be told in the Trouveres's own words:—

" Full forty days o'er the high sea,
 With sloping course, right speedily
 The bark glides on, and now they come,
 So Heaven hath order'd, to the gloom
 That round encloseth Paradise,
 Hiding it well from mortal eyes;
 And heavily, and lab'ring slow,
 Over that tideless sea they go;
 And now that darkness all confounds them,
 Wrapping them o'er, and perils round them
 So many are, that had not Heaven
 In mercy timely succour given,
 They ne'er had pass'd that cloud I throw."

Indeed the perils increase, for still surrounded by "la calin," they come to a narrow pass where three currents meet; they escape these dangers, and

" Issuing from the darkness see,
 With joyful hearts, right gratefully,
 Beyond the cloud that bright wall rise,
 That round engirdleth Paradise.
 A lofty wall was it, and high,
 Reaching as though 'twould pierce the sky.—
 All battlemented—but no tower,
 Breastwork, nor palisade, for power
 Of foe was never dreaded there,
 And snowy white beyond compare
 Its hue; and gems must dazzle to sight,
 In inlay work that wall bright;
 For it was set with chrysolite,
 And many a rich gem flashing light;
 Topaz and emerald fair to see,
 Carbuncle and chalcodony,
 And chrysoprase, sardonyx fair,
 Jasper and amethyst most rare,
 Gorgeously shining, jacinth too,
 Crystal and beryl, clear to view—
 Each to the other giving brightness,"†

" Right toward the port their course they held,

But other dangers, all untold,
 Were there; before the gate keep guard
 Dragons of flaming fire, dread ward!
 Right at the entrance hung a brand
 Unsheathed, turning on either hand
 With innate wisdom, † they might well
 Bear it, for 'twas invincible—
 And iron, stone, ay, adamant,
 Against its edge had strength full scant.
 But lo! a fair youth came to meet them,
 And with meek courtesy did greet them,
 For he was sent by Heaven's command
 To give them entrance to that land;
 So sweetly he his message gave,
 And kissed each one, and bade the glaive
 Retain its place; the dragons too
 He checked, and led them safely through,
 And bade them rest, now they had come
 At last unto that heavenly home,
 For they had now all dangers past,
 To certain glory come at last."‡

" And now that fair youth leads them on,
 Where Paradise in beauty shone,

* The recollection of the reader will supply many similar popular traditions; the "Lyke Wake Dirge" (among others), in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, is entirely founded on this notion.

† This list of gems is evidently taken from scripture, as are many of the subsequent details; it however seemed best to insert the description at full length, since it is by no means a servile copy, but is characterised by much gracefulness.

‡ A sword endowed with "innate wisdom," is a very favourite marvel with the writers of the fabliaux, it seems to be of Scandinavian origin. This is probably the earliest instance of use, by an Anglo-Norman Trouver.

§ "E l'entree est ouverte,
 Faut entron en glorie certe."

And there they saw the land all full
Of woods and rivers beautiful;
And meadows large besprent with flowers,
And scented shrubs in fadeless bowers,
And trees with blossoms fair to see,
And fruit also deliciously
Hung from the boughs; nor hrier, nor thorn,
Thistle, nor blighted tree forlorn
With blacken'd leaf, was there, for Spring
Held aye a year-long blossoming;
And never shed their leaf the trees,
Nor failed their fruit, and still the breeze
Blew soft, scent-laden from the fields
Full were the woods of venison;
The rivers of good fish each one,
And others flaved with milky tide
(No marvel all things fructified).
The earth gave honey, oozing through
Its pores, in sweet drops like the dew;
And in this mount was golden ore,
And gems, and treasure wondrous store;
There the clear sun knew no declining,
Nor fog nor mist obscured his shining;
No cloud across that sky did stray,
Taking the sun's sweet light away;
Nor cutting blast, nor blighting air,
For bitter winds blew never there;
Nor heat, nor frost, nor pain, nor grief,
Nor hunger, thirst, for swift relief
From every ill was there; plenty *
Of every good right easily,
Each had according to his will,
And aye they wandered blithely still,
In large and pleasant pastures green,
O! such as earth hath never seen!
And glad was Brandan, for their pleasure
So wondrous was, that scant in measure
Their past toils seemed, nor could they
rest,
But wandered aye in joyful quest
Of somewhat fairer, and dul go
Hither and thither, to and fro,
For very joyfulness; and now
They climb a mountain's lofty brow

And see afar a vision rare
Of angels,—I may not declare
What there they saw, for words could ne'er
The meaning tell; and melodic
Of that same heavenly company
For joy that they beheld them there,
They heard, but could not bear its sweet-
ness,

Unless their natures greater meetness
To that celestial place had borne:—
But they were crush'd with joy.† 'Return,'
Said they, 'we may not this sustain.'
Then spake the youth in gentle strain;
'O Brandan, God unto thine eyes
Hath granted sight of Paradise;
But know, it glories hath more bright
Than ere hath dazed thy mortal sight;
One hundred thousand times more fair
Are these abodes, but thou couldst ne'er
The view sustain, nor the ecstasy
Its meanest joys would yield to thee;
For thou hast in the body come,
But, when the Lord shall call thee home,
Thou fittest then, a spirit free
From weakness and mortality,
Shalt aye remain, no fleeting guest,
But taking hence thine endless rest.
And while thou still remain'st below,
That heaven's high favour all may know,
Take hence these stores, to teach all eyes
That thou hast been in Paradise.'

"Then Brandan worshipped God, and took
Of Paradise a farewell look.
The fair youth led them to the gate,
They entered in the ship, and stout
The signal's made, the wind flows free,
The sails are spread, and o'er the sea
They bound; but swift and blithe, I trow,
Their homeward course; for where was foe
Of earth, or hell, 'gainst them to rise,
Who were returned from Paradise?"

"Three months soon past, and now they
see
The shores of Ireland,—joyfully

* "Sans fin illoist li es rs soleil,
Ni vers norez ni met un peul,
Ni vent ni h nœc del air,
Que de soleil telget la clur;
Ni es esirat nœc, ni aurat;
Ne des mals, nœc gen nœc saurat;
Ne chalz, ne tress, ne de hant,
Ne faim, ne seid, ne souffrant,
De tuz es bons, aurat pientel."

† "Eals vœnt avizans,
Dune ne seient divisions,—
Angles vœnt, es œient
Pur lur venir cum ses geient
Prenit lur grant melodie
Mais nœc pœnt suffir mie
Lur nature ne pœnt prendre,
Li grant glorie."

‡ "Brandan tu vœs cest Parais
Que tu a Deus, mult requais
Sed la glorie eint mil tant
Que n'as vu ad çà avant,
Cune plus nœc apprentras
Devant i cœ que revœndras
Per venis çœ carnalment
Test revœndras spiritualment
Or ten reva, ci revœndras
Le upœ ci arendras."

They leap ashore, and soon about
 Gathers a large and marvelling route,
 Gazing amazed at men whose eyes
 Had viewed Adamah's Paradise.
 All glad to see them, glad to hear
 Their marvels, while from far and near
 Friends and relations flock, and they,
 Who mourned St Brandan many a day,
 Deeming him lost, his convent feres,
 Now welcome him with joyful tears,
 And joyfully they gathered round
 Well pleased that what he'd sought he
 found,

And many wondrous things he taught,
 And far and near his aid was sought,
 For in that age there no'er might be
 Man more revered and loved than he ;
 And when at length that time did come
 For God to call him to his home,
 To that blest kingdom did he go,
 To which he pointed thousands moe.*

And thus, in the words of the
 conclusion,

"*EXPLICIT VITA SÆTI BRANDANI.*"

"*LE ROMAN DU ROU.*" †

PAR MAISTRE WACE.

IN 1160, five years after his completion of "*le Brût d'Angleterre*," Maistre Wace commenced his second remaining work, the Chronicle of the Dukes of Normandy, from the invasion of Rollo to the thirty-fourth year of our Henry the First's reign, and which has been handed down to us under the title of the "*Roman du Rou*." Both from its subject and the very naive and characteristic style in which it is written, we think it must be considered as a far more interesting composition than the "*Brût*." Although in both these works Wace is far from being a servile copyist, yet in this latter he gives so many minute details, and so many curious traits relating to his heroes, that the work reads rather like a collection of spirited ballads, than a metrical chronicle; and many of them, in graphic force of painting, remind us of the venerable "*Chronicle of the Cid*."

"*Le Roman de Rou*" is divided into two parts, the first breaking off

abruptly before the conclusion of the third duke's history; while the second part, which it appears was not completed until nearly ten years afterward, brings the narrative down to the death of Robert Curthose. The cause of the long interval between the first and second parts seems to have arisen from our Trouvere not receiving sufficient encouragement:—not that "empty praise" was denied him, but that more substantial encouragement, without which neither bards would tune their harps nor Trouveres compose "*romances learned and rare*." He alludes to this very naively in his introduction to the second part, and with much humour assures his hearers that mere compliments are insufficient to spur him on to his task.

"Much to be honoured, and approved,
 And highly prized, and greatly loved,
 In sooth should all these trouveres be
 Who gestes relate, and historye.

* "*Quant vint al tens que il finat,
 Ilal se Deus lui destmat
 Al regne de Deu, en al il,
 Par lui en vunt plusur que nill.*"

† For the especial benefit of those worthy readers who may have a horror of "*romancing*," it is as well to state that the term "*romance*" had a widely different signification from the modern one. One of the trouveres versified the apocryphal "*Gospel of Nicodemus*," and called it "*Le Roman de la Resurrection du Jhesu Christ*." The work now before us is a metrical history, and yet it is called a romance. The celebrated Robert Grossetête, who may also be placed among the Trouveres, since he wrote three works in French verse, termed his favourite one, a poem on the fall of man, "*Li Roman de Roman*," while Guichard de Beaulieu, in the opening verses of his "*Sermen*," assures his hearers that all he says is strictly true, and therefore he has written it in "*romans*." The case is that the term applies to the *language* in which the poem is written, and *never* to the subject.

* The "*Langue Romaine*," as this branch of the ancient French dialect was frequently called.

For many a baron and high dame
Have proffered noble gitts, that fame
Of them and theirs for aye should be
Kept in all honoured memory ;
But now I scarce can think of writing
Goodly romances, or ending
Serventes, or take aught in hand
That might a writer's skill demand ;
For though I have much courtesy,
And many a well set speech from ye,
*There's nought beside thanks for your
grace—*

This smytheth not with Maistre Wace.

'No, no,' saith he, 'if I with care,
And learned phrase, and knowledge rare,
Compose—more than fair words I crave,
For erst much more did trouveres have.
I speak to men of wealth untold,
With lands, and rents, and marks, and gold,
For 'tis for them that books are made,
And good tales told, and scenes pourtray'd.
But dead and gone is noblesse,
And perish'd aye that rich largesse
That erst abounded—far and near
Seek, but ye ne'er shall find it here.'

"Indeed had it not been for King Henry, who (God bless him for it!) gave me a prebend at Bargeux, and many other gifts," says he, "I might have been poor enow."

The "*Roman du Rou*" is composed partly in the octosyllabic stanza, and partly in what may be called ballad measure. This frequently presents instances of ten, twenty, in some instances even a greater number of lines, all having the same termination. Many remains of the earlier Trouveres present this peculiarity, and few have managed so well with this very intractable species of metre as our Maistre Wace. As a close adherence to this form would be almost impossible in English verse, and as it has besides by no means a pleasing effect, the reader must allow us to rhyme in couplets,

and with this single deviation from the text we will proceed to give specimens from this spirited work in as close a translation as possible.

The introductory verses, which are very spirited, are octosyllabic. They should be inserted here; but as, with some improvements, they form the introduction to the second part, they shall be given in our extracts from that. Our poet now changes to the ballad measure, and commences rather abruptly—

"From Rollo are we sprung, and of Rollo will I tell,

So listen ye, while I relate what erst to him befel ;

For we from Denmark came."

He then proceeds with his narration of the exploits of this rude warrior—of his various wanderings, his conquests, his baptism (upon which Mr Wace remarks, that Holy Church had a precious addition to her children when Rollo was received among their numbers), of his marriage, and of his death. As the account of this formidable horseman is, we think, more curious and characteristic in the "*Chronicle*" of Beneit St More than in this work, we shall pass this part over, and, coming to the reign of his son, William Longespée, who certainly on his first introduction to us seems to have very little claim to so warlike a title, give a curious narrative of how he was aroused, by the bitter vituperation of two of his nobles, at length to earn that name.

Encouraged by the youth of William, as well as by the defection of some of his nobles, Rioulf, not long after Rollo's death, makes war upon him, and closely besieges Rouen.

"Then Duke William was right sorrowful, and strength and power had none,
For he thought that in the battel he should wellnigh stand alone ;
He knew not who would fight for him, or who would prove a foe :

'Why should we linger here,' quoth he, 'I into France will go.'

'Then said Boten—' Duke William, thou hast spoke a coward's word,

What, fly away at once ? ere thou hast wielded lance or sword !

Think'st thou I ere will see thee fly ? thou talk'st quite childishly.

Summon thy men, prepare for fight, and have good heart in thee ;

Perjured thy foremen are, and they shall surely vanquished be.'

'Boten,' said William, 'how can I prepare me for the fight ?

Rioulf can bring four well armed men for every single wight

I can command—I sure shall die, if I against him go.'

'That thou'rt a coward,' said Boten, 'St Fiacre well doth know ;

But, by the faith which firm I hold to the Son of God, I say,

Who'er should do as thou, deserves sound beating in the fray,

For thou wilt neither arm nor fight, but only run away.'
 'Mercie!' cried William, 'see ye not how Rioult me sieges here?
 And my perjured knights are all with him; must it not cost me dear?
 And they all hate me unto death, and round encompass me;
 I never can, by my soul I swear, drive them from this countrie;
 I must forsake it, and to France right speedily I'll flee.'
 Then spake Bernart—'Duke, know this well, we will not follow thee.
 Too much of ill these men have wrought, but a day will surely come
 For payment, and we'll pay them well. When erst we left our home
 In Denmark, and to this land came, we gained it by our might;
 But thou to arm thee art afraid, and darest not wage the fight.
 Go then to France, enjoy thyself, a wretched castif wight;
 No love of honest praise hast thou, no prayer will ere avail thee;
 O wicked one! why should'st thou fear that God will ever fail thee?
 Rollo, like bold and hardy chief, this land by his good sword won;
 And thou would'st do even as he did, wert thou *indeed* his son!'

"Bernard," said William, 'well methinks thou hast reviled me,
 Offence enow to me hast given, enow of villainy;
 But thou shalt see me bear myself even as a man right wode,
 Who'er will come and fight with me shall see my will is good.
 Boten, good friend,' said he, 'Bernart, now list to me, I pray,
 No longer hold me evil one, nor coward, from this day;
 Call my men unto the battle field, I pledge my word, and know
 That henceforth, for the strife of swords, ye shall not find me slow.'

"Then all did rush to arms, and all with equal spirit came;
 And fully armed, thrice haughtily defiance did proclaim
 To Rioult and his vassals, who the challenge heard with glee,
 And flung it back to William, who returned it joyfully.
 Full harness'd was he now, and toward his foemen blithe he ran,
 'God be our aid,' he shouted, and rush'd on like a giant man;
 Ye never saw such heavy blows as Duke William gave that day,
 For when the sword was in his grasp, scant need of leech had they
 Who felt its edge, and vain were lance and brand 'gainst him, I trow,
 For when Duke William struck them down, joy had they never moe;
 'Twas blithe to see how he bore himself, *like a wild bull * mid the fight*,
 And drove his foemen left and right, all flying with sore affright,
 For truly he did pay them off, and with a right good will.
 Now when Rioult saw his vassals there, lying all cold and still
 Upon the field, while William's men boldly maintained their ground,
 He seized his good steed a bridle rein, and madly turned him round,
 And stay'd not to prick and spur, till rear a wood he drew;
 Then fearing that Duke William's men did even yet pursue,
 His hankers, lance, and trusty sword away he gladly threw,
 That more swiftly he might speed along; but tho' he was not caught,
 Scarce better late that gallant fight unto bold Rioult brought,
 For there he died, heart broke, I ween, with shame and wickle woe,
 And his corpse was after in the Seine (do not all that story know?)
 Found floating on the rising tide. So the victory was won,
 And far and wide was the story spread of the deeds the Duke had done."

Another very characteristic passage is the one relating to his son's (Richard) escape from the captivity in which he was held by Louis Outremer. This young duke had been taken by the King of France, who cast a longing eye upon Normandy, and was conveyed to Paris.

"Then to Rouen they set a messenger, a Norman youth was he,
 Who told how Louis Richard held in sad captivity:—
 Then all joy was turned to sorrowing, and fear, and bitter wo,
 For they knew unless his false foe pleased, abroad he ne'er could go.
 So all the bishops gave command, and all the barons too,
 That through the city, day by day, the priests in order due
 Should make procession; vigils long, and fasts, were straightly kept,
 And all together, high and low, this sad surprisal wept:—

* "Com beuf enragiez."

The old man and the aged crone together bowed the knee,
 And crowding to their orisons, came all folks of each degree,
 All weeping sore. ' Duke Richard save, and send him straight to us,
 Ye holy saints! O! look on him in mercy plenteous.'
 Nor sound of harp or rote was heard, nor song nor minstrelsy,
 For even the little children cried, I wot, for sympathy."

Nor were these prayers unheard. his tutor, who bade him not to be
 Heaven sent a comforter and a liber- cast down, for he should certainly
 ator to the young duke, in Osmont escape—

" And yet wield sword, and bear his shield, and holdly couch his lance,
 And when he might take on his foe a most rich vengeance." *

He then proceeds to detail his plan.

" ' And now, fair sir,' said Osmont, ' I pray you sickness feign,
 And keep your bed, nor eat, nor drink, but as in bitter pain ;
 Groan loudly, sigh, and moan, and then at last, as near your end,
 Pray that a priest to housele ye, the king at least may send ;
 And bear ye warily in all, for I do trust that ye,
 By God's aid even yet shall scape from this captivity.'

' This will I do,' said Richard, ' even as ye counsel me.'

" And well did Richard act the part that Osmont taught,
 He kept his bed, nor ate, nor drank, and thus so low was brought
 That his flesh was soft and sallow, his visage deadly pale,
 For so well acted he his part, that all thought his life must fail.
 But when King Louis heard of it, his woe was scant I trow,
 For he thought Duke Richard's heritage to his eldest son would go.
 Then Osmont made loud sorrow, and mourned and wept full sore,
 Alas! Sire Richard, one so mild and courteous never more
 Shall we behold—ay, 'twas alone for thy goodly heritage
 That Louis snatched thee from thy friends, and at such tender age
 A captive deemed thee—O his hate but from thy lands arose,
 Alas! that our rich Normandie should make so many foes ;
 O what will Bernart say who watched thy tender infancy,
 That thou *here* should'st die, not in the town of thy nativity ;
 O God! look down, for only thou our failing hope can raise,
 Thou knowest how well beloved he was, how worthy of all praise
 And honour too ; O there was none ever beloved as he !
 Now when the warders heard Osmont mourning so bitterly,
 They doubted not but Richard then upon his deathbed lay,
 And others thought so too, and each did to the other say
 That Richard's spirit certainly was passing swift away.

" Now it came to pass that night the King at supper sate,
 And they who guarded Richard, most carelessly of late
 Kept watch and ward, for well they thought he was so weak and low,
 That save unto his burial abroad he ne'er would go ;
 For how could he live long who never spoke, or tasted food ?
 And wherefore else should Osmont weep and be so sad of mood ?
 Then when good Osmont saw the watch right from the door depart,
 His steeds he caused ydight to be, in readiness to start ;
 Then he hastened to Duke Richard's bed, and bade him swift uprise,
 Then in a truss of rushes green hides him from prying eyes ;—
 And binds and cords the bundle well, bids his menie mount and ride,
 In a churchman's gown he wraps himself, nor heeds what may betide,
 So Richard's safe ; then last of all he follows his menie,
 The night was dark, and that was well, for no need of light had he ;
 Soon as outside the walls they came, Duke Richard they unbound,
 And brought to him as gallant steed as ever slept on ground.
 Right glad was he to mount, I ween, right glad were they also,
 And off they set, and spurred well, for they had far to go—
 O! when Duke Richard seized the rein, a joyful one was he !
 But, whether he rode fast or no, ye need not ask of me."

* " Un plus riche vengeance."

DEFINITIONS OF WEALTH.

It might appear that there could be but little difficulty in interpreting a term so familiar in our use, and in our thoughts. But the enquirers into the science of Political Economy, whether it may be that the idea itself is in truth not so distinctly defined in our minds as at first sight we may take it to be, or that *they* have not been happy in the attempt to single it out, seem, many of them at least, to have found not a little.

Let us, however, before proceeding to examine into the success of some of the attempts made to this purpose, take upon us to try for ourselves what help that popular understanding of the word, in which we may presume that we all share, will afford us to finding out some such determinate explanation, or more explicit abstract expression of what is meant by it, as may serve us to go on with some confidence, in further enquiry.

If any one were asked, then, what do you understand by wealth? his answer would probably not be very far in effect from this—that wealth consists of a great variety of objects, which are, however, all connected together by this common property or character, that they all bear in estimation a certain exchangeable value. If by way of examining more narrowly into what was meant, it was asked, is it necessary this value be positively affixed to the object which by it is to be constituted wealth, or is it sufficient that it be capable of having it affixed to it; we might search for some instance. Is a diamond then in an undiscovered mine in the wilderness of some boundless continent—any part of wealth? We should reply no. For it belongs to nobody. Here then, if we are explaining rightly the common understanding of the subject, we have obtained *three* elements of the idea of wealth. First, an object—secondly, value—thirdly, an owner or possessor. Let us now try the ground, and see how far these three elements will carry us.

"A man is rich or poor," says Adam Smith, giving his notion of

wealth incidentally not formally as in a definition, "according to the degree in which he can afford to enjoy the necessaries, conveniences, and amusements of human life."

"A man is rich or poor." Here is an owner of the wealth. "In the degree in which he can afford." This word "afford" may have a reference to price, or it may not. It has, if it signifies, as with us it commonly does, that he possesses the means of purchasing the said "necessaries, conveniences, and amusements;" and in that case his wealth must be held to consist in those means—*i. e.* in that which (he sells), or exchanges for these "necessaries, &c." In the other case, he must be supposed to possess the objects which are the necessaries, or which minister to convenience and amusement; and when it is said that he can afford to use them, it means, if they are such as are consumed by use, either that he has a store of them of which he need not fear to see the end, or that he has some means, when this store is exhausted, of replacing it.

This might agree very well with the notions we set out with, if we could be certain that the first description of means always consisted of tangible objects. But is this necessary? His means of purchasing may consist of the interest of money which he has lent, perhaps of dividends on stock. In what then does his present wealth consist? Not exactly in this interest, or in these dividends, which come in to him from time to time, and therefore at any particular moment in which we speak of his wealth, must be considered at least for the greater part but as future existences, and which for the present are nothing. His wealth must properly be that which he now possesses and out of which these future means will arise. What is it then that he now has?—His money? No, for that he certainly has not. He has lent it, or bought stock with it. What is it then that he possesses? In one case a debt; in the other, a right, or title, and nothing more, to the receipt of certain dividends, which right or

title, however, it is in his power at any moment, if he chooses, to turn into money. It would seem, then, that we are here compelled a little to enlarge or vary our first conception; that since we can perhaps hardly take so much liberty with language as to call a debt and a title, objects; rather since we had before spoken only of visible and tangible wealth, and we have now found a species of wealth that is invisible and intangible, we must in some degree change both our statement and our language. We may, for objects, speak as logicians do of subjects, and say that the valuable subject in which the wealth resides or consists may be either material and sensible, or immaterial and ideal. Both the debt and the title, it should be observed, come under the conception which we originally formed of wealth—that they have convertible value or price—both can be exchanged for money.

But are there means of no other kind? What are the means of a painter, a musician, an ingenious mechanic, a day-labourer? All these can afford in some degree to enjoy the necessities, conveniences, and amusements of human life. How then do they afford this? Let us suppose every one of them by some unexpected accident stripped of every thing he possessed—provisions, furniture, money, even to pencils, violin, and tools. Shall we say that they are rich or poor? We shall certainly say that they are unfortunate; and for the present it does not appear that any one of them can exactly afford to enjoy much either of the conveniences, or amusements, or possibly even of the necessities of life. However, let us suppose that the labourer is in full health and strength, single, out of debt, and that though this misfortune has fallen upon him to-day, he finds work to-morrow. The painter, the musician, and the mechanic, we will provide with good friends who are willing to lend them a helping hand in their difficulties, and will find for them, not only the necessary implements of their several businesses, but a little money in advance to live on till their own shall be coming in. Possibly, for we will suppose them tolerably ho-

nest, they will think the first thing they have to do is to pay off their debts, and till that is done, though they may not think it incumbent on them to deny themselves the necessities, they may be rather sparing as to indulgence in conveniences and amusements. Suppose, then, this time past, their debts cleared, and that they have fairly begun the world again, the artist high in name, painting good pictures, selling them at a fair price, and well paid; the musician, who is much run after, has got a good engagement; and the mechanic has a little stock on hand, his workshop well fitted up, and a thriving trade. Here, then, are three men, with an estate which has risen out of themselves. Can these afford to enjoy necessities, conveniences, and amusements? Undoubtedly they can, in something much above the lowest degree. They are then so far rich. But whence, or to put our proper question, *what* is their wealth? Not surely the little money they have begun to put by again, or any little provision for comfort and pleasure which they may again have collected about them, but that which, if these were gone, would speedily replace them, which, whilst they are spending or using, is already laying up for future expenditure; that, in short, from which all this springs—their talent or skill. It is by possessing this, that its possessor can afford to enjoy both necessities, and what is more than necessities. If, then, Adam Smith's definition comprehends all cases, he is rich in the possession of his talent; and if the definition is meant to instruct us also in the meaning of the term "wealth," his talent is his wealth.

Does this exceed our own popular notion of wealth? Probably it does go a little beyond the idea with which we set out when we began to attempt to assign a more particular meaning to the word, to render our own ideas of it, and yet not a great way beyond it. We are ready enough at least to admit the expression, if any one should think proper to use it, that such a man's fortune is at his fingers' ends; that he has an estate in his head; that his fiddle is *worth* more to him than another's land; that a father, in educating his son

well, has given him the best outfit. When one of Shakespeare's speakers says to another (*Hamlet to Horatio*) "Thou—that no revenue hast but thy good spirits—to feed and clothe thee,"—he means to say that he has in fact no revenue; but he does honour to the indigent scholar by expressing in respect to him what has been frequently said of other philosophers, that his cheerful self-supported mind was to him instead of riches, and procured him that content which wealth itself is expected to acquire, but does not always to other men. He was a Simonides, who could swim from shipwreck with all his possessions about him. But if we should change the application of the poet's expression, and his language a little, and say to one of the persons whose history we have been pursuing a little way—"Thou—that no revenue hast but thy good wit, or thy fair art, to feed and clothe thee," we should employ a language which, if it departs a little from common usage, could allow no doubt of its meaning, nor give room for any explanation.

Is there, however, really a departure here from the common use of language? Thus much, certainly; that though we should perfectly understand the expression, and be most ready to admit it, we should say that it is slightly figurative—just enough to come under the appellation of a metaphor.

Now thus much gentle violence, which we in very moderate play of the imagination are willing to do to language, it would appear that the teachers of political economy require us to admit in the sober sadness of understanding into the settled phraseology of science. Some of them at least do, and among them Adam Smith.

The truth is, that we now come on one of the real points of difficulty in the determination of the economical idea. Here is an owner. Here are products, always arising, whether of the mechanic's the painter's or the musician's art, for the harmony which the last draws from his instrument is a product—that bears a price, and are exchanged for it; but unluckily it is not of these products after they are brought into existence that we must speak, but of the pow-

er, the talent, which is to give them being. Till these are produced, it is the talent that is the wealth. And the difficulty which we have found of applying the term wealth lies not exactly in this, that there is no subject in which this wealth is embodied and subsists, for the owner himself is here the subject in whom the talent is; but herein, that although the products of the art have a price, an exchangeable value, for which they are sold, the art itself which produces them has no price or exchangeable value, and is not susceptible of sale.

Nor let this seem to be trifling with words or with thoughts. It is the natural impossibility that the human being should be any property but his own, his exemption from that to which every thing that is appropriated about him is subject, sale, that makes the talent which dwelling in him, is to him the source, as positively and effectually, as land let, or money lent, of income, or of a continual accession of real acknowledged solid wealth, to be with difficulty conceived by us as wealth.

That this and nothing else is really the ground of the difficulty will appear from this, that where, by human laws violating Nature, this natural impossibility is overcome, and the human being is himself made property and marketable, the whole difficulty of the conception ceases, and it becomes as simple as any thing else that happens in the mart, that the slave who sings or dauces well, or is skilful on an instrument, should fetch twice the price of another who is destitute of any such accomplishment. Here, not the products of the talent, but the talent itself, is sold, by the sale of the subject containing it.

If we can get over the repugnance of human nature to its own degradation, and treat as a matter of science what we feel with abhorrence, we shall find that the intellectual difficulty is removed. Every quality of mind or body may be sold with him to whom, if he were free, it would be only metaphorically richer. Health, and strength, and integrity may be sold. A healthy slave, a stout slave, a trusty slave, are all more valuable for these qualifications—they bear a price in pro-

portion, and their owner in possessing them possesses wealth accordingly.

There is then one way, and one only, in which the conception of a human power or qualification as wealth can be made perfectly consistent with our ordinary representation of that idea. Where this has not place, the conception of a talent as wealth, which, residing in an unexchangeable subject, cannot in itself be made the matter of exchange, must certainly be considered as something different, in however small a degree, from the popular understanding of it.

But the case is not yet done with. "A man," says Adam Smith, "is rich or poor according to the degree in which he can *afford to* enjoy the necessaries, conveniences, or amusements of human life." But it occurred to us as possible that a man might already possess these so as to need no exchange to procure them. Or he might possess the means from which they would arise, his own land, his own flock, &c. We may suppose this in a state in which there is no exchange, and we may suppose that (without servants, for if he employed them, though without money, he must exchange their maintenance against their labour), by his own labour joined with that of his natural family, he enjoys abundantly the necessaries, some simple conveniences, and some of the simple and ancient amusements of human life. Should we apply to his condition the name of wealth? Certainly we should—of simple and rude wealth indeed, distinguishing it from our own. But we should not hesitate to allow it the name. But this introduces no difficulty into our search, for though there is here no exchange, and the value in the eyes of the owner must therefore be independent of exchange or price, properly so called, yet these are all subjects capable of exchange, and with the revolution of manners will become so. To the owner they are not estimated by price, for he knows nothing of it by the supposition. Yet to him too they have value. To him too they are wealth? Can we find on what principle of estimation?

"He is rich," says Adam Smith,

"as he can afford to enjoy necessities, conveniences, and amusements." To enjoy! Is it this, then, that gives worth in his sight to his flock and his tilled ground and gathered stores? Is it this possibility and expectation of enjoyment, an enjoyment substantial and indispensable, as well as grateful, that impresses upon his possessions the character of wealth?

There can be no doubt of the answer. For it is in fact nothing else than the power of procuring this enjoyment—(and this is meant by the definition)—that makes any exchangeable subject, by transferring which, the enjoyment will be procured—a matter of wealth to the possessor. We must then, it seems, acknowledge that there may be wealth where there is nothing to be exchanged, although in our first contemplation of the objects composing the wealth of the world, the character of price in exchange was the first that struck us, and in our subsequent enquiry we have till now continually met with it. We must say, then, that this character is not indispensable to the idea of wealth. But we may remark, that the exception belongs to very limited and peculiar circumstances; and that it regards those very objects which in other circumstances have this character of value impressed on them.

We leave the definition of Adam Smith, then, with these ideas, as included in the idea of wealth: an owner: a subject in which the wealth is, which may be sensible or immaterial: which may be external to himself, or may be himself: in general, the idea of exchangeableness, or price: in some instances, a value consisting in the power of yielding various human enjoyments without that idea; and in all instances, as far as we have yet seen, the ultimate tendency to procure such enjoyments as the life and indispensable condition of the value.

Let us try another instructor. Ricardo, in the chapter on Value and Riches, in his Principles of Political Economy, accepts the definition of Adam Smith with great praise. It might not be necessary, therefore, to quote any of his own. As, however, every man's meaning may be best taken in his own words, and he gives

a sort of definition incidentally, we may quote it. It will be found to agree nearly with that which we have been considering.

"It may be said then," observes Ricardo, "of two countries possessing precisely the same quantity of all the necessaries and comforts of life, that they are equally rich."

Here is possession in the owners—the two nations—and the subjects having that value which consists in their adaptation to use or enjoyment "necessaries and comforts." He gives no light on the abstruse question how far those powers and sources of wealth which reside in the mind are to be considered, according to Smith's idea, as actual wealth; and by leaving out all idea of *cost* which Smith has expressed in the word *afford*, he has admitted a latitude into his definition, if we may take it so strictly, which we may be better able to explain when we have proposed the definitions of one or two other writers.

Lord Lauderdale, in "an Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth," after confuting, as he supposes, what he calls the commonly received opinion that the wealth of a nation is the sum total of the riches of the individuals composing it, goes on to say—"Thus it becomes necessary, to adopt a definition of public wealth, which conveys a different idea of it from that which has been generally received; and it is therefore submitted, that wealth may be accurately defined—to consist of all that man desires, as useful or delightful to him."

Let Mr Malthus criticise for us. In the first chapter of his *Principles of Political Economy*, which is occupied wholly in considering the definitions of wealth and productive labour, and in the first section, which is devoted to an examination of the definitions of wealth, he has cited this definition. And he thus remarks upon it.

"This definition obviously includes every thing, whether material or intellectual, whether tangible or otherwise, which contributes to the advantage or pleasure of mankind, and, of course, includes the benefits and gratifications derived from religion, from morals, from political and civil liberty, from oratory, from in-

structive and agreeable conversation, from music, dancing, acting, and other similar sources. But an enquiry into the nature and causes of these kinds of wealth would evidently extend beyond the bounds of any single science. If we wish to attain any thing like precision in our enquiries when we treat of wealth, we must narrow the field of enquiry, and draw some line, which will leave us only those objects, the increase or decrease of which is capable of being estimated with more accuracy."

Mr Malthus has said justly, that Lord Lauderdale's definition is too wide. It includes, he says, all moral and intellectual pleasures, or rather the objects to which those pleasures refer. He might have added that it includes pleasures of a more sensible kind—health, climate, sunshine, the elements of air and water, &c. But on the criticism of Mr Malthus, with respect to moral and intellectual benefits and gratifications, it is necessary to make a distinction which he has not made. There are in relation to political economy of two orders. Some of these benefits and pleasures are capable of being exchanged for a price, bought and sold. Some others may be exchanged, but it is without price. Mr Malthus's illustration affords us examples of both these; as, for instance, the pleasures of music, acting, &c., are of course sold; the oratory of a pleader is the subject of price—it is sold: even the highest, the benefits and gratifications of religion, must be said to be so far purchased, as the sacred office which is devoted to communicating them, is the means of the most honourable support to those who hold it, but must therefore be considered in the view of this science, as bearing, besides its inappreciable, a value appreciable as the other works and labours of men are. This is one class; and as far as these are concerned, the criticism of Mr Malthus takes for granted a question which is in dispute between him and other economists, namely, whether any of the immaterial powers subsisting in the human being himself are to be accounted as wealth. With regard to the second class, which he principally contemplated, his censure of

the definition is indisputably just. All those pleasures and advantages which are estimated in feeling wholly, and have no other mode of estimation of mankind, which are often capable of exchange, but of an exchange which does not in the least degree alter their purity, since the repayment is in a value similarly estimated—the pleasures of the natural affections, the tender interchange of love for love, of kind offices for kind offices, of gratitude for benefits, of filial piety for parental benevolence, all that great and better half of human happiness which the heart and inmost soul own, and in which they alone will transact for themselves, will give and lend and repay—are, as Mr Malthus has well pointed out, included in and vitiate the definition which he condemns.

Let us see how Mr Malthus extricates himself. "To avoid these objections," he says, after showing what he conceives to be the defect of the definitions of several different authors, "and to keep at an equal distance from a too confined or a too indiscriminate sense of the term, I should define wealth to be, *those material objects, which are necessary, useful, or agreeable to mankind.*"

Mr Malthus, therefore, positively denies the opinion of Adam Smith, that the acquired and useful talents of its inhabitants are part of the wealth of a country; though it must be confessed, he seems hardly aware of his having entertained it when he says,—“Adam Smith has no where given a very regular and formal definition of wealth, but that the meaning which he attaches to the term is confined to material objects, is, throughout his work, sufficiently manifest. His prevailing description may be said to be ‘the annual produce of land and labour.’”

Mr Malthus makes no provision for the estimation or the treatment, in any way under the science, of those products of diverse arts and powers, which, if they cannot be called wealth because they have no endurance, fall under the laws of wealth in every other respect, and have one quality that indisputably places them among the objects considered by political economy, namely, that they have a value exchangeable for money; and he leaves room for

the admission of some objects which it is to be presumed he did not mean to include, as the elements of air and water, rain and starlight, and all products of the earth, which, though they may be useful to man, exist in such quantity, or under such circumstances, that they have not been appropriated; neither does he include, in his terms at least, the indispensable idea of ownership or appropriation.

What we find positive in Mr Malthus's definition, is the exclusion of all immaterial subjects, if they may be so called, from the denomination, wealth, a disputed point; secondly, the assertion of some pleasant or useful quality in the subject, as that quality for which essentially it is accounted as wealth, the basis of the idea, a point as to which all are agreed.

Here is another definition by Colonel Torrens. It nearly follows Mr Malthus's, but with an addition, which partially corrects one defect which we have seemed to discover in that able enquirer's.

"Wealth," he says, "considered as the object of economical science, consists of those material articles which are useful or desirable to man, and which it requires some portion of voluntary exertion to procure or to preserve."

He agrees with Mr Malthus in limiting the idea of wealth to *material* objects, the disputed point; and in distinguishing as the basis of it some sort of utility or pleasureableness attached to them, the point undisputed. He adds the condition, that some portion of voluntary labour shall be indispensable to the acquisition or preservation of them.

Now, this addition does two things for this definition, which are wanting to Mr Malthus's, but both imperfectly.

In the first place, the words "to procure or to preserve," introduce, though somewhat obliquely, the idea of property, or ownership; thus rightly excluding from the definition all such material objects as afford enjoyment to man, without any act of appropriation, as the greater natural objects which affect the imagination do. But the introduction of the notion of property is, in this respect, indeterminate and imperfect—that

it leaves us in uncertainty whether that only is wealth which already has been so procured or preserved, or that also which, if ever it is procured, *will* be procured with labour and exertion—that it includes, in short, as wealth, that which, though fulfilling the other conditions of the definition, has not yet been, and that which will be appropriated, as well as that which is under actual appropriation.

Besides—of things actually appropriated, many are not wealth. Colonel Torrens, by introducing the condition of the necessity of some portion of voluntary exertion to procure the subject constituting wealth, has intended, he expressly tells us, to exclude some "things which possess the highest utility, and which are even necessary to our existence," but which "come not under the denomination of wealth," because "to the possession of utility" is not "superadded" this "circumstance of having been procured by some voluntary exertion." And he gives examples. "Though the air," he says, "which we breathe, and the sunbeams by which we are warmed, are in the highest degree useful and necessary, it would be a departure from the precision of language, to denominate them articles of wealth."

It would so, indisputably. But does his condition shut them out from this denomination? It is plain that on the contrary, it leaves them in the fullest possession of it. Since neither of these enjoyments or advantages are procured, without it; even the gentle, almost unconscious act by which we breathe, and the few slow steps which lead the old man to the stone, on which he sits and suns himself, are acts in which there is some portion of voluntary exertion.

We have seen that to give a definition of wealth, such as might be found sufficiently exact to satisfy the purposes of scientific enquiry, or even one sufficiently measured to that ordinary and popular representation which we make to ourselves of this idea, to stand as its expression, is not so easy as at the first glance we might have been disposed to imagine it. At least that it has not proved so to some writers of high ability, who have attempted

it. In some of their definitions, it has been impossible for us to say how much was or was not intended to be included. We could find, indeed, upon sifting the terms of the definition, what these were adapted or were not adapted to comprehend; but we had no sufficient means for judging whether the too great laxity which we sometimes seemed to detect in these, their undue largeness of comprehension, was to be attributed to design in the author, who really meant to extend the notion of wealth further than it was carried by others with whom we compared him, or than it is commonly understood;—or, whether it might be owing merely to an unfortunate choice of expression, going beyond the thought, and thus including objects which it was not intended to comprehend. Perhaps sometimes one, sometimes the other, might be the truth.

Our object, however, in reviewing these several definitions, was not so much to demonstrate the difficulty with which the attempt was attended, as, if possible, to arrive at one, in which we might rest. It would have seemed something gained to us, if we could have succeeded in positively expounding the idea, which in our own ordinary and familiar use we attach to the word in question. But it was of much more consequence that we should be able to say, what was its proper scientific signification. Since all the writers use it upon all occasions; since it is admitted by all to comprehend the whole subject of research, unless this can be found, we must labour under the double perplexity of being exposed, in the first place, always to misunderstand our author; and in the next, of never distinctly comprehending the subject of our pursuit.

We have found, as far as we went, a general agreement in considering that the essential element of estimation, the ground of the idea of wealth, is some human utility or pleasure which the object regarded as wealth is capable, or supposed capable of affording. It appeared to us, further, that the idea of wealth necessarily includes that of a present appropriation, although in this and every further step we found, in

some or other of the authors from whom we hoped for instruction, division or uncertainty of opinion. We found a positive contradiction of opinion between Smith and two other writers, Malthus and Torrens, on the question whether that which is immaterial and ideal can be accounted as wealth, Smith explicitly reckoning into his enumeration of the several component parts of a national capital, as one distinct division of the fixed capital, "the acquired and useful abilities of all the inhabitants or members of the society;" and Malthus and Torrens, on the other side, as explicitly and decidedly restricting the idea of wealth to things sensible and material—a dispute in which we seemed to find a difficulty in knowing with which side to take part. Lastly, we were compelled, after selecting as a probable general character of things constituent of wealth, their bearing price, or a value in exchange, to confess that there were instances in which wealth must be acknowledged as subsisting, where yet, from peculiar circumstances debarring exchange, price had no place, although the wide extent to which price accompanies wealth, seeming almost to measure it, and the observation that even where it does not exist, the subjects held as wealth are of the kind to which it is elsewhere applied, made us unwilling at once wholly to throw it out of consideration.

The difficulties which principally struck us in this attempt to find a definition were these:—First, the great and intrinsic difficulty of knowing how to deal with the immaterial wealth asserted by Smith, but contested by Malthus and his associate. On the one hand, it was perfectly clear that there are talents—indeed, society abounds with them, is filled with them—which are continual sources of wealth to their possessors and the society; sources as much as capital of any kind or land itself is. Is one source of wealth to be accounted as wealth and not another? Is a country rich by the products as soon as they are brought into existence, and not rich by possessing the sources from which they flow? Can any answer be given to the

argument on which Smith himself advances the claim of the sources of wealth to be acknowledged as capital?

Again, if nothing immaterial is wealth, by what name shall we bring under the jurisdiction of the science those products which bear this strong, and one might have supposed, undeniable stamp of wealth, that they have exchangeable value, and yet perish in the moment in which they are produced? Such are those momentary works of some of the fine arts, which, although they fill listening or gazing crowds from moment to moment with trembling and passionate delight, are extinct in the past, as suddenly as they cease to stream on the eye and the ear—the actor's and those of the artist of harmony or song. But these ought hardly perhaps to be adduced as an argument in the opposition of opinion of Smith and these two writers, since Smith himself rejects these products from the catalogue of wealth, by the discrediting name of unproductive services. The immaterial product which takes place in all communication of instruction though it would by Malthus and Torrens be equally rejected with the play of the actor and the sounds of the musician, would by Smith be taken into account; since, although the act of communication be as suddenly over as those of which we have just spoken, the instruction itself remains as a work fixed and permanent, entering, if it is of any value, under that denomination of capital, which, according to Smith's words, consists in "the acquired and useful abilities of all the members of the society." On the other hand, it must be owned that the limitation supported by the two authors whom we have in this instance opposed to Smith, refusing the term to these ideal, and restricting it to material objects, is in stricter conformity with at least our ordinary habitudes of thought and language, which do not, without some effort, give way in adopting this novel exposition.

M. Say, in an epitome of his doctrines, which he has annexed to the fifth edition of his "Treatise on Political Economy," after duly weighing the objections which had been made to his former expositions

of his peculiar views, by antagonists and critics, both in this country and his own, has collected his ideas of wealth in the following passage:—

"The word WEALTH, in its most extended sense, designates the goods which we possess, and which are capable of serving for the satisfaction of our wants, or even for the gratification of our tastes.

"The goods which are equally accessible to all, which every one may enjoy at his pleasure, without being obliged to purchase them, without fear of exhausting them, such as the air, water, the light of the sun being gratuitously given us by nature, may be called 'natural wealth.' As these can neither be produced, nor distributed, nor consumed, they do not fall under the consideration of political economy.

"That wealth of which the study is the object of this science, is composed of the goods which are possessed, and which have a recognised value. It may be called *social wealth*, because it exists only amongst men in society.

"Value is recognised when it can command another value in the way of exchange.

"One may be rich in products already existing, or in productive funds," i. e. sources of production.

By products already existing, Say means brought into existence by human industry, or art.

Productive funds, or sources of production, are elsewhere defined by him as of two kinds:—consisting on one side in the material instruments or means of production, on the other, of the immaterial powers instrumental to production residing in man.

By production M. Say understands the creating, as he calls it, of a utility, taking that word in the most extended sense, of whatever is acknowledged by man as serving man, however mistaken he may be in his estimate of that service.

We must confess that this description, or view, or definition, if it may be so called, of wealth, appears to us to be the most self-consistent and entire, and the most capable of being carried through the science of any which have now been reviewed.

Whatever terms, or elements, we VOL. XXXIX. NO. CCXLVIII.

have already appeared to have determined as necessary to be contained in the definition are found here.

There is, in the *first* place, the element on which we found all agreed, of some desired utility or pleasure, expressed in the word "*goods*," of which wealth is said to consist.

Secondly, There is the element of ownership, or property—the appropriation being also determined to be present, not possible merely, or even future—"goods which are possessed."

There is, *thirdly*, the element of price or exchangeable value so modified or qualified as to remove the difficulty which we found in applying this as a universal character of wealth. For that difficulty was of this kind—that we found there were certain states in which the human being does, or may be supposed to exist, certain primitive and simple modes of living, in which there is no exchange, none at least beyond the limits of his natural family which is not here considered; no price, therefore, or exchangeable value; in which nevertheless there is undeniably wealth; wealth of the same kind which we must readily acknowledge in all his ordinary conditions—of material existences, inanimate or living, which he has multiplied around him, full of pleasure to him, and of utility. Now, M. Say does not to this kind of wealth deny the name; but he draws precisely the line of distinction which we needed, simply by excluding it from the cognizance of our science. "*That wealth of which the study is the object of this science is composed of the goods which . . . have a recognised value*;" explaining *recognised* to mean acknowledged in exchange by a price. "Value," he says, "*is recognised when it can command another value in the way of exchange.*"

Finally, it does not seem possible, on the fullest consideration, to deny to the term wealth that enlargement from our ordinary use which is claimed for it by Smith, and to admit as wealth those immaterial powers productive of wealth which dwell in the human being. A study which endeavours to reduce under the severe form of science subjects known to us in the commonest in-

tercourse of life, and which are themselves a great part of that intercourse, must be expected to make demands upon language which our use has hardly enabled it to supply. It must be expected to direct the powers of thought upon its subjects, not only with a rigour, but for purposes which had not hitherto been found, in their application to them. These subjects, which have been thus far familiarly intelligible to us, are now thrown into forms strange to our understanding. They are broken down into elements into which we were not accustomed to separate them, and united in classes into which we did not think they could be brought together.

The distinction introduced by M. Say between natural and social wealth is very proper, and is of use in fully clearing up our ideas of this subject. It evidently serves to remove some of the difficulties which perplexed more than one definition of those we examined. As for instance, the exclusion attempted unsuccessfully by Colonel Torrens of the enjoyment and use of the air we breathe, of the warmth of the sun, is

thus placed on a secure ground. To breathe air, to enjoy the sun, are not instances of use and pleasure in which voluntary exertion has no part whatever. But they are instances of benefits, which, having been acquired with exertion, however slight, are incommunicable. In consequence, they cannot have what M. Say calls a *recognised* value: that is, a value acknowledged by the exchange of other goods for them, and by wanting this sign, are unequivocally excluded from that description of wealth which is the subject of enquiry in political economy.

Might we perhaps sum up the whole of what we have now found of the characteristics of that wealth which is the object of economical enquiry in this definition of our own, which we submit with some confidence to the examination of the Political Economy Club—" *That wealth consists of all material or immaterial subjects possessed by men, having a value essentially derived from some service which these subjects are capable of rendering, but also definitely recognised in the transfer or exchange of one for another.*"

VERNAL SKETCHES. BY DELTA.

No. I.

THE DEFEAT OF WINTER.

I.

BUT yester morn the frozen snow
Grimly o'er mantled lawn and lea;
Grey clouds shut out the sky; the sea
Whitened in foam the cliffs below;
And stormblasts vexed the leafless
tree.

II.

And now—as by the sudden wave
Of some benign enchanter's rod—
How placidly the waters lave
The entrance of the dark sea-cave—
How brightly greens the vernal sod!

III.

Up from the dark mould, see, arise
'The snow-drop with its soundless
bell!

The crocus opens its azure eyes;
And, by the fountain-side, espies
A thousand daisies in the dell!

IV.

Hearken the birds—all winter long,
That through the bleak air tune-
less flew;
The woodlands seem alive with
song,—

They flit about, a rapturous throng,
And dart the green boughs thro'
and thro'.

V.

Upon the furze the linnet sits,
And to the silence sweetly sings;—
Up from the grass the sky-lark flits,
Pours forth its gushing song by fits,
And upwards soars on twinkling
wings!

VI.

From crevice and from sheltered
nook,

Where they have slept the winter
through,

The midge and fly now gladly look
On the bright sun;—some skim the
brook,

Some wheel in mazy circles by.

VII.

The bee within its waxen cell,
Hath felt the vernal call, and comes
Forth in the warm daylight to dwell,—
Hath bade the silent hive farewell,
And o'er the field delighted hums!

VIII.

Sky—earth—and ocean—each hath
felt

The sudden influence; life re-
newed

Into all nature's veins hath stole;
And Love, with an engirdling belt,
Hath beautified the solitude.

IX.

As at a new, a glorious birth,
The soul exults, the heart leaps
up;
A visioned joy illumines earth;
The primrose glows with silent
mirth,
As does the hyacinth's blue cup.

X.

The spirit swells—the thoughts ex-
pand,
As if escaped from brooding
gloom;

And in the sky, and o'er the land,
Are traced, as with an Angel's hand,
The embryo tints of coming bloom.

XI.

Awaken vanished thoughts—come
back
The visions of impassioned youth;
And hope once more rigids the
track,
O'er which hath floated long the
rack,
Stormy and dim, of cheerless
Truth.

XII.

In boyhood, ere the spirit knew,
How round the earth the seasons
range,
There seemed an amaranthine hue
Upon the wall-flower, and the blue
Anemone, that owned not change;

XIII.

But Time, the moral monitor,
Brushed, one by one, bright
dreams away,
Till scarce is left, but to deplore
Things that have been—to be no
more—

Vainly we seek them—where are
they?

XIV.

Unto the birds—unto the bloom
Of opening flowers a love was
given,
As if our world knew not a tomb—
As if our yearning hearts had room
For boundless bliss, and earth was
heaven!

XV.

Away!—no dreams of gloom should
dim

The spirit on a morn like this;
Fill up a beaker to the brim,
Of sunny thoughts, the beads which
swim
Upon it, all shall melt in bliss.

No. II.

FAREWELL TO A SCENE OF YOUTH.

I.

FAREWELL, vernal landscape, whose valleys are bright
With the time-hallowed visions of vanished delight;
Thy beauties more deeply are traced on my heart,
Since now comes the hour when from all I depart.

II.

Farewell to thy meadows, farewell to thy groves,
The seat of my childhood, the scene of my loves,
Ah! never again shall the future restore
The days that are past, or the pleasures of yore!

III.

Farewell to thy murmuring waters that run,
Now shadowed by woodlands, now bright in the sun,
Where the trout and the minnow, the warm summer long,
Seem to listen, when gliding, the linnet's blithe song.

IV.

Farewell to the ruins of castle and keep,
That, telling of past days, yet frown from the steep
In solemn memento—that all we survey,
Like dew from the morning grass, passeth away!

V.

Farewell, ye green chestnut trees, under whose shade,
In the gloom of the tempest so oft I have strayed,
So oft I have lingered, in solitude blest,
When the blackbird sings hymns to the sun in the west.

VI.

Farewell, ye far mountains, that hem in the scene
With your summits of azure, and pale sides of green—
How oft, in my wanderings, with soul as on fire,
Have I watched o'er your summits the daylight expire!

VII.

Farewell, but a bright pictured dream is the past,
And the present shall be but the future at last,
Hopes are thoughts,—and like dreams of the morning decay—
Friends are things—but as years circle on, where are they?

VIII.

Farewell! 'neath the morning beams cloudless and bright—
Farewell! 'neath the star-spangled darkness of night—
Through the bushes and brakes of thy glens have I strayed,
And all nature's aspects with rapture surveyed!

IX.

Farewell, scenes of beauty—earth brighter may show,—
But none for my soul ere shall equal the glow
Which youth, love, and friendship, o'er mountain and dell
Of thine have outspread their enchantment—farewell!

No. III.

AN APRIL EVENING.

I.

With what serene tranquillity pale Eve
O'ermantles Earth, embathing all around
In purple beauty! and as if by spell
Of unseen magic, tempering every sound
And sight to an harmonious unison,

Soft and Elysian. O'er the Grampian peaks
Of the far west—where, on the horizon's verge
Earth blends with Heaven—a dazzling glory tells
Yet of the new-set sun, tinging a ring
Of clouds, his bright retainers, with the hues
Of Juno's bird :—the sky all else is clear,
A stainless arch, through which the approaching stars,
By Vesper heralded, just show themselves.

II.

How speaks this April twilight to the heart !
Silence seems brooding o'er the vernal elms,
That, like a diadem, encircle thee
White Oomat, viewed in exquisite relief
Against the Pentland's gulfy depths of blue,
In the south-west afar ; and, from thy knoll,
With bastions flanked, and gnarly trees bestrown,
Deserted Craigmillar, thy days of war,
And festal nights o'erpast, thou lookest down—
A spectral emblem of departed times—
Mournfully solemn on the fields around,
Green with the promise of another year.

III.

And, Ocean, thou art waveless ; not a sound
Comes from thy shore—a sullen yellow line,
Far stretching, in its utter loneliness,
Through the dim east. The duck, in halcyon calm,
Slumbers upon thy bosom ; and the gull,
That, with its veering wing, and restless shriek,
Seemed like the haunting spectre of the bay,
Hath winged to its island cliff—round which remote
Lie anchored ships, dim seen. Yes ! thou art still,
Thou changeful element, whose ebb and flow
Seem like the pulses of the natural world—
A measurement by which the lapse of time
To man is noted ;—and thy slumberous breath
Floats landward ; even like zephyr on my cheek
I feel it ; and the lilac boughs, o'erhead,
Just stirred, from every tuft of richest bloom
Shake down sweet incense. In the Northern sky,
Twilight hath spread her dusky mantle blue,
O'er the coned Lomonds, down to where the May,
On this side views the Forth, on that the plain
Of the broad German sea. Thy nearer crest,
Inchkeith, yet shows of green ;—and lo ! thy light
Well-loved by mariners—to wandering hearts
Speaking of home-delights—'tis now a speck,
And now a flaring meteor.

Hark the note
Of the near blackbird from the greening bough
Of yon broad chestnut —'tis a funeral hymn
O'er day departed ! To the listening sky
'Tis sung, and to the gathering stars, the green
Of all the dewy pastures, and the blue
Of wandering rivulets that mirror heaven.

IV.

Pleasant it is, within this woven bower
Of wildrose, hop, and honeysuckle boughs,—
While perfume from the apple blossom breathes,
And Sky, Earth, Air, and Ocean are at rest,
Lingering to listen. Father, which art in Heaven !
Thy works proclaim thee,—morn, and noon, and night,
Are full of thee—Oh ! were we wise to learn !

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—“A goodly portion of Homer's vein, especiall of that which is apparent in the *Odyssey*, may be detected in the mingled sprightliness, tenderness, and fervour of the *Orlando Furioso*.”

I have expressed the opinion here cited in my *Dissertation on the Rise and Progress of Literature*. I have also long admired Shelley's version of the Hymn to Mercury. Probably these two causes have induced me to attempt the Song of Demodocus, (*Odys.* viii. 266) in the stanza of Ariosto.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

May 20, 1836.

D. K. SANDFORD.

THE SONG OF DEMODOCUS.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμιζων ἀνιβάλλετο καλὸν αἶδεσθαι—κ. τ. λ.

SWEET prelude then the cunning harper made,

And so of Mars's love began to tell;

And how with coronetted Venus laid

That stealthy plot in Vulcan's halls befell,

When first they stain'd the royal husband's bed;

(Ah! traitorous wife, thy charms for gifts to sell!)

And how the keen-eyed Sun, that mark'd his shame,

Hot with the news, to Vulcan instant came.

But Vulcan, rous'd by that heart-paining shock,

Limp'd to his forge, deep plans of mischief brewing;

And heav'd the bulky anvil to its block,

Where subtle links he twisted, past undoing,

In shunless fetters hated Mars to lock;

To chamber thence and couch his path pursuing,

About the bedstead-feet the chains he wound,

And from the rafters hung them all around:

Fine as the spider's filmy warp they were,

Too fine for edge of ev'n immortal eye;

And now, when fram'd and fasten'd was the snare,

Away to Lemnos' isle he feign'd to hie,

And Lemnos' stately town, his dearest care;

Nor wakeful Mars his going fail'd to spy;

Soon as he saw the famous artist roam,

He sped to reach the famous artist's dome—

On fire for fairest Cytherea's love;

She, from her puissant father's throne returning,

Repos'd within;—he gain'd the proud alcove,

Grew to her hand, and spoke in accents burning:

“Haste, dear one, haste, the bed's delights to prove;

See how thy frigid lord, these beauties spurning,

Has sought a savage race and distant land,

The gibbering Sinitians on the Lemnian strand.”

Thus while he said, she hail'd the promis'd joy;

They mount the couch in mutual bliss to swim;

Down rush'd at once the crafty Smith's decoy,

And moveless, helpless, lay each tether'd limb;

Ah! then they knew the toils they could not fly—

Sudden beside them stood the husband grim;

Back ere his feet had press'd the Lemnian shore,

For Sol had watch'd and warn'd him as before.

Fix'd in the porch, his breast with fury flames,

Horrid he roars, alarming all the skies:—

“Great Jove, and ye that boast immortal names,

Here on opprobrious scandals cast your eyes,

How me—the Hobbler—Jove's own daughter shames,
And colli'd in slaughterous Mars' embraces lies,
Because that he is sound and shapely—me
A tottering cripple Fate has doom'd to be—

“Fate, and the folly of my parents twain—
Would they had left ungot their luckless son !—
But mark the pair, how tenderly they strain,
Stretch'd on my bed—and I a looker on !
And yet, methinks, such hazard scarce again,
With all their love, will they be fain to run :
For here shall guile and gyve the prisoners hold
Till the whole dowry down her sire has told—

“All, all I gave him for his brazen child,
Since fair she is, but frail has ever been.”
Soon by his cries the mustering gods were wil'd :
Came earth-involving Neptune to the scene ;
The sov'reign Archer came, and Hermes mild ;
But shame detain'd at home each heavenly queen :
While throng'd the manly powers in conclave full,
And quenchless laughter shook the vestibule—

To see the snares those matchless hands had wrought ;
Then to his neighbour each one turn'd to say :
“Wo, wo to guilt ! the slow the swift has caught :
Vulcan the slow has made swift Mars his prey,
Though fleetest god of all Olympus thought,
Adulterer's ransom must the captive pay.”
Thus they in words their mutual sense express'd ;
Then Phoebus broke on Mercury his jest :

“Hermes, thou Jove-begotten power benign,
What ! wouldst thou wish, with sturdy fetters tied,
In arms of golden Venus to recline ?”
Him answer'd prompt the active Argicide :
“Far-shooting king, oh that such lot were mine !
Though thrice these bonds were round and round me plied,
Though god and goddess crowded round to stare,
Let me the bed of golden Venus share !”

Again the peals of heavenly mirth resound ;
Only the lord of Ocean gloom'd, entreating
Importunately Mars might be unbound ;
With eager words the ear of Vulcan greeting :
“Loose let him go ; as surety I propound,
That he shall pay, thy penal charges meeting .”
But stern response the great Mechanic gave ;
“Earth-circling Neptune, plead not for the slave !

“Bail for the bad is bad to take as bail :
How shall I thee 'mid Powers immortal sue,
Should Mars, from debt and durance fleeing, fail
The mulct to pay ?”—“The mulct shall still be due,
Though Mars in faithless flight away should steal ;—
Myself will bear the loss, and pay thee true :”
Burst then from Vulcan's lips the brisk reply ;
“'Twere vain—'twere vile—such suitor to deny.”

He said, and soon his touch the bonds undid :
Forth from their fetters sprang the rescued pair ;
His rage in Thrace indignant Mars has hid ;
But Cyprus hail'd the laughter-loving Fair,
Where incense-clouds from Paphian altars glide—
And there the Graces lav'd, and deck'd her there
With oils ambrosial, meet for deathless frame,
And wondrous robes, that wondrous charms became.

LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG.

SIR—Your flattering request of a further communication has roused me from the state of political lethargy to which I had, not involuntarily, resigned myself, although it may be to little other purpose than the assurance that the sentiments which I have from time to time expressed under other circumstances, remain unchanged by any events that have taken place during the twelve months subsequent to the re-seizure, by the Melbourne Ministry, of the reins of Government. So far indeed from change, those sentiments, such as they are, have received the strongest confirmation in every fundamental and important respect; and the only motive which has restrained me, during this interval, from giving frequent vent to the expression of them, has been, joined to a sense of personal insignificance, the conviction that a system of silent, though cautious and vigilant acquiescence on the part of the Conservatives, in the supremacy of those now possessed of office, affords the best security that the circumstances of the country admit against any sudden and violent changes in the framework of society—enabling them to protect the Whig Ministers themselves against the consequences of that destructive pressure which must otherwise inevitably overwhelm them, and to preserve their own influence, entire and unbroken, for the day which is fast approaching of direct and open conflict between the rival principles of mere blind force and regulated authority. Let that momentous crisis come when it may, there can be no ground for serious apprehension, with the blessing of God, as to the ultimate issue—but the length and severity of the struggle will necessarily be much modified by the previous relative condition of the opposing parties, and there is therefore no question that the course to be pursued by all disinterested friends of social order and constitutional freedom, is to abstain from all needless irritation and petty animosity or jealousy, and to look upon all who have a real and visible stake in the general welfare

of the community as destined to be, sooner or later, our associates, however wide may be the apparent nature of our existing differences. It is by no means inconsistent, however, with this doctrine of present expediency to recur, from time to time, to the subject even of those differences, in order to avert the worst of all sacrifices, that of moral and religious principle at the shrine of political conformity; and it is on this account that I do not feel myself absolved from replying to your call, although deeply conscious of my own inability to add force to unanswered and unanswerable arguments, or to contribute any thing more than the bare result of my own individual conviction in aid of the common cause.

Among the many fallacies that lie at the root of the system of Government avowed, rather than really acted upon, by the present Ministry, is that of yielding implicit obedience to the will of a mere numerical majority, without regard to property or intelligence. Another, and of a still more baneful tendency, is that which pushes the principle of equality of civil rights among members of different religious professions to an utter indifference as to that between all religions. But absurd and utterly untenable in practice as are both these positions, when generally stated, they become doubly and trebly so, when applied to the particular case of our relations with Ireland, as a distinct part and parcel of the British Empire. It seems almost extraordinary that the question so repeatedly urged, and in a tone of so much apparent triumph, by the advocates of the late Ministerial measures proposed as to that unhappy country,—viz, why the same principles of internal administration should not be applied to Ireland as to other parts of the United Kingdom, was not for ever set at rest by a single and all-sufficient answer—because the circumstances of Ireland are altogether different—in other words, because she presents the unexampled anomaly of a country miserably divided in

herself, with four-fifths of her population opposed in closest hostile array to a much larger proportion of her property and intelligence; and because, to adapt the same system to a case so utterly dissimilar would be, in effect, to deliver over the last, far better and worthier portions of the community, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of a lawless and exasperated multitude.

We are told, by way of argument for unlimited concession, what indeed affords the most unanswerable reason for pursuing an opposite course, that the people are incapable of understanding the peculiarities of the case, and must consequently fail of being convinced that resistance to their ignorant and unreflecting demands may be based on the strictest principles of justice and equality. "It is of no use," say these singular casuists, "to tell Roman Catholics or Dissenters," thus coupling together two classes of persons who, in Ireland at least, are most diametrically opposed to each other both in interest and in feeling—"that it is the duty of the State to preserve an institution" (namely, the Protestant Church), "which may possibly be of use to themselves hereafter—or, when absenteeism is so prevalent, to secure the residence of at least one country gentleman in a district, for the diffusion of civilization. The people," they continue, "*never consider such reasons as these. They are beyond the reach of their uncultivated faculties. They act from feeling rather than reason.*"* Whence it follows, according to these wise and far-sighted politicians, that, because the mass is ignorant and unreflecting, and incapable of knowing what is for their own good, and for the good of the community, they are to be indulged in having the Government of the country yielded up without reason to their self-elected leaders and demagogues! Admirable and consistent Logicians! yet, to argue that, because three-fourths of the population of Ireland is such as has been here described, therefore their will is to be law to all the rest of the nation, is about the same thing as it would be to contend that

the recently emancipated slaves in the West Indies, are to have the administration of those colonies unconditionally surrendered to them in virtue of their numerical superiority. A most preposterous and manifestly suicidal inference; yet, necessarily flowing from the assumption that equality is equity, and that the peculiar circumstances and character of a population are not to be taken into the calculation when the question is, whether the majority or minority, in round numbers, is to govern the country.

To all who have a just sense of the importance of religion, considered with reference to the present life and its concerns, without taking into account the immeasurably greater interests of eternity, it is undoubtedly a matter of deep and fearful moment which is presented to us by the spectacle of a country of which the great majority of the inhabitants, and those of the classes most in need of religious instruction, are without any state-provision for its dissemination through the channel of regularly ordained ministers of the gospel. This consideration alone is sufficient to awaken and fix the attention of all piously disposed persons, without having recourse to any of the ordinary but fallacious topics of declamation derived from the ignorant assertion that the mass of the population is thus made to pay for the support of a religion repugnant to their sentiments, and from which they can derive no reciprocal benefit. It has been over and over again demonstrated to the satisfaction of all reasoning and reasonable persons, that this is the very reverse of the fact, and that the refusal to pay tithe to the legal owner is neither more nor less than direct robbery. It would be a mere waste of time to say more on this settled subject; but it is no less true that it is at least equally incumbent on the owners of the soil to provide not only for the bodily, but for the mental and spiritual sustentation of all classes of the community. On the other hand, the Church Establishment itself rests on no wider foundation than the recognition by

* See Edinburgh Review, No. 127. Article on the "Irish Tithe Question."

the governing power of the state of *one* as the only true mode of faith—and the principle thus recognised must not be abandoned, or weakened, by any compromise, however plausible in theory, unless we are prepared to go the full length of the Dissenting doctrine, that religion is, under no circumstances, and in no respect whatever, to be made an affair of State—in other words, to agree to the total sacrifice of the Establishment. This, however, is an extent of church reformation which no British minister has yet gone the length of proposing, for the gratification of even the most powerful and indispensable of his supporters. Hitherto, whatever may be his private opinion, or his actual state of indifference as to all opinions, no individual, either in possession of office, or aspiring to the attainment of it, has done otherwise than maintain with the utmost strength of opinion the sacredness and inviolability of the alliance between Church and State, and the public necessity of supporting it; whence it follows, that a case may well be imagined of extreme difficulty in having to decide between the danger of weakening this latter principle by concessions of which it is impossible to assign the limits, and the equally dangerous extreme of upholding in all the plenitude of its superabundant revenues a religion which is repudiated by a vast majority of the nation. Happily we are placed in no such dilemma; and we may certainly employ our thoughts more profitably than in speculating on what would be the result of an imaginary case. The El Dorado conjured up by the heated fancies of a few buoyant reformers is a mere chimera. No available surplus has been found to exist, nor can any be contrived for the future, except by paring down the incomes of the parochial clergy to a degree far below the level which any honest and sincere friend of the church would think requisite for its respectability and efficiency; and yet it is, in order to provide for the contingent application of this negative quantity that we are called upon to adopt a mere abstract proposition as the indepen-

sable basis of any arrangement, at the same time that we are falsely, and with a perverseness of construction almost unparalleled in the history of Polemics,* represented as hostile to the principle of tithe-commutation, because we refuse to have incorporated with it the bold assertion of another principle with which it is no way connected, and which we feel to be insisted upon only for purposes, as it notoriously originated with parties, unfriendly to the Establishment.

The cry is, "Justice to Ireland"—a cry which we are most ready to echo, only not at the price of injustice to the whole British empire—nay, we are ready to add to it one of a yet more limited tendency, and to say, "Justice to the Irish Roman Catholics"—only, not to the utter forgetfulness and exclusion of her two millions of loyal, peaceable, and intelligent Protestants. If the Roman Catholic majority felt itself aggrieved by the domination of what, in complaisance to them, we will call "the inferior sect"—inferior, however, only as numerically rated—in every other respect, immeasurably superior—let the grievance be removed, but not at the price of substituting another far more intolerable, the ascendancy of priests and demagogues. This is the language uttered—the principle contended for—by the House of Lords, in whom we cheerfully confide as the present guardians of our constitution and liberties; and it is exemplified by them alike in their determined rejection of the appropriation clause of the tithe bill, and in those which would have the effect of substituting the domination of Roman Catholic for that of Protestant corporations in the Irish Municipal Bill. For both these patriotic and disinterested acts of self-devotion—for such in effect they are—the Lords are entitled to the everlasting gratitude, and the warm and cordial support, of all the sound and reflecting part of the community—and, thank God! this is no insignificant portion, however inadequately represented in the Commons House of Parliament.

It was not to be expected that the

* See the Article on the Irish Tithe Question above referred to.

thick-and-thin adherents of the present ministry would acquiesce in the unpleasant announcement of the virtual extinction of the Whigs as a separate party in the State, or of the absolute subserviency of those still retaining the name to the designs of a far more active and dangerous faction. But how do they endeavour to meet and repel the assertion? By simply parading the names of "Russells and Cavendishes, Greys and Lansdownes, Pousonbys and Foxes," without reference either to the present amount of their actual influence, or the character of the tenets which their modern possessors have been either forced or consented to advocate! Yet this appears to me to be the sum and substance of what they have to urge in vituperation of a recent Conservative author, whose plain truths it is easy to stigmatise with the name of apostacy, as it is equally easy to confound all their opponents under the general, and (as they name it) opprobrious designation of *Tories*, and thus to keep up and bandy to and fro the miserable watch word of discord, when the realities which they once represented are utterly vanished or transmuted.* They find it convenient enough to forget what disunited Stanley and Graham, the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Ripon, from the

Grey Ministry, what afterwards drove the Premier himself from the helm, what has kept at a distance Earl Spencer, ever since the moment that, fortunately for his fame and honour, set him free from the chain which bound him to their destinies, and would fain have us believe that the few remaining members of the "Reform" Cabinet, who, with Lord Melbourne at their head, form a small portion of the now existing Government, are sufficient to make it identically the same with that which, only two sessions ago, denounced the Irish demagogue for a traitor, and declared the necessity of coercion for the administration of his unhappy country.

At a crisis such as the present, the disposition to speculate on the past and future is absorbed in present anxiety; and, with the expression of a fervent prayer for the welfare of the community, which can never co-exist with Epicurean indifference, and moral and religious apathy on the part of the rulers, I shall ask leave to substitute, in place of any further political considerations, a few lines, recently called forth by a like unmeaning and frivolous charge of apostasy as that which I have already remarked upon. I must add, that the earlier portion was suggested by some passages in Coleridge's *Table Talk*.

Without all sense of God, Eternity,
Absolute Truth, Volition, Liberty,
Good, Fair, Just, Infinite—think, if you can,
Of such a being in the form of man—
What but the animal remains?—endowed,
(May be), with memory's instinctive crowd
Of Images—but man is wanting there,
His very essence melted into air,
And (in his stead) a creature subtler far
Than all the beasts that in the forest are,
Or the green field, but also cursed above
Them all—condemned that bitterest curse to prove—
"Upon thy belly creep, and, for thy fee,
Eat dust, so long as thou hast leave to be!"
Patriots there are, and virtuous men, but none
Who take their stand and Duty's post alone;
Who dare appeal to men, as men, the good
And true—for all existing—understood
By all—their foes are better taught than they.
Ev'n Satan's self has learn'd that wiser way,

* See Article (Edinburgh Review, No. 127,) "Sir John Walsh's Contemporary History."

By system'd force the human mind to bend.
 Goodness and Truth, firm fix'd, will in the end
 (Doubtless) prevail—but wavering good is still
 No match for resolute, consistent ill.
 O for some wise, some potent voice, to make
 The startled soul at Duty's call awake !
 Is it a crime, in days like these, to plead
 The mind's exemption from all party creed ?
 Is it inconstant, wavering, insincere,
 By Reason's glimmering lamp our course to steer
 —(Tho' clouds of doubt by fits the path may hide,
 And intercept the soul's unerring guide)—
 Straight for the haven of Eternal Truth—
 —Ev'n tho' some lov'd companions of our youth
 Fall from our side, as different motives sway,
 And party zeal, or interest, prompts the way ?
 Is *this* a spirit of change ?— or, if it be,
 Say, has the changeful mood pass'd over *me*
Alone ?—is it not common as the sea,
 And boundless ?—nay, breathes there one constant friend
 To *Freedom's* cause, from Europe's utmost end
 Across the wide Atlantic, to the shore
 Where erst her brightest smiles the Goddess wore,
 Whose ardour has no faint misgivings prov'd ?—
 Whose faith in man's high destinies has mov'd
 Alike progressive, since the day when fell
 Gaul's proud Bastile, and wild Destruction's yell
 Was scarcely heard amid the general cry
 Of honest joy for rescued Liberty ?
 Who dar'd *all* conscious doubt and fear disown,
 When Terror's form usurped the Bourbon throne,
 When nations heard the solemn dirge—" Arise,
 Son of Saint Louis, to thy native skies ?"
 —Or now—when Britain's alter'd land repeats
 Each rank delusion of Parisian cheats,
 In Liberalism's fair name religion spurns,
 And mocks the Altar and the Throne by turns ?

METRODORUS.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE writing the above, Mr O'Connell's "first letter to the people of England" has issued from the press, followed by a debate, in the shape of preliminary conversation in the House of Commons, on the momentous subject to which it relates. Little as I can hope to add in the way of illustration to the topics urged by some of the speakers on this occasion, I wish not to have it altogether unnoticed that so considerable a change in the actual position of the contending parties has taken place subsequently to the date of my letter.

Mr O'Connell's watch-word is, "A real union, or no union," a sentiment in which all must join, with at least as much cordiality as Mr O'C. himself. But *union* no more implies *identity*, than (as I have before observed) *equality* is neces-

sarily *equity*. A union, whether moral or political, may be effected between parties whose relation, strength, character, and dispositions are altogether dissimilar;—or it may be not the less *real* on account of that dissimilarity. But the axiom, indisputable in itself, leaves wholly untouched the true argument.

So, when it is stated that one branch of the legislature unanimously pledged itself to redress "all the real and practical grievances of Ireland,"—and that the other branch of the legislature "made the same pledge with equal unanimity,"—we may, without disputing the truth of the assertion, pause as to the precise terms of Mr O'C.'s construction of the pledge he maintains to have been made:—viz. "that Ireland was henceforth to be governed as if she were part and parcel of England;"—that

"there was to be no difference between them;"—and that "the identity of the people in both islands was to be complete in franchises, rights, liberties, and prosperity;"—"we may well pause, not as contesting the desirableness of the conclusion,—nor its reasonableness, if it were practicable,—but as considering it to involve a miracle utterly beyond the power of man to accomplish—the impossibility consisting in this, that Ireland is *not* England, and cannot become so, being separated morally as well as physically; and although capable of being *united*, and *united* for the happiness or prosperity of each, yet no more capable of being *made one*, in any other sense of the term *uno*, than any two individuals can be made *one* by the melting together of their separate individualities—a species of union never dreamed of even by the most ardent lovers, since the attempt made in the days of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. Here, then, is a total fallacy, and, with this meaning of the pledge supposed to be given, Mr O'C. will afford but little demonstration of unity in "standing upon it to demand its fulfilment." Even his "seven millions"—granting him the full number of devoted followers that he desires for himself,—may "insist" for ever, and not bring the point at all nearer to its accomplishment. The "concluding bill" alone (as Sir James Graham logically shews), is a standing refutation of the theory—a new and living witness that "the different condition of society in Ireland requires a different measure of legislation." Well indeed does he add, that "when this is the case, it is somewhat too much to blame the leader: of opposition for refusing to extend, on every occasion, and without distinction, the same legislative measures to two countries so essentially different."

Yet Mr O'C. reiterates—"We are more than seven millions, and seven millions never yet knew and asserted their rights without success." Now, not to notice the gross and preposterous exaggeration of this numerical vaunt, what does Mr O'C. himself admit, but a few sentences farther?—no less than that two millions and a half of his supposed seven millions are "beggars, living on alms, and supported by charity."

Does it require more than this honest avowal to afford an answer to the question—is this people in a condition to demand to be governed by the same precise measure of legislation as that to which England is subject? And it is because the House of Lords has refused to recognise this principle in its utmost extent—has refused to abandon the interests of two millions of loyal Protestant subjects at the base demand of two millions and a half of sturdy Popish beggars—that the House of Lords is said to have "scandalously, insultingly, and basely violated their pledge, and broken their contract," according to Mr O'C.'s gratuitous construction of that pledge and contract—and that *we*, the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with its twenty millions of subjects, are called upon to fundamentally destroy the constitution, by "new-modelling," as he gently terms it, this refractory branch of its institutions.

It would be utterly inconceivable that even the author of this extraordinary letter had given vent to such utter absurdity, in the shape of a serious proposal, were it not too manifest that *even such a proposal* is not without countenance and support in quarters where it is still more inconceivable that it could be breathed with impunity. But it is well that matters are brought to this issue.

It is at least incumbent on Mr O'C., before he proceeds to annihilate the House of Lords, to shew in what respect the condition of the two million and a half of naked mendicants, with which he swells his host of seven millions of men in Kendal Green, is expected to be improved by the substitution of Popish for Protestant corporations throughout Ireland, and the expulsion or impoverishment of those hundreds of Protestant clergy who have hitherto done their utmost, by works of charity, to support those very starving millions, to whom Mr O'C. himself was, until very lately, the most urgent and even clamorous in denying the benefit of a system of poor laws—the only conceivable mode by which they can be raised above the degradation of a casual state of subsistence on private charity.

May 20.

THE SILLER GUN.

Among the innumerable reminiscences that minister enjoyment to our old age, none are more delightful than those that often come flowing as from fountains in Faëry Land, from the Anniversaries of the "King's Birth day"—"THE FOURTH OF JUNE." What king? George the Good. Scotland was then indeed the Land of the Leal—Loyalty was not merely a national virtue—it was in the hearts of all—young and old—a very religion. Of all the visionary Fourths of June that, obedient to imagination, float before our half shut eyes while we lie enveloped in dreams of boyhood, beneath the willow that shades our garden pool where the swans with their cygnets float—not one that is not perfectly beautiful—yet not one that is not perfectly true to nature. For nature herself loved them—and breathed into them the whole soul of summer. And thus have we at command a series of holidays, composing by themselves a life of their own, untroubled by any sorrow, and bound together by bliss. Some are made of light—and of nothing but light—without clouds—without shadows—green earth—blue sky—resplendent sun. At first re-appearance some seem almost gloomy, and it looks as if there might be thunder—but the birds continue still to sing—flying showers expire—and there is the rainbow. Hail! day of storms! with thy woods a-roar like rivers, and thy rivers a-roar like seas! Our heart quakes again with its first boyish dread that communed with the sublime. And now we are on the moor in a night-like day—among blackened lochs, embrowned sward, and darkened heather—but slowly from behind huge piles of disparting castles the sun is ascending, and the solitude grows glorious in the falling floods of light.

During our inditing of the above rhapsody, we have been given to understand by Peter, that he was planted on his pine within a few yards of the arbour, ringing the lunch-bell like a town-crier. We heard but a wild far-away sound

like an echo, and fancied it was the music of the olden time dying among the mountains. He pulled our ear—and we followed him, for he is in truth our master, into the Lodge. Vain after pickled puffins to strive to be poetical, even picturesque; and fragmentary as it is, yet must you be contented with this preface to our article. We had intended to arrest some Fourth of June on its passage, and paint it to the life in its meridian festivity; but they have all given us the go-by, and we are sitting in the dominion of the present day. Yet, 'tis a day worth looking at, and it comforts us to feel, that, dim as our eyes are, they can still see the beautiful, and that too without spectacles. This May has been by no means a general favourite; but chiefly because few people have understood her character. We do not deny that she has been colder and more reserved than most of her sisters;—but we who have been assiduous in our attentions, have found that she had received from nature a warm heart. Nothing could be sweeter, as it lighted up her almost melancholy face, than her occasional smile, which sometimes has impressed us with a deeper feeling of her still happiness, than if she had been perpetually irradiated; and a few such smiles have assured us that she is indeed the daughter of the spring.

There is no more odious ingratitude than that which is forgetful of beautiful weather, and dares even impiously to abuse a season for coming in its own way to earth from heaven. Days visit us, like angels, and we deny that we ever beheld their faces! Yet one such was of itself sufficient to sanctify a month. Even while we are calumniating the weeks, an hour's illumination gives us the lie. Yet all-forgiving Nature forgets our murmurs, and keeps for ever preserving, by her silent repairs, the habitation here allotted us, only less beautiful, believe it thou, than the regions beheld by faith beyond the skies.

There never was a more delight-

ful May. Thousands of lambs died in the snow—but 'tis as easy a death for them as for the buds; and at this hour the hills are bleating with joy, just the same as if there had been no lament—the gardens are blossoming as if they had never heard of frost. Silly folk wondered if there would this year be any such things as leaves, for well on in the month the trees looked blue, and in the mornings there was ice. The Dryads and the Hamadryads could not choose but smile—and you heard them tittering into laughter scarcely suppressed by scorn. For even then the woods were beginning to bestir themselves from pleasant slumber; and single trees, as if they had garmented themselves by moonlight, stood suddenly before you almost in full apparel, each itself a grove. As for the hedgerows they had long before been green, and ere long will be white, but you hardly see them now, for the grass-fields and the braided furrows they enclose, eclipse them quite, and you, who are a classic, exclaim, "NUNC FORMOSISSIMUS ANNUS."

"Our heart leaps up" to feel that the earth is beautiful as ever to our eyes, and we call not now on those visionary Fourths of June—for one as bright as the brightest of them all is approaching, and we shall devote it to Curds and Cream. Scotland is still the Land of the Leal. Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, old Christopher North prays Heaven to bless ye all.

Peter has been again at the door of the arbour with his bell—has again pulled our ear—we have again followed him, for he is our master, into the Lodge—and we have *DINKED*. For think not that nowadays we carry on through an article at the rate of ten knots. We love to steer under easy sail. These fluent periods grow slowly beneath our pausing pen, that dallies with the thought that makes the ink transparent as dew; and we love to look at each happy word as it drops upon the page, nor have need so much as a single syllable to obliterate.

Sometimes we lie for an hour at a stretch, with our pen behind our ear, like a sleeping Fawn—or Pan himself—and then so seraphic, we have been told, is the expression of our

repose, that even the inexorable Peter has stood, bell in hand, motionless in benign contemplation. Nay, Devils have been known then to watch over us, while they were in fact but waiting for copy; nor could Beelzebub find it in his heart to tickle our nostril, though the God of Flies. All the while, ideas were crossing the creature's brain, foreign to the article, yet interfering not at all with its slow and silent growth; and on the recumbent resuming his sitting posture, the unfinished sentence has proceeded of its own accord, and with such sweet or solemn close wound up the paragraph, that verily we could have thought we were listening Apollo's lute. Sleep sometimes falls on us, while our fingers hold the pen, and we preserve our erect attitude, image-like exceedingly, and awful to the profane. From beneath the wren's nest in the moss the spider perhaps keeps lineally ascending and descending, till he has connected our baldish head by a web to the ceiling—a web not frailer than that of our dreams!

"Silence that dreadful bell!" again we are petrified—and follow our master into the Lodge to Tea. Ah! Mrs Gentle! how sweet the rustle of thy silks! Let us ungloved that arm—dearest, lay aside thy bonnet—and do assume, we beseech thee, that soul-assuring stationariness of manner on the sofa, that relieves us from all anxiety as to departure, and satisfies the promise of these delightfulest eyes that thou wilt not forsake thy Christopher, till their light becomes invisible in the shadows subsequent on the setting sun.

What with all these and many other such interruptions, the wonder even to ourselves is how an article of ours happens ever to get into *Maga*. We have snuffed out our candle—and are curious to ascertain if our calligraphy be legible by moonlight.—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light."

Two good lines these—let Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Elton say what they will And can we stain paper in presence of all those soft-burning stars!

Pshaw! the air bites shrewdly—
and we shall let down the window—
close the shutters—awaken the fire
—and whiff a cigar. What little
vol. is this? "The Siller Gun."

Poor John Mayne's Poem!—Would
the blameless man were alive to see
under our hand the praise he heard
from our lips—and smiled to hear—
but a tear falls on these lines:—

"And should the Fates, till death ensue,
Detain me still, avert Nith! frae you,
O! it frae you bright realms, anew,
The state of bliss,
Departed spirits may review
A world like this,

"Then when, Dumfries, thy Siller Gun,
In future times, is lost and won,
The spirit o' the Bard, thy son
Shall hover near,
And fligher, till the day be done
Toward scenes so dear!"

The *Siller Gun*? Southrons may
need to be informed that the Siller
Gun is a small silver tube, like the
barrel of a pistol, about ten inches
long, with standard marks stamped
on it, and according to what old
people say they heard from their
forefathers, originally mounted on a
carriage with wheels, all of silver
—but of these no vestige remains.
It derives great importance from
its being the gift of James the
Sixth, who ordained it as a prize
to the best marksman among the
CORPORATIONS OF DUMFRIES. The
contest was by royal authority li-
censed to take place every year;
but in consequence of the trouble
and expense attending it, the custom
has not been so frequently observed.
Whenever the festival was appoint-
ed, the FOURTH OF JUNE, during the
long reign of George the Third, was
invariably chosen for that purpose.
The institution itself, the author re-
marks, may be regarded as a memo-
rial of the Wapenshaw, or showing of
arms, the shooting at butts and bow-
marks, and other military and gym-
nastic sports, introduced by our an-
cestors to keep alive, by competition
and prizes, the martial ardour and he-
roic spirit of the people. In archery,
the usual prize to the best shooter
was a silver arrow. At Dumfries, the
contest was transferred to fire-arms.
It was on one of the contests for this
prize—that of 1777, that the first
Poem, entitled the "SILLER GUN,"

was composed. It consisted of twelve
stanzas, printed in Dumfries, on a
small quarto page, and was subse-
quently reprinted there and else-
where, at different intervals, with
various additions, until it was ulti-
mately extended to four cantos, and
published in London in 1808. The
present Edition has been enlarged
to five cantos. In these, although
the author has not scrupled to in-
troduce events which occurred at
subsequent festivals, he has been
careful to preserve fidelity in the
superstructure. The *Dramatis Per-
sonae* were characters well known in
Dumfries, and with a few exceptions
made a prominent figure in the fes-
tival of 1777. These worthies, says
John Mayne, now only survive
in the remembrance of a few of the
oldest inhabitants of Dumfries. In
recalling their names from oblivion,
he has paid to some of his earlier
associates and friends through
life the heartfelt tribute of regard;
and many distinguished and estima-
ble characters connected with Dum-
fries have received the well-merited
meed of his approbation—among
them Clapperton, Ross, Richardson,
R. Cutlar Fergusson, Sir Robert
Laurie, C. W. Pasley, and "the Mal-
colms"—a noble brotherhood. Nor
will the most distinguished worthies
on the list disdain such memorial;
for genius, humble though it be, can
embalm highest names, and the
"SILLER GUN," commemorative but
of a day's amusement of honest
burghers, will always be regard-
ed—in its own class—as one of the
pleasanteest and most characteristic
of our provincial—nay, national
poems. So said Scott and Southey.

The Siller Gun of Dumfries is at
all times deposited among the ar-
chives of the corporations, of which
there are seven—the hammermen, or
blacksmiths; the squaremen, or car-
penters; the tailors; the weavers;
the shoemakers; the skinnners; and
the fleshers, or butchers. They have
a royal license or requisition to
assemble in military array, and shoot
for it once a-year. Till lately, every
convener was allowed, if he pleased,
to call out the trades for this pur-
pose once during his administration,
which generally lasted for two years.
When a day is fixed, and a man-
date issued for this purpose, all the

freemen of the corporation are obliged to appear in arms at the time and place appointed by the convener. If any individual refuse to appear, he is subjected to a fine of L.40 Scotch, equal to L.3, 6s. 8d. sterling; and till payment thereof interdicted from voting on any of the affairs of the corporation. Along with the royal license to assemble in military array, the Corporations were privileged to shoot for the Silver Gun at the King-holm, which was part of the common land belonging to the town, and laved by the limpid waters of the Nith. The fields at the Craigs, however, as often as permission could be obtained, for they are private property, were always preferred, being better adapted for the purpose. When the farm of the Craigs was in the possession of the late Samuel Clark, Esq., Commissary-clerk of Dumfries, he generously devoted as much of the ground as was necessary for the accommodation of his townsmen. The Craigs generally called the Malden's-bower Craigs, from a tradition that a young lady disappointed in love, took up her residence in an excavation or bower there, are situated about a mile and a-half from Dumfries. They consist of three rocks wildly variegated with towering perpendicular precipices, yet cultivated on the southwest to the very summit, and sloping with a gentle declivity to the fairest of rivers. In front of these, and on the plain which intersects them, takes place the shooting at a target for the Silver Gun.

"For weeks before this Fête sae clever,
The fowk were in a perfect fever,
Scouring gun-barrels in the river—
At mark, practising—
Marching wi' drums and fifes for ever—
A' sodgerizing!

"And turning coats, and mending breeks,
Now-seating where the mark-tail kees;
(Nae matter though the clout that cee-
Be black or blue;)
And darning, with a thousand steeks,
The hose anew!

"Between the last and this occasion,
Lang, unco lang, seem'd the vacation,
To him wha wooes sweet recreation
In Nature's prime;
And him wha likes a day's potation
At any time!

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"The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting o'er the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms!

"Frae far and near, the country lads,
(Their joes ahint them on their yads,)
Flock'd in to see the show in squads;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Cam trotting after!

"And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair;
For, lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night!

"Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeiding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our Trades, some ora saving
To wait that day.

"Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carl,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel!
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowling wife!
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life!

"Heh, Sirs! what crowds cam into
town,
To see them must'ring up and down!
Lasses and lads, sun-burnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and simple, mingling, clown,
The gladsome scenes!"

'Tis an animated picture not unworthy of Wilkie. We feel at once that the heart of the poet is in his theme, that he has pitched his strain to the right key, and that he will sustain it without effort to the end, from the impulse of a gladsome spirit. His dialect is the true Doric, and these few opening stanzas are sufficient to inspire us with a desire to be a deacon.

"James MacNoe began again
To beat to arms."

Who was James MacNoe? James MacNoe was one of the borough-officers in Dumfries—appointed town-drummer in 1740—and in his vocation a man of no small celebrity. He particularly excelled in that most difficult of all drum-music, the reveillé, or morning drum. On this

occasion the *generale* was beat at four o'clock, again at six; and at seven precisely, the different corporations marched in detachments from their deacon's house to the White Sands, the place of general rendezvous, at the waterside, preparatory to their proceeding in a body to the scene of action—there to be reviewed by "Gley'd Geordie Smith." And who was "Gley'd Geordie Smith?" The poet informs us that he was originally a sergeant in the Highland Watch, from which circumstance he was seldom without a beating-order when recruits were wanted for the King's service, and always generalissimo on occasions like the present. In his capacity of recruiting officer to different regiments, George is supposed to have enlisted upwards of a thousand men, many of whom rose to great rank in the army, particularly the royal artillery. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred in the person of the late General Fead, a native of Dumfriesshire, whom the genius of his country found, as it did Robert Burns, at the plough. Passing with undeviating rectitude and zeal through every gradation of the service, he obtained and honourably enjoyed the enviable rank of Lieutenant General in the royal artillery—and ending his days where his military career began, he died at Woolwich, on the 20th of November, 1815, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. With a heartier old buck we never ate white bait.

But to proceed with the business of the day.

"At first, fornet ilk Deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joybells jowing,
Het-pints, weel spic'd, to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing!"

"Broil'd kipper, cheese and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
O' cherry brandy;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock, or Sandy;

"O! weel ken they wha loo their chap-
pin,
Drink make the suldest swack and strappin;
Gars care forget the ills that happin—

The blate look spruce—
And ev'n the thowless cock their tappin,
And craw fu' croose!

"The muster ovr, the diff'rent bands
File aff, in parties, to the Sands;
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Gley'd Geordie Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Along the Nith!

"But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group review'd elsewhere!
The short, the tall; fat fowk, and spare;
Syde coats, and dockit;
Wigs, queues, and eluks, and curly hair;
Round hats, and cockit!

"As to their guns—thee fell engines,
Borrow'd or begg'd, were of a' kinds
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cucumers—
Lang fowling pieces, carabines,
And blunder-busses!

"Maist feck, though oil'd to mak them
glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a Simmer;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer,
Instead o' flints!

"Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spik'd, to let nae priming ben;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit end
Held on their locks!

"And then, to show what diff'rence
stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,
Swords that, unsheathed, since Prestonpans,
Neglected lay,
Were furbish'd up, to grace the hands
O' Chiefs, this day!

"'Ohon!' says George, and ga'e a
giano,
'The age o' chivalry is gane!'
Syne, having ovr and ovr again
The hale survey'd,
Their route, and a' things else, made plain,
He snuff'd and said:

"Now, Gentlemen! now mind the
motion,
And dinna, this time, make a botion:
Shouter your arms!—O! had them tosh
on,
And not athraw!
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa'!"

"Wi' that, the dirlia drums rebound,
Fifes, clarionets, and baulboys sound!
Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
The Corporations
Trudge off, while Echo's self is drown'd
In acclamations!"

The English say that we—the Scottish nation—have no humour. We have immense humour, but the English do not understand it, because they do not, and will not understand our national character. We have thousands of most humorous songs, and ballads, and tales, and pastorals, written, many of them by nobody knows who, touching off infinitely all the most peculiar features of the national character, life, and manners. Compared with these, the attempts made in this way by the English poets are most pitiable; and what is more, distressingly gross and unendurably vulgar. As for Scottish poetry, properly so called, it overflows with humour from Dunbar's to Tennant's—the broadest humour—yet never offensive, because always hearty, and generally so imaginative, that the poetical imagery in which it dresses up the subjects it reveals and is perpetually presenting the liveliest pictures, and awakening a deeper interest in the character and condition of the people whose amusements and merry-makings it is rejoicingly doing its best to exhibit in cordial caricature. Think of the *Twa Dogs*—the *Hallowe'en*—and the *Holy Fair*; and call the poet who said Burns, being a Scotsman, had no humour.

John Mayne had the true Scottish humour—which is as expressive of kindness and love. It colours his description of the march of the Seven Trades from the White Sands to the Cairns with Convener Thomson, "the chief ower a'," at their head.—

"Attended by his body guard,
He stepped in grand and unimpair'd!
Straight as the poplar on the sword,
And strong as Sampson,
Nae ee could look without regard
On Robin Thomson!"

"He was," says the amiable bard in a note, "Convener of the Blacksmiths, and a man of a very graceful exterior, to which his silver locks gave an air of the most venerable dignity. His character also was excellent; and what endeared him to

young people, his files and forge were always at the service of the boys who resorted thither to repair the implements of their pastime—an indulgence which, in early life, the author of these verses often experienced, and still gratefully remembers." Of all the Seven Trades, none to compare with the Tailors.

"The Tailors walk, erect and bold,
Intent on home!"

But even they are lost to the Poet's eye in the general effect of the united battalions.

"Brisk as a bridegroom gawn to wed,
He, Deacon, has battalions led;
Forgies the zig-zag followers' spud,
But scarce a head power
To keep some fitter to their bed,
The stitching crew."

"For, bleesome Sir John Barclayoun
He'd charm'd them, sae, this Summer's moon,
That, what w' dawns, end many a burn,
And sea unglicker,
The body is, without a scorn,
They walk o' the socker."

"As through the town their bannors fly,
Free windows bow, free windows high,
A' the round had a neck to spy,
Were leaning o'er
The streets, stair-heads, and cat's forbye,
Were a' upon a'."

"Pure the Freer's Vennel, through and through,
Care seem'd to've bid Dumfries adieu!
Housewives forgot to bake, or brew,
On joy'd, the while,
To view their friends, a' marching now
In a noble style!"

"To see his face whom she loo'd best,
Hab's wife was there among the rest;
And, as, w' joy, her sides she prest,
Like many mae,
Her exultation was express
In words like these—"

"'Wow!' but it maks ane's heart loup
light
To see aibl fowk sic cleanly dight!
E'en now, our Habbie seems as tight
As when, lang syne,
His looks were first the young delight
And pride o' mine!"

"But on the meeker maiden's part,
Deep sighs alane her love assert!
Deep sighs, the language o' the heart,

Will aft reveal
A flame whilk a' the gloos of airt
Can ne'er conceal!

" Frae rank to rank while thousands
hustle,
In front, like waving corn, they rustle;
Where, dingling like a baby's whistle,
The Siller Gun,
The royal cause of a' this bustle,
Gleam'd in the sun!

" Suspended frae a painted pole,
A glumpse o' sie inspir'd the whole,
That auld and young, wi' heart and soul,
Their heads were cocking,
Keen as ye've seen, at brida's droll,
Mids catch the stocking!

" In honour o' this gaudy thing,
And eke in honour o' the King,
A fouth o' flow'rs the Gard'ners bring,
And frame sweet posies
Of a' the relics o' the Spring,
And Summer's roses!

" Among the flow'ry fountains they weave,
There's Adam to the life and Eve;
She, wi' the apple in her neeve
Enticing Adam;
While Satan's laughing in his sleeve,
At him and mad an!

" The lily white, the violet blue,
The heather-bells of azure hue,
Heart's ease for hovers kind and true,
Whatever thine lot,
And that dear flow'r, to Friendship due,
' Forget me not.'

" A' thae, and wi' them mingled now,
Pinks and carnations, not a few,
Fresh garlands, glitt'ring wi' the dew,
And yellow broom,
Athort the scented welkin threw
A rich perfume!

" Perfume, congenial to the clime,
The sweetest in the sweetest time!
The merry bells, in jordan chime,
Rang through the air,
And Minstrel-play'd in strains sublime,
To charm the Fair!"

The principal or High Street of Dumfries is very spacious, and from its commencement at the New Church, extends the whole length of the place in a direction parallel to the Nith. The dullest imagination may easily conceive what a magnificent effect the Seven Trades must have had marching towards the Kirk-gate Port.—

" O happy they wha, up twa story,
Saw the procession in its glory!
Along the roads it left out o'er ye
Sic clouds o' stoure,
Ye cou'dna see ye'r thumb before ye
For half an hour!"

But 'tis a long march to the Craigs,
no caller streams cross its line—and

" To weet their lassies,
The synodious greined fur ale that reams
Frae Jenny Gass's."

Now Jenny Gass's was a noted public house in Dumfries much frequented by respectable people, and famed for a sort of malt liquor called *trap-pum*, agreeable to the taste, very brisk and intoxicating.

" They who had eams or broken wind,
Begud to pegh and wait behind;
Lath to sit down, and still inclined
To try their puth."

While "the minstrels lowsed Apollo's bag," and the Reel o' Boggie, Catherine Oggie, Willy was a wanton Wag, were followed by Bruce's March to Bannockburn, which wound up the souls of the multitude to the highest pitch of heroism.

" A' this and mair, baith ane and a',
They seem'd to say and crossely caw,
Out awa the lull and fu' awa'
The pipers play'd;
And mairing like a water fa'
The crowd hurry'd."

" The Craigs, with ivy mantled round,
Re-echo'd back the jordan sound;
And as the troops approach'd the ground,
Araise to view
Like some sweet islands, newly found,
In far Polow!

" Syne, louder grew the husy hum
O' friends rejoicing as they come:
Wi' double vir the drummers drum,
The put stamps clatter,
And bowls o' negus, nulk and rum,
Flow round like water!

" 'Tak a guid waught—I'm sure ye're
weary,'
Says Anny Kaillie to her deary:
John, fain to see his wife sae cheary,
Indulg'd the rum,
Gat fu', and dauder'd lang and eerie,
And tint his gun—

" And miss'd, mairowr, the endearing
charms
(The very thought ilk hoom warms!)

Of auld acquaintances in swarms,
Meeting like brithers,
And wee-things giggling in the arms
O' their fond mithers!

"And bonny lassies, tight and clean,
Buskit to please their ain lads' een—
Lassies, whase faces, as the scene
Its tints diacloses,
In glowing sweetness intervene,
Like living roses."

While Convener Thomson's troop
is preparing for action, the other
battalions pile arms,

"By three and three;
And 'tween ilk corps, for hif a mile
Their banners flee!"

The house is cleared, and there in
the eye of the multitude far glistens
the target, "circled white and red wi'
sprains o' blue." And ere the fir-
ing begins, we have time to glance
along the plain that divides the Mal-
den-Craigs—covered with caerns,
ginge-bread-stations, legerdemain,
and raree shows—while

"Provisions, Forintosh in jars,
And casks o' beer,
Are ranged like batteries, on cars
In front and rear."

Tents, too, in numbers, without num-
ber numberless, where on divot-
sats auld hirkies are crackin'—and
in one of them Geordy Smith dis-
coursing on war—

"Like Hector on the plains of Troy,
A general here."

The Hammermen have charged
their guns, and Convener Thomson
is about to let his off at the target—
but the port will not yet allow him
to fire, and delights himself with this
beautiful description—

"Mean time, the youngsters on the green,
In merry rounds are dancing seen:
Wi' rapture sparkling in their een,
They mind, fu' weel,
The sappy kiss, and squeeze, between
Ilk blithesome reel."

"And as the Highland flings begin,
Their heels grow lighter wi' the din:
They smack their hands; and, chin to chin,
They cut and caper:
Ev'n the bye-standers figure in,
And flounce, and vapour!"

"The minstrels there, were, Sandy
Brown,
The piper o' Lochmaben town:

Though whoozling sair, and cruppen down,
Auld Saunders seem'd,
His chaunter, for its cheering sound,
Was aye esteem'd."

"Jock Willison, a sutor bred,
Wha, for the fiddle, left his trade,
Jigg'd it far better than he sped,
For, oh! poor Jock
Cou'd ne'er gang soberly to bed,
Like other folk:

"Blind-fu', at weddings, or a dance,
He'd play, though like ane in a trance;
And then, for fighting Jock wou'd prance
At fair or market,
And box whae'er durst advance,
Till they were yarkit!"

"Yet Jock was as humane as brave,
And at a for the help as strave:
'To snatch the drowning frae the wave,
He'd quickly give,
And to a weeping mother save
Her bairn alive!"

"To hear John Bruce exert his skill,
Ye'd never grudge anither gill:
O! how he scorn'd th' Italian trill,
And variations;
And gart his thairm-strings speak, at will,
True Scots vibrations."

"Nar was it only for a reel
That Johnny was belov'd an weel:
He lov'd his friend, was aye genteel,
And what's far mair,
John to his prince was true and leal,
Ev'n in despair!"

"But wha's he hilding in the rear,
Sae saft, sae tunefu', and sue clear?
It's Dogmell, to the Muses dear,
Whase modest merit
Was sue repress for want o' gear,
Care crush'd his spirit!"

"Aft, when the Waits were playing by,
I've mark'd his viul with a sigh,
Soothing horn lovers, where they lie,
To visions sweet—
Saft as a nither's lullaby,
When babbies greet."

"The bonny Bush abuns Traquair,
And Mary Scott o' Yarrow fair:
Tweedside, and O! I wish I were
Where Helen lies!
He play'd in tones that suit Despair,
When Beauty dies."

"But, 'twere owr lang to reckon a'
The strains he play'd, sae saft and slaw—
Strains o' the Minstrels, now awa,

Sweetest and last
Memorials, like our wapenshaw,
Of ages past!"

Lord Woodhouselee, in a very kind letter to John Mayne (1803), says, "You are no less happy in those occasional strokes of a delicate and tender nature, which take the reader as it were by surprise, and greatly enhance, by contrast, the effect of the general ludicrous strain of the composition—as where, after representing some of the finest of the old Scottish airs, you add—a thought not unworthy of Milton,

'He played in tones that suit Despair,
When beauty dies.'"

We are told in the notes that Sandy Brown was famous on the hautboy, which had been his bread-winner for at least sixty years previous to this period—that his headquarters were chiefly at Leuchmaben, and that on all festive occasions he was sure to be sent for as one of the chief musicians. Jack Wilson was a shoemaker; but a natural taste for music diverted him from his sober calling, reduced him to many difficulties, and ultimately compelled him to become an inmate of the town's hospital, where he died in December 1821, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. In early life he was accounted a handsome man, of creditable appearance, brave, good-tempered, and humane, always ready to take the part of some hapless wight or insulted stranger. John Bruce followed with unshaken fidelity the fortunes of the Pretender. Born at Braemar, in Aberdeenshire, where the Earl of Mar first raised the standard of Rebellion in 1715, John was a Jacobite from his cradle; actively engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, he was taken prisoner, and for a while confined in Edinburgh Castle. At a ball, given by some of their friends, the lady of a Highland Chieftain called for The Gathering of the Clans, which the musicians either could not, or dared not play. "I know," said the lady, "one who can play it, and would play it if he had liberty." John was brought from his dungeon into the ball-room, where his violin had such an effect, that the whole party interested themselves in his favour, and the lady procured his par-

don. He returned to the Highlands for a time, but, on a visit to Moffat, having gained great celebrity as a player of ball-music, settled in Dumfries, where he spent the rest of his days. He is supposed by Burns to have been the composer of the favourite Scots air of "*Whistle o'er the lawe o't*." But that air was composed long before he existed. John Dingwall was of the first order of Border Minstrel. In the tender and pathetic melodies of Caledonia he was without a rival on the violin. He had also a fine taste for dancing, which with music he taught in a number of genteel families in Dumfries. But what is often the misfortune of genius, he wanted confidence in his own abilities, and lived and died in very narrow circumstances.

"By this time, now, wi' mony a dunder,
Auld guns were brattling a' like thunder:
Three parts o' whilk, in ilka hunder,
Did sae recull,
That collar bones gat mony a lunder,
In this turmoil!"

"Wide o' the mark, as if to sear us,
The bullets ripp'd the swaird like barrows;
And, fightin' a' the crows and sparrows
About the place,
Ratards were fleein' thick as arrows
At Chevy Chase!"

Yet in spite of all the danger, the festive groups are without fear—lads o' the lassies—

"Or dance like wud,
Bhris when the guns gaed aff, sae queer
To hear the thud."

We confess that we are waxing impatient to get another sight, at so critical a juncture, of Convener Tamson. But no—the poet will have his will—nor are we loth to lose ourselves with him in his visionary stroll among the Craigs.

"O! wi' what glee the Muse stravaigs
O'er a' the beauties o' the Craigs!—
Forgetting a' the ills and plagues
That aft harass us,
She scours the hills and dales, for leagues,
Round this Parnassus!"

"Sweet spot! how happy ha'e I been
Seeking birds'-nests with eager een;
Or, pu'ing gowans on the green,
Where waving corn,
Blue-bells and roses, fringe the scene,
And flowering thorn!"

"Yonder the lads and lassies group,
To see the luckless Lover's jowp:"

Wae's me that disappointed Hou,op,
That cruel blight,
Should drive fowk frae this wairld to scoup
To endless night!

" Beneath yon cliff, high beetling owr,
Is chaate Diana's Maiden-Bow'r :
There, sacred to the guardian Pow'r,
A tablet stands,
Inscrib'd by a' wha make that tour,
In true-love's bands!

" Sae strait and narrow is the way,
Nane but pure virgins enter may :
And, O ! it's droll, in this essay,
When flirts, alas !
Their wee infirmities betray,
By turning back !

" Censorious Bess, that dorty dau-er,
Cam here to carve her lover's name ;
But Bessy, having been to blame
For failings, too,
Had nearly gane to her lang hame,
In squeezing through !

" Hither, forbye the young and fair,
Grave matrons come to tak the air ;
Lairn gentry, and the sons o' care,
Resort, a-wee,
To view, around, the beauties rare
By land and sea !

" At tide time, with an anxious mind,
The sailor's wife, lang left behind,
Looks for her love with ilka wind,
And watches here
Ship after ship, to Nith consign'd,
Till he appear !

" Behold, far hence, in sylvan charms,
Cots, country-seats, kirk-towns, and farms,
Hills, circling wide, wi' sheep in swarms ;
And mould'ring tow'rs,
Famous, langsyne, for chiefs in arms,
And potent pow'rs !

" Imbower'd around, how sweet to spy
Corn-riggs and orchards laughing lie !
Dumfries, wi' steeples to the sky,
And ships in crowds,
And Criffel hill ascending high
Among the clouds !

" Lo ! glitt'ring onward to the sea,
The stream that gave the Muse to me !
Pure stream, on whose green banks, wi'
glee,
In Life's sweet morn,
I chas'd the gaudy butterflie,
Ere Care was born !

" Oh ! though it's mony a langsome year,
Since, fu' o' care, and scant o' gear,

I left thy banks, sweet Nith, sae dear,
This heart o' mine
Lows light whene'er I think or hear
O' thee, or thine !

" In Seed-time, when thy Farmers saw,
In Simmer, when thy roses blow ;
In Harvest, or in frost and snow,
When Winter low'rs,
My heart and mind are with ye a'—
For ever yours !"

So closes Canto Second. Canto
Third is chiefly occupied by short
and pithy eulogies on the more pro-
minent characters among the Corpo-
rations, or the concourse, the Feast
where

" Convenit Tamson men'd the board,
Where sat each Deacon like a lord,"
and a continuation of the competi-
tion. It is pleasant reading through-
out—but this is excellent.

" But, hark ! throughout the tented
plain,
Where mirth, and wine, and music, reign,
Bellona, wi' her stalwart train
O' men in arms,
Recals the wand'ring Muse again
To War's alarms !

" There, still, instead o' marksmen true
To shoot at yonder target now,
Some fallows held their guns askew,
And some let fly
Clean owr the Craigs, ayont our view—
A mile owr high !

" Rob Simson, sport-man bred and born,
To won the Royal Prize had sworn ;
But windy Robin's powder-horn
Blew up in air,
And he had nought but skaith and scorn,
And meikle care !

" Some chaps, bumbaz'd amid the
yowder,
Pat in the ball before the powder ;
Some clapp'd their guns to the wrang
shou'der,
Where, frae the priming,
Their cheeks and whiskers gat a scowder,
Their een, a styming !

" Steeking his een, big John M'Maff
Held out his musquet like a staff ;
Turn'd, though the chiel was ha'f-and-ha'f,
His head away,
And, panting, cried, ' Sirs ! is she af ?'
In wild dismay !

" Puir gowk ! ne'er used to War's alarms,
Though love o' fane his becom warms,

His fears foresaw a thousand harms—
But here the Muse
Propones, for twa-three friends in arms,
A short excuse :

“ Peace and gude-will had been ene lang
The burthen o’ the People’s sang,
Their arms like useless lumber hang :
Nor fife, nor drum,
Was heard, save when the fire-bell rang
For some foul lam ! ”

’Tis now afternoon, and still where
the Seven Trades lie encamped, their
gilded banners are proudly flying,
and still detachments advance to the
stance and “ cock their guns,” while
often from the throng lads and lasses
retire to the Whins, a perilous se-
clusion, at thought of which the
poet shakes his head, smites his
breast, and fetches a deep drawn
sigh. Hitherto all has been peace,
or but the mimicry of war, and the
stanzas at the commencement of
Canto Fourth are growing somewhat
sleepy, when luckily an incident
gives animation to the scene, and
brings on a pugilistic encounter,
which excites great interest on the
Plain of the Craigs, though it would
have been pronounced rather a slob-
bering affair on Moulesey-Hurst. Yet
it is reported with so much spirit,
that we think it not unworthy of in-
sertion in Bell’s Life in London.
Here it is—

“ Till now, while thund’ring guns re-
sounded,
The feast prevails, the glass gaes round :
Pastime and harmony abound,
And foud entreating—
Pleasures that ha’e, for ages, crown’d
This merry meeting !

“ Bright Phoebus, frae his azur’d clime,
Shone sweetly radiant a’ the time !
Nature hersel’ was in her prime—
When fruits and flow’rs
Fill the glad heart wi’ thoughts sublime
Of heavenly Powers !

“ But word was brought to Deacon Greer,
Intrench’d wi’ friends, pies, bread, and beer,
That, counter to a mandate clear,
Ane o’ the Snobs,
Vain as a peacock, strutted here
In crimson robes !

“ This news, though nought cou’d happen
droller,
Bred the hale party mairle dolour :
A Taylor, mair frae spleen than valour,

Assail’d the man,
And, taking Crispin by the collar,
To carp began :

“ ‘ Ye gude-for-naething Sutor hash,
Though mistaid is your carrot pash,
Tell me, I say, thou Captain Flash,
Withouten charter,
What right ha’e ye to wear this sash.
And star and garter ? ’ ”

“ ‘ It sets ye weel, indeed, to speer,’
The Sutor answer’d with a sneer :
‘ I represent King Crispin here !
While, sye for shame,
Your lousy Craft to manhood ne’er
Cou’d yet lay claim ! ’ ”

“ ‘ Cut to the quick wi’ this rebuff,
The captious Taylor grew mair gruff ;
And, swearing he was better stuff
Than sic a fouter,
Stripp’d, in a twinkling, to the buff,
And brav’d the Sutor.

“ ‘ A ring, a ring ! ’ the Sutors cry’d :
‘ A ring, a ring ! ’ the Snapps reply’d :
Some egg’d them on ; and, while some try’d
To stop their flying,
The crowd fell back, encircling wide
A space for fighting !

“ ‘ In dread for what might happen neist,
Around the ring the clamour ceast :
Sae cross the twa set up their creest,
Before the toolie,
Fowk thought in other’s wames, at least,
They’d breathe a goulie.

“ ‘ Wi’ looks that ill conceal’d his fears,
The Taylor in the lists appens :
King Crispin, wha in nobler weirs
Had often bled,
His brawny arm, indignant, rears,
And, dauntless, said :

“ ‘ Now tak, thou warst o’ worthless things,
The vengeance due frae slighted Kings !
Wi’ that, his garments aff he flings,
And, as he strack,
The supple Taylor skips and springs—
Aye jeuking back !

“ ‘ To see fair play, or help a frien’,
Fowk stouter’d frae a’ airts, bedeen :
Auld wives, to redd them, ran between,
Like Amazons,
And nought was heard, syne, ovr the green,
But scraighs and groans !

“ ‘ The Taylor-lad, fourfoughten sair,
Was knockit down, ance, twice, and mair ;
His baffled comrades, in despair,
Draw quickly near him,

Heeze up his carcass on a chair,
Revive, and chear him.

"Besprent wi' blood, besprent wi' glar,
His een jappan'd, his chafts a-jar,
'Be thanktu' man, it is nae war,'
Says Edom Bryon,
'A living dog is better far
Than a dead hon !'

"Mid loud huzzas, and women's squeels,
A dawn of hope the Taylor feels ;
Feghts like a cock that rins and wheels,
While, dunt, dunt, dunting,
Crispin pursues, trips up his heels,
And leaves him grunting !

"Vex'd at the up-shot o' this fray,
The Taylors bore their friend away :
Crispin remain'd in kingly sway ;
And, loud and lang,
Bursts of wild joy, 'hurray ! hurray !'
Exulting, rang !"

Lord Woodhouselee remarks,
"that the justly merited triumph of
the tailor faction is somewhat im-
paired by the intrusion of King
Crispin into a solemnity with which
he had properly no concern—and
still more by his defeating in com-
bat the valorous tailor who dared to
cope with him in prowess. These
no doubt are blemishes which are
fairly open to critical censure ; but
instances might be given of similar
defects even in the great master-
pieces of the ancient and modern
epic verse." The poet says that
these objections are applicable only
to the edition of 1808, and have been
obviated in the present publication
by a new arrangement. We are
glad of it. The defeat of the tailor
as it is given above, is consistent not
only with poetical justice, but with
every other kind of justice—and
there would have been something
shocking to nature in his victory.
The blood of the sutors is up—there
is a general affray—and the aspect
of things is very alarming.

"Frae Johany Groat's house to the Bor-
der,
Was ne'er sic tumult and disorder .
Here Discord strave new broils to forder :
There, Bragles flew
To haud the Sutor-lads in order,
But nought wou'd do.

"Rob Kinnie, Clench and Jeamy Strong,
And twa-three mae, the feght prolong ;
Where'er they cam, a' flew the throng

O' country billies,
Like cattle prodit with a prong,
Or eleg-stung fillies.

"There's little wisdom in his pow
Wha lights a candle at the lowe :
To bell the cat wi' sic a scrow,
Some swankies etled ;
But, O ! they gat a fearfu' cove
Ere a' was settled !

"Rushing like droves o' madden'd nout,
Rob's party caus'd a gen'ral rout :
Foul play or fair ; kick, cuff, and clout ;
Right side, or wrang,
Friends feghting friends, rampag'd about,
A drucken traug !

"In vain Convener Tam-on rais'd
And wav'd his hand, like aue ha'f craz'd :
In vain his herule slecht'd and phras'd,
Where Strife, lang brewing,
Threaten'd, like Ilium when it blax'd,
Baith wreck and ruin !

"To furnish weapons for th' affray,
Craems, tents, and stawns, were swept away :
Puist fowk, unus'd to cudgel-play,
And doose spectators,
Were a' involv'd in this deray,
Like gladiators !

"Nor cou'd ye ken, wi' nicest care,
The victors frae the vanquish'd there :
Like Kelton Hill, that teghting fair,
The hubblesheew,
Wi' neeves, and staffs, and rugging hair,
Sae awesome grew !

"And aft, as ye may weel suppose,
In broils where women interpose,
Baith parties gat the sairest blows.
Blows that were gien them
While pu'd and haul'd by their ain joes,
Striving to screen them !

"Thus, lang and sair, our pleasures crost,
The battle rag'd frae host to host ;
The turbulent, when uppermost,
Tint a' decurum,
And, like the Ocean, tempest-tost,
Drave a' before them !

"At length a parley is decreed—
Parties shake hands, and are agreed :
The crowd, dispersing, join wi' speed
In nobler fun,
The shooting for that royal Meed—
The Siller Gun !"

It was truly said by an eminent
Scotsman in the House of Commons
that his countrymen seldom assem-
bled in large numbers, on occasions

favourable to excitement, without bloodshed—not meaning murder, but all manner of blows. It may have been an indifferent argument on a great political question; but the observation showed knowledge of the national character. We are at once a hot-blooded and a long-headed people—and there is prodigious power in this junction of fervour and prudence. In the olden time we were revengeful; but we are not so now—our passion boils off, and we soon become again self-possessed and discreet. Such a row as the above is pleasantly Scottish—nobody ever saw any thing at all like it in England—and there are touches here and there that distinguish it from an Irish fight—as, for example,

“Paist fowk, unused to cudgel-play,
And doose spectators,
Were a’ involved in this dery
Like gladiators.”

The interposition of the women too is very Scottish—and very un-Irish—and we wish the clergy would preach down the incumbrance—for it is impossible to think without indignation how uniformly

“Baith parties gat the sairest blows,
Blows that were gi’en them
While pu’d and haul’d by their ain joes,
Striving to skreen them.”

The tawpies!

It must be now wearing well on towards evening, and we cannot imagine how it has happened that the contest is yet undecided for the Siller Gun. John Mayne has afforded us no information whatever respecting the conditions—how many shots were allowed to each competitor—or how far distant the target. It would almost seem indeed as if each hero fired once only for the prize—yet has there been a perpetual fire of musketry from morn till dewy eve. The contest is terminated, however, in some admirable stanzas.

“Amid the scenes, depainted here,
O’ love, and war, and social cheer,
Auld Sportsmen fired correct and clear;
And Samuel Clark,
Mild as the Spring, when flow’rs appear,
Just miss’d the mark!

“Auld Sodgers, too, and honest Tars,
Return’d triumphant frae the wars,

Level’d their guns like sons o’ Mare,
While mony a dame
Extol’d the glory o’ their scars,
And deeds o’ fame!

“Yet, oh! examples were but few
Of hardiment, like their’s, I trow:
When Geordy Rae his trigger drew,
The bowel-hive
Gart meikle Geordy change his hue
Four times or five!

“When his gun snappit, James M’Kee,
Charge after charge, charg’d to the ee:
At length she bouc’d out ower a tree,
In mony a sinner—
‘For Gude’s sake, bairns! keep back!’
cries he:
‘There’s sax shot in her!’

“Loud lough the crowd at Watty Lock,
Whase gun exploded at ha’f-cock:
‘Hoot,’ cries a friend, by way o’ joke,
‘My honest carl,
Your gun wants only a new stock,
New lock, and barrel!’

“Wull Shanklin brought his firelock
hither,
And cock’d it in an unco swither:
Ae drucken Sutor jeer’d anither
To come and learn—
Fuff play’d the priming—heels ower ither,
They fell in shairn!

“Just in the moment o’ disgrace,
Convener Tamson saw their case:
O! how he hid his manly face,
And sterch’d thae fallows
To think upon the glorious race
O’ godlike Wallace!

“William M’Nish, a Taylor sles,
Rous’d at the thought, charg’d his fuzee;
Took but ae vizzy wi’ his ee—
The bullet flies
Clean through the target to a tee,
And wons the Prize!

“His winsome wife, wha lang had miss’d
him,
Press’d thro’ the crowd, carress’d and kiss’d
him:
Less furthy dames, (wha cou’d resist them?)
Th’ example take;
And some held up his bairns, and bless’d
them,
For daddy’s sake!

“In William’s hat, wi’ ribbons bound,
The Gunny was wi’ laurel crown’d;
And, while in triumph ower the ground
They bore him tenty,
His health in streams o’ punch gaed round,
‘Lang life and plenty!’

" Wi' loud applause, frae man and wo-
man,
His fame spread like a spate wide foaming !
Warsce deeds ha'e gien to mony a Roman
Immortal fame ;
But prodigies are grown sae common,
They've tint the name ! "

**Canto Fifth opens with infinite
sprit.**

" While to Dundries the rumour flies,
MacNish has won,"
the troops ground their arms—each
squadron in their own grand mar-
quee drink a deuch an-doras—child-
ren run from tent to tent—and

" Lasses to dance wi' him wha won,
Are forward pressing."

We know no finer humanity in any
poem than this giving of the victory
to William MacNish, a tailor sleet—
and inspiring him to win it, by think-
ing on " the glorious race o' god-
like Wallace." It seems to reinstate
the tailor faction in their pristine
dignity, and we see again

" The tailors walk, erect and bold,
Intent on fame."

We have always thought the great-
est line in Shakespeare—

" One touch of nature makes the whole
world kin."

And never was this effect more
thrillingly exemplified than it is
here, the whole world flinging aside
the prejudices of its education, to
acknowledge the victor to be a man.

" But soon, to finish the campaign,
' To arms ! to arms ! ' resounds again :
The Seven Trades, syne, a' rank'd again
In due gradation,
March frae the Coorgs, a glitt'ring train—
A grand ovation !

" The crowd, in token of applause,
Threw up their hats as black as crows ;
And follow'd fast, wi' loud buzzas,
Except a few
Whase hearts, owr zealous in the cause,
Were squeamish now !

" Far as the keenest ee cou'd run,
The waving flags, and mony a gun,
Buskit wi' flowers, and yellow whun,
Sae sweetly shining,
Stream'd like a rainbow, while the sun
Was just declining !

" And, as the troops drew near the town,
With a' the ensigns o' renown,
The Magistrates paraded down,

And a' the Gentry,
And Love and Friendship vied to crown
Their joyous entry ! "

" ' See, see the conqu'ring Hero comes ! '
The Band struck up with a' their drums :
Louder the bass-fiddle bums,
The cymbals jingle,
And, in ten thousand thousand hums,
Glad voices mingle !

" Close by Convener Tamson's side,
The Victor march'd wi' stately stride :
The Seven-Trades-Flag, unfurl'd sae wide,
Was horn'd before ;
And the lang train advanc'd wi' pride,
By corps and corps !

" To Mistress Corrane's when they came,
The Deacons hail'd the comely dame ;
Took aff their hats ; extol'd her name,
And, marching on,
Lower'd their flags to worth and fame,
Where'er they shone !

" Like roses on a castle-wa',
The Leddies smil'd upon them a' :
Fae the Auld Kirk to the Trades'-Hn',
And New Kirk steeple,
Ye might have walk'd a mile or twa
On heads o' people !

" ' O ! what can keep our John sae
lang ? '
Cries Meggy Muncy, in the thrang :
' I left him happy, hale, and strang,
Wi' aish and sword on—
Gude grant there may be naething wrang
Wi' Johnny Gordon ! "

" Lang, lang they dander'd to and fro,
Wha miss'd a kinsman or a beau :
The pomp and splendour o' the Show,
' To them and their's,
Brought nought but apprehensive woe,
And fruitless cares !

" Back to the Craigs they lie again,
To seek their friends among the slain :
By the road-sides, and on the plain,
The drucken crew,
Heart-sick, and penitent in vain,
Were unco fu' ! "

The Scots—there is no denying it
—are a nation of drunkards as well
as gentlemen. And John Mayne has
not blinked the Protestant ascen-
dency of fermented liquor. The
Muse, he says, with one laughing and
one weeping eye,

" In sorry to pourtray
The fuddled heroes of the day."
The return from the Craigs into

Dumfries is depicted as almost as disastrous as that of the retreat of the British army from Burgos. Broken firelocks, and torn doublets strewed the road.

"Here lay beside the bugle horn,
A cat-gut streamer;
And there, blithe herald of the morn,
The parish drummer."

Even "Gley'd Geordie" has sunk down overpowered—

"Reviewing still in fancy's ee
The martial train,
'Naw, gentlemen, tak tent,' he cries,
And snored again."

These victims—and two or three others—such as Rob Kownie and Clench, are selected because the most illustrious—but of the mere rank and file, and followers of the army, it is said,

"Carts, syne, wi' sic as doughtna gae,
Were panged till they cou'd haud nae
nae."

To our imagination there is something very Miltonic in the monosyllabic—Carts.

"But turn, my Muse, frae scenes debasing,
To windows fill'd wi' Beauty gazing—
To streets wi' happy thousands praising
The passing show;
And bonfires crackling loud, and blazing,
As on they go!

"Ding ding, ding, dang, the bells ring in,
The Minstrels screw their morriest pin:
The Magistrates, wi' loyal din,
Tak off their cankers;
And boys their annual pranks begin,
Wi' squibs and crackers!

"Wae's me for Deacon Ronald's jeezy,
That sat sae orthodox and easy!
For, while he smiled at his ain Leezy,
A squib cam whizzing,
Set a' its ringlets in a bleazy,
And left them bizzing!

"And wae's me, likewise, for the folly,
That fowk, ha'f-fu', shou'd fire a volley!
As through the town they march'd sae jolly,
A feu de joie
Had nearly led to melancholy,
And great annoy!

"Tat, tat, a-rat-tat, clitter, clatter,
Gun after gun, play'd blither blatter:
A random shot, not level'd at her,
Hit Nanny Nairn—
Gart bonny Nanny's blue een water,
And hurt her arm!

"This, when Convener Tamson saw,
He griev'd and soon dismiss'd them a';
Syne, wi' the Deacons, scour'd awa,
By Maister Wylie's,
And took his seat at the Town's Ha',
Among the Bailies."

The bailies and their guests take coffee; Doctor Thomas Mutter, minister of St Michael's, or the old church of Dumfries, a gentleman of distinguished talents, of great eloquence as a preacher, and eminent as a theologian, first saying grace

"O Thou by whose resistless law
Kings, kingdoms, empires, stand or fa!
Watch ower this realm, bless great and sma;
Keep, keep us free!
And fill our hearts wi' reverend awe
For truth and Thee."

"The town clerk next, a fallow fine,
Who ne'er lov'd water in his wine,
Gart bring the great big gardevine,
And fill the glasses;
Wi' thrice three cheers, in bumpers, syne
The claret passes."

The bumpers drunk are about a score—and there is some excellent singing.

"Of early scenes the singers sung,
In days of yore, when Life was young,
When music dae't on ilka tongue;
And a' the Auld
To PEACE their golden harps had strung
Wi' lightsome hearts."

The Bailies themselves lead in God save the King—and volunteer Rule Britannia—and among the healths drunk "to friends awa," none seems to have been followed with heartier acclamations than that of—"SIR JOHN SHAW."

"A pattern bright,
Of virtue, reverential awe,
And TATUM upright."

Then is given, with the usual reluctance, "Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again." The bailies and the select leave the town-hall tolerably steady, and with faces tolerably flushed; Dr Mutter goes straight home; the Johnstones, Murrays, Maxwells, &c. hurry off to dress for a dancing assembly; the streets are alive and illuminated till a late hour; and with some beautiful stanzas, affectionately addressed to dear Dumfries, concludes the manners-painting poem.

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